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XUM



Being the History of the Adventures of Three Englishmen in Spain at the time of the Great Armada. Written by Rupert Hamstead, second son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, situated near Barnet in the County of Hertford, and now first set before the public by

JOSEPH HOCKING,

Author of "Lest We Forget," "The Purple Robe," "All Men Are Liars," "Mistress Nancy Molesworth," Etc. Etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE COMING OF THE CORNISHMAN.



UR country now, thank God! is in comparative peace again. The Great Armada, the very thought of which hung like a night pall upon our people for such a long time, has come, and — all that was left of it —returned to the shores from which it came. The proud boasts of Spain no longer trouble us. Not that they ever made us fear, for no sooner did Her Gracious Majesty ascend the throne than the whole nation began to feel the throbbings of a new life. In truth, as my father hath often said to me, our people seemed to be new-born during the first ten years of Elizabeth's reign. It is true we had lost Calais under Mary, but we did not fear the French; towards the Dutch we had only feelings of friendship, while we had tasted the quality of the Spaniards too often to fear them. That they were richer than we, we were well aware; that they could put more soldiers in the field we also knew; all the same, we had learned to laugh at their proud vauntings. We were told right often that the Pope excommunicated our Queen, and promised Spain and its King all manner of blessing—temporal and spiritual—if they would bend our necks, and bring us into submission, while terrible threats were made, if we did not throw off our allegiance to Elizabeth and yield to Papal authority. But, as I said, we did not fear. Freedom from Rome had made us strong, and God had so blessed the exploits of Drake, and Grenville, and Howard, and Hawkins, and Raleigh, besides a host of others, that, while we could not help realising the danger of the coming of the Spaniards, fear did not come into our hearts. Moreover, when they came, they found us ready. From Plymouth Sound to the Isle of Wight, from the Isle of Wight to Calais, and from Calais to Scotland, we drove them, until God took up our work, and then the Great Armada, concerning which the world had talked so long became so much driftwood, and the power of Spain was broken for ever.

But it was not of this I intended to write. For much as I love to think of these things, and although I have intimate knowledge of much that

took place, I realise that my pen falls short of giving anything like a true description of scenes which stirred the pulses of all Europe and altered the history of the world. No; what I have to tell is concerning myself, for although my name is not worthy to be handed down to history, like the names of men I have mentioned, I have taken some little part in my country's weal, and I have encountered adventures which even now make my nerves tingle and my blood leap in my veins.

Whether I should have ever dared to record these things but for one fact, I do not know; for, unlike my brother, I am but a poor scribe, and have but little skill in placing my thoughts upon paper. But lately I have been reading what my beloved father, Sir Richard Hamstead, wrote about his life during those dark days when Mary was Queen, and this has led me to recall things which have happened to me.* For stirring as were the times of his young manhood, dangerous as were the scenes through which he passed in fighting Señor Toledo, thwarting Stephen Gardiner, and winning my dear mother as his wife, I think I can say with due modesty that I have passed through scenes not one whit less terrible, and faced difficulties which even he would say were great enough for a hero like Admiral Drake or Sir Richard Grenville, to say nothing of a nearly beardless youth as I was in those days.

Not that I had seen no active service. I had fought in Ireland, and I had sailed around the world with the great admiral, during which time I had not only seen the ways of the Spaniards, but I had learned something of their tongue. I received a wound, too, and it was this same wound which, I suspect, altered the whole course of my life's history, and caused me to have those experiences which I presently propose to relate.

For, be it borne in mind, I realised early in my life that I must win my own fortune. My brother Dick, being the eldest son, was naturally heir to my father's estates at Hamstead Manor, while my grandfather, Lord Godfrey Bedford, had all along willed it that my sister Faith should inherit Barcroft Hall and its estates. That being so, I saw that while my father might be able to give me a farm or two, together with a sum of money, I must make my own fortune, if I did not intend to live and die a poor man. Not that this troubled me. Dick had always been far more fitted for a squire than I, and I did not grudge him one acre of the lands. As for Faith, I rejoiced that my grandfather had chosen her to inherit his possessions. It is not given to women to go out into the world and fight their country's battles, neither, surely, did God intend them to bear hardships and dangers. Besides, I loved her so, that I would gladly have renounced Barcroft for her sake, even if my grandfather had left it to me. Like my father, I had the adventurous spirit, and I loved nothing more, or better, than to go out into the great world, and to take my share in the struggle to uphold our Queen and country.

Thus it came about that on my return from my adventures, of which it is my purpose to say nothing here, I fretted greatly. For although my wound healed quickly, my comrades had, during its healing, sailed to Virginia, and, as they did not expect to return for many months, I saw nothing before me but a period of enforced idleness in the quiet manor of Hamstead, which, although only fourteen miles from London town, three from the town of Barnet, and six from St. Albans, was but little to my taste. Especially did I feel this when my wound was fully healed and my health completely restored. Day followed day with monotonous weariness, until I felt I must go to London town and join one of the cruises which were constantly being taken by the young hot-bloods of that period. I did not do this, however, for something happened which, as I thought, promised fair sport. At first I feared there was but little in it; in this, however, as will presently be seen, I was in the wrong.

Seeing that it was the coming of the man from Cornwall which begun the business, I may as well speak of his first appearance, and of what my father said at the time. When he rode up to the house first of all, I was lying under a tree, dreaming of the fine times my companions were having in the New World, and was naturally wishing myself with them.

"Craving your forgiveness," said the man, "but could you wake up long enough to tell me if this is Hamstead Manor, the house of Sir Richard Hamstead?"

"That depends, my man," I said, rising and walking slowly towards him.

"Depends on what?" asked the fellow, looking shrewdly at me.

"On your reasons for wanting to know," I replied. For, as it must be remembered, there were so many Jesuit spies in those days that it behoved us to be for ever wary. Especially was this true when anything concerned my father. It is true few men underwent more danger than he in the time of Mary, and, as he has recorded in his memoirs, he snatched my dear mother from the stake on the day that Queen Mary died. Nevertheless, he never pronounced himself fully on the side of the Reformed faith. My grandfather had loyally supported the ancient faith all through the changing times of Henry, the boy Edward, and Mary, and although he must, perforce, loyally welcome our beloved Queen Elizabeth, he never disowned the Roman Church. This was also true

* "Lest we Forget."

of my father. If ever a man had reason to be a Protestant, it was he. He owned his promotion in life to the influences of the new and liberal ideas, while he had for years been under the ban of death because he was suspected of renouncing the old. Moreover, my dear mother was a Protestant from her childhood, and held that the Pope was the Antichrist spoken of in the Scriptures. Nevertheless, my father, while adopting liberal views concerning the Protestants, always called himself a Papist; and while he never hindered my dear mother from teaching us according to her belief, my father was still regarded as one of the Catholic gentlemen who stood by the old faith. As a consequence, he had often been regarded with suspicion. Again and again had the Jesuits claimed his assistance, and urged upon him that his first duty was to the Church, and to his country afterwards. But my father would have none of this. He might not be logical, he said (and, indeed, from this standpoint he could not answer the Jesuits satisfactorily; for, as they maintained, if the Pope represents Christ, he must be obeyed before aught else), but nothing should induce him to be false to the land of his birth. The Pope might excommunicate him, but he would never plot against his Queen. All the same, he was constantly harassed, and thus we, his children, who would have nothing to do with either the Pope or his pretensions, were led to regard the visits of strangers with much suspicion

"You want to know who I am, and from whence I come?" said the stranger.

"You have hit the nail on the head," I replied.

He looked at me steadily for some moments; then he said, "And who are you, young master?"

The fellow had an honest face, and spoke, as I thought, with a true voice; so, wondering what he wanted, I said:

"I am Rupert Hamstead, my good fellow. If you are honest, I may help you to see Sir Richard my father; but if you are not, I will give you a beating with your own horsewhip.'

"God a' mercy, Master Rupert! talk not like that," said the man, with a great laugh, "for, if Sir Richard falls in with the plans of my master, it may be that you and I will be much together. Besides Master Killigrew would not believe me if I told him that John Trenoweth allowed himself to be horsewhipped, even by the son of Sir Richard Hamstead."

"Master Killigrew!" I cried; "what—Master Tom Killigrew of Falmouth?"

"Right the very first time," said John Trenoweth; "and all the way have I come from Cornwall, that I might take my master's letter to Sir Richard, and so, if he thinks well of it, to talk over the same with him. Not that I will not give you a chance to horsewhip me, if you will, Master Rupert; only, as your father can tell you, we Cornishmen have a rough way with us."

"Do you mean that I could not do it?" I cried, for I loved nothing better than a trial of strength, and, when it did not come to fighting with swords, the young braves of our time did not deem it beneath them to try their strength with those of a less degree.

"You will forgive me if I have my doubts," said the Cornishman, with a laugh, "and after I have seen Sir Richard I will e'en meet you in a quiet place, where I will first give you the chance to take the whip from me, and afterwards we will try which is the better man."

"You mean some of your Cornish wrestling?" I said

"That's as you please, Master Rupert I be noan particular. But I may not wait now. I have travelled fast from Falmouth—so fast that, much as I desired, I did not turn aside to visit London town, because, as my master said to me, 'Do not kill your horse, John, but at the same time let no grass grow under his feet, for Sir Richard ought to know without delay what is in my mind. Young Mawgan is ready, and if so be that Master Rupert is of the same mind and if his father is willing, no time should be wasted.'"

"What mean you?" I asked. "Do you mean to say that you know your master's plans?"

"Concerning that I shall tell Sir Richard," replied John Trenoweth, "so lead me to him without delay."

I must confess that I was not pleased with the way the fellow spoke, but his words so much stirred my curiosity that I forgot my anger and without more ado led the way to the house, and a few minutes after John Trenoweth was closeted with my father.

'What doth the fellow mean?" I asked myself as I took some of the tobacco I had brought home with me, and, having placed some in a pipe, began to smoke. "John Trenoweth seems somewhat of a mystery. He speaks not as an ordinary servant, neither is he a gentleman It appears he hath the confidence of Master Tom Killigrew, who, as all the world knows, is faithful to Queen and country, and it would seem that there is some plan afoot in which I may have something to say. If so, God bless the coming of John Trenoweth! for I am right weary of idling around Hamstead Manor."

I had not been long thinking of such things when I heard my father's voice.

"Hulloa, Rupert! Come here, lad. Here's something stirring."

I made my way with all quickness to the room in which John Trenoweth had gone, and saw that my father looked much excited, while John Trenoweth sat near, his face calm and

placid, although his eyes gleamed with interest. There was a marked contrast in the two men. My father was tall, and of commanding stature. On his face were evidences of the fact that he had taken part in the weighty matters of our land, that he knew the secrets of important and far-reaching movements. He also had the appearance of a soldier, and while he had a seat in the English Parliament, and was much looked up to as a faithful and tried councillor, he had lost none of the youthful fire of which he wrote in his memoirs. Altogether, my father, Sir Richard Hamstead, was at this time a man of whom any son might be proud, and I had always looked upon him as my model of what an English gentleman should be. John Trenoweth was entirely different. He was by no means a tall man—rather he was under than above the ordinary stature—but he had enormous breadth of shoulders and depth of chest. I had not noticed this so particularly when I saw him first; but now, being divested of his riding attire, I felt less doubtful of being able to horsewhip him. It is true I stood at least six inches taller, for I could give even my father an inch in the matter of height, while I prided myself upon my prowess. Nevertheless as I saw his tremendous thews, and noted the depth of his great broad chest, I knew that John Trenoweth was a man of extraordinary strength. Moreover, he seemed less of a serving man as he stood there; rather he might have good blood in his veins, and claim some sort of equality with those who bore well-known names.

"Here, Rupert," said my father. "Master Trenoweth tells me that you have already met, and so I need not make you known to each other. But read this," and he placed a letter in my hand.

This is what I read:—

"*Arwenack, near Falmouth,*
"*Cornwall.*

"Written on the first day of September, in the year of our Lord 1587, and the twenty-ninth year of the reign of our most beloved Lady and Queen, Her Gracious Majesty Elizabeth.

"DEAR SIR RICHARD HAMSTEAD,—I write you this, first to convey to you my love, as my old friend and companion of more than thirty years ago. Dost remember, Dick, of that meeting of ours at the old house near Southend, and of those after days at the Red House at Rouen? But of that I must not speak now, or I should never get on to the matter in hand. But I hope to see you shortly, Dick. Either you must come to me, or I will come to thee, and together we will hold revels as we talk of the old times.

"And second I write, Sir Richard, to ask you to pay good heed to what John Trenoweth may say for he is an old and tried friend of our family. For while he calls himself our servant, he is more friend than servant, having good blood in his veins, knows something of letters, and carries as good a sword as can be found this side the Tamar.

"Concerning what he hath to say I will not write here, Sir Richard, but pay good heed to what he may tell thee, for we have talked over the matters many times; and as my son Mawgan and thy son Rupert be nearly the same age, and I trust thy son Rupert is a well-grown lad as my son Mawgan is, standing, by the grace of God, six feet two inches in his stockings, and can throw any man of his girth in the county. So after you and John Trenoweth have discussed this matter fully, and if thou be willing and thy son Rupert be willing, and of course he will be, or he is no son of thine (even now I would know the reason why, if Mawgan did not obey my bidding without a murmur), well, see to it that the business be taken in hand right quickly, so that in a few days from the time thou dost read this I shall see what kind of a lad Rupert is, and then, by the blessing of God, see him and Mawgan start on their holy mission.

"And that is all I can write, Sir Richard. First, because written messages are dangerous in these days; and second, because it would be impossible for me to tell thee all that is in my mind by means of pen and paper. Even as it is, this letter has, owing to my being a poor penman, cost me many hours of anxious labour.—Your obedient servant and faithful friend, "TOM KILLIGREW.

"*Nota Bene*.—Please convey to your dear lady, Dick, my sincere devotion; also that of my wife, although, as yet, they have not seen each other.—T. K."

This letter, now couched in formal terms, and again in those of friendship, I read carefully through, and, having done so, turned to John Trenoweth, in order to hear what he had to say. I saw, too, that my father was anxious to know what was in the Cornishman's mind.

"I pray you give good heed," said Trenoweth, "for my master's words are of no mean import."

CHAPTER II.

JOHN TRENOWETH'S STORY.

BUT the man did not speak freely. He seemed to have some difficulty in shaping his thoughts, also of finding fit words wherewith to convey them. So much was this the case that I presently began to get suspicious, but I judged afterwards that

so anxious was he to do his master's bidding well, and without mistake, that fear got hold of him, and, as all the world knows, fear is not helpful in matters of this kind.

"My master admires not Sir Francis Drake," he said presently.

"Then your master must be a fool," I replied hastily, for I could brook no word that slighted

"Explain yourself more fully, Master John Trenoweth," he said, "and give us examples of your meaning."

"This, Sir Richard," said the Cornishman. "Let him meet the Spaniard in open sea, and the Spaniard becomes a child to him; but let him meet the Spaniard in counsel, and then Sir Francis becomes the child."



"Dreaming of the fine times my companions were having."—*p.* 2.

Sir Francis. "Why, man, think of the times he hath——"

"Steady, steady, young master," said John Trenoweth. "Master Killigrew admires him greatly as a rover, as a stout fighter, and as a prince among English sailors, but he doth not rate him highly as a clever, far-seeing man. He can meet blows with better blows, plans with better plans—that is, when all is fair and above board—but he knows not the mind of the Spaniard, he cannot understand the underground way in which he works. In short, Sir Francis is a great admiral, but he is not a far-seeing man where the Spaniard is concerned."

At this I was about to break out again into a warm defence of the hero of our day, but my father cut me short.

"Facts have not proved it," I cried hotly.

"They have proved it again and again," said Trenoweth. "Sir Francis sails against the Spaniard in open day, and fights him in open day, and when he has beaten him he thinks that all is over; but he doth not dream of the thousand schemes in the Spaniard's mind, he cannot tell us what the Jesuits are doing, he doth not know what underground plots are being made against our Queen and country. In truth, when we come to think of it, we do not know our danger; we do not know what force the Spaniard can bring to British shores; and as a consequence—God forgive her for being mistaken! but Her Gracious Majesty is stingy in money, stingy in meat, stingy in powder, stingy in men. In truth, I much doubt if she realises that the Spaniard is serious.'

At this I was silent; for, much as I loved Her Majesty, I could not but sigh at the way she had treated some of the bravest men whom God ever gave to a monarch.

"Master Killigrew hath thought much concerning this," said John Trenoweth, "and he greatly desires that all the Spaniard's plans may be discovered; that the amount of help he can get from Italy, Austria, and other countries be calculated to a nicety, together with such information as, when conveyed to Her Majesty, will make her consent to her Parliament being liberal to her servants."

"But how is this to be found out?" asked my father.

"Only by Englishmen going thither," said John Trenoweth.

"An Englishman's life would not be worth a silver groat in Spain," said my father. "Why, think of the men who have dared to set foot there. There was Biddicombe of Devon, son to old Sir John; he went to Spain, and what happened? God only knows, except that, under the pretence of saving his soul, he was placed on the rack, his flesh was torn with red-hot pincers, and afterwards he was burnt. And he was not the only one. There was young Walter Raleigh's cousin, and poor Ned Blount, besides many others. The man who goes to Spain is lost. If he goes as a Catholic, he is never allowed to rest until he promises to fight against his country, and if he goes as a Protestant, well—God a' mercy on him!"

"Nevertheless, for the sake of our beloved Queen and our country, we should not falter," said John Trenoweth. "Besides — well, God help me!—if no one will go with me, I will go alone, and willingly will I die if I can make two Spaniards less."

At this he swore a great oath, and his eyes blazed like coals of fire.

"What mean you?" said my father.

"Mean!" cried John Trenoweth, "this, Sir Richard. I am a sinful man, and a coward, for I have lived in quietness and ease while my own sweetheart is in Spain to-day, where she hath been for twenty years—that is, if she be alive. And what doth all this mean, Sir Richard? Forgive me if I make not my meaning plain, for when I think of these things my head feels like a great burning furnace; but if she is alive, it means that either she hath gone over to the abominations of Rome, which are worse than death, or she is at this time suffering all the torments which the hell hounds of the Inquisition can invent. And if she be dead, Sir Richard, the Spaniards have killed her—killed her, I tell you!—while I, her sweetheart, her promised husband, have stayed here in England, stayed in the fair county of Cornwall, and have allowed the Spaniards to work their will on her."

At this my father gave a start, and placed his left hand on his sword hilt, and stamped his foot like a man in anger, while I scorned the fellow for being a poltroon and a coward.

"A sweetheart of yours went to Spain, and you never tried to——"

"A moment, Sir Richard, and let me tell my story as I may, and, mark you, there is much more that will take long in telling, for what you have heard is not half—nay, nor a quarter of the whole. As for your scorn of me, I deserve it, and ten times more. I have been a coward—aye, and worse than a coward, and yet judge me not too soon, for one thing is mixed up with another so that an honest man can barely tell where he stands. But here is the fact: Long years ago I loved Esther Truscott as truly as a boy ever loved a maid. She loved me, too, I believe, but she would not consent to marry me, because she was the companion of Mistress Anne Tremayne, and promised to stay with her as long as she willed. As you know, Mistress Anne Tremayne is the sister of Mistress Killigrew, my master's wife, and therefore he had a special interest in her. Being older than Mistress Killigrew, the Tremayne estates came by right to her, but when she consented to marry the Spaniard, who came to Falmouth in the days when Esther and I were courting, her father, old Sir John Tremayne, swore by God, his Queen, and his country that not one acre should she have. By what means he did it I know not, but this same Don Basilio Fernandio de Valencia persuaded Mistress Anne to leave her father and her home, and accompany him to his home in Spain; and my Esther, so much did she love her mistress, went with her, leaving me alone. I know what I ought to have done: I ought to have followed her; but I did not. For one thing, Master Killigrew told me it was madness to think of it; for another, I heard again and again of the English being tortured and burnt as heretics; and while I never loved another woman, I tried to harden my heart against Esther, telling myself that she was a fickle jade, that she cared nothing for me, and was far happier with the accursed Spaniards. And thus the years passed on. Old Sir John Tremayne still lived at Tremayne, refusing to hear a word about his daughter who had gone away with the Spaniard, declaring she was no child of his, and repeating again and again that not one penny of his money, nor one

acre of his land, should ever go either to her or—should she have any—her children. And so I, my heart aching all the time, kept quiet. Knowing something of learning, I became steward to Master Killigrew, but, being also somewhat of a fighter, I have accompanied my master in some of his cruises to the Mediterranean, and twice have I fought the Spaniard. But I have never landed on Spanish soil, and never have I seen Esther, much as I have longed to do both.

"Well, some time ago a friend of my master, Sir John Puddicombe, took a Spanish galleon, and in talking with one of the prisoners he found out that Don Basilio de Valencia was dead, and that since his death his widow hath fallen under the suspicion of the Inquisition, and that she is given a certain time to recant, during the which means will be used to bring her to repentance. Moreover, much discussion hath arisen about her marriage with Don Basilio de Valencia. It is held that, while she was wedded to him according to English law, she was not wedded according to the laws of Spain and the Church. Thus they argue that, while she is heir to the English estates, she hath no right, neither hath her offspring right, to her husband's estates in Spain. Concerning this I cannot say much, not being a match for Jesuit lies. But this is not all; it was told Sir John Puddicombe that an English companion of the Doña de Valencia was also suspected of heresy, and that, unless she recanted, she would be burnt with her mistress. Now, who can that woman be but Esther, Sir Richard? I try to think it is not, and I seek to engage in all sorts of foolish quarrels, and to fill my mind with wild and hare-brained thoughts, in order that I may not go mad, but I cannot. I believe it is she."

"Go on with your story," said my father sternly.

"When my master heard of it, Sir Richard (for I always call him my master, although he will have it that I am his good friend), he straightway told me, and then I got on my knees, and begged him to allow me to go to Spain. But he told me that for me to go alone would be pure craziness, and that he must think more about what he had heard. That night he went to see Sir John Tremayne, who is still alive, and told him what he had heard, whereupon Sir John forgot all the things he had said about his eldest daughter, and besought him to go to Spain and save his child. As you know, Sir John is now an old man, and is failing fast; and verily I believe that if his daughter be not saved he will die soon; and yet he told my master that, if he would not go, he would himself man a vessel and sail for Lisbon, and thence go to Spain to save his daughter."

"Well, and then?" said my father, as he saw John Trenoweth hesitate.

"Well, my master cannot leave Falmouth. He is the governor of Pendennis Castle; he is under command of the Queen to guard Falmouth harbour, and be ready to fight the Spaniards, should they come near. Nevertheless, he and I have talked many hours concerning this matter, until not long ago a vessel called at Falmouth harbour, and the captain of this same vessel, Vivian by name, told him that your son, Sir Richard, Master Rupert here, was come back from the wars, that his wound was nearly healed, and that he longed sorely to be fighting the Spaniards again. This set my master thinking, and Master Mawgan, being now a man grown, though he hath not seen service, is itching to be at those proud dons, seems not altogether unfitted to go to Spain. Still, as my master saith, young Mawgan knows not their lingo nor their ways, and, being only twenty-four on the fifteenth of July, may do foolish things. Then again, I, who am to go with him, while not altogether a fool, am also ignorant of their lingo, and should, so my master thinks, do more harm than good; that is, unless someone goes as a leader, who can talk to the Spaniard in his own tongue, and who knows his crookedness. This led Master Killigrew to think of Master Rupert here. For Captain Vivian hath it that, although young, Master Rupert is cunning beyond his years, and he also saith that on more than one occasion he hath proved more than a master for the Spaniard, both with tongue, and wits, and the sword. Besides, Master Killigrew remembers the time, Sir Richard, when you and he were friends together, and the promises you made to each other.

"This being so, he drew up the letter I have brought to you, and I have travelled with all haste for five days, and here I am, Sir Richard, having told my story badly; for, since I have heard the news about Esther, I am not my own man, nor never shall be until my fingers are round the throats of the Spaniards who have made my poor maid suffer."

"And this is all your story, John Trenoweth?" said my father presently.

"I think it is," replied the Cornishman, "and yet I am not sure, for when I think about Esther I forget many things which I ought to bear in mind."

"Then, as I understand it, my old friend Killigrew wishes Rupert here to return with you to Cornwall, and then to take young Mawgan and you to Spain to find out the truth

concerning the fate of Sir John Tremayne's daughter?"

"Yes, Sir Richard, and also at the same time to discover what we can of the Spaniards' plans about England, and whether they purport coming to fight us, and with what force. God forgive me! but when I think of Esther I forget my duty to Queen and country; but this must not be forgotten, Sir Richard, for my master believes that if we can but put the truth before Her Majesty, neither Sir John Hawkins, nor Sir Francis Drake, nor Sir Richard Grenville will ever again have to grieve because the Queen is stingy both of men and money. Master Killigrew believes that Master Rupert could find out many things which would be of great value."

"But how are they to get to Spain?" said my father. "Every Spanish port is safely guarded. The King hath given command to attack every English vessel and to take the sailors to the Inquisitors, who may, for the glory of God—may Heaven forgive me for saying the words!—work their will upon them."

"This we know right well, Sir Richard, and concerning the means of getting there I do not know, for my master hath told me nothing. Moreover, Master Rupert will naturally have to be consulted. But this I know: Sir John Tremayne says that no money shall be wanting, and that whatever Master Rupert thinks we need shall be given."

"What do you think of it, Rupert?" asked my father.

"Think of it!" I cried. "I think God hath sent John Trenoweth hither, and that right gladly will I go with him to Falmouth town, when, after having taken counsel with Master Killigrew, I will go to Spain, and do all that is required of me."

"It is a perilous mission," said my father thoughtfully.

"And what then!" I cried. "God hath given us arms to fight, swords to carry, and brains to think!"

"Hath the Doña de Valencia children? said my father presently.

"Ah!" cried John Trenoweth, "I had forgotten that. Thank you for reminding me, Sir Richard, for otherwise I should have left out what you ought to know. Yes, she hath a daughter, who hath been brought up to hate both the English and our holy Reformed religion. She hath been brought up in one of those prison houses of Rome called a convent. Moreover, the Spaniards have it that, her mother being married according to English law, this daughter is the rightful owner of Sir John Tremayne's lands. It is also believed that she, being under the influence of the Church, will at the proper time be made to enter the religious life, and give these same Tremayne lands to the Jesuits. And this leads me to another thing, Sir Richard, and my master told me to be sure to make full report of this. A man who was once your enemy, and with whom you fought more than once, hath mixed himself up in the matter. He knows our laws, and our customs, and Sir John Puddicombe told my master that it is he who hath planned it all. It is he who will bring the daughter of Sir John Tremayne to the stake; it is he who will get hold of the Tremayne estates, and hand them over to the Jesuits; and it is he in particular that we shall have to fight."

"His name? his name?" said my father eagerly.

"Señor Toledo," said John Trenoweth, "and I am told that he is as deep as the Red Sea, in which King Pharaoh's armies were drowned, and as cruel as his master the devil."

"That he is!" cried my father. "Ah! and I might have killed him years ago. Twice did I have him at my mercy. Twice! Look! that is the sword which I took from him. Señor Toledo! John Trenoweth, I fear greatly—I fear greatly. If that man hath determined on the death of Sir John Temayne's daughter, she will die. If your old sweetheart be in his hands, hope not to see her again. Moreover, he will work his will on this daughter of the Doña de Valencia; he will poison her mind more and more against her mother and her mother's country."

Now these words angered me greatly, for they were not the true words of Sir Richard Hamstead. They told of a fear that was unworthy of him, and of a spirit which seemed to me almost craven.

"No, father," I said. "If he be the kind of man you say he is, all the more reason why he should be met by Englishmen who fear neither the devil nor his servants. It is well known that you outwitted him long years ago, and that, in spite of all he could do, you won my mother for your wife."

"God worked a miracle for us," said my father. "But for the coming of the messengers proclaiming the death of Queen Mary, she would have been burnt, and I also. But God doth not work miracles every day."

"God is not dead," I cried. "Time after time hath He saved Her Gracious Majesty from the snares of these devils. Time after time hath He helped His servants to overcome the Spaniards. Think of what Sir Francis hath done again and again, and shall we turn craven



JOHN TRENOWETH'S STORY.

now? Shall we leave an English lady in the Spaniards' hands? Shall we allow them to work their will on them, and never lift hand to try——"

"Stop!" cried my father. "Who said we should never try to save them? In God's name, not I! No, my lad, you shall go to Falmouth town, and you shall hold counsel with my old friend Tom Killigrew, and afterwards you shall go to Spain, and do all that a man may to save them. If it is the will of God that you shall bring them back, then I shall have another proof that He doth still work miracles, but if not—well, you shall still go, Rupert. If it is His will that you suffer at the Spaniards' hands, well, still go. Better die that way, aye, a thousand times better die that way, than - knowing what John Trenoweth hath told us—remain here in ease."

"Spoken like the Sir Richard Hamstead I have heard of," said John Trenoweth, his eyes ablaze, and his hand grasping his sword-hilt. "Ah, Sir Richard, but you be a poor Papist!"

"Peace, man," said my father. "As to being a Papist, I follow my old father. What was good enough for him is good enough for me. I know but little, and trouble less, about the niceties of the doctrines concerning which Queen Elizabeth hath not made up her mind. But I hate burnings and cruelties · I hate the Spaniard and all his ways. Besides, I am an Englishman, and I will stand by my country and by my people, even if the Pope himself bids me fight against them. Poor Papist! Well, I may be, for I believe that my wife, although a Protestant, is the holiest woman that ever walked God's earth. All the same, I do not renounce the old faith. No, by the Mass, no!"

At this I laughed in high good humour, for I saw that my father believed in liberty of conscience as much as Hugh Latimer himself, and when I remembered that he had never interfered with my mother, who taught every one of us the Reformed faith, I felt sure that he held by the old faith rather because of sentiment than conviction.

"And when can Master Rupert start?" asked John Trenoweth eagerly.

"Start! Ah, yes," I saw a shadow come over his face, and then I felt sure that he believed he was consenting for me to go to my death. "Start! Ah, yes," he repeated; "but we must talk with your mother, my lad, we must talk with her, and—John Trenoweth, forgive me, you must be hungry and thirsty. I will order food and drink, man, and then we will call my lady in, and we will talk over the whole matter together."

CHAPTER III.

HOW I LEFT HAMSTEAD MANOR.

WHILE John Trenoweth was in the dining hall, I, as may be imagined, fell to thinking over what I had heard, and although I was rejoiced that my days of idleness were over, I knew that I was going upon an expedition from which I should probably never return alive. Not that I feared; thank God! it was not that; all the same, I could not help being thoughtful. For, as all the world knows, it was regarded as certain death at this time for an English Protestant to put his foot on Spanish soil. For Philip II. of Spain bore an ill name among those who loved our gracious Queen. For a long time, in the strength of his marriage with Mary, he had regarded himself as the rightful King of our country, or at least so he had made out to the world. Moreover, he had paid court to Elizabeth, only to be repulsed time after time, and this had increased his bitterness towards us. Added to all this, we had helped to oppose his will in Flanders, and had again and again flouted his ships in the Spanish Main. Taken altogether, therefore, leaving religion out of the question, he had a big bill against us, which he lost no opportunity of paying off. Time after time had news come to us that English sailors had been taken prisoners by the Spanish, and had afterwards been dragged before the Inquisitors, to be burned "for the glory of God."

It will be seen, therefore, that to go to Spain was no small matter; especially was this the case when the purpose of my going was borne in mind. Whether my mission was regarded from its political or from its domestic standpoint, the perils remained the same. If I were to try and learn anything of Spanish plans, I must, as it were, put my head in the lion's mouth; while, if I attempted the release of old Sir John Tremayne's daughter from the Inquisitors, my peril was just as great. Moreover, I reflected that I should have to match my wits against those of Señor Toledo, who, if my father had gauged him truly, was as cunning as the devil himself.

All this was staggering enough; nevertheless, I rejoiced in it. I had seen enough service to keep from fancying I could fulfil my mission without much difficulty; but, on the other hand, the blood of youth coursed through my veins, and made me long to be away.

By the time John Trenoweth had finished his meal I had gone far to map out my course of action—at least, up to a certain point, leaving further developments until I had seen Master Killigrew and young Mawgan.

When my father and the Cornishman returned to the room again, they were accompanied by my mother, who, much as we loved our father, held the warmest place in all our hearts. Why this was so, I cannot pretend to explain fully. But it was so. Each one of us loved and admired our father as much as any father in England was loved and admired. Nevertheless, it was to our mother that Dick and Faith and I always confided our secrets, and to whom we went for advice. Even in this case, although I had told my father I would go to Spain with Mawgan Killigrew, I should never have done so without her full consent and blessing, because what is a man worth if he acts against the will of the best mother that ever breathed?

I remember her now, as she sat by the window that September day in the year 1587, and, although she was nearer fifty than forty years old, she looked but a young woman. And she was but a young woman, and far more beautiful than ninety-nine out of every hundred of the young maidens of our time. And as I watched her face, and thought of her goodness, I did not wonder that my father was willing to go through fire and water to win her as his bride. I, who was twenty-four years old, and who had never been in love, knew that if I met a maid half so fair and half so good as she I would be ready to face death for a year of Sundays in order to win her smile. For that matter, I always regarded her as the pattern of what a woman should be, and I believe that the reason I had never fallen in love was because, when I began to compare the maidens I knew with my mother, they fell so miserably short both of her beauty and her goodness.

"Dost ever intend to wed?" said Sir Walter Raleigh to me one day.

"Aye," I replied.

"When?" said he.

"When I meet a woman as beautiful and as good as my mother," I replied.

"Never until then?" said he.

"Never," I replied.

"Then thou wilt never wed, Rupert, for there is but one woman in the world that can match her, and she is neither for thee nor any other man."

I said no more to him at the time, for I knew the woman of whom he was thinking, and knew, moreover, that it were sacrilege to think of her as anything but "The Virgin Queen."

But to my story. My mother sat by the window, with a somewhat anxious look on her face, for she had already heard an inkling of the reasons for which John Trenoweth had come to Hamstead Manor.

"You say that there is need for Rupert to go to Spain," said my mother. "What is the need, Sir Richard?" For thus she always addressed my father when others than our own family were present.

"Let John Trenoweth tell his story again," said my father, whereupon the Cornishman began to speak, even as he had spoken to us, of Spanish plots and of English ignorance thereof. He spoke of the Jesuits, who, in spite of all endeavours to put them down, were still in England, poisoning English Catholics against their Queen, and who were in constant communication with the King of Spain.

"But what is all this to us?" asked my mother. "Why should Rupert go into a country where there is neither kindness nor mercy, in order to know what the Queen hath a hundred other means of knowing, and by other men?"

For be it known that my mother, strong Protestant as she was, did not love our Queen as much as my father thought she should. As all the world knows, Elizabeth's religious views were very uncertain, and, while she granted a certain religious freedom, she was none too kind to those of her subjects who had made her great.

On hearing this, John Trenoweth went off on the other tack. He spoke of Mistress Anne Tremayne, and of the danger in which she stood; he told of old Sir John Tremayne's sorrow, and of his love for Esther Truscott, and then I saw a change come over my mother. For politics she cared but little, but her woman's heart went out to another woman's danger.

"Anne Tremayne!" she cried. "Why, I know her, Sir Richard! Her father brought her to Queen's Elizabeth's Court, and we became friendly It grieved me much when I heard that she married the Spaniard. And she is in the power of the Inquisition—she is in danger of being burnt! It must not be, it must not be! She must be saved. Why—oh, I remember—you remember, Dick—when—when ——Oh, God help her!" And, forgetting John Trenoweth, my mother went across the room to my father's side, as though the memory of that day when my father snatched her from the awful doom which happened to so many during Mary's reign were too much for her.

My father put his arm around her as a youth puts his arms around the maid of his heart, and held her to him for a moment; but only for a moment, for my mother lifted her head, and, turning to John Trenoweth, said, "Tell me more—tell me all, my man!"

When John Trenoweth had finished his story, my mother started up with flashing eyes.

"Rupert, my son," she said, "it is the call of God. For many days I have wondered why you should have been wounded, and then kept here in idleness; but now I know. It is the will of God! Go, my son, and may our Lord and Saviour be your safety and guide!"

"Aye, but when, mother?" I asked.

"When?" she cried. "Ask when, even while an English gentlewoman, and my old friend to boot, stands in danger of the faggot? There is only one time, and that is now! Get you gone—if not this night, then at dawn to-morrow. There is no time to lose when Señor Toledo hath aught to do with any matter. Aye, my son, and if thou canst only save her and her dear ones by fighting even to the death, then fight to the death. It is the call of God!"

And this my mother said while her lips trembled and a look of great apprehension was in her eyes.

"But oh, Rupert!" she continued, presently, "go in Christ's name, and in Christ's strength. Go to save a Christian Englishwoman from an awful doom. Never sully your mission by a base thought or a base deed, my son. If you have to fight, fight in Christ's name; if you have to try and outwit the Spaniard, pray for wisdom and guidance. . . . And you say she hath a child, too!" she went on, turning to John Trenoweth. "A daughter, very nearly the age of my Faith. What is her name?"

"Of the child I know but little," said Trenoweth. "But I fear she is an enemy of her mother's and her mother's faith. She is half a Spaniard, and hath been reared in a convent, and I am told that she consents to her mother's death."

"Put that down as a lie," said my mother. "Anne Tremayne's child could not do so. And yet—God only knows what teaching and training can do. But your duty is plain, Rupert. Save the mother, save the waiting woman, and may God give you grace to save the child. At this very hour I will see that your saddle-bags are filled with all things necessary, and take



"'Go, my son, in Christ's name.'"

your father's sword, my son. It hath never been used in an unholy quarrel, and you, Sir Richard, you will see that Rupert lacks for nothing!"

With that my mother went away with all speed, while my father continued to talk with John Trenoweth concerning the well-being of his old friend Tom Killigrew, and of other matters relating to Cornwall.

As may be imagined, my mother's words had put nerve into my arm and warmth into my heart, and presently, when my brother Dick came into the room, I told him with much spirit of what had taken place, and of what I was about to do.

"I wish it were I, Rupert," said Dick, "and yet I know not. You have a quicker wit, and carry a better sword than I. So go my brother, and may God bring you safely home again!"

Of all the talk that took place that night it is needless that I should speak; for, although I love to think of the way that my sister Faith fondled me, and called me her own brave brother, and although I cannot help recalling with pride the words my father spoke to me, these things have but little part in the story I have to tell. Besides, I have much to write concerning matters of far more interest than what took place at Hamstead Manor, matters that will take long to tell. For I may as well make confession here that my journey to Spain was no stage play, neither were my adventures of the nature that may be seen at the Globe Theatre, where Will Shakespeare so pleases the gaping crowd who come to see him act and hear the fine words he hath written.

Early next morning, then, I was ready to start. John Trenoweth's nag had been exchanged for a stronger and fleeter animal, while the best horse in my father's stables had been given to me. I was dressed in all due finery, because, as my mother said, a son of hers who was in the service of Christ must not appear as a solemn hot gospeller, but as the son of Sir Richard Hamstead, the bravest fighter and the wariest councillor in Elizabeth's Court. This, as may be imagined, pleased me much, for youth loves gay clothing and a good horse. I also carried a good number of golden eagles in my purse, and so, fired by the thought of what lay before me, I laughed with great merriment as I bade them all good-morning. It was well, moreover, that I carried a brave heart; otherwise I should surely have broken down and cried like a baby before I took a last look at my home. It is true my father's lips trembled not, neither did his voice quiver, while Dick laughed gaily, and told me not to lose my head over any Spanish señorita; but when it came to mother and Faith, I was well nigh forgetting that I could call Francis Drake, Walter Raleigh, and Richard Grenville my friends, so soft did my heart become. In this was no wonder, for my sister Faith hung about me so, and kissed and caressed me so fondly, that I thought I should never be able to leave her, and when at last she ran indoors to hide her tears I had still my mother to part from. And this was the hardest of all. Not that she moaned or repined, for she was too proud and too brave a woman to do either. Nay, it was the fact that I saw her mother's love struggling against her sense of duty that made my heart bleed. I could see that her heart was breaking, and yet she spoke cheerily, and laughed: it was that which well-nigh unmanned me.

"Go, my son, in Christ's name!" she said as she embraced me for the last time.

"Yes, mother," I answered.

"And you will never do aught that you will be afraid to tell me about—will you, my son?"

"Never, mother."

"And if ever you are tempted to be cruel, or do a wrong deed, if ever you are tempted to crush one weaker than you out of a spirit of revenge (for God hath blessed you with great strength, Rupert), if ever you are tempted to sin, you will think of Christ—and—and your mother—won't you, Rupert?"

"Aye, mother, I promise."

"And—and Rupert——"

"Yes, mother, what is it?"

"It may be you'll be tempted in many ways, ways of which young men cannot speak even to their mothers; if you are, Rupert—if you are——"

"God help me, mother, I will think of you, and I will try to be worthy of you—then I shall do no wrong."

"Yes, think of me, my dear son—and think of the Lord Christ Who died for you. Be pure in thought, my son, and you will be pure in life."

"God helping me, I will, mother," I said, "and by His help I will never do aught that you would wish undone," and with that I rode away, feeling as if God had spoken to me as well as my mother.

I had not gone far, when I heard my name again, and, turning back, I saw my mother coming towards me.

"Rupert, she said as I dismounted, "you are going to Spain, the land of persecution and the Inquisition. It might be—God save you from it!—but you may be tried even as—as—as I——"

"Mother," I cried, "I will die before I prove false to my faith," and with that I kissed her

again, and mounted my horse, while my mother gave me a smile which lives in my heart and memory even to this day.

Of how I kept my promises, my history must tell, for it is not fit that I should write it here, but as I rode by John Trenoweth's side I thanked God for my mother, and vowed again and again that I would never do aught of which I should be ashamed to speak to her in all fulness.

"And have ye any desire to try a fall with me, Master Rupert Hamstead?" said John Trenoweth after a few minutes' silence.

"What mean you?" I asked.

"Oh! the fall concerning which you were so keen when I rode up to you yesterday."

I looked at his face and saw that his grey eyes twinkled.

"We will both try a fall with the Spaniards instead," I replied.

"Amen to that with all my heart," he rejoined, "and yet methinks we shall have it before we reach Falmouth town. Four times did I pick a quarrel on my way hither, all for the purpose of forgetting—that—that——"

"Aye, but we will save her, John Trenoweth, and I will be at your wedding."

"No, no, Master Rupert, I fear that will never be. And it is when I have such fears that I feel I must do something in order to forget my trouble, and to forget the fact that I have neglected my Esther all these years. I tell you——"

"Think of how we are to get to her, John Trenoweth," I cried. "Picture to yourself how she will look when she sees you. Fancy yourself cutting down Spaniards in order that you may get to her."

"Aye, aye, that I will, but promise me this, Master Rupert: if I cannot drive evil, despairing thoughts out of my mind, will you fight with me, wrestle with me? It is the only thing that makes me forget—it is the only thing that gives me joy."

I laughed aloud at this, but nevertheless I promised him, even as he desired.

Of our first day's journey there is but little to record. We saw but few people, because we did not pass through London, and when as the second day passed away, and nothing of interest happened, I imagined that we should get to our journey's end without adventure of any sort.

Towards the evening of the second day, however, as we began to think of the place where we should spend our night, I saw, riding some little distance in front of me, two men. As far as I could judge, they were well mounted, and were attired as cavaliers; but, as we drew near, I could not help thinking that their attire was somewhat out of harmony with the way they sat their horses.

"This is a lonely spot," said John Trenoweth, and I could not help agreeing with him, for we were far from any habitation, and the country looked lonesome beyond words.

"I don't think we need fear yonder men," remarked John, after looking at them quietly for a few moments. "It is true they carry swords, and they ride good horses; but I know many a ploughboy who can sit a horse better."

"No; I should judge them to be drapers or something of that sort," I replied, "and they carry swords and wear gay apparel in order to try and appear as men of rank."

"Good-morrow, worthy sirs," they said, as we rode up, and it seemed to me that they had ridden slowly so that we might overtake them.

We returned their greeting and waited for them to proceed.

"Go you far?" they asked, presently.

I mentioned the town at which we had thought of spending the night.

"Ah! that is where we hope to stay. If it please you, we will ride together. We be anxious to fall in with good company, for we be dealing with important matters. In truth, our hope is to find the whereabouts of two noted Jesuits, who we suspect are being housed at Willacombe."

At this I pricked up my ears greatly, especially as I saw the two men exchange glances.

[END OF CHAPTER THREE.]



HEROES OF GOD



THE VOYAGE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

By the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.

THREE books have been recently given to the public which contain official and authoritative records respecting the voyage and early colonial experience of the Pilgrim Fathers: Bradford's "History of Plimoth Plantation"; "The *Mayflower* and her Log"; and "The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers as Told by Themselves, Their Friends, and Their Enemies." This article is based principally on these three volumes, and largely has for its object to give some of the information contained in these volumes.

The history of the first of the volumes is itself full of significant interest. Governor Bradford, the first governor of the Plymouth colony, left behind him a history of that settlement, which was referred to as authoritative by the earliest historians of New England. From about the end of 1767 it mysteriously disappeared, and was supposed to have been destroyed by mischance during the American Revolution. In 1844 Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, writing a history of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, made certain extracts from a manuscript which he had discovered in the library of the Bishop of London; these extracts coming to the attention of a Mr. Barry of Massachusetts, who was writing a history of that State, he noted in them parallelisms to quotations from Bradford's history which he had found in the early New England chroniclers. The result was an investigation into the manuscript which the Bishop of Oxford had come across, and the discovery that it was undoubtedly the original manuscript written by Governor Bradford himself. How it got into the library of the Bishop of London no one knows.

As soon as this discovery was made, America, naturally, desired to possess the manuscript. Naturally, too, Englishmen were loth to part with so valuable a document, or to accede to the idea that it properly belonged to America. Several attempts were made by American scholars to secure its restoration to New England,

but without success until 1895. Then, through the joint efforts of George F. Hoar, the venerable United States Senator from Massachusetts, and T. F. Bayard, the American Minister to England, and by the courteous consent of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, the manuscript was given to Mr. Bayard to be delivered to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. It is now carefully kept in the State archives of that Commonwealth, its original value greatly enhanced by reason of the fact that it is a perpetual witness to the goodwill which now exists between the Mother Country and her kin across the sea, and also to the goodwill which exists between the Church of England and the Pilgrim offshoot from that Church.

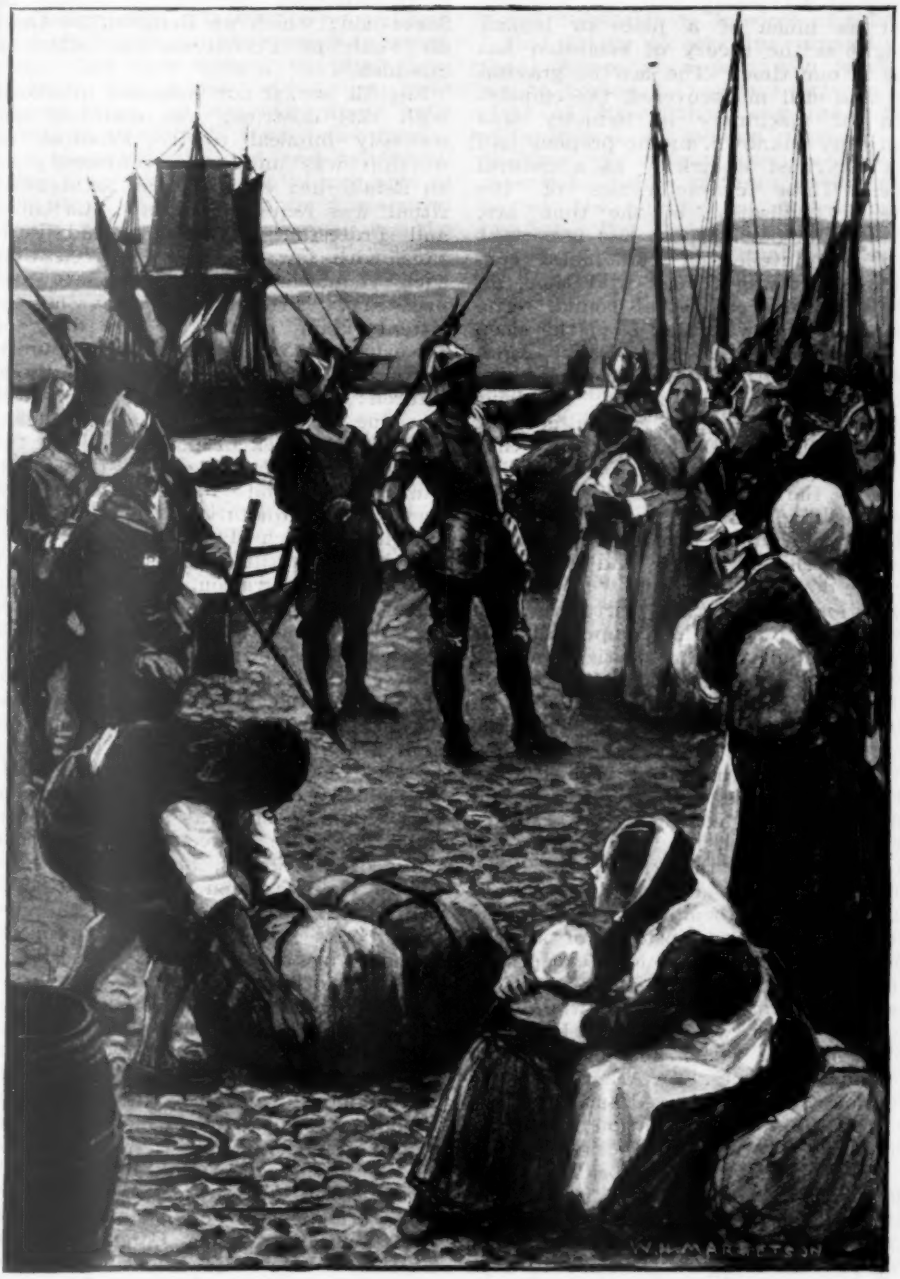
I do not know of anything which more strikingly illustrates the growth of catholicity in the Church of Christ than the contrast afforded by the contents of this book, written about the middle of the seventeenth century, and this incident in its history occurring at the close of the nineteenth. To get the full effect of the progress toward a better understanding between the different branches of Christ's Church in these two centuries and a half, one has but to compare with the incident here narrated the following extract from the first chapter of the volume itself, in which Governor Bradford describes, from his own point of view, the controversy between the Episcopal and the Pilgrim Church:

"But that I may come more near my intendment; when as by the travail and diligence of some godly and zealous preachers (in the Parish Churches), and God's blessing on their labours as in other places of the land (of England) so in the north parts, many became inlightened by the Word of God; and had their ignorance and sins discovered unto them; and began by His grace to reform their lives and make conscience of their ways: the work of God was no sooner manifest in them, but presently they were both scoffed and scorned by the profane multitude; and the Ministers urged with the yoke of *Subscription* (to the *Thirty-nine* Articles of 1562), or else must be silenced. And the poor people were so vexed with Apparitors and Pursuivants, and the Commissary Courts; as truly their affliction was not small: which notwithstanding they bore, sundry years, with much patience, till they were occasioned, by the continuance and increase of these troubles, and other means which the Lord raised up in those days, to see further into things, by the light of the Word of God. How not only these base and beggarly Ceremonies were unlawful (*i.e.*, *morally wrong*), but also that the lordly and tyrannous power of the Prelates ought not to be submitted unto: which thus, contrary to the freedom of the Gospel, would load and burden men's consciences; and, by their compulsive power, make a profane mixture of persons and things in the worship of God. And that their Offices and Callings, Courts and and *Canons*, etc., were unlawful and antichristian: being such as have no warrant in the Word of God; but the same were used in Popery, and still retained."

The second volume, "The *Mayflower* and her Log," has been compiled from original sources by Azel Ames, M.D., of the United States. Its successive chapters are devoted to the *Mayflower*, her charter, crew, passengers, and her daily journal or log. It is thus something more and other than its title alone would indicate. It is written with critical care, and with a scholar's interest in minute detail.

The third volume is edited from original texts by Edward Arber, F.S.A., Fellow of King's College, London. It includes an account, from original sources, of Scrooby, Amsterdam, Leyden, the migration to America, and the beginnings and proceedings of the plantation at Plymouth. Mr. Arber is recognised on both sides of the Atlantic as an authority, and it is to be hoped that the partial promise of his preface, to carry on the story in the same way from 1623 to 1630, may yet be fulfilled. It furnishes much material necessary to a correction of the partial, and to some extent partisan, estimates of men and events furnished by Governor Bradford's history. Mr. Arber is rather an editor than an historian; but he is a discriminating editor, who gives us with careful selection the materials out of which history is made.

The material thus furnished by him enables us to form some picture of the conditions of society in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Belief in astrology was common, belief in witchcraft



"The ship sailed away leaving a part of the company on shore, mostly women and children."—*p.* 20.

practically universal. The Copernican theory of astronomy had not won for itself as much of a place in human thought as the theory of evolution has done in our time. The law of gravitation was still undiscovered, the employment of machinery in industry was practically unknown, and no prophet had even imagined electricity as a natural force. These characteristics of the material civilisation of the time are, however, for our purpose less important than the intellectual and moral conditions: "It was a very wild time, an age of ceaseless conflict all round. The human mind, awakening from the sleep of Feudalism and the Dark Ages, fastened on all the problems that are inherent to human society; problems which, even at the present day, are not half solved. In England, during that seventeenth century, men were digging down to the very roots of things. They were asking, 'What is the ultimate authority in human affairs? Upon what does Government rest? and for what purpose does it exist?'"

Questionings of this sort, by men who have but little competence for original inquiry and investigation, are discouraged even in our time as intellectually and morally perilous. In that time they were condemned by the law as criminal, and were punished with severity. Absolutism was still the orthodox doctrine both in Church and State. On the continent of Europe, except in Holland, law was nothing but the expression of the king's will. The Roman Empire had been broken into fragments, but Roman Imperialism was still the recognised doctrine of all the European States, with two exceptions, Holland and Great Britain; and in Great Britain the doctrine of the divine right of kings was strenuously maintained by the Court and preached by the Court preachers. Mr. Arber illustrates this doctrine, as thus held and preached, by the following quotation from Dr. Humphrey Gower, the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, in an address delivered as late as 1681: "We still believe and maintain that our Kings derive not their Titles from the people; but from God. That to Him *only* they are accountable. That it belongs not to subjects, either to create or censure; but to honour and obey their Sovereign: who comes to be so by a fundamental hereditary Right of Succession; which no Religion, no Law, no Fault or Forfeiture, can alter or diminish."

English law, if not fashioned in accord with this doctrine, was certainly not seriously inimical to it. Freedom of worship was unknown; conformity to an Established creed and an Established ritual was required by law. Catholics and Protestants, Anglicans and Puritans, with few exceptions, agreed that such requirement was legitimate and necessary. Protestantism was as insistent upon the right and duty of Government to prevent and punish heresy as was the Roman Catholic Church; that it persecuted much less was due, not so much to lack of inclination, as to lack of power. What the Pilgrim Fathers thought of the Anglican Church and its ceremonies and services the quotation from Governor Bradford which I have given above sufficiently indicates. Considerably after the Pilgrim migration, in the Massachusetts colony, men were punished for declaring that the Roman Catholic Church was a Christian Church. Neither liberty of free assemblage nor liberty of the Press was allowed. Printing was permitted only in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and at the University presses of Oxford and Cambridge. It was chiefly carried on in London, and in London no one was allowed to print unless he were a freeman of the Company of Stationers, and only an elect few of those freemen were permitted to print, and those were allowed to print only books which had been properly licensed by two censors, one ecclesiastical, the other secular.

England being in this condition in the latter part of the sixteenth century—the exact date is July, 1586—there came to the little parish of Babworth, in Nottinghamshire, a rector, the Rev. Richard Clyfton, who in modern phraseology would be called a progressive or liberal preacher, and, following him in successive years to adjoining parishes, three other rectors of somewhat similar spirit, all four being Cambridge men. To this Babworth parish William Bradford, a boy in his teens, used to walk across the fields, evidently finding the Rev. Richard Clyfton somehow a fasci-

nating preacher. I believe that there is no record left of the preaching of these Cambridge men. It must be remembered that there were no newspapers to report them; had they desired to print their sermons, the censor would not have passed them; no stationer would have ventured to publish them; and finally, had they been printed and published, there were very few Englishmen able to read them. Nottinghamshire was a rural county, the population was small, and the congregations, though certainly not unintelligent, were probably illiterate, and certainly uncultivated and unscholarly.

We are obliged to conclude what was the preaching of these men from what grew out of it. We may assume that they told their hearers that the organisation of the Church, and the forms and ceremonies employed in it, were not the essence of religion: that the New Testament was the Magna Charta of the Church and, so to speak, its written constitution; that the Church had no right to go beyond the provisions of the New Testament; that Bishops had no right to inflict civil penalties as they were doing in Bishops' Courts; perhaps that there was no right or reason in Bishops, and that the Church could do very well without them; not impossibly that Bishops were an invention of the Papal Church, a relic which still clung to an imperfectly emancipated Protestantism. This, and much more to the same effect their congregations came later to maintain; but we must recognise that congregations sometimes run beyond their preachers. Certain it is that these four preachers and their radical congregations were looked upon by their neighbours as enthusiasts, if not as fanatics.

In all ages men have confounded religion with the instruments which it employs and the forms through which it is expressed; and though the subsequent life of this simple-minded people proved them to be alike conscientious in their daily conduct and devout worshippers of God, because they discarded the instruments and the forms employed by the religion of their time, they were looked upon by their neighbours as an irreligious people. The obloquy in which they were involved, and the prosecutions by which they were pursued, became at length so intolerable that they resolved to flee from their native land to Holland, then the only country in the civilised world hospitable to freedom of religion.

That it was so was due primarily to the influence of a man who seems to me to correspond more nearly to our ideal of Moses than any other man of mediæval or modern Europe; for William the Silent combined as no other man before or since in European history the qualities of statesman and prophet. The reader of this article who wishes to get in a small compass a trustworthy and exceedingly interesting biography of this great man, will find it in Frederic Harrison's "Life" of William the Silent. There is no room here to tell the tragic story of his life and martyrdom: of his long and finally successful struggle against the cruel Duke of Alva, fit representative of the despotism of Spain. It must suffice to note that in an age when every religionist thought that he alone possessed the truth and all his opponents were in vital error, when therefore every religionist thought it his duty to defend his faith and to extirpate his neighbour's heresy by law, William the Silent promulgated and maintained that doctrine of religious liberty which now the Anglo-Saxon race regards as an axiom, and which probably many readers of this periodical can hardly imagine was ever really denied. Himself in turn a Lutheran, a Catholic, and a Calvinist, it may be, as has been claimed, that his catholicity was partly due to indifferentism. Seeking to unite all his people in a struggle to defend the liberties of his land, it may be, as has been claimed, that his catholicity was partly a method of statecraft, that he was compelled to be catholic because only thus could he secure the union which statesmanship demanded. It is not impossible that both elements combined to give him a view of life wider and more just than any of his contemporaries. God often uses unexpected instruments in His work of education. The question is perhaps impossible to decide; at all events it is immaterial.

Out of the travail of war, and under the leadership of William the Silent, the doctrine of religious liberty was born and cradled in Holland, and to Holland, therefore, the first Pilgrims fled from the persecutions of the Stuarts, when they sought liberty to worship God

according to the dictates of their own conscience.

Those prosecutions were based upon the doctrine already referred to, that it is the duty of the Government to determine the religious opinions of the community, and to require conformity thereto on the part of all its subjects. Mr. Arber gives a quotation from what he calls the "murderous Act to retain the Queen's subjects in obedience," passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, an Act which punished with imprisonment every person above the age of sixteen years who failed to attend Divine service in some church or chapel established by Her Majesty's laws, or who endeavoured to persuade anyone else from so doing, or who attended any unlawful assemblages, conventicles, or meetings under the pretence of any exercise of religion. And Mr. Bradford, who was one of those emigrants, gives, in his history, some account of the practical operation of this law as experienced by the Nonconformists in Nottinghamshire where he resided.

"But after these things they could not long continue in any peaceable condition, but were hunted and persecuted on every side, so as their former afflictions were but as flea-bitings in comparison of these which now came upon them. For some were taken and clapt up in prison, others had their houses besett and watcht night and day, and hardly escaped their hands; and ye most were fain to flie and leave their howses and habitations, and the means of their livelehood. . . . So affter they had continued togeither aboute a year, and kept their meetings every Saboth in one place or other, exercising the worship of God amongst them selves, notwithstanding all ye diligence and malice of their adversaries, they seeing they could no longer continue in y^t^ condition, they resolved to get over into Holläd as they could."

The resolution thus arrived at was more easily formed than executed, for they were not permitted to flee the country, which would neither permit them to worship within its boundaries according to the dictates of their own consciences nor to find liberty so to worship beyond its boundaries. Mr. Bradford gives a dramatic account of their endeavours; how they made agreement with a shipmaster to take them and their goods at a certain place and convey them to Holland; how when he had them and their goods aboard he betrayed them to the officers; how they were taken and carried back into the town and made a "spectackle and wonder to ye multitude"; how first they were imprisoned, but later the great part of them dismissed to their homes; how a second attempt resulted in a disaster almost as great; how before all the Pilgrims could get on board the ship which was to take them, a company of horse and foot came to prevent the embarkation. and the ship sailed away leaving a part of the company on shore, mostly women and children; and how, "notwithstanding all these stormes of opposition, they all gatt over at length, some at one time and some at another, and mette togeather againe according to their desires, with no small rejoycing."

That William Bradford was himself one of this company who sailed away leaving his companions to fall into the hands of the enemy on shore, is indicated by the graphic character of his narrative, which has all the marks of an eye-witness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Christopher to the Rescue



A Story by E. S. Curry.

CHAPTER I.

MR. GEOFFREY BLUNDELL, in accordance with an agreement he had made with his wife, on the embarrassing arrival of the Twins, was supposed to consider himself responsible for his children—so far as their safety and entertainment were concerned—on Sunday afternoons. When Nora reminded him—as she had occasion to do now and then, in order to check an undue pride in his performance—that, after all, two hours' responsibility represented a very small share of the waking hours of the babies, he observed with some satisfaction—

"I can't think why you women make such a fuss about looking after children! I never have any bother; they are always good with me. The secret is, not to worry them. Let them look after themselves; they're a jolly sight better able to do it than you are, because they know what they want. You can't too early bring children up to be independent, especially when they are as intelligent as ours."

"I know you have endeavoured well," remarked Nora, with some laughter in her voice, "particularly that morning when I was ill, and you interfered about the nursery breakfast. I am always so sorry I did not hear the colloquy between you and Nurse, when you undertook to teach the Twins to feed themselves."

"That fiasco, my dear, was because of your foolish notion that under-boiled eggs on the top of bread and milk were suitable food for them."

"Somehow, they thrive on my foolish notions, don't they?" said Nora sweetly. "It would be very kind of you," she went on, after a moment's thought, "to let them be with you on Saturday afternoons, when you are doing nothing—I mean, gardening or fishing—as they are no trouble to you."

"They can always be with me when I am at home," said Geoffrey grandly.

Later, when the duet became a trio, and Christina's alert little person was added to his care, Geoffrey was now and then driven to ponder on the responsibilities of parentage.

One Saturday afternoon, Mr. Blundell was combining an intermittent attention to his garden, with fishing in the river which flowed through it. The Twins and two-year-old Christina were supposed to be under his guardianship. They were all lying quite flat on the river bank, Christina's interested attention being wholly given to a tin of fishing bait. Occasional movements of the lumpy mass were watched by her in awed fascination, or with a shriek of ecstasy, promptly subdued by Punch.

"Toby! lie flat," he exhorted in a compelling whisper.

Christina put down her uplifted head with a disagreeing grunt.

"What for? Toby s'ant!"

"You must! You'll frighten the fishes!" And Punch pressed down the little round body with a masterful hand.

Christina bore the pressure for a moment, and suddenly uplifted herself.

"Toby goin'," she announced. "Toby goin' a-fishin' with Daddy."

A hand of each of the Twins clasped the advancing legs, turned riverwards, and the baby fell prone on the soft turf. It was often her fate to be arrested in her intentions; those who dealt with her found deeds more available than words. Catching her father's glance now from the midst of the stream, she bore the arrest without a murmur. Her conduct was such as to cause him to smile in triumph to himself. Only that morning he had said:

"I can't see where your difficulty is, Nora. The children never dream of disobeying me."

"Oh! don't they?" and Nora laughed. "And whose training is it, then—that they obey you? You see, you never have to tell them to do anything disagreeable. You reap the results. I do the work."

"Nothing of the kind. I have them to myself on Saturdays and Sundays—in the afternoons, I mean—and I never have any trouble with them. I expect them to obey, and they do."

"Even Christina?"

Nora asked the question with a suspicion of reminiscent sarcasm in her tone which her husband resented.

"Of course Christina," he replied. "Surely a baby's will can be bent in any direction—that is, if you are judicious, and don't worry it. Of course, nagging——"

"Not that baby's!" interrupted his wife with knowledge, "She will of course obey in time, but she doesn't yet, and——"

"I call her very biddable," Christina's father remarked in a superior manner.

"And I should be very sorry," Nora went on in even tones, but with a light in her eye, "if she were a little meek, pawky bit of dough, with no character and no mind of her own. She is what I call," in a triumphant tone, "an experimental child. I should not be surprised if she became a discoverer, an inventor, or anything."

"She can invent and discover anything she likes," Mr. Blundell responded, "so long as she first does what she is told. Disobedient children are——"

And he walked away from the discussion with a shrug.

Nora looked after him, and her eyes smiled. In her mind were countless instances of her baby's evasions of its father's commands; but Nora's was a mind open to experience, and she had learnt, where a man was concerned, not always to say what she thought.

On this afternoon, when Geoffrey had informed the children, dancing round him, that they might help him garden, Nora had taken an opportunity to ask Christina, "If Toby go with Punch and Judy, Toby will do just what Daddy says?"

The blue eyes fixed themselves on Nora's impressive face, and the baby nodded her usual acquiescence to anything quite reasonable.

"Toby, remember, then," the mother emphasised. "Do what Daddy says, and don't get into the water. It isn't the sea, you know, darling."

A reminiscent look of delight flashed into the baby's eyes, as the alluring qualities of the element in which she had spent the greater part of the last month recurred to her memory. Nora, as she read the look, realised that her warning had been a mistake. She had suggested an idea to a fertile imagination. So she said again:

"Keep with Punch and Judy, and do just what Daddy tells you."

"Now I wonder," she thought, as she stood for a moment watching the children straggle across the wide lawn to the river in their father's wake, "what idea it was that came into Christina's mind? She has without doubt a very alert intelligence."

The alert intelligence at this moment was bent on nothing more exciting than sharing the delights of its elders; and for a short time Christina, dragged by her ankles back to the side of the bait tin, abode there.

"You've got to lie still, or they'll see you!" Punch exhorted.

Christina turned her head and fastened her blue eyes on her brother.

"Nobody not see Toby!" she asserted.

"The fishes will. They can see everywhere—all round about, and up and down!"

Christina lifted her eyes to the trees, and gazed around anxiously. The thought of these unseen omniscient eyes oppressed the baby with a vague sense of discomfort.

"Ain't no fishes!" she said.

"There is! See—see!" said Judy excitedly. "Father's got one!"

Mr. Blundell was now sitting on the bank a little higher up the river. He had caught a fish and he was calling to his children.

"Bring the bait, Punch! See; go along into the orchard, and wait there for me." And he strolled on under the trees on the opposite bank, past a curve in the river which took him out of his children's sight.

Punch scrambled to his feet, and seized the tin. Judy likewise scrambled to hers, and claimed a share in the handle. Together

they ambled along the bank, the pail jogging between them, and the baby trotting after.

But on reaching the field, which was called the orchard, and finding that the programme there presented nothing more exciting than lying on her stomach without speech or movement, Christina allowed the alert intelligence animating her little restless body to revolt. With many grunts, she forsook the observation of the bait, and with wriggles and rolls, and grunts of disapprobation of the restraining hands of the Twins, she at last sidled down the bank, and straggled away unremarked.

CHAPTER II.

THE baby had numerous friends in the big garden where most of her life was spent. In addition to the stable cats, and a dog which guarded any nursery expedition outside the gates, birds and insects were intimate acquaintances. Christina went so far as to interest herself practically in their home and nursery arrangements.

The three had one day presented themselves to their mother in a state of the wildest agitation.

"Mother! Do come quick!" Punch had rushed in to implore. "We've found a bird's nest, and Toby's going to make it bigger 'cos its tail sticks out!"

"Oh! but she mustn't!" said Nora, jumping up.

Straggling across the lawn she beheld Judy, with the mutinous baby in tow, declaiming wrathfully against the iniquity of interference with her benevolent designs.

"Mother!" exclaimed Judy, in breathless eagerness. "We've found a little bird's home, and he's got such beautiful bright eyes. An' he's made a dreffful mistake, an' it ain't quite big enough for him. An' Toby wants to make it bigger; but she mustn't, must she?"

"Toby must!" said the struggling baby, hitting vainly at the enclasping hand. Judy had learnt by experience the need of a tenacious hand. "Toby will! Ain't big anuff, mummie! lickle bird fall out—ain't no room for his tail!" she confided.

"Darling!" said Nora, "the little bird knows best; but mother will come and see."

The bright eyes of the little mother gazed unwinkingly at the observers, and her mate scolded and sang to them from the branches above. Nora's story was so moving about this little family that the fascinated children were able, as the days went on, to watch the feeding and final launch into the world of the nestlings.

During this time Geoffrey found his task of "minding" a very easy one. The ants in the path, the fish in the river, as well as the birds on the lawn, were a source of unending interest. Everything in her little life was very real to the baby. Inanimate, as well as animate, was something to love, something to play with, something to help, and nothing to be afraid of. If now and then she was worsted in her encounters with beast or insect, she accepted her overthrow in the most matter-of-fact spirit; much in the same temper in which she accepted her elders' restriction of her desires.

"Toby wants to," she would say, with a gleam in her blue eyes, which her father now and then prophesied would give trouble to someone some day.

"Toby can't," Nora would respond gravely.

And the baby, after pensively pondering for a minute on the meaning of "can't," as illustrated by the steady look in her mother's eyes, would either acquiesce with a nod and a cheerfully echoed "Toby can't," or go off, equally cheerfully, and attempt the forbidden.

Straggling over the lawn after leaving the Twins, she stopped to talk as a friend to a bee in a flower, and a bird on a twig, and then moved on to a lower bend of the river, with more or less of purpose flitting through her mind.

"Toby get a lickle fish for mummie!" she promised herself, trotting to the edge, and looking down at the softly flowing water.

She was arrested by the sight of herself—hatless and smiling—gazing up from the smooth water.

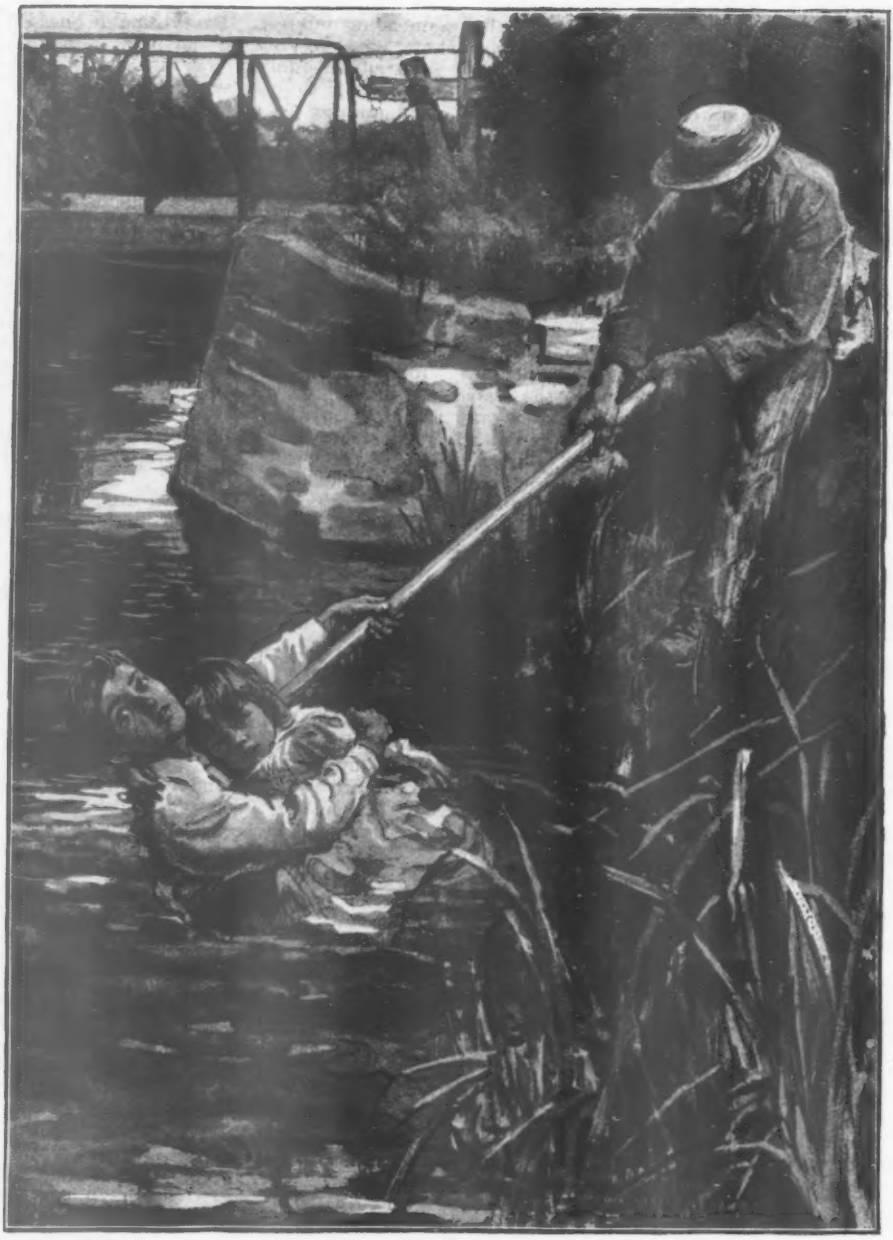
"Toby in water!" she exclaimed delightedly, bending and reaching out a hand to the smiling image. "Funny Toby!" she murmured, and became thoughtful.

If Toby could thus stand on her head harmless in the water, why couldn't this other Toby on the bank do the same on her firm little feet? As a preliminary, Christina sat down promptly, and stretched out her legs in front of her, regarding them.

Firm and rosy and strong—yes, surely they would be able to stand in the river very well. Reminiscences of the sea and its sometimes turbulent waves, of the clean sands, and of her amphibious life upon them, came vaguely into the baby's mind.

She was so still as she pondered, and the water was so clear, that she could see a little swimming thing come near and look at her, and dart upward at some insect. Christina gave a little cry, and held out her hands persuasively. Then, suddenly there flashed by a green and blue and gold creature with gauzy, shining wings, which passed quickly to the lawn behind her.

In a moment Christina clambered to her feet, and was after it.



"Clinging to it with one hand, whilst with the other he tightly clasped the baby, was Christopher."

"Catch er fairy!" she promised herself, as she bustled off.

Across the lawn, in and out amongst the flowers, the dragon-fly doubled and darted, the baby after it with outstretched hands, and no doubt at all in her mind as to its desirability.

Punch and Judy, suddenly remorsefully reminiscent, looking over their shoulders from their prone positions on the bank, saw in the distance the little, flitting white figure.

"Thinks she's catching a bird," Judy remarked, in the sibilant whisper the situation demanded. "There is Daddy catched another fish!"

And the Twins' absorbed attention was immediately given to the business in hand.

The darting dragon-fly pursued its uneven way, Christina after it, now and then a little horrified at the murderous instincts it manifested towards other of her insect friends. But a fairy like this was not a very frequent visitor, and must be captured at all costs, however bad its character. Backwards and forwards the two went, gradually nearing again the water whence the dragon-fly had come. Possibly he was seeking communication with those he had left in that lower world, as his glittering wings hovered near the face of the river. Finally he flew to the opposite bank, and began to play amongst the branches of a flowering shrub.

Christina's intent eyes were following every movement, and her bright face was set with energy.

"Catch er fairy," she whispered again to herself, and sat down on the edge of the water. Dipping her rosy feet in the river, for a second she felt its cold, soft, flowing movement in delighted remembrance. Again in memory she was on the sea-shore, paddling unhurt in the rippling edges of the waves; again she was out at sea, floating on her back with her mother's or father's hand about her. She slid slowly down the bank, and with the front of her little white gown lifted in one dimpled hand, she stood triumphant in the river.

The dragon-fly, hovering about the yellow flowers, darted nearer to behold its playfellow; Christina dropped her skirt to hold out a persuasive hand.

"Come along, then!" he seemed to her to say, darting back to the flowers. And the baby followed.

CHAPTER III.

JUDY lifted her head and looked behind her. Away across the lawn by the long rose bed, Christina's little white figure, flitting hither and thither, had only a minute or so ago been visible. Now it was not there.

"Don't see Toby," she whispered, sinking down again, and fixing her eyes on a ripple in the river at the end of her father's line.

"Hush! Judy! he's got another, I believe," Punch reminded eagerly.

The two again lay motionless side by side, and the stillness of the summer air was only broken by the soft rustlings of the trees. Then, there was a little sudden sound. A faint, amazed cry smote the children's ears.

Christopher, mindful instantly of a neglected attention, wriggled backwards down the raised bank which here confined the river, and stood up, a flash of uneasiness in his mind.

Where was Christina? His eyes commanded the wide lawn, the gravel walks bounding the field, the approach to the bridge near the house. She was not there. He ran along a few steps, past the beeches bounding his wider vision, and mounted breathlessly the slight rise near the bend of the river. Then he saw something white floating in the water, disappearing, even as his horrified eyes fixed themselves upon it in acute recognition, under the low arch of the bridge.

With a shout for his father, the boy bounded off, his little legs twinkling across the lawn. No thought of impossibility came into his mind, nothing but that Toby was in the water; he must get her out.

Mr. Blundell, warned by a long scream from Judy, caught sight through the trees, of his little son's flying figure. In a moment he had waded the river, and was after him.

"What is it, Judy woman?" he called, as he climbed the bank, but he got no answer. The anguished terror on the little face spoke its sufficient message.

Christopher had disappeared. As he gained the little bridge, the father saw that the big gate was open, and through it a hurrying figure in the road. Then he too sped through, and turned in the same direction.

A little way down by the river's bank, a man stood—a road-mender—with his rake held over the river. Clinging to it with one hand, whilst with the other he tightly clasped the limp baby, was Christopher. The boy was well-nigh spent, and the look with which he turned his eyes on his father, brought a spasm into Geoffrey's throat.

"My brave boy!" he murmured, as he lifted the children into his arms.

His little son's fair head fell against his cheek with a faint sob of relief, and again the father murmured tenderly, "My brave boy! See, Kit! baby is looking at you!" he added.

The alert blue eyes of the baby were fixed in curious observation of her brother's figure.

"Bofe of us is wet froo!" she remarked in satisfied tones. "Bofe of us 'll be put to bed to get dry!"

How Deaf Children are Taught.

THE STORY OF AN EDUCATIONAL TRIUMPH.

By Hugh B. Philpott.

THE deaf man's world: what is it like? We can shut our eyes or grope in the dark, and imagine what it must be to be blind. But to realise with any degree of intensity the condition of one who has lived from the day of his birth in a world of unbroken silence is a feat of imagination of which few, probably, are capable. That a deaf child never hears his mother's voice, that he can never know the meaning of the word "music," that for him there is no singing of birds, no whisper of wind among the trees, nor roar of breakers on the shore, is all sad and pathetic enough. But that is not the whole, nor the chief part, of his disability. The deaf child has no language; that is the great fact which isolates him from his fellows. Until he has received careful and special training, he is almost as a creature of another world, unable to communicate with the dwellers on the earth.

Is there anywhere a more strangely pathetic figure than that of the congenital deaf-mute who has grown to manhood or womanhood entirely without education? There are such people. They do not know the names of the commonest objects, and can only communicate



LEARNING TO SPEAK.

with others by the most primitive and imperfect sign-language. How terribly stunted must be their mental and moral nature, and how small their share in the higher pleasures of life! What their mental processes are it is almost impossible to conceive, so entirely does thought seem to depend upon language. Yet it is probable that these unfortunate creatures, so sadly handicapped in the race of life, so strangely out of sympathy with their environment, might pass us in the street without our ever remarking that they were other than normal, healthy human beings. Much of the pathos of the deaf-mute's lot lies in the fact that his appearance is so entirely normal, though he may be more really cut off from the common life of men than the blind or crippled, whose condition at once awakens sympathy and pity.

The results of this isolation have sometimes been terribly tragic. Shut off from all means of communication with their fellows, the so-called "deaf and dumb" are apt to be regarded as weak-minded or imbecile, and may, in fact, become so, if long denied the stimulating influences that produce mental activity—the essential condition of mental health. It would be interesting to know, though impossible to find out, how many perfectly sane people—especially children—have been confined in lunatic asylums because no one knew how to hold communication with them. In a recent Government report* on schools for the deaf and blind instances are mentioned in which deaf children have been removed from an institution for idiots to a school for the deaf, and have proved to be bright and intelligent and quite equal in mental capacity to other children.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A SCRIPTURE LESSON AT THE HUGH MYDDELTON BOARD SCHOOL (DEAF CHILDREN DEPARTMENT).

To lessen as much as possible the gulf that separates the deaf from the hearing is the aim of every intelligent system of educating the deaf. The oral method, which is now adopted in most of the best institutions in this country and on the Continent, goes further in this direction than any other. It opens up to the deaf a wide field into which no other system would enable them to enter. Briefly, it teaches the child to speak, and to understand what is said to him by reading the lips of the speaker. It recognises that the child will not have to live all his life in a community of deaf-mutes, and aims at fitting him to take his place in ordinary

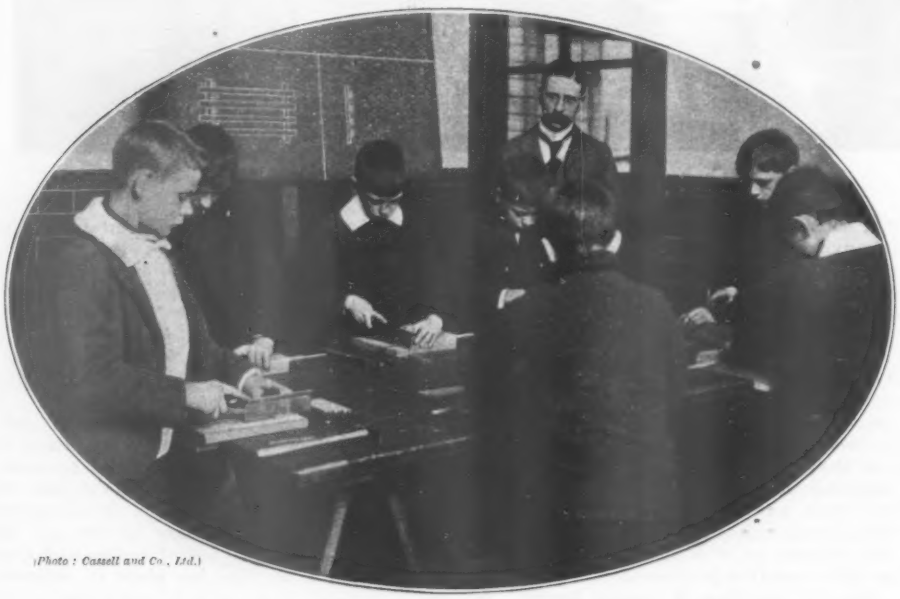
* "General Report on Schools for the Deaf and Blind." By T. King. (Cd. 600.)

society and communicate easily with his hearing neighbours.

This is the method adopted by the London School Board, who are devoting considerable attention to their "special" schools for the training of deaf, blind, or otherwise defective children. The largest of the schools for the deaf is at Clerkenwell, where about 150 children are educated. The method adopted is practically the same throughout the Board's schools; but here, on account of the greater number of scholars, the classification is better, and one can more easily follow the various steps by which the child is first supplied with an instrument of communication, and then taught to use it in the acquisition of knowledge. The children remain at school till they are sixteen, by which time they generally reach a standard of education equal to the sixth or seventh standard in an ordinary elementary school. When it is remembered that deaf children have to learn during their school life almost everything that the little hearing child learns at home without any conscious effort during the first three or four years of its life, and that to them one of the doors to the understanding is permanently closed, such a result seems little short of marvellous.

Let us look into the classroom at the Clerkenwell school which is occupied by the lowest class, and watch the very first steps in a deaf child's education. Eight or ten little children—small classes are the invariable rule—are standing round a blackboard, and the teacher is trying to impart the rudiments of language; the ages of the children vary from five to eight years, but their powers of expression at present are about those of an eighteen months' baby. Obviously a method of communication must be established between teacher and scholar before any progress can be made. The aim of the teacher, therefore, in this class is to enable each child to pronounce all the vowel and consonant sounds in the English language, and to recognise them when spoken and when written.

The method relies on the natural imitativeness of children. It might be supposed that it would be almost impossible to get them to reproduce sounds they cannot hear. But in practice it is not found a matter of very great difficulty. The children move their lips as the teacher moves hers, and putting their hands under the teacher's chin they feel the movement of the vocal organs, and imitate it with their own. A mirror is used to enable them to compare the motion of their own lips with those of the teacher. As the sound is produced, the letters representing it are written on the blackboard. The day's work is varied by kindergarten exercises, which help to train the hand and eye, but that part of education which consists in the imparting of knowledge comes later. As in the case of



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

STRIP-WORK, A MANUAL EXERCISE SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR DEAF SCHOOLS

the telephone, the receiving apparatus must be in order before messages can be transmitted or received.

In the next class the teaching of language proceeds a step further. Here we are in the stage of sentence-making. The teacher asks questions and the scholars reply, forming their answer into a simple sentence.

"Give me a book," says the teacher. A book is handed up; then, turning to the next pupil, she asks: "What did she do?"

"She—gave—you—a—book." The words are articulated slowly, and with evident effort.

"What is that?" (pointing to a slate).

"That is a slate."

"Stand on the form." (Child stands on the floor.)

"No. Stand on the form." (Child does so.)

"What is he doing?"

"He is sitting on the form."

"No." (To the next scholar) "What is he doing?"

"He is standing on the form."

And so the conversation proceeds. Mistakes are made and corrected, and gradually the vocabulary is enlarged, some sense of the grammatical form of sentences is acquired, and at the same time facility in lip-reading is gained and the stock of general information increased.

The ease and certainty with which the lips can be read, after even one or two years' training, is very remarkable. It is difficult to realise, and still more so in the higher classes, that the scholars really cannot hear at all. To make this quite evident, the teacher asks her questions without uttering a sound, only moving the lips. The visitor tries to follow the questions, but fails completely, though the little scholars answer without hesitation. To one accustomed to rely on the sense of hearing this lip-reading looks almost impossible. It is like watching a conjuring or thought-reading *séance*.



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

LEARNING TO SPEAK: OBSERVING IN A MIRROR THE MOTION OF THE LIPS.

Another thing which the visitor at first finds somewhat difficult to realise—though a little thought shows that it must be so—is that these children, who are of quite average intelligence, should have at the age of ten or eleven but the most rudimentary knowledge of their mother tongue. They make just the same mistakes as might be made by a foreigner who is learning English. Of course, when the children have learned to read well, great strides are made, but it is probable that only a few of the most highly educated deaf-mutes ever learn to speak with the same freedom and breadth of idiom as those who have the sense of hearing.

Many of the children who live at a distance are boarded in the neighbourhood of the school. One can imagine the delight of the parents of a little child who has never spoken an intelligible word, when, on returning home for the holidays, he begins to

talk and to understand to some extent words addressed to him. It is true that the expectations of the parents seem to vary considerably. "I should be so thankful," said one woman, "if you could only teach my child to say 'mother.'" On the other hand, another woman called at the school in a state of great indignation to complain that her son was not getting on at all well. She had sent him out to buy a bloater, and he did not know what a bloater was. The teacher did not reply, as a pedant might have done, that the characteristics of bloaters formed no part of the school curriculum. Being a sensible man, with a very just and sane conception of his duty, and a sense of humour withal, he recognised a certain measure of reasonableness in the complaint. The constant aim of the teachers is to help their pupils to live the ordinary life of hearing children of their own social class, and to acquire as much general knowledge. Where this mother failed to be quite fair was in not recognising that every piece of commonplace information which the hearing child picks up almost unconsciously, and entirely without effort, has to be acquired by the deaf with more or less labour and pains.

As one passes from class to class, moving up the school, it is interesting to note the progress that is being made in speech, lip-reading and general knowledge. In the hands of a skilful teacher every lesson, whatever its subject, is made to minister to the pupil's progress in these three directions. By the time the highest classes are reached it is evident that the gulf that must always separate the hearing from the deaf has been very considerably narrowed. The scholars read the lips with remarkable facility, speak fluently and correctly, and answer questions on any subject with which scholars in the upper classes of elementary schools might be expected to be familiar.

Many of these deaf children show a decided aptitude for artistic work. Drawing plays an important part in the school course. In the lower classes the children are taught to make rough sketches in their copybooks to impress upon their minds the meaning of the words they write, and in time drawing becomes quite a mode of expression with them. Lacking words to express themselves, they will often resort to sketching to explain their meaning to teachers or companions. Special efforts are made in deaf schools to cultivate manual skill; the strip-work shown in our illustration has lately been introduced with the object of providing a link between the exercises of the kindergarten and of the carpenters' shop. Many of the older scholars exhibit considerable skill in designing and wood carving.

Physical exercise, an important part of a deaf child's training, is not neglected, and in smartness and precision of movement there is not much to choose between these children and those in most other Board schools. A tendency to physical weakness is characteristic of deaf children; they are especially liable to throat and lung complaints, in consequence of these organs lacking the normal exercise involved in talking and singing, though the oral system of training tends, of course, to minimise that cause of weakness. It is noticed, too, that many of them are inclined to walk with a shambling gait. Exercises that promote bodily strength and grace are therefore specially valuable in the case of deaf children. Recognising this, the London School Board have furnished their Clerkenwell school with a well-equipped gymnasium.

There is a very interesting deaf school of a somewhat different character, which is held in a pleasantly situated private house at Ealing. The school is an annexe to the training college of the Society for Training Teachers of the Deaf, a society which has had a large share in the diffusion of the oral system of teaching in this country. The first Principal of the college, the late Mr. Arthur Kinsey, was one of the pioneers of the movement, and during the twenty-four years of its existence the college has trained a great number of expert teachers, who in public and private institutions throughout the country and in private families have throughly tested the efficacy of the system in bridging the chasm that divides the deaf from the hearing world. Our present concern is with the training of children rather than of teachers, but it may interest some of our readers to know that here is one of the professions that are by no means overcrowded, the demand for expert teachers of the deaf being, in fact, considerably in excess of the supply.

The *raison d'être* of the school at Ealing is that the students may have opportunities for practical as well as theoretical instruction in methods of teaching. It must not be supposed, however, that the children are made the victims of the crude experiments of budding educationalists. During the first term of her training the student does no teaching at all, though she has abundant opportunities for watching the lessons of others and making notes. And such teaching as she does during the remainder of her student course is under the direct supervision of the head mistress.

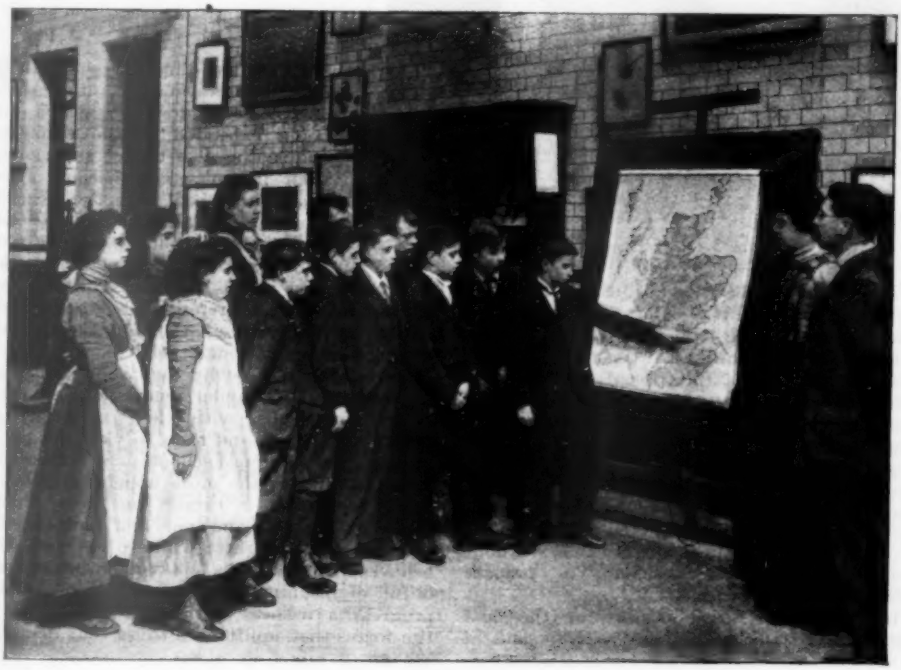
About twenty-five of the scholars—children of well-to-do parents—live at the house, and thus have the advantage of a more continuous training than is possible in a day-school. Naturally, the same principles are acted upon throughout the day, so that the child's lip-reading facility increases and his vocabulary is enlarged unconsciously and without effort at the dinner-table, in the

garden and the playing-field, as well as in the classroom.

The success attending these methods of training has been strikingly shown in the case of some of the Ealing pupils, who have been able to leave the school and continue their education among hearing pupils in an ordinary school, or at the hands of a private tutor entirely unfamiliar with the special work of teaching the deaf.

There is another boarding establishment in the neighbourhood for girls of poorer parents, and this is supported by the local authorities. But the children attend the training college school daily, and it is pleasant to see the mingling of the poor and the comparatively well-to-do in the same classes, a common affliction obliterating all social distinctions. One feels when watching these classes, and equally those of the London School Board, that to these deaf children attendance at school is not by any means an irksome duty. Probably they get a good deal more real enjoyment out of their school life than do the majority of hearing children. I saw at Ealing a little group "listening" with breathless attention to the thrilling narrative of "The Three Bears." Not a word could they hear, but as they read the story on the teacher's lips, the sparkling eyes and eager faces spoke of the delight they experienced—not so much, perhaps, in the story itself as in the sense of ability to apprehend what was spoken. To many deaf children the school affords the only opportunity they have for gratifying a natural instinct that is as strong in the deaf as in the hearing—the desire for intercourse with their fellows. For unless parents or guardians are exceptionally patient and painstaking, the deaf child, especially in the earliest stages of his training, is not likely to have many opportunities for conversation at home. Nor is there any doubt that in many classes the natural kindliness of sympathetic teachers does very much to brighten the hours spent in school.

The moral and religious teaching of deaf children presents, as may be supposed, exceptional difficulties. The conveying of abstract ideas to a child who cannot hear and has but a very limited vocabulary is a task demanding much skill and almost infinite patience. But it need hardly be said that the task is not on that account neglected. Little by little the child's mind is stored with Bible narratives—told in the first instance with the utmost simplicity, and many times repeated—and ideas of God



A GEOGRAPHY LESSON.

and of duty are imparted. Nor is this, the most important part of a child's education, deferred until much progress has been made in other directions. A little child of six or seven who goes to the Ealing school entirely untaught, and therefore entirely without language, from the first kneels down with folded hands every evening when the other children kneel in prayer. What thoughts pass through the little mind, or what to it is the significance of the silent, reverent act, it is, of course, impossible to know.



A LESSON IN COLOUR-NAMES.

But may it not be that in these moments the soul of the little child draws near to that divine world whence, a few short years before, it came, a "trailing cloud of glory," and that the formless and unspoken prayer of the tiny deaf-mute is not the least acceptable of the myriad supplications poured daily into the ear of the Most High? However that may be, the religious training in future years is so thoroughly carried on that the vicar of the parish, though not an expert in the education of the deaf, finds it quite practicable, without assistance from the teachers, to prepare candidates for confirmation.

In the School Board classes for the deaf Scripture lessons are regularly given, and at Clerkenwell some of the teachers, in their zeal for the highest interests of the children, have organised a Sunday school at which they give their services quite voluntarily. Several of the neighbouring churches also include in their Sunday schools a class or classes for deaf children.

Altogether, when one realises the heavy disability which total deafness imposes on a child, it is difficult to withhold one's admiration for the skill, energy, and devotion which are being expended in the effort to enable the deaf to rise superior to their infirmity and become eventually absorbed into the hearing world. Of all the educational movements of our time few are so beneficent in their objects or so fruitful in good results as this. The Clerkenwell school to which reference has been made stands on the site of the old Clerkenwell prison, the underground cells of which still remain, being utilised by the School Board as storerooms. To wander amongst these dark and gloomy cells, with their memories of misery and crime, and then to visit the light, cheerful, well-equipped schoolrooms built above them, and watch the most hopeful and beneficent work that is carried on there, would surely inspire even the cynic and the pessimist with cheerful thoughts; while to the man who believes in God and his fellow-men the contrast is full of meaning: it is a parable of human progress, a witness to the coming triumph of the forces that uplift over those that degrade.

CURRENT IRRELIGION.

NEGLECT OF PARENTS TOWARDS CHILDREN.

By the Venerable W. M. Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London.

IT is most distinctly one of the complaints of the present day that a very large number of parents, both in the upper and the lower classes, do not attend to the moral training of their families.

In fashionable life it is quite common for children to be handed over to nurses and governesses, and to see little of their fathers and mothers. The fathers and mothers are often so taken up with their pleasures and social engagements that they remain strangers to their own offspring; and their acquaintance with them becomes superficial. The old custom of reading the Bible every morning with the souls whom God has given them is, in such circles, extinct; the very idea would be received with derision. Nor are characters watched, faults checked, ideas trained. The old and wholesome habit of all attending church together has disappeared: in a large number of cases it is from their parents that children learn the habit of never going to church at all. When boys from such surroundings go to school, the masters are often astounded to find how totally ignorant they are of the Bible and the facts and teachings of the Christian religion; and it is frequently the case with the girls as well. The parents, having no high principles to guide them, or good examples to show, launch out into the world a new generation — lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, selfish, careless, indifferent. Lord Beaconsfield once remarked that the lower classes were as ignorant of the doctrines of Christianity as the upper were of its practice: it is to be feared that in both sets there are now large tracts where both kinds of ignorance prevail.

At the other end of the social scale the same features show themselves. The times in which we live are unfortunately marked by a general impatience of every kind of authority, and a widespread sense of independence from all restraint. Conceit of our own opinions, however ignorant, reliance on our own judgment, however rash and ill-formed, this is the usual condition of young people as soon as they have learnt anything at all, or have in any way begun to earn wages for themselves. And as in our working families parents are very much away from home, are tired and exhausted when they return, do not care to keep up a perpetual struggle with their children, and are probably not very sure of their own principles, examples and conduct, they fall in too easily with this spirit of rebelliousness and self-will, give up their duties, and lose all sense of the responsibilities which are laid upon them by God.

And this neglect is helped by certain necessary steps which the law has taken for the protection of children in so vast

and complicated a social system as ours. Our law-givers, in their anxiety that children should be well brought up, and should have a fair start in life, have rather helped to form an unconscious sort of impression that the duties of the father have been in a large degree undertaken by the State. Compulsory attendance at school, for example, and free education may be very necessary amongst an overwhelming population and unparalleled masses of streets and poverty, but they do help to make the father think that the duty of education lies rather with the State than with himself. It is, of course, necessary to protect children by law from working too early in mines and factories, from living in immoral houses, from engaging in immoral occupations, from the cruelty of such of their elders as are savage and brutal; but one side result of this is that amongst the ignorant the direct sense of responsibility is weakened. So with the charitable feeding and clothing of children on any large scale. All these things should make us all the more anxious to increase the acknowledgment of individual duties, and to strengthen the sacredness of individual ties and obligations.

Coleridge the philosopher saw this tendency, and he warned us against it. "I have no faith," he said, "in Act of Parliament reform. All the great things, the permanently great things, that have been achieved in this world have been so achieved by individuals working from the instinct of genius or of goodness. The rage nowadays is all the other way. The individual is supposed capable of nothing; there must be organisation, classification, machinery; as if the capital of national morality could be increased by making a joint stock of it. . . . Are domestic charities on the increase under this system? . . . It may be the choice of the lesser evil, but as for destroying the cottage home education, I think it one of the most miserable mistakes which the well-intentioned people of this day have yet made."

It is the duty and privilege of the Christian Church to notice any harmful tendencies of the time, and by earnest setting forth of the true way, to persuade to a better course. Many of these careless people of whom we speak are at any rate Christians in name. They would not like to be told that they were heathens or infidels. So there may be some chance of not appealing to them in vain.

"What will parents be able to say to God on the Day of Judgment for all their neglect of their children in matter of instruction, and example, and restraint from evil?" So wrote the great Archbishop Tillotson in the seventeenth century; and we cannot help feeling that such a question brings with it in these days even an increased sense of shame and regret. "I suppose it never occurs to parents," writes a great essayist (J. Foster), "that to throw vilely educated young people upon the world is, independently of the injury to the young people themselves, a positive crime, and of very great magnitude; as great, for instance, as burning their neighbour's house, or poisoning the water in his well." There was a habit among Scythian mothers of tossing their infants into the sea, to find out which was strong enough to survive; and many mothers in the present day seem equally indifferent. Would that we could make them realise that as Christians they are meant to be members of the Kingdom of Christ; that sometimes they must have thoughtful and serious moments, and that in such moments they cannot help acknowledging that to bring immortal souls into the world is a privilege of the very highest order, and of the weightiest importance! They are yours, we would say, with your instincts implanted in them by nature, copies of your character and habits. But for you, they would never have been here at all. You are answerable for them before God. With you they ought to be associated day and night during those years when impressions for good or bad are most easily formed and when they are most deep and durable. "The hand of our parents traces on our feeble hearts those first characters to which example and time give firmness, and which perhaps God alone can efface." "In most cases," wrote an ancient Jewish rabbi, "bad parents beget bad children; if parents, for instance, have no scruple about false coin and false weights, their sons are apt to commit the same crimes. "The parents are the first patterns which a child copies often. If they are lazy and worthless, the children are poor and destitute: if careless, they are slovenly; if ignorant, they are so likewise; if windy

and pompous, they are conceited and vain."

The mother has, indeed, a natural power over her children, if she will only exercise it, which can be wielded by none else. Ruskin, in his "Præterita," writes touchingly of this, in a way that ought to go to every heart. "I have with deep gratitude," he says, "to chronicle what I owed to my mother for the resolutely consistent lessons which so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make every word of them familiar to my ear in habitual music; yet in that familiarity reverenced, as transcending all, and ordaining all conduct. This she effected, not by her own sayings or personal authority, but by simply compelling me to read the book thoroughly for myself."

"The mother in her office holds the key of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin of character, and makes the being, who would be a savage but for her gentle cares, a Christian man."

There is no limit to what a mother can do for her children. Isaac Barrow, for instance, one of our greatest English preachers, was incorrigibly idle. He seemed to have an invincible aversion for books, and became so devoted to idle and quarrelsome companions that his father, in bitterness of spirit, exclaimed: "Should it please God to take away any of my children, I pray Him that it may be my son Isaac!" Fortunately, his mother had more patience. At length her care, and the influence of school, were rewarded, and greatly rewarded. Isaac began to make the most distinguished progress in character and learning, and filled with honour the mathematical chair which Newton afterwards held.

It was the same with another preacher, who had unlimited influence for good, Richard Cecil. "I was desperate," he said. "I was determined to go on board a privateer. But I had a good mother. She talked to me, and wept while she talked. There are soft moments even to desperadoes. No distressed woman ever hoped so much against hope. She lived long enough to hear her child preach that Gospel which he had once despised. And she said, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.'"

But the father's influence comes only next to the mother's.

"What is there like a father to a son [said Sheridan Knowles]
A father quick in love, wakeful in care,
Tenacious of his trust, proof in experience,
Severe in honour, perfect in example,
Stamped with authority!"

Oh, fathers, whether men of business, or men of leisure, or men of the working classes, remember that it is your duty in the truest sense of the word to educate your sons, to bring them up, to form their tastes and habits, to give them their principles; and from that duty you can by no means be absolved! It is your business to teach them obedience, reverence, purity, decency, prudence, caution, truthfulness, honesty, courage. It is your business to see that they fear God and know His will. It is your business to check their faults, to improve their tempera, to be on the watch against all signs of evil, to give them the priceless blessings of self-control and unselfishness, to provide them with an object in life. Few parents realise how much their children may be taught at home, by devoting a few minutes to their instruction every day. There should be a mutual understanding between father and son from the very first. Let a parent make a companion of his child, talk with him familiarly, put to him questions, answer his inquiries, communicate facts—the result of his own reading, observation, or experience—awaken his wholesome curiosity, explain difficulties, the meaning of things, the reason of things, and all this in an easy, playful manner, without seeming to impose a task, and he himself will be astonished at the progress made. William Wilberforce, the statesman, found time to read a chapter of the Bible daily with his son Samuel, afterwards the famous bishop. Charlotte Yonge tells of a busy lawyer who spent his breakfast time over the lessons of his little girls, and made their Sunday a time of training that has borne its fruit. Another had his children daily to his dressing-room. Hannah More, herself such a power for good in the godless days of the eighteenth century, had sat daily on her father's knee to be taught. The Emperor Constantine, as soon as his son could write, employed the boy's hand in signing pardons, and delighted that it should be through his mouth that all the favours that he granted should be conveyed, in order that he should grow up to supreme power through an atmosphere

of charity and mercy. "The words that a father speaks to his children in the privacy of home," said Richter, "are not heard by the world; but, as in whispering-galleries, they are clearly heard at the end, and by posterity."

"To you [wrote Shakespeare] your father should
be as a god;
One that composed your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are as but a form in wax
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it."

"Father," said a young man on his deathbed, "you have been very good to me. You have given me a fine education, and you have placed me in a fine social position; you have done everything for me in a worldly sense; but, father, you never told me how to die. Now I am dying, and I am lost!"

But the neglectful parents cannot have the slightest idea of what an incalculable pleasure they are depriving themselves by taking no interest in the development of the minds of their children. As soon as the intelligence begins to dawn, the art of guiding and impressing it becomes the most fascinating of delights. It is the earliest images and novelties which come upon us that we remember most vividly, not the more recent impressions. What a motive for wise and cautious action, and for doing the very best that we can! The child looks round with wonder in the world that is to it so strange and so interesting, so suggestive of exploration in all directions; nothing has as yet wearied or warped his curiosity; he drinks in all he is told with pathetic docility; his father and his mother are still to him the wisest and best of humankind; and the lessons which he then learns, whether he unlearns them afterwards or not, will certainly never be forgotten, but will remain with him for the rest of his life. His simple, warm-hearted affection has never been chilled or deceived, and he repays every act of sympathy, kindness, and attention with all the wealth of his love. They know little of the best joy of life who do not understand something of the poet's feeling, when he thus addresses a child:

"Thy mother's joy, thy father's hope—thou bright
Pure dwelling, where two fond hearts keep their gladness;
Thou little potentate of love, who comest
With solemn, sweet dominion to the old,
Who see thee in thy merry fancies charged
With the grave embassage of that dear past,
When they were young like thee—thou vindication
Of God, thou living witness against all men
Who have been babes, thou everlasting promise
Which no man keeps, thou portrait of our nature
Which in despair and pride we scorn and worship,
Thou household god, which no iconoclast
Hath broken!"

The man who pays no attention to his children loses some of the best of life's lessons. It was our Lord Himself Who made them our teachers: "Whosoever shall not humble himself as this little child shall in nowise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Their brightness, their freshness, their purity, their simplicity, their trustfulness all have a deep lesson for those whom the world has worn and wearied. And so Longfellow has said:

"Ah! what the world be to us
If the children were no more!
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

"Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

"For what are all our contrivings
And the wisdom of our books
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

"He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them." That is our ideal; and it would indeed be a disgrace and a disaster to our age if, with such a picture before it, and such accumulated treasures of realisation stored up on that foundation, it were to present as one of its main characteristics the loosening of the tie between parents and children. It must not be. We will all unite in bringing an influence of faith and seriousness to bear on those who, in the heedlessness of either high or low life, are refusing to acknowledge the priceless inheritance of parental affection and influence. We will ask the help of God in improving public opinion in this most pressing and critical matter. We will try to restore the ideal: father and mother living in community of ideas with their children, moulding their characters, teaching them by word and example all good and useful things, and leading them by love to the feet of Him Who is not only the Saviour, but the Teacher of the world.

XUM



An Australian Story.



"PUBLISH the banns of marriage between John Morell, bachelor, and Catherine Mary Stevens, spinster, both of this parish. If any of you know cause or just impediment why these two should not be joined together in holy matrimony, ye are to declare it. This is the third time of asking."

Many of the congregation turned to look at Jack, who sat with bronzed face glowing consciously in the corner of the high-backed pew. Some of the school children in the choir, more interested in their mistress, stared relentlessly at Miss Stevens at the organ, who sat with her pretty golden head bent, nervously turning over the leaves of her music. An audible titter brought her reproving glance upon them; they gazed earnestly at Mr. Carson, who had just commenced his sermon.

Kitty tried to listen, but all sight and sound were whirling to her, and she presently found herself counting the blue diamond panes in the east window, wondering why they had been placed in the curious no-meaning fashion, here and there among the panes of white ground glass. Some gaunt, bare limbs of a large gum-tree outside stretched their waving shadows across the window. She read the Easter text round the Gothic arch of the chancel which she had helped to form with the tiny white everlasting flowers they had gathered one day near Bridgewater.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it."

This was enough for her: her thoughts went dreaming, dreaming, nor took shape again until she saw Mr. Carson's hands uplifted in benediction, and the people rising from their seats.

Kitty Stevens had lodged with Mrs. Morell since she had come to Nairne as second mistress in the State school there. A great friendship had sprung up between the two women. The elder had an only son, whom she had not seen for some years. He had started life as a boundary rider on a station, and had risen to be manager. The younger's only relative was the brother who had emigrated with her, and who was trying his luck as a gold-digger at Coolgardie.

When Jack came down for a holiday after six years' absence, he fell in love with the pretty English girl he found at home.

"You'll have to make a fortune before you marry her, Jack," said his mother; "my Kitty was not meant to be a rough bushman's wife," stroking the soft fair head that lay in her lap. Kitty kissed the caressing hand, while Jack, looking at them, said laconically—

"I shall have to mend my manners, mother."

Without regard to Kitty's fitness or unfitness for a lonely life in the bush, he went off next day to Adelaide, and sunk a great part of his savings in the preliminary payment for a Government selection of a thousand-

acre block of land. He knew the place well, having often crossed it when travelling sheep, and had long had an idea he would like to possess it. When he brought back the deeds with the stated conditions for improvement and terms of purchase, his mother looked at him aghast.

"What are you going to do, Jack? Surely not give up the management of Woolmarnia and turn farmer?"

"Why not? I prefer to take my wife to my own place."

"Yes, naturally; but have you thought what a new selection means in these days?"

"I expect I have, mother; and I expect I know as well as anyone that there will be plenty of hard work to do."

During the two years since this had happened Jack had worked alone. He had himself built the little four-roomed house; the stables and stock-yards were up; the harvest reaped; he felt the time had come to bring Kitty to the home he had prepared for her.

He waited by the church door as the concluding notes of the voluntary were played and the congregation moved slowly down the hill, until Kitty joined him outside. Over the red gravelled path they went, crunching underfoot the lately fallen bark of the gum-trees. The little parsley fern was already putting up its crooks; some of the heavy autumn rains had fallen a week or two before.

Presently Kitty lingered by a marble cross around which a Gloire rose-bush clung.

"Jack, isn't this lovely?" she murmured, "and just look at the vicarage garden! The fruit-trees are simply blazing to-day, red and gold—where the wind stirs the leaves they seem to flicker like tongues of flame. See that crimson vine which has flung its branches over the quince-tree still laden with the yellow luscious globes of fruit. I never saw the autumn so vivid at home, Jack. There it steals over the woods, and lasts for weeks: here in a few days it burns out its soul. Will it be like this on the selection?" at last asking a question to which he could reply.

"All in good time, dear. Of course you know these are old gardens now."

"And we shall make our own, shan't we, and watch the trees and bushes grow? Shall I really have a dairy of my own?"

"Yes, dear; it's there already waiting for you."

"How delightful! I shall stand skimming the cream, with the cool half-light glimmering in through the barred window. You've read 'Adam Bede' of course, Jack. Hetty skimmed the milk, you remember, and looked so sweet with her dimpled elbows bare. It sounds awfully nice, doesn't it."

"Yes," said Jack: "and you will look well at it too."

"I hope we shall get lots of books to read,' she went on gaily. "I always longed to have time to sit under the trees and read and read."

"The weekly paper is enough for me," said Jack, "and even in that I don't get far beyond the market prices."

"That horrid dull column printed very small, about pigs, poultry, and fat cattle, with figures of the prices?"

"Yes, that's it. I have to study how to buy cheap and sell dear. Life in the bush means plenty to do, Kitty. It's serious when you are there, and often enough I've wondered how I should pull through. But here we are, and there's mother at the gate waiting for us."

As they went indoors Kitty continued to chatter of her dairy and the garden they were to make.

"Ah, Jack," said his mother, with an anxious tone, "she doesn't understand that this new life means work—work from morning to night for you, and longer, wearier work for her. It takes years for a poor man to make a comfortable home."

"We'll manage, mother, don't you fear," said he confidently.

"Of course we shall," cried Kitty. "Why, I'm going to sit on the stock-yard rails and tally the sheep, like that girl you were in love with, Jack."

"Tally the sheep, will you, Kit? Your colonial experience ambitions are growing. Why, we can't keep more than two hundred sheep on that bit of selection."

"All the same," sighed Mrs. Morell, "there's a lot of hard work for slender hands to do."

The wedding passed off happily. Kitty was surrounded by her friends and pupils. Soon the bride and bridegroom set forth for their new home.

Their journey lay for a time through picturesque country, with green sloping hills and winding creeks. In the sunset hour they crossed the great bridge that spans the Murray. Broad and beautiful the river flowed beneath the arches, the peaceful pink and golden sky reflected on its breast. Kitty's joyous spirit drank in the scene, which brought to her mind glowing pictures of her future home and life.

Beyond the river the train passed into the ow, sandy wilderness of the ninety-mile desert. Each time Kitty looked into the moonlight she saw the unchanging sameness of sombre shrubs. Now and then a spectre mile-post fled backwards from the noisy engine as it rushed on its iron road.

"Is all the south-east like this, Jack?" she asked after a long time.

"More or less, perhaps. Better wheat country

where the selection is you may rest satisfied, or I shouldn't have taken it out."

"It seems so far away, so lonely!" she sighed to herself. "If it were not for Jack, I am sure I could not live in the bush: it would drive me out of my mind without his love and sympathy."

However, next morning found her again full of excited anticipation, and when Jack drove up to the door of the inn they had stayed at, in a high buckboard with a sturdy pair of black horses, she climbed up beside him in gay spirits for their final start for home.

The landlady stood at the door watching them drive down the smooth white road from the township.

"Not quite the girl for a cockatoo farmer to choose," she said meditatively. "Pleasant enough, but not suited for the struggles before her."

During the early part of the journey Kitty rattled on with quaint remarks, interested in all they passed. By-and-by, the road grew rough, and they met fewer people. Jack thought anxiously of the farm, while the horses plodded on with even trot.



"'Dinner! Oh, dear! I had forgotten it.'"—*p.* 40.

The rains had been unusually heavy, and much of the land on either side of the road lay under water. As far as the eye could reach, the shallows stretched round the trunks of the great ring-barked trees, left standing like grim skeletons where the ruthless axe had killed them, their grey leafless limbs lifted towards the sky.

"Jack," said Kitty, shivering, "do talk to me. Is it all dead trees and flats, all gloomy like this?"

"Well, Kitty, to tell the truth, what with the fencing, and keeping down the rabbits, and keeping up the Government conditions, I never think much about it. I'll be bound you'll soon forget the country too, when you've got plenty to do. We shall have to do with as little hired labour as possible, till the farm is paid for. If you could keep us in groceries from the dairy, it would be a great thing."

"I will, dear. I will do my very best to help."

They were now driving across country, threading through the trees, one moment over rugged hillocks, the next through mud and slush, in some of the worst of the Bay of Biscay country—bump, bump, bump.

"Jack," gasped Kitty, "when I get home I shall never want to leave again. I'm weary with bruises," laying her head on his arm.

"Cheer up," he said, "we shall find the sand we are coming to easier going."

Half an hour or more passed. She had closed her eyes, and presently he urged the horses into a trot, saying loudly, "Here we are, Kitty, at the flat—see, there's the house."

About half a mile ahead stood the little pine-log hut, solitary on the treeless plain. Their road lay through thick scrub, a belt of which fringed on all sides the low hills around, producing the sunk appearance of a lake bed. In shape the flat was oblong, stretching away into distance at either end. A few merino sheep cropping the short rushes turned their white faces at the sound of the wheels, and, standing for a moment, scampered off as they drew near.

Two curtainless windows stared at them in a knowing fashion. One had been fixed about a foot higher than the other.

"Oh, dear! is this indeed our home, Jack?" hysterically laughing.

"Yes, love. But why do you laugh like that?"

"Nothing, nothing. Unless, perhaps, it's the horrid squint of the windows."

In silence he lifted her down, and when he had unlocked the door he drove off to the stables, a little hurt at her remark. She went into the house alone, and, stretching her arms across the table, burst into tears.

A few weeks passed, and Kitty, though busy learning how to do and manage her new work in life, had found time to make the little sitting-room brighter with curtains and her books and prints.

"Love is enough, to be sure, but I should like a table-cloth and a carpet; and as for you three miserable chairs"—shaking her fist at the respectable, highly polished seats that stood primly against the walls, "I simply loathe you."

"Love is enough," she argued again, "with the morsel and quietness therewith. But a scrap of matting to hide the concrete floor would bring peace to my soul. What can I do to get all these things? Anyhow, I mustn't ask Jack for money"; and she hurried off to the dairy to make up the butter, so that it should be ready to send to the store.

She went down two steep steps and pushed open the door.

"Oh! my beloved dairy with the barred window which is perforated zinc! How silly I was to expect a dairy like Hetty had!"

Sighing, she looked at the pile of wheat-sacks in one corner and the heap of ploughshares beside them, then at the full bags of seed wheat and barley leaning against the wall. At the other end, beneath the zinc window, some rough, blue gum planks had been placed: and there stood the milk-pans and churn.

"Oh, I know now what I shall do for a carpet," she cried, seizing an empty wheat-sack and, her butter forgotten, rushing off indoors with it.

Jack came in at twelve o'clock for dinner. He found her in the sitting-room surrounded by bright patches, some of which she had already cut into tiny strips, and these she was busily sewing on to the sack as a foundation for the carpet.

"Isn't dinner ready?" he asked.

"Dinner! Oh dear! I had forgotten it. I do so long to get a bit of carpet on that dreadful floor."

"The floor is all right, Kitty," he said impatiently. "I have to go off to the township in ten minutes."

"Oh, Jack, dear, how stupid of me! I am so sorry; and all the bread——" She rushed past him into the kitchen, and threw open the door of the huge brick oven. The fumes of the charred bread sent her flying back to a stool by the table.

"Jack, help me—do," she wailed.

He had followed her, and, looking gloomily at the bread, said—

"It ought to have been taken out two hours ago."

He strode outside, got on his horse, and rode off to the township, bad-tempered and dinnerless.

"Oh, poor, poor Jack! What a miserable wife you've got!" she moaned. "I'm not fit for a farm. He'll never love me again."

She went to the door, and looked up the long flat. Its dead-levelness depressed yet fascinated her, particularly when, as now, the curious mirage appeared at the far end. Eight or nine small cloudlike masses lay about a foot above the ground, while the heat waves quivered before them: in the atmosphere above floated strange shapes, a dim city outlined "The pictures," she breathed, "the pictures

'Are melted into air, into thin air,'
And like the baseless fabric . . . .

Presently she realised the trend of her thought, and smiled with pleasure. Yet, as rapidly, the recollection of her troubles rushed into her mind, the mirage dancing wickedly meanwhile. She dashed her hands passionately across her tear-blurred gaze, then stretched them up in protest towards the illusion.

"Jack, Jack!" she sighed aloud:

'Sir, I am vex'd:
Bear with my weakness: my brain is troubled.'"

She wept piteously for herself.

"Yet I love my husband," she reasoned, and again in thought she stood at the altar of the little church, the sunlight streaming through the diamond-paned window, and the restless branch swaying to and fro behind it. Jack, beside her, had replied his solemn "I will." Mr. Carson was continuing, "Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honour, and keep him in sickness and in health?"

Then for the first time the weight, the meaning of her own "I will" sank heavily upon her heart.

The ploughing season was at its height, and Jack, though full of his farm business, noticed the care and exactitude with which Kitty now performed her daily routine.

"Mother would be surprised to see how well she manages, and how she has settled into farm life," he thought.

Unfortunately for Kitty, he kept his appreciation to himself. Men who have led solitary lives fall out of the habit of expressing themselves to any extent; and he had no idea what ardour he stifled by withholding a word of love or praise: it would have made just the difference to her life. The happy spontaneity which had always been her charm disappeared, and the power of repression grew upon her daily.

Yet Jack loved her tenderly: and while he trod the newly turned furrows, mechanically scattering handfuls of golden corn right and left from a heavy seed-bag slung across his shoulder, he was building castles in the air for Kitty.

"In two or three years, when the farm is paid for, it will be all right. By that time we shall get the new house built, and she shall have a piano, and I will buy her a quiet hack to ride."

They rarely sat together in the evenings, there was so much housework to do. When sometimes she brought her mending into the sitting-room, she would find Jack at his accounts, or tired out, lying asleep with his head on the table. Then her slow tears would fall upon her stitches.

Time went on. It was harvest with a temperature of 101° in the shade. A blazing sun above sent the mirage pictures dancing up the flat more vividly than ever, and seemed to concentrate its hottest rays on the roof of the little pine log-house. Each morning Kitty got up with tired and aching limbs, but she allowed herself no respite. The milk-



"'I don't understand it.'"—*p.* 42.

pans day by day grew heavier to lift. One morning, Bill, the boy who had been engaged to look after the horses, took from her arms a pile which she was carrying from the dairy to scald.

"Let me do 'em for you, missus. I've often done 'em for mother."

She looked up gratefully, touched by his kindly thought.

"I ain't got nothin' else to do till the men's tea is ready to carry down. Might as well do this. . . . But she do look so white," he muttered apologetically to himself. "She ain't fit for this place."

From that time he waited on her whenever he could get a chance. One morning he had been kept longer than usual at the reaping. Kitty had kneaded the bread, and had made the harvest cakes ready for the men. As she surveyed them she said to herself:

"I'll have to clear the fire out of the oven myself, if Bill doesn't come soon."

She sighed wearily. "Can I live through it? Oh, if Jack would only be as he used to be!"

The booming of the reaping machine rent the hot air. She felt she could scream with anger at it, at the farm which must be paid for, at the weary sameness of toil to the hands, to the minds of those who wrested their living from the earth. She glanced up the flat, where the mirage shivered its restless images. To-day it was like a nightmare to her.

She caught up the long scraper, threw open the oven door, and impatiently raked out the embers and burning sticks. The heat met her like a blast. After two or three feeble attempts the handle fell from her nerveless fingers.

"Kitty, darling Kitty! what has happened to you?" cried Jack, who had been hurriedly fetched from the reaping by Bill.

"I am tired," she muttered restlessly. "I can't work."

"You shall not, love—you shall not."

But his passionate reproach of himself and loving reassurance to her fell upon deaf ears.

For many days she lay in fever, her body worn out by hard and unaccustomed work, her nervous tension unstrung to its utmost. Jack shared the watching with his mother, who had been hastily summoned from Nairne. But Kitty knew not of the love and care which were showered upon her.

In delirium sometimes little inconsequent sketches were given of her difficulties.

"Mother," she cried one evening, taking her husband's hands as he sat beside her bed, "Jack doesn't love me. He never says one word. And I am *lonely*—oh, so *lonely!*"

"Hush, hush, child!"

"Hush? It's always 'Hush!'" She traced the fingers of both hands across her forehead.

Jack groaned.

"I'm not talking nonsense, dear, am I?"

"No, no. Don't talk at all, darling."

"I must talk. . . . Jack, *have* you come, are you *really* here in Nairne?" she cried joyously. "Come to take me home, to our own home—the place where we shall be together always? Jack, are there examination papers to correct at home? Because they'd make my head ache."

Soon she sank into restless slumber, and he passed from the room on tiptoe.

"Mother, I don't understand it. The things that seem to trouble her are things in every-day life that have to be done. If I'd known, or thought she cared to hear me say anything about it, I could have said what I felt and thought every time I came into the house, every time I saw her at work, but it's too late now—too late."

"Don't say that, Jack. To-day the doctor is more hopeful. She may recover."

"If she does, I shall take her away from the flat. The selection must go. I shall surrender it, if I cannot sell."

Mrs. Morell agreed. "Of course, it is a pity, when you think of the time and money you have spent upon it; but I always felt the drudgery would be too much for her after a life of teaching."

About five months later, when Kitty was convalescent, she walked with her husband one evening down the flat. From the wattle lands on the hills, the clustered blossoms filled the air with the scented breath of spring. Amongst the fresh green herbage red sundew plants glistened, and raised fragile flowers to the day. Kitty pulled one from the earth, plant and root.

"'You call it sundew: how it grows,
If with its colour it hath breath,
If life taste sweet to it, if death
Pain its soft petal, no man knows:
Man has no sight or sense that saith.'"

"What a romantic Kitty it is!" said her husband, laughing, as she apostrophised the plant.

"It's you, Jack!" she returned, "who are romantic, when you talk of giving up the farm for me. That must not be. Just think of all the time and money to be wasted by my silly weakness! *I will go on;* it shall be a success. We can make it so together."

"But you are not suited for the life, Kitty. It is too hard for you. It is better for me to take the managership of a station, or——"

"No, no," she exclaimed. "Before I broke down I felt lonely. Now you are with me so much more, and if mother lives with us I could *never* be so foolish again."

As she talked the mirage was pictured in purple light upon the evening landscape before them.

"Isn't it curious and beautiful, dear? Often when it is most vivid I feel it is in strange sympathy for weal or woe with us."

"You are very fanciful, Kitty."

She went on gaily. "Now it foretells we shall stay here, that we shall make the farm pay in a very few years, and that *I* shall be a model farmer's wife."

"You are already a wife for any man to be proud of."

"Well, we are going to make our home all I've said. Oh, do not take me away, Jack! Do let us realise our hope of happiness here! Let us make our home beautiful, let us plant our gardens around it. Now I know you are not disappointed in me, that you still love me, I am more than content."

GOD'S BEAUTIFUL CREATURES.

THE DOG.

By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.



(Photo: E. Lander, Ealing, W.)

COLLIE.

ANIMALS are placed beside us in the world as interpreters of the mysteries of our own nature. They prefigure and foretell our characters and actions. We should be much more incomprehensible to ourselves; it is questionable if we could live at all without them. To Adam in Eden the animals were brought that he might give them names, and so associate his own nature with theirs, and thus have a deeper sympathy with them. Upon the help of the horse we are greatly dependent for our elevation above the animal state; and who shall say what man owes to the companionship of the dog? In a wild state, the dog is a social or gregarious animal. It forms a large community under the leadership of the strongest and most capable member. The welfare of each individual depends upon the harmonious action of the whole pack. Trained by the instinct of submission when acting in concert with his fellows, the dog has acquired the germ from which have been developed those qualities which have made him capable of domestication, and attaching himself to a human master. In this relation man stands to him in place of the pack, and he transfers to him all the obedience that he owed to it. He has the confidence, the courage under the protection of a higher nature than his own, which do not belong to him individually, but which are his because he has behind him the support of the whole community. We have a survival of this original instinct of the pack in the curious circumstance that a strange dog will follow one during a country walk, for the sake of the sense of companionship and protection, keeping shyly at a certain distance all the way, and finally disappearing and going to his own home, when the walk is over. Though longing ever so much to wander over the hill, he would never venture to do this alone.

Wonderful was the first step in the transformation of the ravenous wolf into the gentle creature which forsakes the fellowship of its own kind and makes man its god. We know not who it was that first tamed the dog, and taught him those habits which are a dim image and gleam of those of humanity. But as far back as we can trace, even in the prehistoric ages, we find the dog associated with man, and there is hardly

any race but has made some variety or other of the species useful in bearing human burdens or sharing human loneliness. Having to hunt without the dog, diverted the nervous energy of the old American Indians to the eye and the nose, and correspondingly lessened the force of their intellect. And in the East, where the dog has separated himself from man, and formed communities of his own, going back in this manner to the original wild state, man has suffered the loss of those moral qualities which the companionship of the dog has helped to form and educate. It is difficult for us to understand why that sacred Book which gives us so many lessons about God's tender mercies being over all His works, and tells us of His care of the fowls of the air, and makes us merciful and gentle in our treatment of all sentient existence, should yet invariably speak of the dog with contempt, and regard it as the symbol of all baseness and impurity. Of course the estimate was formed from the outcast condition of the dog in Bible lands, where he is



(*Photo: E. Landor, Ealing, W.*)

SPANIEL AND TERRIER.

the scavenger of the cities, but never the associate of man, and where he roams fiercely in packs, each individual reverting to the original type, and having the same lean, yellow, wolfish look. And yet even in these countries he has come to a large extent under man's influence, and though retaining the original uniformity of his appearance—exhibiting none of the variations which he undergoes in Western lands, resulting from his close association there with man—he still shows interesting traits of individual character. I remember in Damascus, where the dog is kindly treated as a rule, but neglected and ownerless, being struck with the wistful look of one special street dog, to which I showed some kindness in feeding it, how it gazed up into my face as if it missed something out of its life, and longed to have some sort of companionship with me.

Those who have that kind of knowledge of dogs which arises from great love of and intimacy with them know how far removed they are from being what some in their ignorance have imagined them to be, irrational and governed solely by invariable instinct. They can bring forward innumerable instances which prove that dogs possess some kind of intellectual principle, that they have a capacity for progressive advancement and a wonderful power of adapting themselves to circumstances, as well as an individuality of temper and character that almost amount to personality. No two dogs, even though their forms are the same, are actually the same in nature and temperament. They have tastes, and ways, and dispositions that mark them out from each other, almost as distinctly as one human being from another. One will make friends at once with any stranger who caresses it; another will take no notice of any advance from a stranger, but cleaves faithfully to is owner only. One is cross-grained and ever ready to snarl, while another is gentle and loving, and fond of being petted. No one looking at Landseer's portraits of dogs will fail to see how deeply the great painter has penetrated into the specialities of dog-nature, and brought out those personal traits which differentiate one dog from another. You see in the face of one a look of shrewdness and wisdom; on the face of another is portrayed unmistakable dignity; while the eye of another has an expression of lofty disdain or calm indifference.

There is abundance of good reason for believing that dogs have a kind of moral sense. That they have gratitude, friendship, affection, jealousy and resentment of injury, has always been known, but

they have in addition an undoubted sense of right and wrong, which is often wonderful. I used to hear the late well-known poet-preacher, Dr. Robertson, of Irvine, telling about his favourite dog Bear, how he became jealous of the hens at the manse because they were fed before him, and in revenge killed every one of them and buried them in the



(Photo: Brun, Brandesbury.)

CHARLIE, CHRISTMAS, 1900.

(*Aged* 18 *months. Died April* 13*th*, 1901.)

garden, where their legs were left sticking out of the ground. His master exhumed one of the hens and took it and showed it to the dog. He did not beat him for his wickedness, or upbraid him for his cruelty, but merely said in a grieved voice, "Just look at that." The poor dog slunk away in sore compunction and distress. The shame was too much for him. From that moment he refused all food, and starved himself to death. If the master had only beaten him, the punishment might have enabled him to get over his trouble and revive his self-respect. But in the absence of any power of making atonement for his transgression, he died of a broken heart.

Dogs will often combine their powers, and by a kind of collective sagacity accomplish what they could not do individually. A Skye-terrier and a greyhound have not unfrequently had a mutual understanding whereby they could hunt together on their own account; the terrier having the advantage of keen smell and the greyhound of great fleetness. These qualities they concentrated towards the accomplishment of one purpose; the terrier finding out the game, and driving it from its cover, while the fleet-footed companion waited for it outside, and speedily ran it down. I knew of a singular case of cunning in which the culprits were a small Scotch terrier and a large Newfoundland. They had been seen together by a shepherd worrying his sheep on the moor. The owner of both dogs denied the possibility of the accusation being true, for the Newfoundland was always chained to his kennel, and the terrier never went from home except in company with its master. But as the offence was soon after repeated, and the identification of the dogs was vehemently asserted by the shepherd, a watch was kept, when it was seen that the terrier stole out in the quietest manner at daybreak to the kennel where the Newfoundland was chained, which immediately slipped its collar, and the two made straight for the sheep on the hill. Arriving at the fold, the Newfoundland concealed himself behind a hedge, while the terrier drove the sheep to the ambush, and then one of them was seized



(Photo: E. Landor, Ealing, W.)

HIS HONOUR.

and despatched. After the meal was finished, the dogs returned home, and the Newfoundland thrust his head into his collar and lay down in his kennel as if nothing had happened, while the terrier at once found its way to

the house, where it assumed an innocent appearance as if newly risen from sleep. Our own little pug, Chang, showed an extraordinary craftiness in going after sheep, and pursuing them as fast as he could run over the moor. On one occasion he was out with me, and, noticing some sheep in the distance, he watched his opportunity, when I was not looking, and stole away under cover of a bank, hiding himself until he got too far off to be brought back; and then, heedless of my shouts after him, he ran with the utmost swiftness till he came up where the sheep were, and, collecting them together, he drove them helter-skelter across the moor, until he was fairly exhausted. Meantime I had gone far away from the spot, and wandered backwards and forwards in search of mosses, till I came to a piece of rising ground, whence I could see far below, a moving white speck, following all the deviations of my track with his nose to the ground, smelling out where my footsteps had been with unerring certainty, until at last he came up where I was, and wagged his tail and looked up at me, as if priding himself upon his achievement. We could not break off this bad habit, which must have been an hereditary instinct in him. He would fly after sheep whenever he saw them, but he took all the precautions he could to escape observation, for he was perfectly conscious that he was doing a thing that was strictly forbidden.

Dogs, like children, are admirable judges of character. They know by the very simplicity of their nature those who love them. They are attracted at once by some natures and repelled by others. No amount of petting or bribing will induce them to tolerate the presence of some people; while they will show their appreciation of others without any such attentions. There is an utter unselfishness, too, in the love of dogs. They have, in a marked degree, what is such a beautiful trait in children—a complete unconsciousness of the inequalities of fortune. They take no account of the external circumstances of those they love. The dog of the blind beggar is as faithful and devoted as the dog of the rich man; the dog that inhabits a rude hut cares as much for its master as the dog that dwells in a palace; it is the person himself, and not his surroundings, that draws out the attachment of his dog. And yet some dogs evince an extraordinary appreciation of their aristocratic condition, and look down upon other dogs not so favourably situated. A dog brought up in a grand mansion will show its disdain of a poorly clad person endeavouring to cross the threshold, and growls and shows its

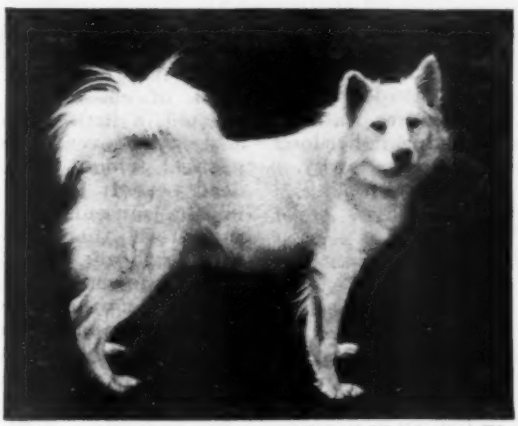


(Photo: T. Fall, Baker Street, W.)

"JOCK," BELONGING TO H. PANMURE GORDON, ESQ.

teeth when a beggar appears. Every variety of dog has an interest of its own. It would seem as if with the changes in its form it had acquired new qualities. Each dog has a special gift; some kinds being much more sagacious than others.

Perhaps upon the whole the shepherd's dog is the most intelligent. From the very nature of his master's occupation he is brought into closest communion with him. Together on the misty hill, the dog and the shepherd are shut out from all the world, and shut in with one another; and this intimate association has sharpened the dog's intelligence in the most remarkable degree. I have heard rude shepherds expressing in their blunt but graphic way what their dogs have been to them: how they entered into their very thoughts, and had but one object in life, to fulfil their master's wishes. At the end of last August, when our gracious King was on a cruise in the royal yacht, he landed in Arran, and drove in a waggonette twelve miles across the hills to Doughrie, on the western side of the island, to see that most characteristic of Arran sights—a sheep-dog trial. This fête takes place every year in the month of August, and is looked forward to with much expectation. Crowds composed of natives and visitors, from all parts of the island, gather to the rendezvous: and the spot, surrounded by grand peaks, with the broad blue sea stretching beyond to the horizon, affords ideal surroundings for a day's enjoyment. It is altogether a picturesque spectacle, and admirably adapted to bring out in an astonishing degree the intelligence of the collie dog. The trial begins at ten o'clock. A large number of shepherds enter into the contest, whose duty it is to guide their dogs in driving each a small flock of sheep out of a fold and back again, over a rough and winding track, about a mile in length, made more difficult by heights and hollows strewn with boulders. To increase the difficulty the sheep are gathered from different hill-pastures, and are generally unknown to the dogs. The shepherds stand on a piece of rising ground within the pens, and direct their own dogs by their crooks and by voluble explanations in Gaelic, which the dogs seem to thoroughly understand. Some of the collies are especially expert in driving the flock of which they are in charge, keeping all the sheep together, preventing any from straying, and bringing them all back again safely to the fold from which they started. And the prizes are awarded according to the celerity and smartness with which this operation is accomplished. It is often a matter of extreme difficulty to decide the order of merit, when all the competitors evince an almost equal degree of talent. The King and Queen spent a considerable time in witnessing the trial; and His Majesty showed much interest in the marvellous performances of the dogs. He is a keen sportsman; but it is questionable if he had ever seen or taken part in any sport more novel and entertaining.



(Photo: T. Fall, Baker Street, W.)

H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S FOREIGN DOG "JOCKO."

To Sir Walter Scott his dogs were his comrades. They had closer fellowship with him than even his own kith and kin. How much their mute sympathy helped him during the great tragedy of his life, when his great schemes ended in misfortune and all his hopes were crushed, and his very reputation was threatened with dishonour! In that lonely study at Abbotsford, when, like one of his own

heroic knights, he buckled himself with fresh resolution, to make the best of the gigantic ruin, the dog lying at his feet and ever and anon looking up to his face with a straitened but touching comprehension, must have cheered and sustained him, as perhaps the all-knowing sympathy of a human friend could not have done.

Who does not know the story of the faithful Gelert, that protected the child of his master in the cradle from the wolf, and was slain by his master under suspicion from the stains of blood around, and the disappearance of the child, that he had been its murderer? Though a myth with many variants, appearing first in the Indian Hatapodesa, representing the sentiment of regret at the slaying of the innocent, when he was bravely and nobly risking his life in behalf of the child, there must have been underneath it a strong foundation of reality. Hardly any dog-story has made such a tender impression as that of "Rab and his Friends," told by the touching pen of that prince of dog-fanciers, Dr. Brown. Mrs. Browning in her pathetic verses on her little dog Flush, tells us how the little creature watched by her side night and day during her long illness, and would not be coaxed away.

"Mock I thee in wishing weal?—
Tears are in my eyes to feel
Thou art made so straitly,
Blessing needs must straighten too—
Little can'st thou joy or do,
Thou who lovest *greatly*.

Yet be blessed to the height,
Of all good and all delight,
Pervious to thy nature;
Only loved beyond that line,
With a love that answe·s thine,
Loving fellow-creature!"

Everyone has heard of the famous marons, or St. Bernard dogs, which have rescued hundreds of travellers in the snow-storms on the Swiss Alps. In the museum at Berne I saw the stuffed body of the well-known dog "Barry," which is said to have saved the lives of no less than forty persons. During my visit to the hospice the huge creatures loved to be caressed, and once they ran after my companion, as he was going up the hill-side by a wrong path, and pulled him back by the coat-tails.

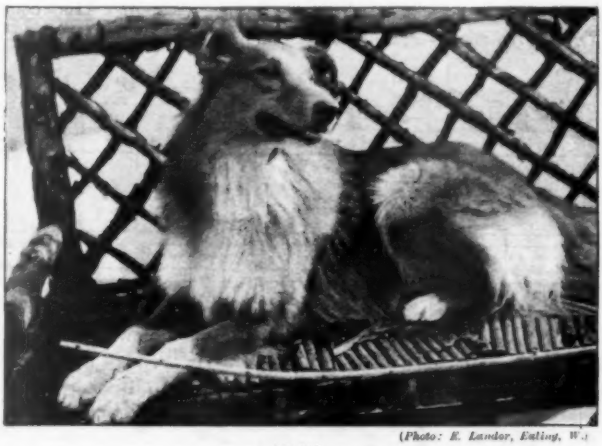
The ancients had much of our feeling towards the dog. In a Columbarium on the Appian Way at Rome, I saw the ashes of a favourite dog contained in a little urn, with an inscription on the wall above, telling about its good qualities, and the great grief of its mistress at its loss. At Mitylene, one of the Isles of Greece, there was a fragment of classic art, which I greatly coveted, a little basrelief, which originally stood over a dog's grave, with a poetical tribute to the virtues of the dead pet. It is now carefully preserved in the museum at Athens. Even in prehistoric times sincere mourning for the death of a much valued dog was not unknown. In the huge tumulus of that half-mythical hero Daghda, not far from the wonderful chambered cairns of Dowth and New Grange in the Valley of the Boyne in Ireland, besides Eta, the bardess who handled the harp of Tara to such effect that the echoes of it have come down to our own times, there was laid to rest Boiner, the wife of Neshtan, of whom it is touchingly recorded that "she took with her to the tomb her small dog Totilla." The shadowy personages have left no trace of their presence for more than two thousand years, but the very name of this dog has been preserved.



(Photo: T. Fall, Baker Street, W.)

MR. PANMURE GORDON'S "WISHAW MAID."

Some people cannot understand why so much fuss should be made on the death of a mere animal. But no one who has sustained such a bereavement will ever regard it in that light. It touches one like the death of a dear friend. In some respects, indeed, it comes closer to the heart. The very helplessness and dependence of the faithful creature, the *oneness* of its devotion—the concentration of its whole nature in loving its owner—appeal to one in a most affecting way. In a world so full of selfishness, where one is apt to be made cynical by experiences of human treachery and neglect, the tender look in its eye, its quiet licking of the hand, have often softened the heart, and kept the well-spring of affection from being frozen over. Its dear companionship has educated our very conscience and imagination, and played no insignificant part in the formation of our character and the discipline of our life. We have become more and not less human through our attachment to it. We recall with tears its little ways, its peculiar traits and disposition, its artful artlessness, its dumb but eloquent modes of expressing its feelings. We miss it in a thousand ways. It is difficult to convey to others the idea how it has made itself a part of our very life, so that we feel maimed without it. So keenly do we feel the loss, that when we have carried the stiff little body that can never more wag its tail, or look up lovingly at us, wrapped round in its winding-sheet, and laid it reverently with blinding tears in the grave we have dug in the garden, we feel as if we could never again bear to go through a similar sorrow. No other dog, we feel, can take the place of the lost one. I have known persons so devoted to a dog that, when he died, they could not bear the associations of their home, and removed to a new dwelling, to get away from the ever poignant regret which the old place kept alive. Every heart can sympathise most thoroughly with the most tender poem in which Matthew Arnold expressed his profound grief for the death of his dachshund Geist, who had lived with him for four years—a poem which no one can read without a lump rising in his throat :



(*Photo: E. Landor, Ealing, W.*)

COLLIE.

"That loving heart, that patient soul
Had they indeed no longer span,
To run their course, and reach their goal
And read their homily to man,
That liquid, melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic soul-fed springs,
Seemed surging the Virgilian cry,
The sense of tears, in mortal things.

"Yes, only four! but not the course
Of all the centuries yet to come,
And not the infinite resource
Of Nature, with her countless sum
Of figures, with her fulness vast
Of new creation evermore,
Can ever quite repeat the past,
Or just thy little self restore."

Praise the Lord, His Glories Show.

Words by the REV. H. F. LYTE. *Music by the* REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus.
(*Vicar of Heslington, York.*)



THE BOX ON THE PLANK.

A Sketch by F. H. Sweet.

ONE morning, as the ebb tide was slipping and gurgling from rock to rock, a woman emerged from the dunes and went slowly along the beach, stooping here and there to pick up bits of wreckage which had been washed up by the waves. When she had gathered all she could carry, she took some rope from her pocket, and made the pieces into a strong bundle. With this slung across her shoulders she moved back toward the dunes.

Suddenly she paused and gazed earnestly at the water. It was only a plank she saw, rising and falling with the waves; but it was fuel, and, dropping her bundle, she waded out until she could reach and draw it ashore. Only then did she discover that there was a small metal box, twelve or fourteen inches in length, securely lashed to the plank.

The strong ocean currents which set toward the north shores of France bring in many strange bits of wreckage, and the woman had had her share in finding them. But none the less eagerly did her fingers work at the fastenings which secured the box. So much precaution was not without its meaning. The box was valuable, and if no owner was found—well, perhaps it would help her towards the three hundred francs she had been longing for so many months.

But when the box was released she found that it was securely locked, and that all her efforts to open it were unavailing. On the cover were strange little marks. She peered at them eagerly, and shook her head. Well, she would take it home to little Jean. He could read and would explain the marks to her.

Over behind the dunes, and hidden from the sea by the mimic mountains of sand, were several small storm-battered houses. They were built of rough slabs and wreckage, and had neither doors nor windows on the exposed sides. Behind them were drying-benches and other apparatus for curing fish.

The woman passed around one of the houses, and threw her bundle down near the door. A man was seated on the ground, mending a net. He looked up as she approached.

"*Bien!*" he growled. "you have come at last! I must have my breakfast, so that I may catch the low tide. *Mais*, Elise, what have you there?"

He took the box and examined it carefully. Then he tried to open it, but without success. When he picked up a hammer she snatched the box from his grasp.

"*Non, non*, Jacques!" she protested, "you shall not break it. The box is not ours yet. We may find the owner."

He laughed jeeringly.

"We will not look very hard," he sneered. "But, truly, Elise, you must not think of giving it up. The sea gives to those who find. You should remember your husband and children, *ma chère*. The box may contain jewels or money. *Bien!* who knows but it would buy me a new boat and a keg of wine?"

"I shall let Monsieur le Curé have it to-morrow, when I go to town," she said firmly. "Perhaps he will find the owner. If he does not, I suppose the box will be mine. But it will not go for a boat and a keg of wine, I can tell you that, *mon ami*. I have other use for it."

"Bah! the miserable three hundred francs you are for ever dinning into one's ears!" he grumbled sullenly, as he picked up the seine and resumed work. "How much have you got of it, Elise, and what is it for?"

"I have twenty francs," she answered placidly. "But never you mind what it is for, Jacques. Better mend your seine so that you will be ready for the low tide."

He muttered something under his breath which she passed unnoticed. In the wine-shop of M. Lecoux, and among the fishermen on the beach, he was a great man; but at home it was Elise who arranged things.

After a time the children began to straggle in from the parish school at St.-Valéry, two miles away. First, there was Guillaume, of the strong limbs, who loved the sea and hated books. Then there were François and Henri, who could race along the beach like the wind; and Sophie and Hélène, whose hair was the colour of the waves when the storm-clouds are shadowed in them, and whose faces were tanned and roughened by the wind and sea, and, like Guillaume, all of them abhorred the little schoolroom at St.-Valéry. And then there was little Jean.

But, curiously enough, Jean was not so small as one would think. Indeed, he was of the same age and almost as large as Guillaume himself. And he loved the sea, and the open air, and the games; but far, far above all the rest, he loved his books. So the neighbours lowered their voices and spoke of him compassionately as "*Pauvre garçon*," and Jacques shook his head and growled, "*Mauvais, mauvais!*" And it was not so very long before that even Elise herself had shared their opinion and thought of her precocious boy with misgiving.

But one day Monsieur le Curé had called on her, and he had spoken so warmly of little Jean and the possible honour in store for him that she felt almost oppressed by the sudden rush of affection and pride which had overwhelmed her.

After the good man left, she had gone out on the beach and given herself up to meditation until she was aroused by the children coming home from school. And after that she always mentioned Jean first instead of last. But as the days went by an unspoken dread began to trouble her. At the end of the year Jean and Guillaume would be too old to attend the parish school; then there would be nothing for them but to come home and help their father with the fishing. It was all right and proper for Guillaume; but Jean?

In the evening she called Jean from his books and told him to explain the marks. The boy gazed at them for some time, then spelled out: "*Honoré Perregaux, Rue St.-Martin, Paris.*"

Jacques raised his head angrily.

"You will be a fool if you give it up," he said sharply.

Elise did not answer, but the next day she wrapped the box carefully in her shawl and carried it to Monsieur le Curé, at St.-Valéry.

And now the days and weeks went smoothly by. Jacques recovered his good humour, and smoked, and sang, and told stories, and now and then sauntered down to the beach and caught a few fish, or made himself the centre of a group of admiring friends.

One day, as they sat down to dinner, the Curé entered.

"*Bien!* I am just in time," he said gaily, as they placed a chair for him at the table. "I have good news for you. The box is with its owner."

Jacques looked anything but pleased, and even Elise seemed a little embarrassed. But the Curé did not appear to notice.

"I had a letter from the owner this morning," he continued, as he took a roll of notes from his pocket. "He writes that the box is very valuable, and that the finder must accept this as a slight compensation," handing the notes to Elise. "I congratulate you, Madame Jacques. Four hundred francs is a good day's work."

Jacques caught his breath sharply and half rose to his feet; then he sank back and tried to turn off his elation in a laugh. But after the Curé's departure he allowed his enthusiasm to again break forth.

"Four hundred francs!" he cried joyously. "Four—hundred—francs! *Bien! bien!* It will buy me a new boat, and a seine, and two kegs of wine; and—and you can get a new dress, Elise, *ma chère.* Four hundred francs! Indeed, we are rich!"

"I found the box, Jacques," said Elise, quietly.

"*Oui, oui!* You must have a dress and—and what else, *ma chère?*"

"Let me see," said Elise, counting on her fingers, "I shall use one hundred francs to buy new clothes and sabots for the children, and a dress for myself, and some hens for the hen-yard."

"Yes!" impatiently, "but the three hundred francs?"

"They are to buy a scholarship for little Jean at Beauvais. I have spoken to Monsieur le Curé about it. Three hundred francs will pay for his education at the good Home. He will have to leave us, of course; but he will come back a man. Surely, Jacques, we must do that for him."

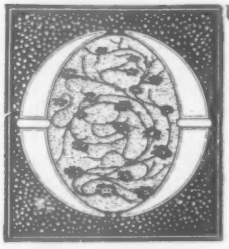


"When the box was released she found that it was securely locked."—*p.* 51

THE GIFT OF THE SPIRIT

By the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A., Brighton.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"—St. Luke xi. 13.



OUR Lord never hesitated to employ the anthropomorphic argument in His teaching; that is, He was accustomed to lead men to a higher belief in the goodness of God by drawing attention to the best in man. This is a right and proper use of the great truth that human nobleness is a ray of the divine righteousness. A witty Frenchman once said: "In the beginning God created man in His own image; and man has ever since been returning the compliment by making God in his."

There is some truth in this caustic description of the way in which men shape the divinities to which they give their homage, but it does not, and cannot, assail the spiritual principle that the highest of which man is capable has immediate relation to, and is a demonstration of, that which is of the essence of the nature of God. The great Teacher Who spake as never man spake proceeded upon this assumption. He appealed to all the beautiful and hopeful things in human nature whenever He wished to demonstrate the love, tenderness, sympathy and compassion of our Heavenly Father, and, probably, there is no instance in the New Testament in which this peerless teaching is presented with greater effect than in the passage before us. Jesus here appeals to the idea of fatherhood; that relationship which means so much to us all—fatherhood at its best—and asks with emphasis the question to which the closing words of the sentence provide the answer: "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

Another record of this teaching is to be found in Matthew vii. 11, but with the variation that for "Holy Spirit" we read "good things." Probably the Master used both phrases, and on the same occasion. The first evangelist has preserved the more obvious meaning, while the third, with, perhaps, a truer insight into the saying, has recorded the more spiritual declaration. The gift of the Spirit includes all other gifts. To have the gift of the Spirit is to be in possession of the heavenly wisdom which should guide all search for blessing. It is assurance of the love of God, of acceptance with God, of the presence of Christ, of the power of His salvation, and of the reality of that eternal life which begins now. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law." To have the gift of the Spirit is to be sure of God, to find Him revealed in our consciousness, and to realise Him as the nearest of all realities. To discover this is to be

able to say "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

The means to the attainment of this rich experience is simplicity itself, if we accept our Lord's teaching: "they that ask Him." "Religion," said the author of "The Soul of a People," "is the music of the Infinite echoed from the hearts of men." It is the soul's anticipation of Heaven; it is to commune with God. Prayer is man's response. If religion is God's speech with man, prayer is man's speech with God. If you lay on the table a tuned violin and then proceed to make music with another, you will hear the same air faintly reproduced from the silent strings of the passive instrument. True prayer on earth is but the faint echo of desires that are made in Heaven. It has more of God than man in it, and there is something in every faithful petition which cannot be expressed in words. Why does a father listen with sympathy to a simple request from his child? Is it not because he is like him? Are not their hearts in union? Does he not love him? Were not their souls made for each other? We would give our hearts' best for our dear ones, and we like to be inquired of, and yet the greatest gift we can bestow upon our children is the gift of ourselves. Let them have that when fatherhood and sonship are mutually at their best and all "good things" will follow. God does just like that. Jesus said so, and it is reasonable to suppose it. One great gift of the Holy Spirit, given in response to a petition which God delights to hear, is the gift of Himself, and in that one gift is included all things else for which men ought to pray.

Some people doubt whether there is a place for prayer at all. It is a curious fact that some of those who believe most strongly in inexorable law, and some of those who believe no less strongly in Divine love, are at one in their doubt as to the value of prayer. The former will say: "All is order; there is no place for prodigy. You may pray as much as you like, but you can no more expect to affect the universal order than you can expect to alter the tides or the phases of the moon." And the latter might say—"God is love and God is wisdom. We may trust His wisdom for the action of His love. What our Father does is well. We need not pray; we need to rest."

But neither of these objections will meet the case of the ordinary, hoping, struggling, earnest-minded man who seeks for help in the things of every-day life. To the man of law he would say: "Behind your order stands my Father. Law is but the expression of the consistency of God, and He Who guides the planets in their course has, in His vast scheme of things, a place for me. These are the works of His hands, but I am the child of His heart. "I appeal from the law to the Lawgiver." To the Quietist he would also say: "The Father of Spirits has placed me here to work and aspire and love. If there be a place for service, there is a place for prayer. My God needs neither, but He will have both. Amid the problems of earth it is a solace to turn to Him in the confidence that 'no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.'"

Prayer in and for the Holy Ghost is the prayer of safety. It is illuminative, tranquillising, comprehensive. It is the earnest of every answer to definite petition for particular things. There is an immediate as well as a deferred response to every heartfelt prayer, and that immediate response is a breath of the Holy Spirit. How often have we knelt perturbed and anxious at the mercy seat and poured forth our souls to our listening Father! Perhaps we entered upon the exercise full of sorrow and perplexity, anxiety and care, yet somehow as we have knelt we have felt a heavenly peace stealing into our souls. We have been soothed and quieted in the very act of prayer; we have risen strong and calm, although our circumstances were just what they had been before. Things were not changed in the least, but we ourselves were changed. What had taken place? Had there been any answer to that prayer which closed with "Thy will be done"? Yea, verily, and the answer was immediate; it was the gift of the Holy Spirit. To feel the presence of the Comforter was itself the earnest of the "good things" yet to be. I affirm that no true prayer has ever gone without its answer, and the answer is always larger than the prayer.

"The supplication of a righteous man availeth much" in its working. "The prayer of faith" can do mighty things. When we pray for power to serve, such

power comes in the baptism of the Spirit, without which all work for Christ avails but little.

Some time ago, during the Free Church Federation Meetings in Bradford, I had the privilege of listening to an impressive address by Dr. Horton, in which we were urged to definite and earnest prayer for power in dealing with one great national vice. At the conclusion of the address, a friend turned to me and remarked, "Is there a place for such a prayer? Is not God as much in earnest about this matter as we can be—indeed more so? Why then do we pray?" The answer to the difficulty did not occur to me just at the moment, but I see it now, and we all felt it, though we could not state it then. Prayer for power in service is bound up with our experience of spiritual stewardship. We know there is such a thing; we are largely in one another's keeping. You and I have a power to affect other lives than our own; we can influence another man's character for good or for evil; we can give him pain or joy; we can lift him up or thrust him down. At the bidding of love we can do great things for those who are near and dear; our children grow up under the shadow of our personality; we are ever giving to them in some way or other, and we feel it to be right and fitting that thus it should be. I say we *feel* it to be right and fitting that thus it should be, but we cannot give a completely satisfying *reason* why it should be so; all we know is that spiritual stewardship is a fact, potent, beautiful, all-pervading. We cannot see why God should give us the charge of each others' destinies, yet so it is. This is not speculation, but simple every-day experience. We are trustees one of another and "know how to give good gifts unto our children."

Now if this be the way in which life is ordered, it is abundantly evident that where the stewardship is taken seriously love compels us to prayer. Power soon gives out; we long to do more than we can; and the higher we ourselves grow in spiritual stature, the more do we long to give ourselves in our stewardship, and the more we feel our insufficiency. Then it is that prayer comes in; when we reach the borderland of our natural power we stretch forth supplicating hands for spiritual power. "*Laborare est orare*," says an old proverb; we might invert it, and say with equal truth, "To pray is to labour." Praying is drawing upon the Unseen for the sake of our spiritual stewardship; it is an enlargement of our powers with the enlargement of our ideal. The mere desire to give good gifts awakens the desire to pray for that higher gift which increases ours—the gift of the Holy Ghost. When with the naked eye we survey the vast expanse of the vault of heaven, there are many worlds hidden from us which become visible when we employ the aid of a telescope. A railway train will take us from Brighton to London in a little over an hour, whereas to walk the same distance would take many hours. In olden times, even monarchs deemed themselves fortunate if, at a heavy outlay, they could obtain fabrics which to-day are at the disposal of every man who can spare a few pence. The difference has been made by the invention of machinery. All these things are but extensions of our own natural powers—the telescope is a bigger eye; the railway train swifter feet; the complex machine a stronger and more cunning hand. They are not substitutes for our own natural powers—to use them, we must still have eye and foot and hand; nor are they adaptations of something not present in the world before. They are simply demand notes upon the Invisible, and, having learned the secret of issuing these demand notes, the area of our material activity is immeasurably increased.

Here, then, is a demonstration of the place of prayer in the life of the soul. Spiritual stewardship is a fact, whether we rise to the height of it or not; and if we do rise nobly to the work, prayer becomes our demand note upon the Unseen. It is not only for our own soul's good that we pray, we pray because we love to serve. As said the dying Arthur in "The Idylls of the King":

> "More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
> Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
> For what are men better than sheep or goats
> That nourish a blind life within the brain,
> If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
> Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
> For so the whole round earth is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

This is simple and literal truth; it is not only Scripture, but experience. Some of the best workers in the world to-day are those who know best how to pray. Mr. Moody used to tell an anecdote of his visit to this country in 1874. During his mission at Dundee, he was asked to visit a bed-ridden Christian. He went, and received a greater blessing than he gave. "I guess," he remarked, in his quaint, blunt fashion, "that when the angels pass over Dundee, they stop at that house for refreshment." Many a bed of pain, many a seemingly limited and ineffective life, has been the scene of a glorious activity for God by the willing and faithful employment of prayer. A near-sighted man can see through a telescope, a cripple can ride in a railway train, and a child can work a mighty engine. If we only knew how much good is done by those who can do little but pray! Oh, sad and discouraged hearts, pray on! Oh, servants of God, children of Divine love, who know what it is to agonise like the Master for the sake of some for whom we can do little but pray, never falter, never fear! "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

Nor is this all. The Holy Spirit is indeed given to him who prays; given, not only for service, but for life and joy. If you are a Christian, you ought to be glad in the Lord, and as a child of the All-Father you have a right to your joy. In praying for others you do something for yourself; spiritual power is a real thing and so is spiritual comfort.

We need much for daily life—guidance in perplexity, healing in sorrow, stillness amid the frets and anxieties of the world, assurance of our nearness to our Divine Master; all these things are included in the gift of the Spirit. Be Spirit-filled and Spirit-guided and Spirit-blest. Here is your promise—take it to the ever-faithful One: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"





CHAPTER I.

IN A PARVISE CHAMBER.*

"TOLERANCE is a virtue——" began Claude Winwood; but he was promptly interrupted by his companion, Basil Pierpoint, curate, at present in sole charge of the parish.

"Tolerance—a virtue?"

"Yes," continued the other, "a virtue."

He paused, for here the sunset occupied his attention.

"I cannot think how you can name such a negative quality as tolerance a virtue. It generally means the absence of all endeavour to improve things, laxity of view, dispiritedness—in short, want of all moral backbone."

They had reached the churchyard stile, and Pierpoint lightly vaulted it. Winwood seemed in no hurry to follow or take up the argument.

"That old fellow," he remarked, nodding to the west, "is eternally setting and rising. Every second of time he has been at it since the beginning, and yet, I suppose, always manages a fresh effect."

The effect on this evening, and in the corner of Devonshire which held the parish of Lynton St. Maurice, was very splendid. It was as if a veil of golden gossamer had fallen over everything, tor and stream, village and church tower.

"Better come in and see the church before the glow fades," urged Pierpoint. "The effect through the west window is very fine."

"You don't want to reform the sunset, do you?" asked his friend, turning round lazily. He was a large-limbed man with a slight stoop and moved slowly.

"No, I am content to let that be. But I do hope to reform a few individuals, or, rather, a few customs here. Just think what I found old Mrs. Hill, the butt-woman, doing, when I arrived here! Knitting in the church-porch! 'He was cooler like, they porch,' she replied to my remonstrance."

"Truly terrible," responded Winwood gravely, "and in winter?"

"Well, I have only been here a month, you know, but that occurred to me, and I have found out her custom. The Rector keeps his surplus books in the parvise chamber."

"I see." Winwood narrowed his short-sighted eyes, looking up at the building. "You have a parvise chamber, and—is that a second one?"

"Yes; ours is the only church in the region

* "Now a parvise chamber is a room builded over the porch, the which is reached by a winding stairway from within the church. And the name thereof cometh from *Paradise*, seeing that the parvise chamber looketh out on the paradise or garden surrounding the church."

round that has a double one. The lower of the two is lined with the Rector's books, as I said; and he keeps a fire there all the winter. He says it is for the books. Mrs. Hill, however, is convinced it is for her use, and, I really believe, even boils her tea-kettle on it."

"Be thankful she doesn't fry herrings. Always look out for the blessings, my dear fellow," observed Winwood, turning towards the church porch.

"Not that way," cried Pierpoint, pulling out a key. "We must go in by the vestry now."

"Why! The church is open."

"Open?" exclaimed Pierpoint. "Well, this is too bad. Mrs. Hill has strict orders to lock up the church every day after service. I really must do something drastic!" He strode into the church with knitted brows. "That old woman has no sense of responsibility!"

Winwood, fascinated by a boss, lingered a moment in the porch.

"We have no end of tramps here," pursued the angry voice.

"Perhaps Mrs. Hill has a friend in the second-hand book line," suggested the calmer tones from the porch. "Hadn't we better examine the parvise chamber library first?"

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised to find some books gone," exclaimed the curate-in-charge. "Take care; it's dark here."

He hastily mounted the winding stairs, Winwood following him.

The stone steps were narrow, and so dark the eyes had to get accustomed to the gloom. At a turn of the spiral they reached a small lobby and a door, while the stairs wound on above.

"Now we'll see!" exclaimed the curate, and threw open the door.

An abrupt silence followed his words, and he himself stood stock-still.

Winwood looked over his shoulder, catching sight of the startled face of a girl. She sat at the square oaken table in the middle of the room, directly facing the door—young, and of decided beauty of colouring. What Winwood specially remembered afterwards was the mass of her loosened burnished hair.

At sight of the two men she half-started from her seat, with one backward turn of her arm sweeping together all the volume of her rippled russet locks.

Basil Pierpoint pulled himself together after that second's surprise, then advanced into the room.

"May I ask—are you—are you studying here?"

For the table was strewn with papers covered with writing. These the girl now gathered hastily together. She glanced up at the young clergyman.

"Studying? Yes."

"May I again ask, how does that come about?"

"That I should study?" with a haughty glance. "Really, sir——"

"No, no; not that of course, but that you should study here?"

The papers were all gathered together now, and the girl put her hand on them. It had taken a few moments, as she had but one hand to do it; her left arm was closely pressed to her side, keeping guard over the great roll of rebellious hair.

Winwood, from the background, perceived that the unbound hair was a cause of embarrassment to her. A second's silence, then she demanded in her turn:

"And may *I* ask by what right you set me these questions?"

"My name is Basil Pierpoint. I am curate of this parish, and in sole charge at present. You will therefore excuse my asking who gave permission to use this church or any part of it for unauthorised purposes. Has the Rector granted——"

"No; Mrs. Hill gave me leave."

"Mrs. Hill? The butt-woman! Allow me to assure you that Mrs. Hill has no jurisdiction in this church."

By this time the girl's cheeks were crimson with indignation. Winwood could not forbear breaking in:

"I am sure you do not mean to disturb this lady now. Had we not better see the second parvise chamber?"

The girl turned on him her smouldering glance. The angry spark quenched at sight of his kindly look.

"Thank you," she said quickly; "I *should* like to be left alone."

She was horribly conscious that she had kicked off her shoes, and they were somewhere under the table.

"I am certainly sorry to disturb you," Pierpoint said, with lofty politeness, "especially if you are a friend of Mrs. Hill's; but discipline must be maintained. I wish you a good evening." And, head erect, he followed Winwood out of the room and up the winding stair. "This is the second parvise chamber," he began; "very unusual to have two, you know. A most unusual and irregular proceeding to keep the church open after hours, and to leave it in irresponsible hands like that girl. This window is admired for its lintels."

"She is very pretty," remarked Winwood, his back to the window; "such fresh colouring."

"But she has got no right to be here. There is one scrap of old glass here. The Rector

had the plain put in to keep out the rain. What was she studying? This mantelpiece is interesting."

"How old do you think?"

Winwood's eyes were on the floor.

"Mantelpiece? Fourteenth century, I believe."

"No——"

"Oh—girl? I have no idea—looked like a school-girl. Have you observed the roof?"

"Yes," replied Winwood, still gazing fixedly at the floor. "She looks too grown up for a school-girl. A stranger to these parts, I suppose, as you don't know her?"

"Mrs. Hill has a niece, who is a pupil teacher in a Board school somewhere. Very likely it is she."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow! That girl is a lady. Did you not hear her speak?"

"I didn't notice much. She seemed to have lost her temper."

"Tempers *were* lying around," Winwood said drily.

"Have you seen all here? Shall we go down?"

"Yes! I have seen everything here."

As they passed the door of the lower room, it was seen to stand ostentatiously open. Pierpoint stepped in. Winwood peered round the corner.

"Clean vanished!" he said, "and taken her hair with her too. Can't you find a glass slipper or something?"

Pierpoint was examining the closely packed shelves of leather-bound volumes. But the place was in perfect order and the appearance of the dishevelled student might have been taken for an unreal vision.

"I thought I recognised the binding of Butler on the table. But he's there all right," muttered the curate.

"Ha! I knew she would leave something!" cried the other triumphantly, emerging from under the table, whence he fished up an envelope. "The plot thickens." Pierpoint turned round quickly. "'To Miss E. Retallack, care of Mrs. Hill, Fore Street, Lynton St. Maurice, South Devon,'" read Winwood from the envelope.

"There! did I not tell you she was Mrs. Hill's niece? Let me see."

Winwood handed him the envelope.

"There's a letter in it," he remarked. "It may be from an accomplice, relative to the secularisation of all church-property in England. Don't you think it our duty to read it?"

"I'll take it to her, to-morrow," Pierpoint replied, paying no heed to his friend's banter.

"Well, don't rouse her, though her eyes do flash a fine fire; come home unsinged, I entreat."

CHAPTER II.

FOUND: A VILLAIN.

THE same sun, at his setting, shone obliquely into the small sitting-room of Mrs. Hill's cottage at the foot of Fore Street. There were two occupants of the room—one, a fragile-looking girl, reclined in an armchair, the most comfortable the room possessed, which, however, is not saying much. Her soft smooth brown hair, her quiet grey dress, with touches of lavender here and there, gave her the air of a half-emancipated Quaker. Her gaze was directed to the distant tors framed by the window pane. Opposite to her—Alice Kenyon—sat her friend, Judith Kyle, a contrast to her in every particular, in her short-cropped, stiff black hair, her upright and unbending attitude, her garments made to clothe and not to dress her.

"Judith!" cried her friend suddenly, "you are actually doing *nothing!*"

"No," was the reply in a short, decisive voice.

"Positively nothing! Confess, you are for once really unmitigatedly idle!"

"No; I am thinking."

"And your thoughts?"

"They are not fit for publication yet. Are you tired?"

"Not at all. The walk did me good. I shall soon be in condition to tire you both out."

Judith got up abruptly, and looked out of the window.

"I wonder where Evelyn is, and what mischief she is at?"

"The holidays are only four days old. She cannot be at anything desperate so soon."

"Perhaps not; it is only when they begin to pall that she seeks for new sensations."

Not long afterwards, a moral whirlwind, in the person of the lady in question, swept into the room, flinging down a satchel and pile of books on a side table. Her cheeks were a bright red, and her whole being, from shoes to sailor hat, quivered with defiance.

"Well," cried her friends in a breath, "what is it?"

"I've found him," she cried, throwing her hat on one chair and her gloves on another.

"Him? Whom?"

"Villain for my story. Perfect. A whited sepulchre."

Judith, who had picked up the hat and gloves to put them away, sat down again, and Alice turned a smiling sympathy to the new-comer.

"Where, and when, and who?"

"Just now—in church—curate."

"In church?" from Judith. "What took you there?"

"Beside the point, my dear Judy. Events first—in the historic present—then causes,

lastly results. No wonder you always plough, my girls. Now I know Alice's question before she puts it. Yes, Alice, he is clean-shaven and quite irreproachable in attire, besides being nice-looking (I think), and *looks* like a gentleman. But inwardly! Well, were it not for Magna Charta, I should be in chains by now."

"Begin at the beginning," Alice entreated.

"Had you any right to be there?"

"Judith! Go to! A man is innocent in English law until you prove him guilty."

"That is no answer to my question."

"Oh, Judy!" laughed Alice. "Do let her get on. No wonder she is always published in three volumes, if her novels are as prolix as her descriptions."

Evelyn beamed.



"Catching sight of the startled face of a girl."—*p.* 59.

What mischief were you at? Rubbing the brasses?

"Rubbing brasses? No, indeed, though I make no doubt I shall soon have to waste some valuable time at that. I was only writing my story in the little room over the church porch. You haven't been in that little room yet. It has bookshelves all round, and a most delicious steady table in the middle of the room, lattice-windows, and *such* a comfortable chair. I reconnoitred it yesterday and resolved to occupy it to-day."

"How sweet of you to say 'always'! The word is not usually applied to a unique event. I suppose you use it proleptically. Now, children," with a sudden change of manner, stretching her feet straight out before her as she spoke. "Now I will tell you the whole tale as straight as a die and as concise as Whitaker. I was reading in said room, shoes off, hair down, hairpins all in a row on the mantelpiece, everything just as usual—much interested in heroine's doings—when suddenly door bursts open, and

two men dart in! 'What are you at?' cries first (whom you will instantly recognise as afore-mentioned curate, hereinafter named 'Villain of Piece'). 'And why are you here without my leave?' Free-born Briton (I) rises to her feet, expostulates mildly, names Mrs. Hill as reference. Villain of Piece is pleased to know I am friend of Mrs. Hill, all the same desires my instant departure. Whereupon *nice* man in background urges that conquered party (me) be allowed to march out with honours of war. 'All right,' cries Villain, 'only you *must* go!' Door closes—no, *slams*—on their retreating figures. I, all the time, presenting a calm exterior. And, if only my hair had been up," she cried, starting suddenly to her feet, "*wouldn't* I have spoken my mind to that young man! But to be caught with shoes off and hair down robbed me of a dignified exit. So I had to be cold and merely quiet."

"I should like to hear the curate's account," put in Judith, drily.

"I have related all the circumstances exactly as they took place," cried Evelyn emphatically.

Which throws some light on the value of evidence.

A further light might be thrown by the conversation which took place in the library at the Rectory that same evening after dinner.

Winwood, making a tour of inspection of the book-shelves, turned to remark:

"Your Rector knows how to buy books, I see."

"Yes. It seems characteristic of the parish. There is a good library at Lyntonstowe."

"Who lives there?"

"The Retallacks, the Squire's people."

"Retallack? Why, that is the name of our student of this afternoon."

"So it is." Pierpoint got up as he spoke, and took the letter from the mantelpiece. "Strange it should be the same name. But she will hardly be a relation, if she is staying with Mrs. Hill."

"She is a very pretty girl anyhow."

"Do you know," pursued Pierpoint, his head on one side. "I haven't the least recollection of her features. I remember she was very angry and got very red. That is all."

"Ah! that is a pity. I had time to observe, you see, feeling no stern call to reprove her."

"Well, you will allow she had no right to be in the church at that time, not to speak of making a schoolroom of it."

Silence for a space, Winwood burying his short-sighted face in a book.

Pierpoint turned the envelope over again, then pushed it behind an ornament on the mantelpiece. Soon Winwood returned to his seat, bringing his book with him. Pierpoint glanced at it.

"I believe there are some old French books at Lyntonstowe."

Winwood looked up quickly.

"Trouvère or Troubadour?"

"Oh, that I don't know. I am absolutely ignorant on the subject. But if you would care to go, I would take you. Mr. Burton took me, and, although I have not yet met the Retallacks, I have a right of way there, so to speak."

"Are they not at home?"

"No. There is only a mother and daughter now, I understand, and they are almost always away. There is an old man there, however, who seems to live in the library. I believe he was secretary or man-of-business to old Colonel Retallack. He knows every book in the place, and is entertaining at times. But he is a bit off his head, I fancy. He knows all the family history, too, and needs but little inducement to enlarge upon it."

"Perhaps he will tell us who Miss E. Retallack is."

"Perhaps. I am going to take that letter to her to-morrow. Shall I ask her who she is?" smiled Pierpoint.

"Well, it would be the directest way; but unfortunately civilised peoples have abandoned it."

"Mrs. Hill," began Evelyn Retallack abruptly, as that lady cleared away the supper of her three lodgers. "Mrs. Hill, who is the young clergyman you keep in this village?"

Mrs. Hill paused, crumb-tray and brush in hand.

"Ah now, well now, miss, Mr. Pierpoint 'e's the curate, Mr. Burton, 'e's the Rector, 'e is. But 'e's furrin, this-a-way, 'e is."

"Then Mr. Pierpoint is the clergyman I met this evening. He came and turned me out of that little room in the church, where you said I might write."

"Ah now, miss, well now, did 'e? He do take on about they things. Tubbe sure." Mrs. Hill paused to make a dash at the crumbs on the cloth. "Well now, miss, 'e's young, you see, jest young, an' 'e can't 'elp bein' a bit foolish-like. They soart always is, tubbe sure."

"I wish he heard her," Evelyn said under her breath to Judith. Aloud: "And has he been here long?"

"Oh, now, miss, well no, 'e jest come when the Rector 'e 'ad to gō away furrin, for 'is 'ealth, miss, yes. And 'e's young, but 'e's

good, oh yes, 'e's good, only a bit too perticler-like, not meanin' it, you see, and lives away to Lunnon." Here a fresh attack on the crumbs. "But now, Mr. Burton, 'e's only perticler 'bout 'is books, 'e is. There now."

As the door shut on Mrs. Hill, Evelyn asked, "How would you translate 'now' as used by Mrs. Hill? *Nunc* or *jam*?"

CHAPTER III

WITH HONOURS OF WAR.

THERE is a little strip of garden at the back of Mrs. Hill's house, and at the extreme end of it is a kind of summer-house, then a gate leading into Windy Lane. In this arbour sat Evelyn Retallack, her hair, as usual, all about her and her papers before her.

Judith remonstrated in vain on this untidy habit. Young women of one-and-twenty had no business to let their hair down, she maintained.

"But if you couldn't think, Judy, when your hair was up?"

"To beg'n with, it is nonsense to say you cannot think as well with it up as down——"

"Judy," raising a warning forefinger, "away from the point, as usual. I said *if* you couldn't think, and I used the indicative mood."

Judith shook her head.

"I have no time to waste arguing with you. I must see about Alice's beef-tea. All I know is, you are disgracefully untidy. Here—at least, take your hairpins with you!"

"Such nonsense!" Judith exclaimed afterward to Alice. "She says all her imagination goes unless her hair is loose and hanging about her."

"It is only a fad," Alice urged gently. "Don't mind her. She's young, like Mr. —— the curate."

In the summer-house, then, sat Evelyn and wrote rapidly, all engrossed in her subject.

A click at the gate and a step inside, a shadow on her page.

She looked up, then sprang to her feet, annoyance visible in every feature.

There was "that curate," hat in hand, bidding her "good-morning," naming her "Miss Retallack." How did he know? But that was speedily answered, for he held out the lost letter in his hand.

"I found this in—in the church——"

"Oh, thank you."

This time she did not trouble to gather up her hair, and now he took time to notice it, and to observe her appearance altogether—bright dark eyes, straight brows, small straight nose and curved red lips: decidedly a very pretty girl. But he had to say something:

"I am sorry that I had to ask you to leave the parvise chamber yesterday, but——"

"Pray do not mention it. I understand you have the cure of souls in this parish, and that, no doubt, includes my expulsion from church."

She dipped her pen in the ink, as if to indicate that the interview was at an end. But, though he flushed quickly, he controlled himself. He had to show her reason, to bend her consent to his will.

"Not from church, please. Certainly not from the church services. But," in a final manner, "well—it is a matter of conscience. You are studying?"

"Yes."

"Can I help you in any way? I have all the Rectory library at my disposal. I live there while the Rector is away. And, if I could be of any assistance to you, I should be very glad." She looked at him. He saw he had scored a point. "It is really a very good collection of books on the whole. I do not know, of course, what examination you are going in for," glancing at her papers, "but I think you might find something useful for most branches of study."

His tone was most conciliatory, and his voice (she had to confess it) very pleasant and well-bred. A wee smile came to the corners of her mouth.

"Thank you. Yes; I think you might be useful to me in my studies."

"I shall be most happy," he replied eagerly. "I have coached my cousin for an examination."

"It's not—one isn't exactly examined in my study, but it is kind of you to offer to lend me books. I have read all Mrs. Hill's by now, and I did not bring any with me."

"Ah, yes, Mrs. Hill," with a hardly visible stiffening of manner, "she is a friend of yours. She has mentioned her niece to me."

"Niece?" with a freezing stare. "Mrs. Hill is—our landlady."

The man was insufferable. She began to gather up her papers with a quick gesture of anger.

Now, the Fates who had watched over Basil Pierpoint's lot had liberally bestowed on him many good things: a goodly person, a well-furnished mind, a fair competency; but one little gift had been withholden. He saw his tactlessness on this occasion, however, and hastened to atone.

"I beg your pardon—of course I did not mean—your name alone, Miss Retallack. I have not yet met Mrs. Retallack of Lyntonstowe, but——"

She interrupted again.

"Neither am I——" then stopped. "Allow me to wish you good-morning, Mr. Pierpoint." And, head in the air, she went up the garden towards the house.

He was thus left apparently master of the

field, yet Pierpoint knew he had suffered defeat. It must seem so like impertinent curiosity, and it was not that at all; only the feeling so strong within him that he was responsible for everyone in his parish, and should know sufficient about every soul therein to put each in the right place in his mental horizon.

The Reverend Basil's course next led him to a parishioner who specially interested him—a hopeless case, a young man dying of an injured spine. The pleased smile which greeted the curate's entrance, the gratitude with which his ministrations were received, those priestly offices themselves, raising his thoughts to highest things, soothed his spirit. He forgot his rebuff of the morning.

But he had not done with his new parishioners yet.

Going up the village street, he met Miss Alicia Baird, a lady whom one might in no wise pass by. All the fifty years of her life Miss Alicia had had plenty of time to do all she wanted to do; hence to consider time as a thing of marketable value never entered her head. Basil Pierpoint had several more visits on his list for that morning, but when Miss Alicia moved her basket and umbrella from her right hand to her already laden left he knew he was in for it.

"How do you do, Miss Baird?"

"Oh, very well—very well, Mr. Pierpoint. A touch of rheumatism in my left foot, a slight earache and—I think—the remains of a cold, cold in the head, you know. But we must be patient, yes."

The only way to be free of Miss Baird was to see her safe into some house. Therefore:

"May I carry your basket for you?"

"Thank you, yes; I am just going to see Mary Benning. I fear, poor girl! she is not long for this world. You, too, have been paying visits, I suppose, this morning?"

"Yes; I have been to see James Blake."

"Ah, yes. And have you yet been to see those ladies lodging at Mrs. Hill's? To-day is Friday, you know, and if they are not looked up in time they may not come to church on Sunday."

"Who—what lodgers has Mrs. Hill?" he asked in a level voice.

"Three very nice girls—governesses, I should think—quiet, nice girls. One seems very delicate. I mean to take some beef-tea or jelly for her soon. I could leave it without any name, you know."

"Do you know the names of these ladies, Miss Baird?"

"Well, I did hear it, but I fear I have forgotten. Stay, will you be so kind as to hold this and this. Perhaps I shall find it."

And, somewhat to his dismay, she handed Pierpoint an umbrella, a shawl, an embroidered work-bag, a Bible, and a paper bag of cakes. Where these things had been concealed about her person until now, the young man could not conceive.

"It must be in my pocket-book, in my pocket, my inside pocket, you know. But wait one minute." And Miss Alicia skipped into the little grocer's shop they were passing at the moment.

Pierpoint, thus burthened and a bit bewildered, stood still a moment, then glanced up, just in time to see Miss Retallack and a slight girl pass by together. Miss Retallack at once averted her head, but not before he had seen her laughter-brimming eyes. Even if she had condescended to notice him, he thought, with vexation, it would not have been possible to take off his hat with hands thus occupied. The other girl turned a grave and kindly glance on him.

Miss Baird reappeared.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Pierpoint, but I keep my note-book in my petticoat pocket, you see, and I can never get at it in the street, naturally, which is very awkward at times. And, indeed, I often say to Selina that I shall move it, but she is so deaf, you see, she cannot hear. Thank you, now the reticule; thank you"—and she proceeded to stow her property in unexplained corners of her person under her cloak. "So we have never come to any conclusion about that pocket. No, thank you, I can really manage them all quite well. The basket is quite enough for you to carry, especially as you must keep it quite straight for there is broth in it." Pierpoint waited with a set smile. He was not anxious now to know the name of Mrs. Hill's lodgers. "I couldn't find that notebook after all, wherever it is. Do you keep note-books, Mr. Pierpoint?"

And so on, until they reached the house which was Miss Baird's destination and Pierpoint was set free.

He certainly was not going, just yet at least, to call on the Misses Retallack! Later, however, he came to a better mind. The sweet face of the elder girl came back on his memory, and, it was his duty. Yes, he would go and would very particularly inquire for *Miss* Retallack, and he fervently hoped, he told himself, that her younger sister wouldn't be at home.

CHAPTER IV.

AN OLIVE-BRANCH.

THE library at Lyntonstowe is a long and lofty room, lighted by windows north and south, lined throughout with books. It is a room of cold and forbidding aspect. Not even its south window and a flood of noontide sunshine



"He held out the lost letter."—*p.* 63.

can make anything other than gloomy and oppressive its dark shelves, dark floor, dark massive furniture. To-day the south sun peeped in but faintly. The only thing he could find to shine back at him in any satisfactory manner was the bald top of an old man's head. The little hair he had was grey, his clothes were grey, his face was grey. He stooped over a large book which lay open on the table before him. He turned each leaf slowly, passing his hand over the open page. But he read nothing, merely turned leaf after leaf. The sound of an opening door made him look up, then he slowly straightened himself as Pierpoint advanced with outstretched hand. After greeting him, Pierpoint turned to present Winwood.

"A friend of mine," he added, "who has a fancy for old French literature. Perhaps you will have something to show him, Mr. Snell."

"We may, Mr. Pierpoint, we may." His voice was low and toneless. He took up a piece of worn black ribbon which lay on the table and carefully laid it in his book to mark the place. "French books? Yes, there are French books." He closed the large volume on the table. "I looked through one shelf last spring; but it is slow work."

Winwood was soon scanning the shelves where the French books lived. He noticed, to his surprise, that on one shelf all the books were put in upside down. He drew Mr. Snell's attention to this, and, as he put back the volume he had drawn out, placed it in its normal position.

"No, no," cried the old man; "oh dear! how could I ever remember if I did not turn them upside down! I have tried every way; I am always trying to remember what books I have searched, and I think this is the very best plan."

"Searched?" broke in Pierpoint. "Are you looking for something, Mr. Snell?"

"Of course—always—ever since he left me and—but I must not tell you any more, for it is a secret, and not my own secret, the secret of a dead man."

Thereupon he seemed to fall into a brown study. Winwood, looking at the quaint form was irresistibly reminded of the White Knight in "Alice." The contrast between the bowed old man and the alert young figure at his side, the fresh, clear countenance of Pierpoint, and the slack, withered features of Mr. Snell, struck the onlooker as almost painful. When we are young, it is so hard to believe we shall ever become old.

After a little, when Winwood and the librarian were deep in the catalogue, Pierpoint said he would leave them now, as he had much to do, and Winwood could find his way home alone, could he not?

Yes; he had a great deal to do, he reflected as he went quickly down the drive. There was old Mrs. Harrison to be visited, a truant chorister to be reproved, the finishing touches to be put to his sermon, and—he had to call on Miss Retallack. This was undoubtedly the least palatable duty, therefore the one he would perform first.

A steady half-hour's walk brought him through the park and over the bridge to the end of the village street where dwelt Mrs. Hill.

In Mrs. Hill's front sitting-room reigned peace and silence. Alice was knitting as she lay on the sofa; Judith reading the newspaper, very upright, beside her; Evelyn, seated on the fender-stool, scribbling diligently. A second more, and a bolt fell on this serenity. The door creaked, opened, and Mrs. Hill's indecisive voice remarked, "Miss Retallack, Mr. Pierpoint as would like to see you—yes—now."

Evelyn started to her feet, and her papers fell in a shower. Could she *never* escape that man? But the man was already in the room, and, without a glance at her, went straight up to Alice with outstretched hand and smile of welcome.

"I have not long learnt of your arrival, Miss Retallack," he was saying. "Perhaps I ought to apologise for not having called before."

Alice had risen, and was greeting him with her kindliest smile. Then she turned and introduced "Miss Kyle."

Pierpoint made a mental note of this, the third lady—a cousin, no doubt, perhaps a maiden aunt. (This young man was extremely stupid in computation of age.)

Evelyn had gathered up her papers and laid them on the fender-stool. Now Mr. Pierpoint turned to her, a slight hesitation in his manner.

"I—think I have seen this Miss Retallack before——" he adventured.

Miss Retallack bowed, and resumed her seat on the fender-stool.

His hand fell to his side.

Alice threw a small, reproachful glance at the girl. She threw back her head a little haughtily.

"There is only one Miss Retallack here," Alice's pleasant voice came in. "Miss Kyle and I—Alice Kenyon—are her friends."

"I am so sorry. I thought you and Miss Retallack were sisters."

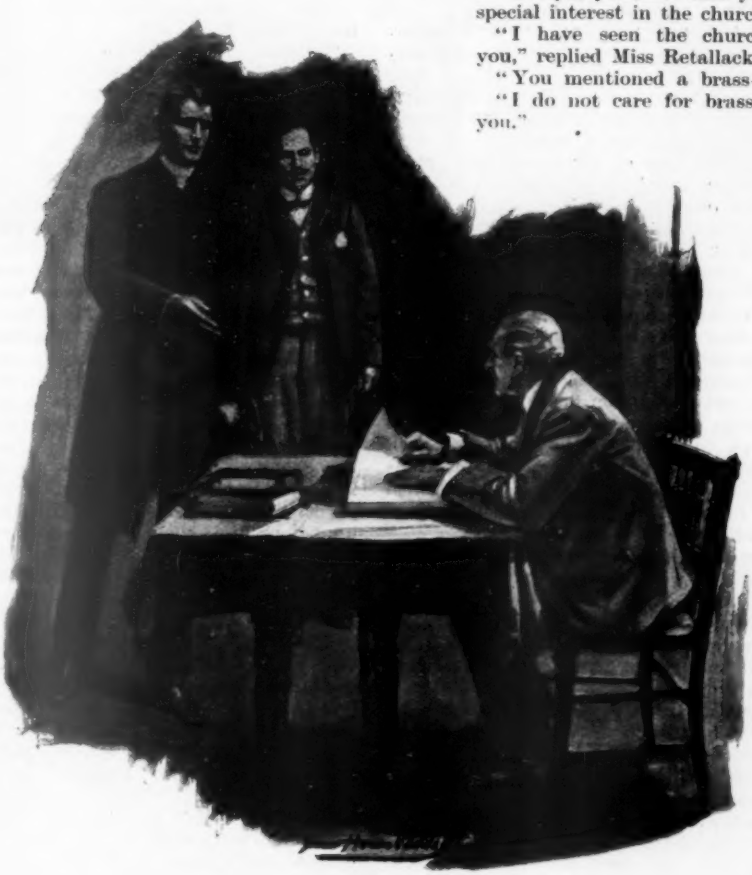
"Oh, no; only friends. We are here for our holidays."

"Holidays?"

Evelyn's back grew stiffer. Now this detestable curate would begin his stream of questions! But Alice's kindly nature came to his assistance. She felt instinctively that

a strict sense of duty had caused this visit. She would save him any interrogations.

"We are high school mistresses," she said, "and we have come to spend our holidays here this summer. We like it so much. It is so restful after the turmoil of London."



"Pierpoint advanced with outstretched hand."

"Is it not?" he responded eagerly. "I have been here only a month myself, but I quite love the place already. And the church——" A slight pause.

"The church is very beautiful, is it not? I have not explored it yet."

"I hope you will let me take you over it. I assure you I shall make an excellent guide! I have learnt it all off by heart."

They smiled at each other, and his smile was a revelation to Evelyn, looking on. Her mental vision had always brought him up with a scowl on his brow. Here he was beaming at Alice, and she at him, as if they were the oldest friends in the world.

"Thank you; that will be delightful. We should love to have it all explained to us. Should we not, Judith?"

"Yes." Judith never wasted words.

"Evelyn, you said once you took a special interest in the church——"

"I have seen the church, thank you," replied Miss Retallack coldly.

"You mentioned a brass——"

"I do not care for brasses, thank you."

Pierpoint was looking at the girl. He would make another effort.

"There are some rather interesting brasses, Miss Retallack, of your own name——"

"Thank you; I do not find the church of Lynton St. Maurice in any way interesting."

He coloured quickly.

"Have you a good Sunday school, Mr. Pierpoint?" interposed Alice.

"No; I grieve to say it is not very flourishing. There are not many here to work it up. Miss—the lady of the Manor is away from home. She, I understand,

is its mainstay. You are interested in teaching, Miss Kenyon?"

"It is my profession," she smiled. "Would you care for a little help for the next few weeks? I am not up to much work, but——"

"Mr. Pierpoint, please say *no*," cried Judith, with a rasp in her voice.

"Judith! I am ever so much stronger. And I like it *so* much. Do let me, Mr. Pierpoint!"

The young man looked at her critically. No, he could not say she looked very robust; but she would be such a help.

"May I send her a few girls some week evening, Miss Kyle? Miss Retallack used to teach them on Thursdays."

"Miss Retallack?" "Evelyn?" from both the others in astonishment.

"Oh, I mean Miss Elinor Retallack. All this parish and property belongs to her."

"How strange that it should be the same name as yours, Evelyn! Are they——"

"One cannot help one's name," interrupted Evelyn, with irritation in her voice. "Retallack is not uncommon here in the West."

Alice again came to the rescue, bringing the visitor back to details of the Sunday school. When he rose to go, very cordial farewells passed between him and Alice; with Judith he sank to cooler zones, then he turned to Miss Retallack.

"Excuse me," he cried, and darted into the hall, returning with three books in his hand, "I hope you will not have read all these," and proffered his peace-offering to Evelyn.

A sudden smile lit that lady's face.

"Oh, thank you! How good of you to remember!"

"I hope I have not chosen too much amiss, and there are plenty more."

The pressure of the hand she gave him was warm and firm.

When he was safely gone, she announced triumphantly:

"Stevenson, Stanley Weyman, and oh—*Anthony!* An Anthony Hope I have never read. There, my children, there's a book apiece for you. Anthony I keep for myself."

"Did he offer you these books before? How kind of him!"

"Is it not? Only—it's a little disconcerting. You see, I have been making a particularly close study of him as he and you, Alice, were exchanging vows of eternal friendship, and I became more than ever convinced that he is just the person I want for my story, having changed his brown hair and eyes to coal-black locks and fiery orbs—and now how can I go on portraying in deepest dye a man who lends me nice books?"

"I don't know how you can square it with your conscience to put the poor man in a story at all. Only, fortunately, the resemblance will be so slight that nobody will recognise it."

"Slight! Wait till you read it, Judy!"

Head bent forward, and at a great pace, strode home the Reverend Basil. Miss Kenyon was a very nice girl. He was very fortunate to have secured her aid in the parish. She was evidently very thorough and very good. (Winwood was right: Miss Retallack was very pretty. What a difference a smile made in a face, and what a very frank shake-hands!) But he had got to think of that class and Miss Kenyon. Yes, he was quite sure she was just the person to take it. Bessie Carew must be informed, and Annie Matthews; and——(What beautiful hair the girl had! How glad she was to get the books! He had evidently chosen well. Perhaps she would come over and see the Rectory library herself one day, and——) He shook himself together. Well, there was Bessie and Annie, as aforesaid, and the cobbler's daughter, whose name he had forgotten. He took a rapid survey of his parish and the faces of the girls therein rose up before him—some plain, some pretty, but all vacuous or unfinished. How different!—Yes, there was no help for it. Some thoughts must think themselves out, or one's head aches. Evelyn Retallack had certainly a fascinating little face, and most expressive. He had seen it surprised, indignant, angry, freezing, observant, interested, mischievous—yes, that was a very mischievous glance once, whatever she meant by it—all the gamut over again, and then such a frank and friendly glance at the end. He hoped that would prove the key-note.

"Halloo! Don't run into me, man!"

"Why—Winwood—oh, you are back." Together they turned in at the Rectory gates. "Well, did you get much information out of old Snell?"

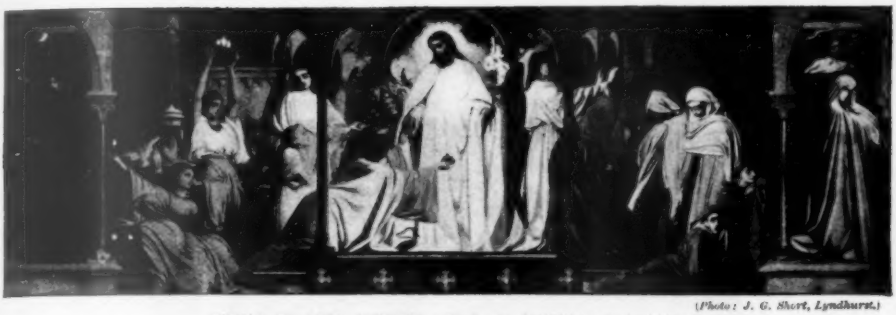
"Regarding the Languedoc, not much; regarding the Retallack family and their curious history, a good deal."

"Really," coming to a dead stop, "and this Miss Retallack—Evelyn—is she one of them?"

"Come into the house, and I'll tell you all about it." [END OF CHAPTER FOUR.]

PICTURES OF THE PARABLES.

THE TEN VIRGINS.



(*Photo: J. G. Short, Lyndhurst.*)

FRESCO BY LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A., IN LYNDHURST CHURCH.

THE narrative of the Gospels has, without doubt, inspired more pictorial subjects than any other that was ever written. The story of our Lord, from His birth at Bethlehem to His ascension, with almost every intervening recorded incident, has provided the painter, from the earliest days of Christian art down to the present, with themes for his brush. The greatest masterpieces which the world possesses, the works of the early Italian and Flemish painters, of the giants of the Renaissance, of the painters of Germany and Spain, and many of the finest productions of modern art are those dealing with New Testament subjects. Methods of painting have



(*By permission of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd.*)

"THEY ALL SLUMBERED AND SLEPT."

(*By J. J. Tissot.*)

changed, the scope of art has widened and extended to such a degree that it now embraces everything that is even faintly suggestive of beauty; but far above all else in the force of their appeal to the eye and sentiment the great religious works of the old masters stand supreme in the art history of the world. Their sincere simplicity and their austere beauty reveal the devotion and earnestness of the artists by whom they were painted. The effect on the minds of the ordinary people of these noble works—or at least of the earliest of them—is recorded in the story of the triumphal procession in which Cimabue's great picture figured in Florence. Amid the tumult of art sensationalism of to-day these works afford the thinking student a relief both to mind and eye: their restfulness of composition and colour are refreshing and invigorating. We can experience when looking at them the peace of soul which is typified in them.

The subjects of the parables did not appeal to these early artists: the art of illustration was one of development. The facts of Christ's life appealed to them first of all, and their efforts to represent them absorbed all their attention. Later on, when the technical side of the painter's art had widened, and knowledge had deepened, artists began to supplement the poets' and writers'



(*By permission of the Manchester City Art Gallery.*)

AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

(*From the Picture by Val C. Prinsep, R.A., in the City of Manchester Art Gallery.*)

work with pictorial interpretations of it. The beautiful stories recorded in the Gospels in turn came in for artistic attention, and they have afforded opportunity for the exercise of the best skill of painters of all countries.

It is always a matter of interest to see how a particular subject appeals to the minds of various artists, and the interest is heightened when, for the sake of comparison, the different results are brought together. In this paper we have collected some of the best and most notable illustrations of the parable of the Ten Virgins by modern painters. It is, probably, the one of the series that affords the artist the greatest opportunity for picturesque treatment, and it will be seen how widely divergent are the several representations which we reproduce. The artists have taken what appears to each to be the salient point of the story for illustration, and the result is that we have the whole parable pictorially treated.

Taking the pictures in the order of date of execution, the drawing by Sir John Millais calls for first attention. It was made about 1863, when the art of illustration in England was at its zenith. Millais, then thirty-five years of age, was one of the celebrated company of artists who made the illustrative work of the 'sixties the finest ever produced in our country; work that has enhanced the value of the publications in which it was published to an extraordinary degree. Some of the most noteworthy of this was issued through the enterprise of the Brothers Dalziel, the celebrated engravers. It was they who commissioned Millais to execute a series of nineteen illustrations of the parables, which was published in 1864 in a volume entitled "The Parables of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Of the parable of the Ten Virgins two illustrations were given. The first represents the virgins at the moment when the cry is raised, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" Millais chose to present them in the dress of the day—a curious choice, for the remainder of the subjects are dealt with as Eastern characters. Another curious point is that the scene is depicted in the light of day, when the lamps would be unnecessary. The wise virgins have sprung alertly to their feet, while the others lie inert upon the ground. The second illustration, which we reproduce here, represents the five foolish virgins appealing for admittance to the bridal feast. It is full of dramatic force and character, and shows the artist at his best. These drawings are of great interest, in that they stand as the precursors of the pictures of Von Uhde and other Continental artists who represent New Testament subjects in modern environments and accessories.

The picture by Lord Leighton is not so much of an illustration as a decoration. It was painted in fresco as an altarpiece for Lyndhurst Church, and forms an interesting record of the work of one of the most versatile and accomplished artists England has ever possessed. It was executed in 1866, when Leighton was thirty-six years of age, and but an Associate of the Royal Academy. The figures are full of beauty of that pure, stately nature which even then was so characteristic of the artist. The work was executed under great difficulty, at a time when Leighton was overwhelmed with other work, but, with the great frescoes of "The Arts of Peace and War" in the Victoria and Albert Museum, bears eloquent testimony to his skill as a decorative artist. The whole story of the parable is suggested—the joyful reception of the wise and the dismissal of the foolish virgins.

Mr. Val C. Prinsep, R.A., chose to make a charming picture rather than an illustration pure and simple of the parable. "At the Golden Gate" is a magnificent example of his work as a colourist. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1882, and since 1883 the picture has formed one of the chief glories of the Manchester City Art Gallery.

Far different in treatment is the picture by Mr. J. M. Strudwick, which, by the courtesy of its owner, Mr. Imrie, of Liverpool, we are permitted to reproduce. Mr. Strudwick is a living artist, who, while carrying on the traditions of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, in so far as attention to minute detail is concerned, follows closely in the footsteps of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones. His picture is a beautiful work, full of exquisite passages, delicate and refined. If not an actual representation of the story, it emphasises its teaching, and is entirely satisfactory as an artistic interpretation of it.

The late M. Tissot, on the other hand,



(*By permission of William Imrie, Esq., the Owner of the Picture.*)

THE PARABLE OF THE TEN VIRGINS

(*From the Picture by J. M. Strudwick.*)

gave us a pictorial record of the scene as it probably presented itself to the audience who heard the story narrated. His maidens are in the garb of Palestine, and their surroundings are correct transcripts of a scene in the Holy Land. "They all slumbered and slept"—the words and picture are identical in their actuality. It is a group such as would have been seen in the days of our Lord, and as an illustration of the story it is, without question, the most complete and correct. It forms one of the series of three hundred and fifty water-colour drawings made by the artist for his "Life of Jesus Christ." For many years he made his home in Palestine, painting the incidents of the "Great Life" as near as possible on the actual site of their occurrence. It was a stupendous undertaking, but accomplished with such force and loving enthusiasm that its success was assured. Those who visited the gallery in Bond Street when the collection was on view in London will not need reminding of the wondrous care and patient diligence revealed in these altogether remarkable drawings. Each was a work of art in itself, but at the same time a faithful illustration of the incident dealt with.

It is but recently that M. Tissot passed away at the age of sixty-six, just as he had put the finishing touches to another series of three hundred and fifty drawings of Old Testament events and stories—a series upon which he had devoted as much care and patience as the other. He looked upon it as the completion of his life-work, and thus enjoyed at the last the feeling that he had accomplished that to which he had set his hand.



THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.
(From the Drawing by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.)

Mr. James Clark's interpretation of the same passage was painted before he went to Palestine to study in the same manner as Tissot had done, and, probably, he would render it differently now. But the picture serves as an example of the diverse views of artists in the treatment of special subjects.

ARTHUR FISH.



"THEY ALL SLUMBERED AND SLEPT."
(From the Picture by James Clark.)

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

NOVEMBER 16TH.—**The Time of the Judges.**

Passage for reading—*Judges ii.* 7–19.

POINTS. 1. The blessedness of serving God.
2. The folly of worshipping idols.
3. The mercy of Almighty God.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Reward of Obedience.** David, in the Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm, says that the Divine statutes had become his songs, and adds, "This I had because I kept Thy precepts." The Rabbis have an analogous saying: "The reward of a precept is a precept"; or "A precept draws a precept"; the meaning of which is, that he who keeps one precept, to him God grants, as if by way of reward, the ability to keep another and more difficult precept. The contrary of this is that other saying of the Rabbis, that "The reward of a sin is a sin"; or "Transgression draws transgression."—*Spurgeon's "Treasury of David."*

The Folly of Idolatry. Two missionaries were walking round the Temple of Siva, or Great Pagoda of Tanjore, India, when they noticed the people carrying out one of the brass idols in procession. It being a warm, sunny day, the idol became heated. Someone happened to touch it, and, perceiving that it was very warm, concluded it must have a fever! The rajah, being present, sent for a physician. He came, and told them they need not be troubled, for the god was well enough. But the rajah called him a fool and sent him home, and ordered that another physician should be fetched. When he came, he told them that the god was very sick, had a high fever, and remedies must be applied immediately or he would die. So he directed them to put the god in a shady place, and washed him with some cool liquid, and when he was well cooled the doctor pronounced him cured, and the rajah gave the physician three thousand rupees (£300) for saving the life of his god!—*Life Scenes from Mission Fields.*

Mercy in Judgment. When the Roman magistrates in olden days gave sentence for anyone to be scourged, they had a bundle of rods, tied hard with many knots, laid before them. The reason for this was that while the appointed officer was untying the knots the magistrates might see the behaviour of the prisoner, whether he was sorry for his fault and showed any desire to amend, that in that case the sentence might be recalled or part of his punishment be remitted. Is not this like God in the punishment of sinners? How patient He is! How unwilling to strike! How slow to wrath!

NOVEMBER 23RD.—**World's Temperance Lesson.**

Passage for reading—*Isaiah xxviii.* 1–13.

POINTS. 1. The woes of a drunkard.
2. The punishment of the drunkard.
3. Children to be taught temperance.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Effects of Drink.** A young man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and asked for a drink. "No," said the landlord, "you had *delirium tremens* once, and I cannot sell you any more drink." He stepped aside to make room for two young men, upon whom the landlord waited very politely. The other stood by silent, and when they had finished said to the landlord, "Six years ago, at their age, I stood where these young men are now. I had fair prospects then, but now at the age of twenty-eight I am a wreck in body and mind. In this room I formed the habit which has been my ruin. You led me to drink. Now sell me a few glasses more and your work will be done. There is no hope for me, but these young men can be saved. Sell it to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me, but for Heaven's sake sell no more to them." The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Then, putting down the bottle, he exclaimed, "So help me, God, this is the last drop I will ever sell to anyone!" And he kept his word.—*Christian Age.*

No Hope. Some men were walking on the bank of the river above the Falls of Niagara one cold winter's day. They saw a large eagle hover in the air and then quickly swoop down upon something in the water. It was the carcase of a dead sheep. The eagle fiercely pecked at the body, and, sitting upon it, was borne down to the Falls. But its talons had struck deep into the half-frozen flesh, and the icy water coming round its feet made them grip to the body like a vice, so that when it tried to rise into the air it found itself immovably fixed to its prey. Nearer and nearer came the Falls; swifter and swifter the eagle was borne along; struggling and shrieking, it was at last dashed over the terrible cataract into death. So is the drunkard caught and chained till the miserable end comes.

Care for Children. An Englishman visiting Sweden, noticing their care in educating children who are taken from the streets and highways and placed in special schools, inquired if it was not costly. He received the suggestive answer, "Yes, it is costly, but not dear. We Swedes are not rich enough to let a child grow up in ignorance, misery, and crime, to become a scourge to society as well as a disgrace to himself. So we teach him to be honest, sober, temperate, and industrious."

NOVEMBER 30TH.—**Gideon and the Three Hundred.**

Passage for reading—*Judges vii.* 1–8, 16–21.

POINTS. THE BATTLE OF THE LORD:
1. To be fought by the brave.
2. To be won by the few.
3. To be the Lord's victory.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Fight to the Death.** Before the Highlanders charged at Alma, our Guards were almost cut to pieces, and one officer exclaimed, "The Brigade of Guards will be destroyed! Ought it not to fall back?" "Better that every man of Her Majesty's Guards should lie dead upon the field than turn their backs upon the enemy!" was the stern remark of Colin Campbell as he put himself at the head of his Highlanders.

XUM

A Brave Leader. A Dutch fleet once drew near to Chatham. Fearing it might effect a landing, the Duke of Albemarle determined to prevent it, and endeavoured to inspire his men with his own dauntless spirit. Calmly he took his position in the front, thus exposing himself to the hottest fire from the hostile ships. An affectionate but over-cautious friend, seeing him in such danger, darted forward, seized him by the arm, and exclaimed, "Retire, I beseech you, from this fierce shower of bullets, or you will be a dead man!" The Duke, releasing himself from his grasp, turned coldly on the man who would tempt him to cowardice in the hour of his country's need, and replied, "Sir, if I had been afraid of bullets, I should have given up the profession of a soldier long ago."

Christ's Ways Different from Ours. Lambert was a holy bishop who lived eleven hundred years ago. His one prayer was that he might be the means of converting all the idolaters in his province to the faith of Christ. Nothing less would satisfy him. But he was driven for seven years into banishment, and when he returned was cruelly slain by a nobleman whom he had rebuked for his sins. Thus it seemed as if his prayer had not been heard. He asked to spread the knowledge of Christ, and God so ordered his life that he never could. But God did better for him than he could have done for himself. He asked to be useful to one province; God made him an example to the whole Church. He sought to be a missionary; God willed that he should be a martyr. His weapons of war against sin and unbelief were faith and prayer and trust, as were Gideon's, and the work was done by God in His way, not by might, but by His Spirit.

DECEMBER 7TH.—**Ruth and Naomi.**

Passage for reading—*Ruth i.* 16–22.

POINTS. 1. A much-tried widow receives sympathy.
2. A loving daughter-in-law gives help.
3. A faithful God adds His blessing.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Mutual Sympathy.** At St. Helena the Emperor Napoleon found a negro slave, a gardener, in whose history he became deeply interested. He was a Malay Indian, of prepossessing appearance, who had been stolen from his native land and taken there in an English vessel. The captive Emperor's sympathies were deeply moved by the old man's story, while poor Toby on his part, a stranger in a strange land, became much attached to the Emperor. Both had lost, like Naomi and Ruth, their friends and their home; so they wept together.

Begin at Home. A person once resolved to seek and find the beautiful. He thought of the mountains of Switzerland, and the sunny plains of Italy, and the forests of America, and many other wonders of the world. But before he started on his search a little bird whispered, "Begin at home." The bird was wiser than the man. The beautiful is always with us. Make the place where God has put you beautiful. If it be but a cottage in a village, or a room in a crowded city, make it beautiful—beautiful with love and smiles and kindness, beautiful with tender words and kindly thoughts and unselfish deeds. And the sadder, the darker, the poorer the place or person about you is, be the more eager to make them bright and beautiful. This was what Ruth did to her mother-in-law, and you know how she was blessed.

God is Faithful. Luther, the reformer, though generally cheerful and happy in his God, had occasional times of sorrow and depression. He would then cry, "All Thy waves and storms are gone over me!" Once, when in this mood, he was persuaded to leave home for a few days that he might recover his cheerfulness, but he returned as he had gone, full of sadness. Great was his surprise, on entering the house, to find his wife sitting in black clothes with a mourning cloak thrown over her, while she pressed a handkerchief to her eyes as if weeping bitterly. He eagerly asked for whom she was in mourning, and she answered, "Only think, dear Martin, our Father in heaven must be dead! Have I not cause for my grief?" Luther at once understood her meaning, and with a smile he answered, "You are right, dear wife; I am acting as if there were no God in heaven"; and it is said that from that hour his melancholy left him. Like Naomi, though he had bitterness at times, yet he put his trust in God, and was not confounded.

DECEMBER 14TH.—**The Boy Samuel.**

Passage for reading—*1 Samuel iii.* 1–14.

POINTS. 1. The Lord's voice calls.
2. The boy Samuel answers.
3. The High Priest Eli submits to reproof.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Call of God.** And how does the voice of God call to us now? Sometimes in the silent hours of the night, when we lie awake, unable to sleep, and think over our lives—what mistakes we have made and sins we have done—then some word from God's Book comes to our mind and is His voice to our heart. Or we hear His voice on the day of rest, in the house of prayer, when the world is shut out, and He speaks to us by His minister, pleading with us to turn our thoughts more towards heaven. Again and again has His call come to us from an open grave, reminding us that life is short and death is near. And often in the midst of our daily work a Stranger has beckoned us, as He did to the Apostles at the lake, and lo! it was the Lord. God is always calling us. Oh! that we might be more eager to catch His voice and answer, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

Christ Entering the Heart. Suppose you were in a dark room in the morning, the shutters closed and fastened, and only as much light coming through the chinks as made you aware it was day outside. And suppose you should say to a companion with you, "Let us open the windows and let in the light," what would you think if he replied, "No, no; you must first put the darkness out, or the light will not enter"? You would laugh at his absurdity. Just so, we cannot put sin out of our hearts to prepare for Christ's entering; we must open, and take Him in, and sin will flee.

Submission to the Will of God. A man was asked, when under great bodily affliction, if he could see any particular reason for his trial. "No," replied he, "but I am as well satisfied as if I could see ten thousand reasons. God's will is the very perfection of all reasons."—*Spurgeon.*



A Complete Story by Charles Edwardes.

I.

MISS FRITH, the white-haired Gretton postmistress, told William, the letter carrier, that she would herself deliver Miss Chuckley's mail.

"Why put yourself about to do that, ma'am?" asked William, in natural surprise.

"Oh, I have my reasons, and—there is nothing to detain you. Already you are eight minutes late."

Miss Frith was now and again rather "uppish," as William expressed it. Now and again, too, he did not care a carpenter's shaving for her uppishness, and would argue her out of her boots, to borrow more of his expressions. But to-day he did not dare play a man's part with her, for it was undeniable that he had dallied considerably at three farmhouses while collecting the letters in his circuit the previous day (a hot one), and he had seen Miss Frith make a trembling note in her private diary to this effect: "William slightly unpunc. again!" She had several such entries in her diaries of the past five years, and though nothing had ever yet come of them, there they were, staring his conscience and daily bread in the face, when she *might* choose to use them.

But Miss Frith was a woman whose mere bark was inoffensive, and who had never yet been known to bite.

"Very well, ma'am; very well, ma'am," said William.

He carried his red face and very light bag from the little post office, and in two minutes was hard at work gossiping with the wheelwright under the sycamore by the stone slit of a stile which led across to the new milk farm.

As for Miss Frith, she put on her famous wide straw hat, which had seen more summers in Gretton-on-the-Moor than William himself, and left by the back door, with Miss Chuckley's mail.

This consisted of a grocer's circular from the town and a letter. The letter had one of its ends slit open and an unsightly blob of red wax on part of the name to its address.

Miss Frith passed the village pump and the Jubilee oak-tree on the green with bowed head and that meek shuffle which was one of her characteristics. Some people, seeing her thus for the first time, would have assumed that she had lived a life full of suffering—"had had all the nonsense knocked out of her," in fact. But it was not so at all. She had never lacked butter to her bread, and had been the Gretton postmistress for twenty years. One comfort, however, she had been short of, and that was a lover. She had hitherto believed that she shared this mysterious dispensation of Providence with Miss Betsy Chuckley, of the Blakeway Cottage, a lone lady of her own age. This was a sort of solace to her, though of no very ardent kind. But the letter with the red wax on it had this morning deprived her even of this rather sombre and perhaps not very Christian satisfaction.

Now she understood Miss Chuckley's extraordinary reticence on private social occasions when she (Miss Frith) had slyly, yet not with malice, turned the conversation upon that great and interesting topic, mankind.

The most she could get from Miss Chuckley was tart little phrases about men in general. She had never opened her mouth with a personal confidence.

Miss Chuckley had stiff hairs on her chin, a nose like a dromedary's back, and cold blue eyes. Like the postmistress, she was sixty.

But she was much more robust than Miss Frith, and as the postmistress approached her garden gate she stood erect, rake in hand, and saluted the visitor hoarsely.

"Good-morning, my dear!" she said. "What in the world brings you my way this time o' day?"

The postmistress stammered and blushed.

"Oh, Miss Chuckley," she said with nervous haste, "I *am* so ashamed of myself. I determined to come and tell you about it. This letter! It had partly burst in transit; and — and — wicked curiosity led me to — to read it."

Miss Chuckley stared at the slit and then at the red wax.

"Yes," continued the other, "that was an accident. I was sealing the Squire's parcel at the time, and little Mabel Butterton made me start, ringing the bell. I—want you to forgive me."

"It's a man's writing, isn't it?"

"Er—yes—I presume so," replied Miss Frith, timidly.

"You couldn't believe your own eyes, I suppose?" suggested Miss Chuckley, with a sour little laugh.

"Please don't say that. If you *knew* how ashamed I feel! I ought not to have done it, and with my experience of His Majesty's regulations, and those of our dear late gracious Queen herself, I—I cannot understand how I could do it."

"Satan, no doubt!" said Miss Chuckley.

She seemed in no hurry to read the letter.

"Addison and Green," she added, mouthing at the circular, "know very well I will not buy the rubbish they call tea, and their sugar is full of bits o' bagging. They must be fond of wasting ha'penny stamps. Do they get a reduction by taking a quantity?"

"Oh dear, no, nothing of the kind. Didn't you know that, Miss Chuckley? If a customer were to put down five pounds and request penny stamps for it, he would receive five times two hundred and forty, and not one more."

Miss Frith spoke with animation. It was a relief to her to be purely official.

"But you haven't forgiven me?" she whispered.

Then Miss Chuckley put her finger in the slit of the envelope and tore this open. She had not aged up to spectacles. The letter she read was as follows:

"Dere Betsy,—It's a long long time since I've sene your dere face, Betsy, my old dere, and I write this to say as I'm coming to Gretton on a supprise visit to see you on my bike, which I 'ave lately took to. It wood be like the dere old times if you wood meat me on Tuesday next, which I reckon you will 'ave this in the morning. Dere Betsy, being abroad may make a deference to sum, but not to you know who "X.

"P.S.—I've got a hepe of grey hairs with work and trubble, but am now doing pretty well, and so hope it won't make a deference to your love."

The postmistress quite expected to see an electrical change in Miss Chuckley during and after her perusal of this letter.

No such thing.

Miss Chuckley merely rubbed her eyes twice, then rubbed her nose, and, looking up, asked casually:

"You read the *whole* of it, my dear?"

"I am truly and thoroughly ashamed to confess to you that I did, Miss Chuckley," was the humble reply.

"Well," said Miss Chuckley, "and I don't blame you. I'd have done the same, every bit. Come in, my dear; I want to show you summat."

"But you *do* forgive me?"

"Bless your heart alive, yes! I quite thought he'd been dead these twenty years. Mind you, my dear, I'm not saying I'll have him, even now. What's he been doing all these years? And—there's a deal of comfort in being an independent woman, with no one to think of except yourself. My feelings towards men have changed, my dear. There was a time, not long since, when I'd have jumped to say 'Yes' to him. But now——"

She shook her head and smiled wisely at the tulips under her parlour window.

"But he seems to love you still," Miss Frith ventured to say: "though he ends—don't you think, dear Miss Chuckley?—with rather peculiar abruptness."

Miss Chuckley paused in the hall to consider this.

"Yes," she said. "You're right, Eleanor Frith. There's a suddenness about it I don't like. His name's Cross, Jamie Cross; I'll tell you that. He used to write himself Jamie, but that mark does, I suppose, either for his name or a what-d'ye-call-it."

She emitted a cluttering little laugh.

"He went for a sailor," she proceeded, with much more geniality. "They're queer fellows, sailors. I suppose one must make allowances. He says Tuesday. Bless us all, that's to-day! Well, he can't sleep here. I'll go and engage a bed for him at the Harrow. Come in, my dear, come in."

XUM

Miss Frith murmured about the shop. "I must be getting back," she said.

"Not till you've seen him, my dear. Come up into my bedroom. The bed's made. He's over the mantelpiece, poor fellow!"

Miss Chuckley almost ran up the stairs.

In the bedroom she offered the post-mistress her hand, and, with a face that now beamed with wintry sunshine, made her own little confession as a kind of parallel to Miss Frith's.

"There he is, my dear, as he was six-and-twenty years ago," she said effusively. "I didn't encourage him very much, poor lad, but I told him he might *hope* to the top of the tongue in his throat. That contents 'em, my dear, and it does us no harm. Especially sailors. You can always reckon as they're drownded when you don't hear from 'em after twelve months, maybe. It's not a bad plan to have 'em prayed for, though I never could bear to let all the world know my private affairs like that, and it looks as if you'd only one string to your bow, too. But how I am chattering! What do you think of him?"

Miss Frith sighed.

"He looks very nice, dear Miss Chuckley," she whispered almost reverently. "Not that I'm much of a judge. But I *must* be going."

The photograph was of a hairy man with a pronounced and somewhat imbecile stare. No one except Miss Frith would have passed such civil judgment upon him offhand. And yet there was something masterful about his mouth.

"His riding a bicycle—that gives me the staggers," said Miss Chuckley reflectively, as she thrust forward her under-lip. "But I'll be thankful if he does nothing worse."

"Yes, indeed. And *will* you meet him?"

Miss Chuckley became as arch as her years and physical disabilities would permit.

"You may go, my dear," she said, smiling, "and I'll tell you more about that to-morrow."

When she had obligingly helped the post-mistress to go, Miss Chuckley returned to her bedroom and set herself sternly to consider the situation. Chin in hand, she stood for many minutes contemplating the yellowed photograph of Jamie Cross.



"'This letter was not for me.'"—*p.* 80.

Eventually she seemed to have banished all doubts, for she turned to her wardrobe, and one by one spread its more attractive items on the patchwork quilt of the bed.

The rest of the day passed, as usual in Gretton-on-the-Moor, without large incident. Miss Frith busied herself with her little affairs—an ounce of sweets one minute, a penny stamp a quarter of an hour later, and a voluble farm servant on the heels of the penny stamp to inquire if he could with the new century write to his sister-in-law in Australia at the cost of another (and only one) penny stamp.

William reappeared in the evening with the collected mails. He was excited, but, in the opinion of Miss Frith, excited only. She could detect no more positive failing in him. Besides, he partially explained the cause of his excitement.

"I met one of them himps on their red wheels, bringing a telegraph into the village," he said.

"Well," said Miss Frith, "and where is it?"

"It happened to be for my own darter, ma'am," was his triumphant reply; after which he screwed up his cunning red face, and seemed to challenge the postmistress to find any fault in the fact worth entering in that hateful current diary of hers.

"You are certain, William?"

"Sartin sure, for I've read it, same as she've done," said William.

He followed his words with a laugh, which he quite hoped would exasperate Miss Frith into a condition of piercing curiosity. But the postmistress was not likely to fall into a second such temptation in twenty-four hours.

"Very well," she said. "You may go to your tea."

Yet, being human, she could not do otherwise than marvel what that pert young woman, William's offspring, the Vicar's parlourmaid (and discontented at that), could want with a sixpenny message all to herself along His Majesty's cable. And, being very human indeed, she secretly wished the long-talked-about telegraph office were open at Gretton to add to the interests of her life, even though it also increased her work.

II.

MISS CHUCKLEY lived by herself. She had therefore no one to consult in the matter of going out into the highway at the lonesome hour of 9 p.m. of a May evening—a rainy May evening, too.

She wore her loftiest black bonnet, the one with a profusion of jet ornaments which had in their long day shaken appropriately at the gravesides of quite twenty of her kinsfolk and acquaintances. She also wore her flowered black silk gown and black gloves.

More festive than this, even for Jamie, she could not become, at such short notice.

To tell the truth, she was in a turmoil. You would have seen something of this in her face, had there been a moon, even while at a quarter to nine she stood hesitating at her garden gate.

It was not the indelicacy of her conduct in such prompt acquiescence with the plan proposed in that startling letter—it was not this which fidgeted her. It was the outrageous risk of it all. How *could* she believe the Jamie of to-day had much in common with the Jamie she now half-believed she had once loved? Besides, to do justice to her good sense, she quite understood that she was no longer a beauty, to charm the foolish masculine fancy. To be sure, she had her independence, £70 a year and her cottage; but she was not at all positive that Jamie would be welcome to one half of that. She knew enough of men, by experience and repute, to know, moreover, that he might have acquired expensive habits and ways which would make her property look a very small thing indeed if she allowed him any matrimonial claim to her person and estate.

On the other hand, there was undeniable rapture in the thought of being a bride at her time of life.

"I'll see what he's like, at any rate," she said; "his bed being ordered and all."

It was not only the expense she had incurred in this matter—beds were a shilling apiece at the Harrow—there was also the supper which she had prepared in her own parlour. Certainly, it would be a weak proceeding to cry off with the enterprise after spending the best part of the morning making custard and cakes for Jamie, and actually carolling in a cracked voice over the joyous labour. There was a cold ham besides. Sundry harmless bottles stood like watch towers at the corner of this appetising spread. She quite believed he would not care for tea; but if his tastes had altered so profoundly, was not the kettle singing quietly in the kitchen ready even for that agreeable change in him?

It was a very nasty night for a bicycle. The roads up to Gretton were inevitably steep. She pitied the poor fellow, yet marvelled that he should be such a fool at his time of life. A bicycle might argue him tolerably well-to-do; but, on a night like this, it went no farther.

Miss Chuckley tarried five minutes at her gate. Her umbrella dripped heartily.

Then she set out for the Blakeway Dip,

which on the Gretton side began a few paces from her own elderberry bushes. She descended slowly, with skirts held high.

She was not fifty yards down the slope when she distinguished another female shape ahead of her. This did not annoy her at first. She gave it time. However, it not only went slowly, but even at length turned and began to ascend the road. Then Miss Chuckley *was* annoyed. She secretly dratted the woman, whoever it was, and on her part also turned. She hurried, indeed, and was only relieved when she reached her garden gate.

Here she waited about five minutes, after which she again started for the Dip. The rain was abominable. It made her wroth with Jamie. Why could he not have come to her in a sensible way? But the irritation passed, as she remembered that he might not—indeed, probably did not—know that she resided in the cottage.

A yellow lamplight, with the glow travelling ahead of it now, in deed and in truth, met her gaze.

Though such a strong, sensible woman, the hand which did not hold her umbrella jumped to her heart. Her black silk gown trailed in the mud: she heedless.

It could not be other than Jamie!

She stood and watched the light ascend.

So for one of the most emotional minutes of her life.

Then, suddenly, she lifted her hand to her left ear.

"He's never picked up with that other creature?" she muttered.

But she had to admit that it was possible, for the sound of talking was plain. Not only talking, either: actually laughter! And the lamp had gone to the side, where a gate led into a field, and there it rested.

"Well, of all——"

Miss Chuckley did not finish her sentence. She lowered her umbrella and gathered her skirts together instead, and then, on tiptoe, passed—with difficulty, being large—through a stile into that same field, higher up.

Mud and soaked grass gave her new trouble; but she did not mind them as she crept nearer and nearer to that lower gate, hugging the stone wall as she went.

Within easy hearing of the talkers, she paused. Here she soon got her handful. It was as a furious, cheated woman of sixty, with mired skirts and wet feet, that she groped back to her cottage and the parlour wherein she had spread the feast for the man who might have become her bridegroom.

Very soon she was in her work-a-day clothes and pattering up to the post office.

Miss Frith invited her in eagerly.

"Has he——" she began. But she did not finish, for her visitor's face was uncompromisingly severe.

"My dear," said Miss Chuckley, "you're a goose! This letter" (she cast it upon the table), "was not for me, but for that hussy of a Critchley, the postman's girl. I've nothing more to say. Good-night."

The postmistress was half-stunned.

"You don't mean that!" she gasped. "How do you know?"

"Never mind how I know. You just take to spectacles—that's my advice."

"But I was never in the least doubt. That is—*could* it have been the wax?" the poor woman murmured.

"That and your kind simpleton of a heart, my dear," said Miss Chuckley, breaking into a smile. "But, bless you, I don't mind—now! I'd not have known what to do with him. Perhaps you'll send to the Harrow."

"Oh, my dear Miss Chuckley! my dear Miss Chuckley! If it had been anyone but William's daughter!"

"Well, my dear, you must sup your own broth," said Miss Chuckley. "Good-night."

She left the postmistress to her own reflections.

These were broken at a quarter to ten by a knock, the knocker being none other than the postman.

"You, William!" Miss Frith stammered.

The postman leaned against the little drawbridge which parted the unofficial from the business side of the counter.

"Yes, ma'am. I've come about a letter as my darter ought to have received this mornin'. Them town sorters want a lesson given 'em, that they do."

Miss Frith hesitated—and fell.

"How do you know there is such a letter?" she asked faintly.

"How do I know?"

The postman grinned.

"Well, ma'am, I'll tell you, not bein' a secret man myself," he said. "Betsy's bein' courted, she is. Her young man's no scholar, but a good 'un with his hands. He's with them Leeds engineers. I forget their names—there's three of 'em. Anyway, he's just back from a job in France, with a good rise in the shops and three days off, and he's spendin' the holiday fixin' things up with Betsy. He wrote last night, he says. It was him what wired to her this arternoon, tellin' her not to trouble to meet him in Blakeway Dip at nine, because he might be late. But you can bet whether she met him or not, ma'am, bein' a woman yourself, Miss Frith."

"William!" said the postmistress.

"Axin' your pardon, ma'am, for I've had a tirin' an' wet evenin' myself," said the postman, with the sound of satire in his voice.

"William," said the postmistress, in a changed tone, "step this way, please."

He seemed loth, the occasions when he had been thus buttonholed in Miss Frith's parlour not being sweet to his memory.

"I have something to tell you, William."

"Oh, indeed, ma'am!"

He resisted no longer. But the scruples, and even anxieties, which he took into that little room were soon smothered and replaced by pride so huge that it transfigured him. He heard Miss Frith to the bitter end without interruption. Even when she mentioned the entries in her diary, he did not speak, but only swelled.

"I shall expunge them all, William," said the humiliated woman. "Every one. But it is only on the condition that you study your watch more closely, and that you and your daughter do not breathe a word about the mistake—for Miss Chuckley's sake."

Then William nodded and smiled. He did more. Having pocketed his daughter's letter, he held out his hand to Miss Frith.

"Good-night, ma'am," he said. "It's friends all, same as at Christmas time."

It was only on Christmas Day each year that Miss Frith was accustomed to give her carrier her hand to shake.

"Thank you, William," said Miss Frith, feebly, passing him her hand.

"I'll not tell a soul—no, not even the Postmaster-General in London himself, ma'am," said William, with generous smiles.

It rested at that.

Nothing could have been more truly creditable in her than the way in which Miss Chuckley controlled her tongue when she passed the postman's daughter and her affectionate young engineer on her return to her lonely cottage. The young man had one arm round the girl's waist, and with the other hand he trundled his bicycle rather loosely—so loosely, indeed, that Miss Chuckley had to skip to one side to avoid the mire and antics of its front wheel in the dark.

"It's of no consequence," said Miss Chuckley hoarsely, when the young man apologised with a casual "Sorry, mother!" and "Good-night, Betsy," she added.

Betsy replied, "Good-night, Miss Chuckley," respectfully enough. The girl giggled afterwards, but the old lady paid no heed to that. She remembered the time when, in the like circumstances, she, too, would have giggled, and then nestled afresh towards the manly arm that held an umbrella between her and life's showers.



"'I have something to tell you, William.'"



By A. Wallis Myers.

THOUGH it is a rule that clergymen shall not become members of the House of Commons, no veto is placed upon peers in Holy Orders, who are not Bishops, taking their seats in the House of Lords. There are at the present time seven noblemen thus exercising this right—a marquess, four earls, and two barons; and though their calling is a spiritual one, they yet sit in the Upper Chamber, like the mass of their brethren, as temporal peers. This designation even applies to Bishops who



(Photo: Mason and Basebe, Cambridge.)
EARL OF STRAFFORD.

though peers, are not entitled to a place on the Right Reverend Bench. The late Lord Auckland, for example, when holding the see of Sodor and Man, to which a vote in the House of Lords is not attached, sat as a peer among the Barons. He then wore no episcopal robes; and it was not until his translation to the see of Bath and Wells that this peer-prelate took his place with the Bishops. A similar case was that of Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, after the disestablishment of the Irish Church; he, too, sat as a lord temporal among the Barons.

Though for years, as the Rev. Francis Edmund Cecil Byng, the Earl of Strafford read the prayers in the House of Commons, his lordship is not entitled to perform a similar function in the House of Lords, because he is not a Bishop. Yet Lord Strafford has been in Holy Orders for over forty years. He is now sixty-seven, and has led a strenuous, unselfish life as a son of the Church. A man of great ability and learning, he gave early promise of a brilliant career. When he was at school at Eton, he won the special prize awarded by Prince Albert for modern languages, and later at Oxford he distinguished himself in law and modern history. When he decided to enter the Church, being the third son, there was small prospect of his succession to the earldom, to which there can be little doubt the young clergyman, who became rector of a Rutlandshire village, did not aspire. He was deeply interested in Church work, and quickly displayed a powerful capacity in the pulpit, in which his manner was always earnest and his teaching sound.

About this time the late Queen took an interest in Mr. Byng, as he then was, and possibly it was due to her influence that he was appointed to the vicarage of Holy Trinity, Twickenham, when he was brought into close relations with the residents in Hampton Court Palace, at which he became Chaplain. His sermons, carefully prepared, showed an evangelical spirit, and they were always permeated with a strong literary flavour, which never failed to appeal to persons of keen intelligence. Both as private Chaplain and as Chaplain-in-

Ordinary, Lord Strafford frequently preached before her late Majesty, who held him in high esteem. For twenty years he was the Vicar of St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, and during the larger portion of this period he combined with this office the chaplaincy of the House of Commons, in which he was always popular.



THE REV. THE MARQUESS OF NORMANBY IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

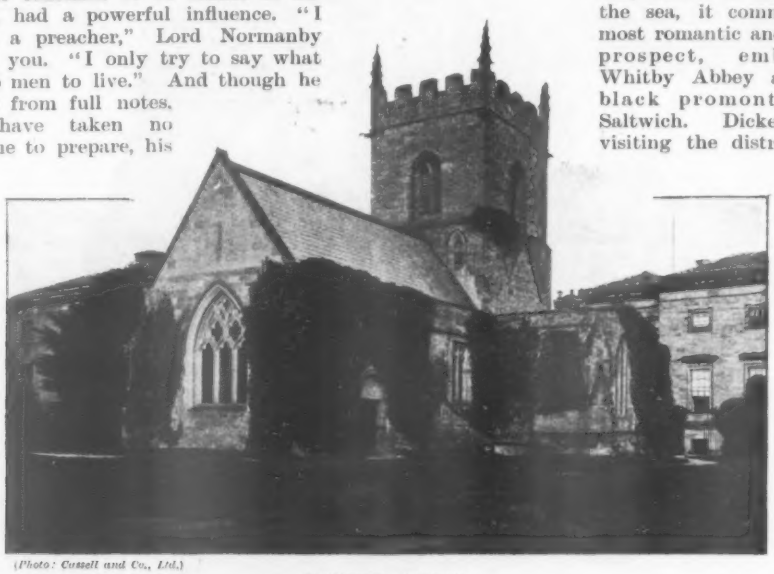
One of the last offices which Lord Strafford held before he retired from the pulpit was that which endeared him to the Freemasons of England, of which body he was Grand Chaplain in 1880; and the craft had no warmer friend.

The Marquess of Normanby is another peer-preacher who is held in favour at Court. The ancestors of this high-minded Canon of Windsor have served their respective sovereigns on the battlefield, as well as in the Church. During the early part of the sixteenth century the Phipps family resided upon landed property in the county of Lincoln, in which Colonel William Phipps raised a regiment of horse for the service of King Charles during the Civil Wars. The colonel's grandson, Sir Constantine, became Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1710, while his cousin was Sir William Phipps, inventor of the diving bell, with which he recovered a large quantity of treasure from a sunken vessel. The second Baron Mulgrave,

also a Phipps, was a captain in the Royal Navy, and made a bold and memorable attempt to discover the North-East Passage. Another relative, the Hon. Harriet Phipps, was for many years the devoted attendant and friend of Queen Victoria, who appointed Lord Normanby to a stall in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, near which, in the venerable cloisters, he resides.

Before he succeeded to the title, the Marquess was the vicar of a Manchester parish, where his earnest discourses to men, whom he confesses to be fonder of addressing, had a powerful influence. "I am not a preacher," Lord Normanby will tell you. "I only try to say what will help men to live." And though he preaches from full notes, which have taken no little time to prepare, his lordship's sermons are always understandable of the multitude. He has no "favourite" subjects, but takes the Word of God for his inspiration.

Though Lord Normanby, who is a bachelor, has his Canon's quarters at Windsor, there is always the ancient Mulgrave Castle at Lythe, near Whitby, to which, as its owner, he may repair in his advancing age. Curious fables are current in the neighbourhood of Whitby relating to the origin of the once magnificent structure. It is said to have been built by a Saxon Duke of abnormal stature, named Wada, who died from remorse following a defeat in battle, and whose body was buried in a hill between two solid rocks, each seven feet high. Wada is also said to have been one of the conspirators who murdered Ethelred, King of Northumbria, and by way of defending himself strengthened his fortress at Mulgrave. Much of the work he did himself with the the aid of his wife. There is a local tradition that Bella, Wada's wife, brought the stones to construct a causeway in her apron, and, having only one hammer between them, this was thrown backwards and forwards across the country every time it was required. The present castellated mansion was built about the middle of the eighteenth century by the wife of John, Earl of Mulgrave; and many fine additions, including a lofty tower, have since been made. Occupying the crown of a hill, about a mile from the sea, it commands a most romantic and varied prospect, embracing Whitby Abbey and the black promontory of Saltwich. Dickens, on visiting the district, was so delighted with the scene that he "danced on the green of the velvety lawn," and the legends of a neighbourhood, particularly rich in such lore, equally pleased him.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

KEDLESTON CHURCH.

The Earl of Devon is the *doyen* of the clerical peers. He is in his ninety-second year, and has held the living of Powderham, Devon, which is his own gift, since 1877, though the rectory itself only has a net value of £259, including ninety-eight acres of glebe. Too old now to occupy the pulpit, though still maintaining a great interest in the welfare of his parishioners, who are also his tenants, Lord Devon delegates practically all of the Church work to his grandson, the curate of Powderham.

The veteran rector makes Powderham Castle, the family seat of the Courtenays, the rectory, where he spends most of his time. Standing on the western bank of estuary of the Exe, Powderham Castle was erected by Sir Philip



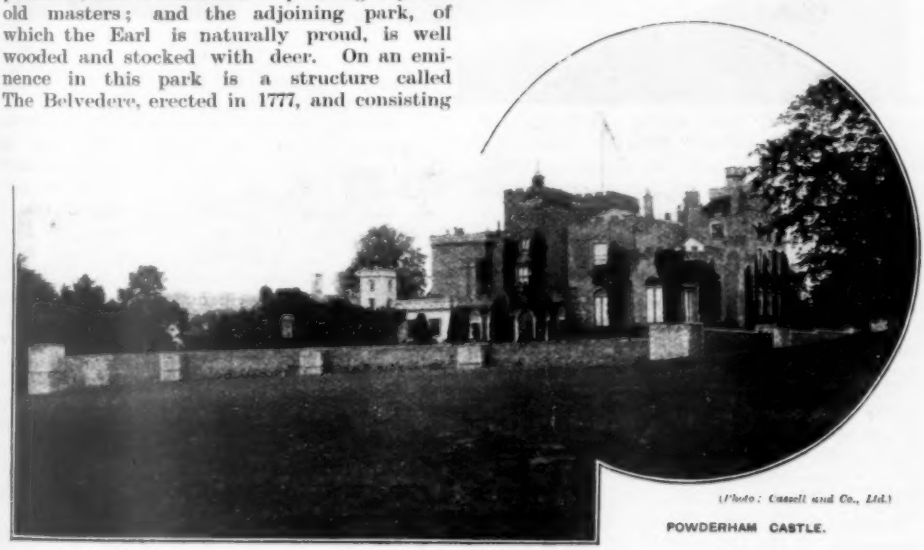
(*Photo: Scott and Sons, Exeter.*)

THE REV. THE EARL OF DEVON.

Courtenay, Lieutenant of Ireland, in the fourteenth century, and, though the fabric has of late years been considerably modernised, the ancient battlements and windows which have survived the alterations indicate the original character of the whole. The interior has very spacious rooms, containing many fine family portraits, and a collection of paintings by the old masters; and the adjoining park, of which the Earl is naturally proud, is well wooded and stocked with deer. On an eminence in this park is a structure called The Belvedere, erected in 1777, and consisting of three hexagonal towers, seventy feet in height, commanding magnificent views of the surrounding country, the Exe, and the English Channel.

The Courtenays, of which the Rector of Powderham is now the head, are one of the most illustrious races amongst the English nobility, and have had a brilliant historian in Gibbon. It is not surprising, then, to find in the ancient church of St. Clement many monuments to their memory. For so small a parish—there are only 160 sittings—a tower with six bells must almost be considered a luxury. A fine oak pulpit, presented as a thank-offering twenty years ago, in which Lord Devon was wont to discourse to the villagers before he succeeded to the peerage, is another noteworthy feature. Under a low arch at the end of the south aisle is a tomb with a recumbent effigy of a lady in tight-fitting dress, and wearing a plaited head-dress, which is traditionally said to represent Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Devon, who died in 1292; but it appears more probable that the figure was intended for the Princess Elizabeth, fifth daughter of Edward I., and the wife of Humphrey de Bohun. The church was thoroughly restored forty years ago, chiefly at the cost of the present rector's brother, the eleventh earl.

Another peer, whose position is analogous to that of Lord Devon's in many respects, is Lord Scarsdale, better known, perhaps, as the father of the Indian Viceroy, Lord Curzon of Kedleston. Lord Scarsdale, who is over seventy, is the rector of a parish in Derbyshire, which is also his entire property. Except reading the



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

POWDERHAM CASTLE.

lessons, Baron Scarsdale takes no part in the services, which are conducted by a curate, and he lives a retired life at Kedleston Rectory, receiving few visitors, if we except those very welcome sojourns in Derbyshire which his grandchildren occasionally make.

Kedleston Church is perhaps the smallest cruciform church having a central tower in the country. The only remnant of the first Norman church that was built on the site consists of the semicircular south door of the nave, which is ornamented with the zig-zag moulding at the top and with the brick-head moulding on the jambs. The tympanum has at one time been covered with incised figures, but these have been worn away by the weather, and nothing can now be seen but the indistinct outline of a man on horseback blowing a horn. The old seat of the Curzons at Kedleston was rebuilt about the year 1700, and it was probably at that period the flat plaster ceilings were first inserted in the church, in addition to the finely carved oak pews in the chancel, and the nondescript font in the south transept. Then, too, the east end of the chancel was thoroughly paganised, with arms, skulls and crossbones, and other heathenish devices, a sundial being placed in the centre of the parapet, with the words above it, "We shall ——" leaving the reader to supply *dial, i.e.* "Die all." It may be noted that Bassano, the heraldic painter, who visited the church in 1710, describes it as a "thoroughly well-seated and beautiful church, and built cathedral-wise."

Kedleston Church abounds in interesting memorials of the Curzons, extending from the thirteenth century to the present time. The earliest one is of exceptional interest, and consists of two heads sculptured within quartrefoils and sunk about a foot below the pavement. Nearly a hundred years ago, when the paving stones were removed, it was found that these heads were cut in one large grave-stone, four feet wide and ten inches thick, without any inscription or lower aperture for the feet, as is usual with monuments of this description. It is generally assumed that they represent a Curzon, Lord of Kedleston, and his lady, though the early pedigree is too obscure to reveal their identity. Among the church possessions is a fine black-letter Prayer-book of 1687, in an excellent state of preservation, which, together with a Bible, was given by Lady Sarah Curzon nearly two hundred years ago.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

AUDLEY END

Perhaps the Ponsonbys are better known at Court and in the cricket field than in the Church, but one of this distinguished family, the veteran Earl of Bessborough, can look back on a long and useful life in Holy Orders. Like the Marquess of Normanby, Lord Bessborough's relations have been brought into close contact with the late Queen. Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane was a faithful servant as well as a friend of her Majesty's. Lord Raglan, a son-in-law of the present peer, was until recently Under-Secretary at the War Office, and is now Governor of the Isle of Man. The Earl's predecessor in the title was one of the best cricketers that ever played for Harrow or the M.C.C., and, like his brother, was widely known as a man of strong and resolute opinions.

Lord Bessborough is an Irish peer, but

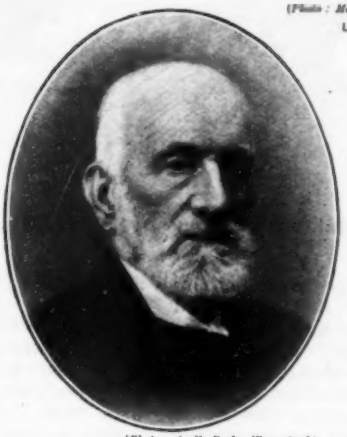
sits in the House of Lords under his other title of Baron Ponsonby. He now never appears in the Upper Chamber, except on the rarest occasions. Since the middle of last century he has held three charges, and when occupying his last living of Stutton, Suffolk, he was for years conjointly Rural Dean of Samford, and took an especial interest in the farmers and labourers of the county, who respected his broad opinions. Now he is over eighty-one and never preaches, living principally at his Irish homes at Kilkenny and Carlow. One of his sons is the Chief of Police in St. Lucia, West Indies, while his eldest son and heir, Lord Duncannon, has served in the Royal Navy.

There now only remains to briefly mention the two latest recruits to the small group of clerical peers. The Rev. L. Latimer Neville, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and Rector of Heyden, succeeded to the title of Lord Braybrooke a few months ago on the death of his brother; while the Rev. Francis G. Pelham also came into his brother's estate and title, and became Earl of Chichester about the same time.

The late Lord Braybrooke was nearly eighty, while the new one is seventy-six. Audley End,



(Photo: Messrs. Barraud, Old Bond Street, W.)
LORD BRAYBROOKE.



(Photo: A. H. Poole, Waterford.)
LORD BESSBOROUGH.



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)
THE EARL OF CHICHESTER

the family residence, which he exchanges for a small Hertfordshire rectory, is situated in a narrow valley adjacent to Saffron Walden, and was intended by its original owner, the Earl of Suffolk, to surpass in size and magnificence all the private residences of the kingdom, to carry out which design a model was procured from Italy, executed in wood. The house was begun in 1603, and took thirteen years to complete. Suffolk, it is recorded, told his Majesty that from first to last, inside and out, the seat had cost him £200,000. Since then lavish sums have been spent in alterations and improvements, and the Master of Magdalene will have the privilege of using his private chapel, which is situated at the north-west corner of the building, and is emblazoned with the arms of the Audleys, Howards, and Griffins. Lord Braybrooke's trees are rapidly going to decay, and feel the effect of every storm. Indeed, during a tremendous gale seventy years ago, upwards of five hundred trees were blown down on the estate.

The present Earl of Chichester possesses, it may be noted, several valuable Cromwell relics at his residence, Stanmer, Lewes, among which mention should made of the Protector's pocket Bible in four volumes, with the motto "*Qui cessat esse melior cessat esse bonus*" in Oliver Cromwell's own handwriting on the fly-leaf.



A Children's Story by Myra Hamilton.

A GREAT many years ago there dwelt in a distant land a young man who was dreadfully discontented. He was the only son of a very wealthy monarch, who, knowing the riches that would one day belong to his child, had brought him up to do nothing. Most of his time, indeed, he spent idling about out of doors, for he possessed a free, untrained nature that could not exist confined between the walls of the palace, surrounded by the attendants who formed part of his suite. But one day such a feeling of restlessness came over him that he seized his cap, and, rushing into an adjacent wood, threw himself down to rest by the waters of the lake. And as he lay and pondered over many unfathomable things a dark frown appeared upon his face, for he could not help realising how little good he was in the world; but, just before he began to wish he had never been born, he was surprised to see an old woman gazing down upon him with an expression of pity upon her wrinkled features.

The Prince was rather annoyed at having his meditations disturbed, and he jumped to his feet with a frown. "Don't you understand that this wood belongs to the Crown, and is therefore private property?" he demanded, but the old woman nodded her head placidly.

"Nothing is private to me," she replied. "My knowledge and years are sufficient to allow me to pass anywhere. Besides, I have purposely sought you out to have a little chat. Let us sit down together."

Still feeling somewhat amazed, the young man reseated himself by his companion, who, by a few carefully chosen questions, soon caused him to open his heart and pour out his grumbles.

"Dear, dear!" she exclaimed sympathetically, "it is indeed sad. Here you are, a rich, good-looking young fellow, with nothing to trouble you and nothing to vex you. And yet you tell me you long to wander across this world in search of you know not what."

"I yearn to see life," he urged; "the monotonous routine of the palace is so irksome to me that I long to throw it aside. I do not desire that people should know me as a Prince of noble blood or son of a rich King. I want to leave that all behind me and have it forgotten; so I must go far, far beyond the palace grounds, and I am determined to do so, even if I die in the attempt."

"As your mind is made up," replied the old woman, "I will say naught to check your enthusiasm; nay, rather, I will help

you. See this little white blossom? I will bind it round your brow, and wherever you go—even among evil-doers—they will not harm you while that sign is visible. It will win respect from everybody, though never love. And remember that while you carry such an emblem with you there is only one maiden in the world you may make your bride."

"But I do not want to wed anybody," objected the Prince.

"Not yet," said his companion, "but when the time comes seek your bride on the mountain top. Farewell!"

The Prince remained very still after the old woman's departure, until, having arranged his plans for setting forth upon his wanderings, he quietly stole into the palace when it was dark, and reached his apartments without meeting anybody. When he had written a long note of farewell to the King, he put a few necessary things into a bundle, and, after strapping it on his back, crept out of his home while everybody was sleeping and started gaily along the high road.

For several days he toiled on over the dusty roads, but never once did his heart fail him, nor did he regret all he had left. In time he sold the contents of his little bundle to supply himself with food, and his clothes were so worn and stained that he looked like a weary tramp. As he went along he occasionally raised his hand to ascertain if the little flower was safe, but soon he grew so accustomed to feeling it pressing upon his forehead that he almost ceased to think of it.

One pouring wet night, however, a band of robbers sprang out from behind the hedge to demand his purse, and, as it was not forthcoming immediately, they began to search for it, when suddenly one of them, by the flickering light of the lantern, discovered the flower the young fellow possessed. With an exclamation of surprise, he drew his companions' attention to it. "See," they cried, "he wears the white flower. Not a hair of his head shall be harmed." And this, indeed, proved to be the case.

Owing to the inclement weather, these wicked men entreated the Prince to share their humble lodging with them, and when he arose in the morning they accompanied him part of the journey. When they separated, and the robbers had returned to their vile hovel, they all so missed the white gleam of the stainless flower that, with an undefined feeling of purity in their hearts, they tried to live in a more honest, upright way, hoping that some day their visitor would return.

In the meantime the young man reached a village, but while there he found to his dismay that all the inhabitants of it, though showing him the utmost respect, shrank back from him with a strange repugnance. Women in trouble, although they recognised his right to be with them, turned their tear-stained faces away and drove him from their sides; grief-crushed men would sigh at his presence and yet remain uncomforted, while only the aged or very young sought his society willingly.

But at last this treatment made the wearer of the white flower so sad that in his loneliness he recollected the words of the old woman, and after much thought he decided to climb the heights in search of the bride she had mentioned. He toiled upwards for a weary period of time, until, when his feet were cut and bleeding, and the heat had tried him so terribly that every nerve of his body was strained and aching, he reached the summit

Overcome by fatigue, he lay on the ground and rested, until he was aroused by the sound of a pitiful sigh, and then he opened his eyes cautiously and peered about him. Bending over his prostrate form was a most beautiful maiden, who, as she looked upon his cut and bleeding feet, and noted the marks of privation stamped upon him, felt her heart so wrung in sympathy that she cried aloud. Without speaking, she fetched a bowl of water and some healing oils, and carefully attended to his needs, while, as the young fellow felt the touch of her gentle fingers and read the sorrow in her eyes, he knew he had found his bride. Therefore, when she had accomplished her kind deed, he gently raised her hand and laid it against the white flower on his brow; then, drawing her towards him, he pointed to the distant village and whispered "Come!"

Without a moment's hesitation, she started down the hill by his side, and together they reached the little cluster of cottages he had so recently left. But now everything was changed. The villagers gathered round them, fighting with each other to approach and to be the first to speak of their sorrows. The Prince remained with his bride, noting with joy how already she had won their hearts—the cold, hard hearts he alone had been powerless to touch—when suddenly the old woman again appeared at his side.

"Are you wearied of carrying Truth before the world?" she said, but he shook his head with a smile.

"I am happy now," he told her. "The people do not turn from me any longer. What is the meaning of it?"

"Your bride is Pity," explained his companion, "and Pity and Truth together mean Love, and that is what the poor require. Your teaching alone was too hard for their daily life of struggle, but now you are united to Pity all mankind will seek you out for comfort. Remember my words, and give to the world Truth and Pity, and all will be well with you. Farewell!"

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A POPULAR SPEAKER.

IN the ranks of Temperance speakers few men are rendering greater voluntary service as an honorary deputation than Mr. William Bingham, of London. As a director of the Sceptre Life Association, his duties take him to all parts of the country,



(Photo: A. H. De 'Ath, Ashford.)
MR. WILLIAM BINGHAM.

and consequently he is known and beloved far beyond the metropolitan area. He is always ready and willing to give of his best to any Temperance Society in the locality which he happens to be visiting, and, as he has the rare capacity of being able to adapt himself to his audience, it will be at once recognised that the movement generally is greatly indebted to this enthusiastic worker. Born at Kingsworth, Kent, on November 5th, 1851, he signed the pledge of total abstinence as a lad of fifteen. He is an ardent Good Templar, and has been connected with the Order for upwards of thirty years. In the councils of this active organisation his ripe experience and excellent judgment are greatly valued; so, too, with the United Kingdom Alliance. In his early manhood he joined the staff of this well-known institution, and upheld its distinctive principles with great effect in many stormy meetings. He has now for some years been a member of the Executive Committee of the Alliance, and is a welcome speaker at its great gatherings. Prior to the last general election he was invited to stand for a Parliamentary division in the Midlands, and there can be little doubt that if he is sent up to St. Stephen's the ranks of the Temperance party in the House will be considerably strengthened, inasmuch as he is conversant with the whole movement from the top to the bottom. Mr. Bingham successfully keeps abreast of the trend of current opinion in Temperance circles, and at the same time has such a firm grip of the basis of the Temperance reformation that worthless opinions and notions receive short shrift under his keen criticism.

A WELL-KNOWN WORKER.

Mrs. H. J. Osborn, of Southend-on-Sea, is a typical example of a worker who is quite content to help the cause in the quiet, unobserved paths of service so often neglected by others, and yet of such vital moment to the general progress of the work. She has been an abstainer for thirty years and a Good Templar twenty-nine years. She joined the British Women's Temperance Association during "Mother Stewart's" crusade in 1876, and formed a branch of it in Bristol, of which she was president in 1878-79. Mrs. Osborn became a member of the National Executive in 1893, and has been Honorary Assistant Recording Secretary for the past five years. She takes a keen interest in the circulation of literature as an important part of the Temperance propaganda, and was one of the founders and joint editor of the *White Ribbon* for some years. To the World's Temperance Congress held in London in 1900 she contributed an excellent paper giving the story of the British Women's Temperance Association. She is now a resident of Southend-on-Sea, and is president of the local branch of the B.W.T.A. As a member of the School Board she has secured the introduction into the schools of Temperance lesson



(Photo: Fred Parsons, Southend-on-Sea.)
MRS. OSBORN.

books and of scientific Temperance lectures. Mrs. Osborn, it will be seen, has an excellent record of steady, effective work to her credit, and her example shows how much one woman sincerely in earnest may accomplish for a cause in which she thoroughly believes.

AN INDIAN WORKER.

Metropolitan friends have given a cordial welcome to Miss Olive Christian Malvery, a highly cultured and gifted young Indian lady



(Photo: A. H. Salmon, Lordship Lane, S.E.)

MISS OLIVE CHRISTIAN MALVERY.

who is addressing meetings this season as a special deputation of the National Temperance League. She is a native of Lahore, and came to London primarily to obtain a musical training at the Royal College of Music. She has written several short stories and poems embodying the folk-lore of her native land, and selections from her own compositions give a freshness to her programmes which popular audiences much appreciate. Miss Malvery has already made several appearances in London and its suburbs, and the National Temperance League has arranged for many meetings in the leading provincial centres.

"A CLOUD OF WITNESSES."

It is the glory of the Temperance movement that all along its chequered history its claims to recognition have been acknowledged by distinguished men and women in all walks of life. During the next few months we propose to bring before our readers a varied selection of opinions gathered from different sources, and representing a variety of professions and interests. We make a beginning with the doctors, because the medical testimony in favour of Temperance is so powerful and convincing that when once a person gives due weight to the argument which can be built up on a scientific basis, he almost of necessity becomes an extremely abstemious man, if not an out-and-out total abstainer. It is of special interest to recall that, in the early days of the Temperance movement, the importance of enlisting the help of the faculty was keenly recognised, and it is delightful to be able to record that even from the beginning there were a few disinterested medical men who rendered grand help to the cause. Frederic Richard Lees, although not a medical man, devoted his mind to a thorough study of the scientific aspect of the question, and by his speeches and writings rendered a service which stands absolutely alone. Dr. Ralph Barnes Grindrod, in his masterly prize treatise "Bacchus," which was published in 1839, devotes several sections of his brilliant work to the medical aspect of the question. Dr. Grindrod rendered yeoman service in addressing public meetings, and not a few of our foremost workers in those early days were recruited by his speeches. In Scotland the movement had the benefit of the powerful advocacy of Professor James Miller, whose "Alcohol, its Place and Power," published nearly fifty years ago, will still repay careful perusal. Nor can one forget that mine of scholarship and wide reading, Burne's "Teetotallers' Companion," published so far back as 1846, with its beautiful diagrams showing the action of alcohol on the stomach. A tribute must also be paid to the memory of that noble pioneer, Dr. John Higginbottom, of Nottingham, who in addressing a meeting in that city in 1835, announced that he had already been a personal abstainer for a quarter of a century. Think, too, of that sturdy Cornishman, Dr. Henry Mudge, of Bodmin. His voice, his pen, and his purse were freely at the disposal of the Temperance cause, and his lamented death was an irreparable loss. In London the movement was grandly helped in the early days by Dr. James Edmunds, who is happily still spared amongst us. And in more recent years great services have been given by Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, Dr. Norman Kerr, Dr. James J. Ridge, Sir Thomas Barlow, Sir W. J. Collins, Sir Victor Horsley, and many more. The modern growth of Temperance opinion amongst the profession is largely due to the sagacity and foresight of the late Robert Rae. He it was who originated that remarkable Declaration which was published in *The Times* on New Year's Day, 1872, signed by two hundred and sixty-nine leading members of the medical profession.

SHORT ARROWS

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

"THE QUIVER" GOOD CONDUCT PRIZES.

ONCE again it is our pleasant duty to reproduce in our pages portraits of the winners of THE QUIVER Good Conduct Prizes for another year. At the Reedham Orphanage our prize is divided between the girls' and boys' schools. Dorothy Lilian Cunningham, to whom the prize was awarded on the girls' side, has an excellent report from her mistress, who is able to say that Dorothy has lost no marks during the year. In a very nice letter to the Editor, Dorothy, who is only eleven, says she has chosen a writing desk for her prize. On the boys' side at Reedham the medallist is Gordon Oswald Turton, who is just leaving, having nearly completed his fifteenth year. Mr. Carter, the headmaster, speaks of him as a very quiet, steady, reliable lad, and adds an interesting piece of news about Gifkins, who was our medallist last year at Reedham, and who only just missed this year's QUIVER prize, while he actually carried off his class prize for conduct. At the Gordon Boys' Home our medallist for 1902 is Sergeant George Brown, whose conduct has been so good since he joined the Home in 1900 that he has had no entry against him in the defaulters' book, and his instructor reports that he is the best working boy in the engineers' shop at the Home. By the unanimous vote of the 150 boys in the Shaftesbury School of the National Refuges, Bisley, David Eudaf Bowen was awarded our prize. He has been trained in the school as a tailor, is also a band boy, and is fourteen years of age.

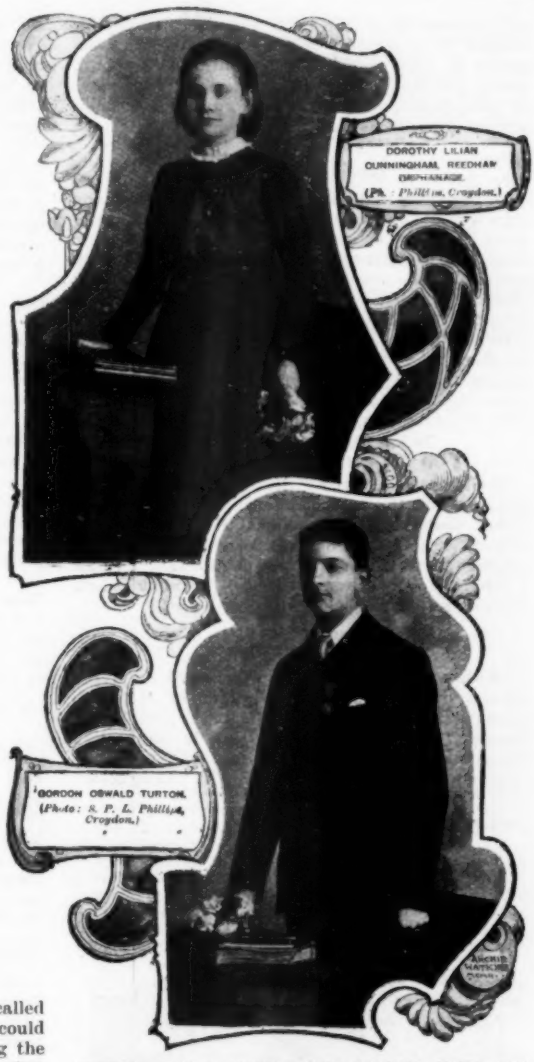


WINNERS OF "THE QUIVER" GOOD CONDUCT PRIZES, 1902.

"THE QUIVER" HEROES' FUND.

NOT since the institution of this Fund have we had to record the presentation of so many medals in one month as it is our pleasant task to do in these pages. The wet summer of 1902 was a remarkable one in many ways, and not least in the number of distressing accidents which occurred. Happily, in many cases, these accidents did not lead to fatal results, and this was largely due to the fact that the need was the mother of the gallantry by which many lives were saved. Everyone must have read with sorrow of the distressing accident at Reighton Gap, near Filey, on August 22nd last, when five children, varying in age from three years to twelve, were surrounded on the sands by the rapidly rising tide. The cries of the little ones attracted the attention of their mothers, but already an impassable channel had been formed between the children and the shore. Drawn to the spot by the cries of the parents, Miss E. M. Fenwick, whose sister had already cycled towards Filey for aid, rushed into the water, followed by Mr. Cass, of Scarborough, and these two, as well as Miss E. Harper, of

Reighton, made desperate but unavailing efforts to reach the little ones before they were swept away. No one of the three would-be rescuers could swim, yet they were in the water almost, if not quite, up to the neck, and Miss Harper who is slightly lame, entered the water three or four times before she abandoned her efforts to save the children. The case was gone into at an inquest before Mr. Luke White, M.P., His Majesty's Coroner for the East Riding of Yorkshire, and to this gentleman the Editor would express his thanks for the great trouble he took in verifying the facts upon which the award of a silver medal to each of the gallant three was made. The Editor has also to thank Mr. Luke White for receiving the medals and presenting them to their recipients. To Mr. White we are also indebted for the full particulars of a gallant rescue at Driffield on August 23rd, when a boy who was learning to swim was enticed by an older lad to attempt to swim across a bathing-place in the Driffield Canal. His strength failed when he was in the centre of the stream, and he would certainly have been drowned had not Samuel Lamplough, a boy of fifteen, jumped in to the rescue. This is the second time that Lamplough has shown his courage in saving life from drowning, and we had pleasure in presenting the bronze medal of THE QUIVER Heroes' Fund. Another bronze medal has been awarded to Donald MacCrea, who, also on August 23rd, rescued two little children from the canal at Lancaster. The little ones had been playing with some others on an empty barge on the canal, and these two, aged five and six, fell into the water. Without a moment's hesitation, MacCrea, who was engaged with some other men in pulling an empty barge at the time, dived in, and got one child out, not knowing that there was still another in the water. She had sunk to the bottom of the canal, and when her elder sister called out, "Oh! save my little sister!" MacCrea could only tell where the little one was by seeing the air bubbles rising to the surface of the water. Judging that the child was there, he took off his boots, dived in again, and brought the child to the surface quite unconscious, and it was only after artificial respiration had been tried for fifteen minutes that the little one began to show signs of life. In this case the Editor has to acknowledge the courtesy of his Worship the Mayor and the Chief Constable of Lancaster, the former in making the public presentation of the medal, and the latter in verifying the facts when the case was put before the Editor.



WINNERS OF "THE QUIVER" GOOD CONDUCT PRIZES, 1902.

The Magnet under the Binnacle.

A STORY is told of a criminal ship-master who carried his passengers to the West Coast of Africa to slavery and death instead of to America. The crime was rendered possible by the presence of a small magnet which had been secretly fixed under the compass, and which caused the needle to point wrong. The great magnet of the earth was neutralised by the small magnet close to the needle. How often one is disappointed to find the best influence powerless! Here is a man with excellent education and opportunity, yet he does nothing and is nothing. Here is a young fellow whose friends and surroundings are all of the best, and yet he chooses the most foolish courses. What is the reason? The magnet under the binnacle. There is some secret idol worshipped,

some secret sin or evil habit practised, whose influence is so strongly felt by the soul that the power of God and good is neutralised. What power has God, or the things that are lovely and of good report, on a man whose mind is habitually full of impure images?

Looking unto Jesus.

IT has been well said that it is not "in our own wounds, but in the wounds of Jesus, that we must put our hands." We shall never recover from the wounds of sin if we are continually pulling off the bandages upon them to see how they are going on. Rather, it is by looking unto the Good Physician and away from ourselves. "Herein is love, not that we loved God," writes St. John, "but that He loved us." We are saved, not by the love we feel, but by the love we trust—

"Let me no more my comfort draw
From my frail hold of Thee;
In this alone rejoice with awe,
Thy mighty grasp of me."

"Shall we seek," wrote Cromwell in one of his letters, "for the root of our comforts within us? What God hath done, what He is to us in Christ, is the root of our comfort." "I think," he murmured as he lay on his deathbed, "I think I am the poorest wretch that lives; but I love God, or rather am beloved of God."

The Smallest Church.

SUSSEX claims to hold the record in three things. According to the author of "Bygone Sussex," it boasts of "the smallest church, the largest 'man,' and the oldest inn in the United Kingdom." These three wonders of Sussex lie within a few miles of each other. The "Long Man" or "Giant" of Wilmington keeps vigil on the downs overlooking that village. Little more than two miles south-west lies picturesque Alfriston, with its quaint old inn where the pilgrims to the shrine of Chichester were wont to rest. On the opposite side of the Cuckmere, separated by little more than the "silver streak" of that stream, is the pretty hamlet of Lullington, with its diminutive church claiming to be the smallest in the Kingdom. The fragment of external wall, against which the bicycle is resting, and the uneven state of the churchyard indicate that it was once larger.



THE SMALLEST CHURCH.

He Got his Degree.

WESTERN learning is gradually finding its way into China, and it is said that at a recent examination for a degree one candidate quoted in his essay the Ten Commandments. He got his degree by doing so, for the examiners considered that the commandments were an excellent summary of ethics.

Old, Good, and New News.

IN a published letter of the poet Tennyson there is this bit of autobiography. He was once lodged, he tells us, in a little village on the Lincolnshire coast "with two perfectly honest Methodists." When he arrived he asked his hostess after news. "Why, Mr. Tennyson," said she, "there's only one piece of news that I know—that Christ died for all men." "Well," answered Tennyson, "that is old news, and good news, and new news."

Rowland Hill's Chapel.

AT the close of this year 1902 old Surrey Chapel will probably be demolished. About a hundred years ago it was one of the most famous places of worship in London. Rowland Hill preached here, and was, indeed, the minister of the chapel for about fifty years. It was, however, built on leasehold property belonging to an old trust, called Brown's estate, and when the first lease of ninety-nine years was approaching completion the congregation, led by their then pastor, Dr. Newman Hall, built the handsome Christ Church in Westminster Bridge Road, a structure which is known as "the perpetuation of Surrey Chapel." Primitive Methodists then occupied the old building until the actual expiry of the lease, and they now have another edifice, called New Surrey Chapel, not far distant and also in Blackfriars Road. The original lease of old Surrey Chapel, which was built in 1782-83 for Rowland Hill's ministry, came to an end in 1881, and the premises were then let to a firm of engineers on a twenty-one years' lease, which expires on December 31st, 1902. During this period very little change has been made in the structure. The fine walls measure some thirty inches thick and seem as strong as ever. The old diamond-shaped window panes have, however, been taken out and larger lights substituted, while some parts of the building have been strengthened. The porch in the forecourt, facing Blackfriars Road, has also been removed, and a showroom erected in its place, while offices stand in the interior where the

pulpit was placed. But, in the main, the characteristics of the structure have remained the same. The north and south porches have remained and have been used respectively as a lift-well, and for purposes of storage. The building is of octagonal shape, and the gallery may be seen circling the building with the light and not ungraceful arches springing upwards to the roof; the lantern in the circular ceiling still throws a flood of light on the space below; the organ loft, with the little narrow stairway leading to it, as also the vestry, the lecture hall, in which Rowland Hill gathered the first Sunday school held in London, and his parsonage house, all remain. The whole of the buildings, however, appear to be doomed, for the site—an area of some 18,800 feet superficial—has been offered for sale on building lease.

From her Point of View.

A GOOD-NATURED looking London barmaid recently gave a clergyman a singular reason for her disapprobation of the excellent new Licensing Act which forbids the sale of intoxicating liquors to children. "It used to make the place quite lively to see the little things coming in with their taking ways and their bright faces, and they so often had something pretty to say. Now we only get their stupid old fathers and mothers, and uncles and aunts!" The speaker meant kindly—too kindly for her particular way of livelihood, perhaps—but did she reflect how few of those childish faces might have remained "bright," how many of those treble voices might have become the reverse of "pretty," if this merciful piece of legislation had not been passed, which at least provides that the young shall not be positively thrust into the temptations of strong drink and into the contaminating atmosphere of the tap-room?

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from August 29th up to and including September 30th, 1902. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "An Irish Girl," £3, £3, £2 12s. 6d., 8s. 6d. The following amounts have been sent direct: Guy, 10s.; Gracedieu, 5s.; Eunice, 2s. 6d.; A. W., 2s. 6d.

For the *Children's Country Holidays Fund:* V. H., 10s.; M. N. R., 5s.; M. A. H., 5s.; M. P., 5s.; E. C., 4s.

*** *Christmas gifts are invited for* THE QUIVER *Waifs' Fund, and should be addressed to the Editor of* THE QUIVER, *La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

1. Why was it the children of Israel had so much difficulty in settling in the land of Canaan?
2. What nations did God not allow the Israelites to conquer because of their idolatry?
3. In what way did God show His compassion towards Israel in spite of their idolatry?
4. Which of the tribes is especially mentioned by Isaiah as the victim of intemperance?
5. What punishment was threatened because of their sin?
6. What command was given by God to Gideon to show that He would give him victory over the Midianites?
7. In what way did Gideon seek to gain confidence in fighting against the Midianites?
8. What present was given by the people to Gideon after his great victory over the Midianites?
9. In what way did Ruth show her sympathy with the widow Naomi?
10. How did God reward Ruth for her faithfulness to Naomi?
11. What was the first prophecy delivered by Samuel?
12. Had Eli any previous warning of God's displeasure against him and his sons?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 1227.

133. The fame of Joshua spread throughout the whole country, and the people were filled with fear, because Jericho was one of the most strongly fortified cities (Josh. vi. 27).

134. The priests led the procession round the city of Jericho to teach the Israelites that the destruction thereof was to be the work of God (Josh. vi. 8).

135. The Babylonish garment stolen by Achan was very costly, and the spoil must have been very great to enable him to take the garment and a wedge of gold without being seen (Josh. vii. 21).

136. The hill of Hebron, which was the chief settlement of the Anakims, who were giants (Josh. xiv. 12, 13).

137. The chieftain's name was Arba, after whom the city was called Kirjath-arba (Josh. xiv. 15, and xv. 13).

138. The hill of Zion or Jerusalem, where the Jebusites dwelt until David conquered them (Josh. xv. 63; 2 Sam. v. 7).

139. Six cities, three on each side of the river Jordan, to which a man might flee who had unintentionally killed another, and so be safe from the "avenger of blood" (Josh. xx. 2, 7-8; Num. xxxv. 6, etc.).

140. According to the old Patriarchal law, the nearest of kin had the right to avenge the death of his relative by slaying the murderer, and thus he was called the "avenger of blood" (Josh. xx. 3; Gen. ix. 6).

141. No. Everyone who escaped to a city of refuge was tried before the congregation, and he who was found guilty of murder was handed over to the "avenger of blood" (Josh. xx. 9; Deut. xix. 11, 12).

142. After the Israelites had been settled in the Promised Land Joshua exhorted the people to put away the false gods which they worshipped (Josh. xxiv. 14, 23).

143. The gods of their fathers on the other side of the flood (who were probably fire worshippers), the gods of Egypt, and the gods of the Canaanites, so that idolatry appeared to be very general (Josh. xxiv. 14, 15).

145. Having induced the people to put away all public idolatry and to serve God only, Joshua set up a stone as a memorial of the covenant which the people had made with him (Josh. xxiv. 25-27).

XUM

CHRISTMAS, 1902.

To the Readers of "The Quiver."

THE next Number of THE QUIVER, our December Issue, will, as in 1900 and 1901, take the form of a Christmas Double Number, and with each copy of THE QUIVER for December will be presented a large Plate, beautifully reproduced in Rembrandt Photogravure from the painting by MRS. SEYMOUR LUCAS, entitled

"WE ARE BUT LITTLE CHILDREN WEAK,"

admirably adapted for framing, and in itself worth many times the price of the whole Number. The frontispiece of the Number is another Rembrandt Photogravure, from the painting by MR. JAMES CLARK, **"The Christmas Pudding,"** which was so popular in this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy. But to many, if not all of our readers, the chief attraction among the Plates of this year's Christmas Number will be the set of Eight Pictures entitled

THE CHILD WONDERFUL,

reproduced in colours from the original drawings specially made by MR. W. S. STACEY to illustrate the principal scenes in the child-life of our Lord. From their beauty and their fidelity to the unchanging life of the East, these Plates will prove of the greatest value to all parents and teachers, and of interest to every reader, for they are accompanied by a seasonable and sympathetic series of reflections by the VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., Dean of Canterbury.

Other specially seasonable items among the contents of this Number are the following:—

"MESSAGES." A group of stories by AMY LE FEUVRE.

A NEW YORK CHRISTMAS BANQUET (for Poor Ladies). ELIZABETH L. BANKS.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. Words and music by the REV. S. BARING-GOULD, Author of "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

A CHRISTMAS NOVEL, complete, and fully illustrated by PERCY TARRANT, entitled

A FAVOURITE OF FORTUNE. By Katharine Tynan.

And Three other Complete Stories by SCOTT GRAHAM, HARRY DAVIES, and HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY.

MR. JOSEPH HOCKING'S stirring serial,

A FLAME OF FIRE,

will be found to gather interest as the reader becomes even better acquainted with it, and the further chapters amply bear out the promise of the opening instalment. And this is true also of our second serial, MISS M. A. BALLIOL'S

THE MISTRESS OF THE SECOND FORM.

Lack of space will not allow us to give further details of the contents of this Number, but among contributors who have not yet been mentioned are MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD, the REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, and the REV. J. W. GEDGE, while all the standing attractions of THE QUIVER will be continued.

**** *As it will be difficult, if not impracticable, to reprint this unique Number when once the first edition is exhausted, we advise our friends to bespeak their copies without delay. Only in this way can they be sure of receiving the magazine upon the day of publication.*

READY NOVEMBER 26, 1902. PRICE ONE SHILLING.

UNIV. OF MICH.



From the Painting by James Clark, Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1900.

THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.



A FLAME OF FIRE

Being the History of the Adventures of Three Englishmen in Spain at the time of the Great Armada. Written by Rupert Hamstead, second son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, situated near Barnet in the County of Hertford, and now first set before the public by

JOSEPH HOCKING,

Author of "Lest We Forget," "The Purple Robe," "All Men Are Liars," "Mistress Nancy Molesworth," Etc. Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—III.

In the year 1587, the year before the coming of the Great Armada to English shores, Rupert Hamstead, son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, near Barnet town, having returned wounded from the wars, and having spent some time at his father's house, hears, through John Trenoweth, of Cornwall, that an old friend of his mother's is in the power of the Inquisitors of Spain. Being also desirous of finding out the Spanish plots concerning England, he determines to go to Spain with Mawgan Killigrew, of Cornwall, and John Trenoweth, in order to rescue the unfortunate lady, and to discover Spanish secrets. He therefore starts for Cornwall with John Trenoweth, and on his journey falls into the hands of Jesuit spies.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HAPPENING AT "THE VIRGIN QUEEN."

"THE inn is a safe inn—that I can vouch for," continued one of them presently. "It is true some may be led to think the innkeeper, Thomas Toadsby by name, is somewhat of a turncoat, seeing he hath changed the name of his house three times since he hath lived there. First he called it 'King Edward's Arms,' then when Mary came to the throne he called it 'Queen Mary's Head,' while now 'The Virgin Queen' is on the signpost."

"He is like many others in that matter," I replied. "There be not only innkeepers but priests who have altered with the altering times."

"Aye, I suppose so, but Thomas Toadsby is safe now. The last time I stayed at the inn I found that he not only kept good sack, but also kept a keen eye for heretics. I tell you he will not serve a customer who shows any leanings towards the abominations of Mary's time."

"Think you the Jesuits make any headway in England?" I asked.

"Difficult to say," replied the man who had taken the part of spokesman. "Campion's death hath made them very wary, and since Father Parsons thought it best to leave the country for safety's sake they have greatly lacked a leading mind."

"Have you ever met Father Parsons?" I inquired.

"I believe I saw him once," said the man.

"What was he like?" I asked, little thinking that before many months were over this man's features would be engraved on my mind and memory in such a way that to the day of my death I shall never be able to forget them. For, as all the world knows, Father Parsons was at this time the main instrument used by the Pope for seeking to win England back to the Romish faith. He was the topic of conversation among many thousands of people, and many there were who thought they would get a safe entrance into heaven by bringing him to justice. Pictures of his face had been scattered all over the land, warrants for his arrest had been issued again and again, while all sorts of inducements

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had been offered to effect his capture. But Father Parsons proved too clever for his pursuers. He got a new name far more often than he got a new coat, and he had a strange way of ingratiating himself into the confidence of those who hated all Jesuits right heartily. It is said that Queen Elizabeth herself feared him, because he was ever in communication with Philip of Spain, and was also used as a medium of communication between the Pope and the King. It was believed, moreover, that he had more influence with the Jesuits than even the General of the order, and that he had secretly succeeded in persuading English Catholics to be ready to take up arms against Queen Elizabeth when the time should come for Philip to invade England.

In truth, so great was the mystery of this man that he was believed by some to possess more than human power. Some held that his power came direct from the devil, while others were of the opinion that the Pope had invested him with some of his own authority. Be that as it may, nearly everyone believed that, should Philip be able to land his soldiers on our shores, and to succeed in conquering our people, it would be because Father Parsons had caused the English Catholics to fight against their own country.

This being so, it was no wonder that I somewhat forgot my caution, and eagerly asked the man by my side questions concerning this notorious Jesuit.

"Strange as it may seem," he said, "I believe I saw him at the inn to which we are going to-night at Willacombe. I was empowered to arrest him, and I had caused to be placed at 'The Virgin Queen' and other hostels and taverns the picture of this notorious man. I fear me it was not an over-good picture, but still it did in some degree suggest his face. Well, I was sitting in the inn where several men were sitting over their sack and talking with one another about this picture.

"'Marry,' said one, 'but if Father Parsons appears, I will get him dragged to London straightway. I will get a hundred angels to put in my pouch, and our gracious Queen will remember me for ever.'

"'Would you know him, think you?' said another.

"'Know him!' said the first. 'I would know him in the dark.'

"While they were talking a man came up on horseback, and shouted for the ostler.

"'And whose picture is that, ostler?' he said, as the man took his horse.

"'That,' said the ostler, 'is the most famous tool the devil ever forged. It is no less than Father Parsons the Jesuit!'

"'What!' cried the traveller, 'Parsons the Jesuit, that son of Belial! How dare you, sirrah, insult faithful servants of the Queen by flaunting the picture of such a man in their faces! Down with it, I say!' and before the ostler could stop him he tore it down from the wall, and stamped it underfoot.

"'How dare you,' he cried to Toadsby as he came in, 'how dare you pollute my eyes by hanging the picture of such a child of hell so near your stepping-block?'*

"'I only did it in the hope of catching him,' said Toadsby.

"'Ah! well, on that count I will forgive you,' he said, 'but let us drive such a wretch from our minds. Father Parsons will not come this way, you may depend. But since I find so many loyal friends to our Queen and the Reformed religion here, I will pay for a pint of sack to each and all.'

"At this, you may depend, all greeted the newcomer right heartily, and we spent some hours drinking with him. But know you who it was?"

"Father Parsons," I replied.

"Aye, that I believe it was. For afterwards, when I learnt more about him, I discovered that that same night he left the inn and stayed at the house of Sir Richard Carnforth, who was a bigoted Papist, and when I came to reflect on matters I remembered that his face was mightily like the one in the picture. Besides, afterwards, when Parsons had escaped to Spain, Master John Peacock, Sir Richard Carnforth's steward, told me that the man whom we took to be such a friend of the Reformed religion was not less than this terrible Jesuit. What think you of the story, young master?"

"I think I would like to have had the chance you had," I replied. "I warrant me the Jesuit would not have got off so easily."

"Think you so? Ha! ha! Well, perchance not, for you look a shrewd young gallant. But you will not have the chance, my young master, for he is in Spain now, and an English Protestant dare not put his foot on Spanish soil in these days."

"That's as may be," I said, with a meaning look towards John Trenoweth, who, however, was looking sourly towards his horse's head.

"I fear me not. I would to heaven that I knew of someone who did dare, for I have a cousin there, concerning whose fate I fear greatly."

"A Protestant?" I asked.

"Aye, a right loyal Protestant. He went in

* This story about Father Parsons is perfectly true in all particulars.

great zeal to Toledo. For what purpose I may not say."

"And why not say, my master?" I asked.

"Because no man knows who's who in these days," he replied. "Why, think! here am I holding the Queen's warrant to arrest Jesuits; look at it, young master" (and he produced a piece of parchment), "yet was I in danger not long ago of being arrested as a Jesuit myself!"

I looked at the parchment, and saw that Master Nicholas Seyton and Master Francis Belmont, being tried and proved servants of the Queen, and having shown their devotion on many occasions by bringing traitors to justice, were authorised to arrest Jesuits and to command the help of all loyal men to assist them in their undertakings.

"I am Nicholas Seyton," said the man, "and my friend here is Master Francis Belmont, yet in spite of this warrant both of us have been suspected of being Jesuits!"

"Not after you had shown this?" I said questioningly.

"No, but that is not all. There is another side to this story. Not so many months ago, while doing our work, we fell in with some men who purported to be men of standing and loyal subjects. We got to talking, and, believing in the truth of what they said, we told them of the work we had in hand, and how we hoped to bring two notorious Jesuits to justice. We even went so far, under the influence of a quart of good sack, to tell them some of our plans. Well—would you believe it?—they were themselves friends of the Jesuits, and gave warning to the very men we hoped to drag to London town! What think you of that, young master?"

"I think you must have been easily taken in," I replied.

"Aye, perchance we were; but this kind of thing doth not happen again, young master. 'Once bitten, twice shy,' as the old proverb hath it, and so for the future we tell none of our plans until we be sure to whom we speak."

I was about to parley further with these men, for the warmth of their speech and the mission upon which they were engaged pleased me much; but at this moment John Trenoweth's horse stumbled, and he dismounted, and looked at the horse's hoofs as though somewhat was the matter.

"What is it, Master Trenoweth?" I asked.

"Come and help me, if it please you," replied the Cornishman; "we can soon overtake these good masters again, and enjoy more of their pleasant society."

I therefore dismounted, and came close to John Trenoweth, who was examining the horse's hoofs carefully, but with which I could not for the life of me see that aught ailed.

"The hoofs are all right," I said.

"Aye, and the horse is all right," he said in a low voice; "but I trust not those men, Master Rupert. They speak too freely, and give too many confidences on so short acquaintance. A still tongue makes a wise head, young master. Let us hear all, and say nothing. And, for my own part, I be right vexed that you did speak my name aloud in their hearing, for Master Killigrew is well known, and John Trenoweth hath been spoken of as one who shares his confidences. Take my advice, Master Rupert—mention no man's name, and tell no one whither we be bound."

And with these words John Trenoweth, after having made a great ado about his horse's hoofs, and using his knife as if to prise a stone which might have been jammed between the shoe and the hoof, he presently mounted again, upon which we rode on and overtook our companions.

But little was said during the remainder of our journey to Willacombe, although Master Nicholas Seyton and Master Francis Belmont continued to regard us with a friendly air, and spoke of our enjoying our good sack together in "The Virgin Queen."

No sooner did we arrive at the inn than I saw at a glance that Toadsby, the innkeeper, was on good terms with my companions. He received them with great respect, and assured both them and us that a good meal should be presently forthcoming. In this he kept his promise, for in a very short time a smoking haunch of beef was on the table, the which, being hungry, we fell to right heartily. After the meal we were joined by several of the villagers, whose tongues were speedily unloosed by the sack and ale which they consumed.

I may here say that, although at the time I little liked John Trenoweth's caution, fancying myself more capable than he of knowing how much to say to one's fellow-travellers, I nevertheless took his advice to heart, so that no word did I let fall concerning who I was or for what purpose we were travelling westward. As a consequence I was but little prepared for what followed; for we had been but a little time over our wine, when the innkeeper, Thomas Toadsby, came in and spoke to Master Nicholas Seyton in a low voice. Immediately Toadsby had spoken, Seyton fastened his eyes upon me, and directly after rose up as if in great anger.

"Aye, my masters," he cried aloud, "I thought not, when these men overtook us to-day, that I was speaking to an enemy of our Queen and country."

"What mean you?" cried several.

"This," replied Seyton. "I have my suspicions that these two men here are Jesuits in disguise, and that they are bent upon a mission which means danger to our country. Such a thought came into my head when they stopped on the road in order to have converse together, but I quickly drove it away, as being insulting to men of honour, as I hoped they were. But I have received information that this is one Rupert Hamstead, son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, who is well known to be a Catholic and a secret enemy of our Queen."

"It is a lie," I said, angrily, placing my hand on my sword-hilt.

"As to that we shall see right quickly," said Master Seyton. "Meanwhile, be assured that we will not be bullied out of our duty. Besides, what is a lie? Be you, or be you not, the son of Sir Richard Hamstead?"

"I am," I cried hotly, "and he who says Sir Richard Hamstead is not a loyal gentleman is a liar, and I will drive his lies down his throat with my sword-hilt!"

"Ah, my masters!" said the man Seyton in a tone of triumph, "he confesses that he is the son of Sir Richard Hamstead, and Sir Richard is a Catholic."

"But no Jesuit!" I cried. "He hates them."

"Of that after, of that after!" said Seyton, repeating his words twice, as though he wanted to impress them upon the minds of the villagers, who by this time were all agog. "He admits that his father is a Catholic. And now another question, worthy gentlemen. Can Master Rupert Hamstead prove to us, the trusted servants of the Queen, and possessing a warrant to arrest all Jesuits, can he prove to us that the journey he is now taking is not to carry out some plot of the Catholics?"

"Aye, I can," I replied, "but I will give no answers to such as you!"

"Hear him, my masters!" said Seyton; "hear him! He will give me no answer. Can he deny that he projects a journey to Spain?"

At this I was silent, wondering greatly why they should be led to ask such a question, until I remembered that I thought I saw them smile when I partly combated their statement that no English Protestant dared to put his foot on Spanish soil.

"He doth not speak, my masters, he doth not speak, and this augurs badly for him. And yet I would be just. I am not a harsh man, neither would I drag a man before the justices without sufficient reason. All the same, I must do my duty. If this young man, Master Rupert Hamstead, and his fellow-traveller will give good account of themselves, I will let them go. If not, then, my masters, I call upon you to stand by me while I arrest these men in the Queen's name."

In truth, the affair began to look serious, and I began to reflect as to the course I should take.

"Answer this first," said Seyton. "Is it your purpose to go to Spain?"

I was angry at the man's persistence, and, without heeding my words, I cried out hotly, "And what if it is? It is no affair of yours."

"This augurs badly," said the man Seyton, "very badly. And for this reason: no English Protestant's life is safe in Spain, and no Englishman goes thither unless in league with the Jesuits. Moreover, his father is a Catholic. Doubtless, moreover, this fellow here is also associated with a Catholic. His name is Trenoweth—that I know. Trenoweth is a Cornish name, and although the county is right loyal as a whole, yet there be many traitors there."

"I will tell you who I be," said Trenoweth. "I be the steward of Master Killigrew, a trusted councillor of our Queen. Aye, and more: Master Killigrew was called a rebel in Mary's time, because he would not fall in with her Papist devices, and for that reason he had to fly to France, where he remained until Mary's death. What think you of that, you treason hunters! I am a Protestant, and I hate all Popery. 'Down with it!' I say."

At this Thomas Toadsby's ostler came into the room, and whispered something in Seyton's ear, who exchanged a meaning glance with his friend. Whereupon both of them rose, Seyton saying, "This seems better, but keep them both safe for a few minutes. We are called away now, but we will return presently, and go into this matter more fully."

With this they left the room, while the villagers looked at each other, as if to question what they should do next.

"This be mighty strange behaviour, my masters," said a stout yeoman presently. "These two men have accused these travellers of being Jesuits, they have given it out that they mean to arrest them, and then they have both left as though they were afraid of something themselves."

"Aye, but they be afraid of nothing," said another, "for they be in favour at Court, and hold Her Majesty's commission."

"So they say, but I would like their warrants to be examined by some learned clerk. I would, in truth."

"Aye, but Master Thomas Toadsby hath seen their warrant."

"Then let us speak with Thomas Toadsby.

True he keeps good sack, but I love not his ways. Anything under Henry, Protestant under Edward, Catholic under Mary, and Protestant again under Her Gracious Majesty. Such turncoats please me not. But what say you, my masters? Be you Jesuits?"

"Jesuits!" I cried hotly. "I have sailed with Sir Francis Drake and Sir Richard Grenville.

"What seek you, my masters?" asked Toadsby, tremulously, I thought.

"Seek!" replied one of the newcomers, "we seek two Jesuits who be masquerading as servants of the Queen. They have been long going around saying they have a warrant to arrest all those who be plotting against Her Majesty, and all the time they be plotting



"'It is a lie,' I said, angrily, placing my hand on my sword-hilt.'

I am a friend of Sir Walter Raleigh, and have been trusted by Lord Howard. See, I have a letter in my pouch written by Sir Walter Raleigh himself. Look at it yourself." The stout yeoman gazed at it steadily, although I doubt much if he could read a single word.

"Aye, it is written by Sir Walter Raleigh himself," he said admiringly. "Another cup of sack to our noble travellers, and may the foul fiend take those marplots!"

At this my heart sunk, strange as it may seem, for a thought came into my mind which troubled me sorely. And this thought was immediately confirmed, for at that very moment there was the sound of horses' hoofs, and three men came into the room.

Jesuits in disguise. They be working under orders from Father Parsons, yet in the guise of the Queen's trusted servants they be working against her, and they be seeking to find out the plans of loyal Englishmen by parading their false pretences."

"Their names?" I cried eagerly.

"They do call themselves Master Nicholas Seyton and Master Francis Belmont," he replied; "but I tell you that in reality they be two Jesuit priests. Hast seen them, young master?"

"They left less than half an hour ago," I cried, "after charging me with treason."

"Ah! say you so? Tell us more, young master."

CHAPTER V.

HOW I FIRST MET MAWGAN KILLIGREW.

AS may be easily comprehended, I was not long in telling my story, and no sooner did I finish than the newcomers started for the stable with great haste, but found both men and horses gone.

"Where is Toadsby?" cried the leader of the party, who afterwards told us he was called Henry Blount.

"Here," said the innkeeper tremulously,

"Where be these men gone?" cried Blount.

"Nay, I know not, my masters, except that they had wind of an affair of importance which they must presently see into. I told them they had already an affair with these worthy masters here; but they heeded me not, but rode away as though the furies were at their heels."

"Have a care, Thomas Toadsby," said Blount, "have a care. For a long time thou hast been suspected of foul play."

"But, my masters, I swear by the Mass—by that I mean the holy Gospel, and may I be forgiven for using such a Papist heathen term!—that I am a true man."

"Thou art a false, lying varlet," cried Blount, "and unless thou dost mend thy ways thou shalt lie in Fleet prison, and in the same dirty cells to which thy old friend Stephen Gardiner committed honest men in Mary's time. Thy account is getting longer and longer, and proofs of thy falseness are coming in apace."

"Nay, Master Blount, I am an honest innkeeper. It is true I turned Catholic in Mary's time, because I was not fully instructed in the true faith; but since our Gracious Virgin Queen ascended the throne, through the sermons of the Reverend Josiah Moggram, I have seen the error of my ways. And, in truth, I believe you do judge those worthy gentlemen harshly. They have been here before, and I know them to be good Protestants, hating all things Popish right heartily."

At this one of Blount's companions entered the stable, carrying a package which had been fastened to the saddle-bags of Master Belmont.

"What have you there?" asked Blount, "and where got you it?"

"As to where I got it," replied the other, "I can tell right easily. I got it from the room where these Jesuits arranged to spend the night. I discovered Toadsby's wife in the act of hiding it. As to what it contained, I know not, for I brought it to you straightway."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Blount a minute later, "here is another whip for your back, Thomas Toadsby. Look! here is no less than the robes of a Jesuit priest! These be your loyal gentlemen—eh, Thomas Toadsby? Here be the Papist things that your wife was trying to hide—and she a listener to the Reverend Josiah Moggram!"

"Nay, my masters, I grieve to say it; but my wife sees not with me in this matter. I much fear me she is still afraid of the hell fires which the priests try and frighten women with. And it may be they have persuaded her, or commanded her, to do that which I should condemn most heartily."

"I believe that thou art a liar, Thomas Toadsby," said Blount, "but while we parley they escape. Tipston and Shepstone, do you ride after them. There is but one road that they can have gone, and it may be you can catch them. As for me, I will make further inquiries here, especially of these two worshipful gentlemen who have suffered at their hands."

At this Blount led the way back to the inn, evidently anxious to get to his sack, and glad to have an excuse for sending his two companions on what seemed to me a hopeless task. For, as all the world knows, although the feeling was becoming stronger and stronger against the Catholics, largely because the Pope had encouraged Philip of Spain to come to England and drive the Queen from her throne, there were many Catholics throughout the country. At this time, moreover, it was difficult to tell who was who. Many there were who, while professing the Reformed faith outwardly, were Catholics at heart, and needed only the visit of a priest to lead them to plan for the reconversion of England to the old faith. Many there were, especially among women, who dared not disobey the priest's command, and as a consequence men like Campion, and Throgmorton, and Bentley had again and again been hidden in houses that were supposed to be owned by believers in the Reformed faith. In truth, it often happened that, while the husbands and brothers had given up all connection with Rome, their wives and sisters were still in league with the Jesuits.

This being so, I knew that Seyton and Belmont would have no difficulty in finding hiding-places, and I felt sure that Tipston and Shepstone would presently return saying they could find no track of them anywhere. In this, moreover, my surmises were correct, at the which Blount seemed by no means surprised, and, if the truth must be told, not over-much concerned.

"But we will find them, Master Hamstead," he said again and again, "and we will bring Thomas Toadsby to book in the bargain."

We sat up late that night, Master Blount asking me many questions, to which I answered

warily, telling him nothing that I did not wish the world to know, yet enough to satisfy his curiosity. He, on the other hand, gave me much news. He told me that three Jesuits had been put to torture, with the result that they had confessed to a plot to murder the Queen, having been led to believe that they would thereby be serving God and saving the country. Others there were, however, who declared that they made these confessions, not because they were true, but because they hoped to escape punishment. He told me, moreover, that many believed the great Armada had already sailed, and might be expected on English seas any day; while some had it that the moment the Spaniards put their feet on our shores half the nation would fight under Philip's banner. But that, he said, he did not believe, because everywhere the best families in England—some of them Catholics—were not only providing men, but vessels, in order to be ready to fight the Spaniards on sea, and so prevent them from landing.

"Ah, but we shall have hard times soon, Master Hamstead!" he said.

"Why think you so?" I asked.

"Because our Gracious Queen will not believe the danger. She will grant neither men nor money, and so Lord Howard and Sir Richard Grenville, although they be loyal Englishmen, feel sore at heart at being so cramped. And it is hard for such men as they, not only to have to provide men, but to victual them. Aye, and it is harder to think that, should the Armada come, we have neither powder nor cannon balls to fight them!"

"And what think you can be done, Master Blount?"

"This, Master Hamstead. Our Queen ought to have laid before her the strength of the fleet the King of Spain proposes sending. And more: absolute proofs will have to be laid before her that he is really coming."

At this I thought of the mission upon which I was engaged; but I said nothing to Blount, because I did not judge him to be wise of head, and because my experiences that day had made me wary.

The following morning we were early in the saddle, and so we did not see Master Blount again. In truth, as I passed his chamber door, I heard him snoring with great vigour, like a man who had yet hours of sleep before him.

"You seem thoughtful, Master Rupert," said John Trenoweth after we had travelled some while.

"That am I," I replied, and more than thoughtful: I am sad at heart."

"And why, if I make so bold as to ask?"

"I fear me much, John Trenoweth, that yesterday's doings augur ill for us."

"And why?"

"Because I believe Seyton and Belmont planned our meeting. I believe they had suspicion of our designs, and so used means to find them out."

"But how could they?"

"Nay, I know not how their suspicions came. Perchance you dropped some idle word while on your way to my father's house. Perchance Master Killigrew's plans have been spoken about in Falmouth; but of this I know not. This we know: these two men are now aware of our plans."

"But we told them nothing."

"Aye, but we did. They have now a shrewd idea that we are bound for Spain, and they will warn such of their friends as they desire of our purpose in going thither."

"I do not believe it," said John Trenoweth stoutly, "for, in truth, we told them nothing worth the telling."

"We told them much, I tell you. I, like a fool, admitted that I was bound for Spain, while thou didst openly parade the fact that thou wert the dependent of Master Killigrew. Think you that these men do not know how to put two and two together? Why, man, they spend their lives in finding out secrets, and thus will have means of information unknown to us. But it cannot be helped now. What is spoken is spoken. Aye, but they be clever fellows!"

"Not so clever but that they will be dragged to justice," replied John Trenoweth.

"Nay, I know not. It was a bold game they played, worthy of Father Parsons himself. Why, think you, man, they laid their plans so carefully that we could scarce do other than divulge what was in our minds."

"I pray God we may meet them again," said John Trenoweth fervently.

"I fear me, if we meet them again, it will not be on English soil," I replied. "If we meet them again, it will be in a country where honest men have to hide their heads, and where English Protestants are burned like dry fuel."

As may be imagined, we kept a sharp look out for enemies all the rest of our journey; but naught happened to us worth the mentioning, and presently, after we had been towed across the Tamar, and rode through the town of Saltash, I felt that I must soon be able to place a plan before Master Killigrew and Sir John Tremayne that should show them that I was worthy of the confidence they placed in me.

I also fell to wondering what kind of a man

Mawgan Killigrew might be, and how he might regard the idea of accepting me as the leader of our expedition; but this did not trouble me much, for although John Trenoweth did not speak freely about the young master, I gathered that he was good-natured and lovable. Not, perhaps, over-quick of brain, but kind and faithful, never having been known to go back upon his word.

"And he is not likely to fail at a pinch?" I asked.

"A Killigrew fail at a pinch!" he replied. "Such a thing was never known—that is, with the Killigrews of Arwenack. They have ever been a wild race, sea-rovers, fighters, hard drinkers, and the like; but not one has ever been known to play false to a brother in arms. Aye, but thou wilt never have to regret having a Killigrew as a comrade. Faithless with women I much fear me some of them have been, but with men, never!"

"Faithless with women!" I said.

"Aye, some of them have been sad dogs; not in the way you think, but—well, I will not speak of them more."

"And hath Mawgan a good name among the Falmouth people?"

"Aye, that he hath. Neither man nor maid hath an evil word for him. From stable-boy to lord, and from serving-maid to high-born lady, all love Master Mawgan."

"And hath he had love affairs, Master Trenoweth?" I asked, curiously, for I much desired to be acquainted of his ways.

"Nay," replied the Cornishman. "I never knew Master Mawgan heave a sigh for any woman. Dogs he loves, horses he loves, and a good fight he delighteth in; but love for women doth not seem to come into his heart. In that matter you and he be alike, Master Rupert."

"As to that," I replied, "I have many times vowed that, until I meet a maid as fair and as good as my mother, love for women cannot enter my heart; and my friend Walter Raleigh hath it that, if I abide by my vow, I shall remain loveless all my days."

"For me," said John Trenoweth, "there is only one woman. Esther Truscott is the maid I loved twenty years agone, and she is still the only maid in the world to me. I wonder where she is now? God grant that——But let us hurry on, Master Hamstead. There is no time to waste!"

At these words a fierce look came into his eyes, his teeth became set, while he dashed his heels into his horse's sides in a way that made me think he had taken leave of his senses.

I well remember the time we drew near to Truro town. We had been in our saddles all day, and both men and horses were as dead tired as hard riding could make them.

"Is there a good inn here, John Trenoweth?" I asked.

"A good inn? Aye, there be good inns in plenty," said the Cornishman. "Think you, in coming to my native county, you be coming to a heathen land? But we have naught to do with inns."

"Naught to do with inns?" I repeated.

"Nay," he replied. "Why, man, we be only fourteen miles from Falmouth town, and but fifteen from Arwenack House."

"Aye, but it is seven o'clock at night," I replied, "and we have been in the saddle since early morn, and our horses be dead tired."

"And what of that? The horses can rest a week—a month. I tell you, Master Rupert, we go straight on, save to give the horses a drink of barley and water and take a mug of ale ourselves."

"But I am dead tired, man, and feel as though I can sleep in the saddle!"

"Then sleep in thy saddle, most worthy friend of Walter Raleigh," said John Trenoweth, "and methinks the men you profess to have served, and boast so much about, were well rid of you. The man who is but fifteen miles from his journey's end, and yet will break that journey at an inn, is but poor stuff."

"Much more of that, and I will lay my riding switch across your back, John Trenoweth," I said, angrily.

"Lay it on," said the Cornishman, with a laugh, "lay it on; but I doubt me if I could feel it. The man who is too tired to ride from Truro to Falmouth has but little strength to spare; while he who whines like a sick baby because he hath been in his saddle for twelve hours will be but a poor leader to——"

I did not let him finish his sentence, for, angered by his taunt, I drew my horse close to his, and struck him a cuff in the head with my fist.

"That for the strength of my arm, John Trenoweth," I said, "and if you dare speak in such a manner again I will thrash you like a stable-boy."

At this he jumped from his horse, and before I knew what he thought of doing he had dragged me to my feet, and then fell to trying to shake me, as a terrier might shake a rat.

At this we fell to wrestling, and soon I found that in point of strength John Trenoweth was my equal, if not my master. And

while he could not throw me, I, on the other hand, could no more move him than if he had been an oak-tree.

We were, as I have said, near to Truro town—about two miles away, in truth, close by the village of Tresillian, and at the very gates of Tregothnan, the famous home of the Boscawens. The evening was perfectly still and clear, and just before my harangue with John Trenoweth I had noticed the beauty of wooded hill and flowery dell, together with the broad stretch of water that nestled between the hills.

"Strike me, wud 'ee!" said John Trenoweth, lapsing into the Cornish vernacular. "Oh, you be but a droozle head you be, a poor, soft-armed boobah that bean't vit to provide mait for a dree-days-ould yaw kitten," and then he fell to, heaving at me madly. "Where sh'll I put 'ee?" he continued to grunt. "In the revver! No, I wa'ant dirty the watter by that. Shall I taake 'ee to Fammuth town? Oh, that the Loard shud 'a made such baisly traade!" And again he tried to drag me around the road, until I felt sure he must be mad.

At this I began to devise means whereby I might break free from his grasp (for I could do nothing while he held me fast), after which I felt sure I could bring him to his senses. In this, however, I was unsuccessful. He held me with a grip of iron, and continued to try and drag me around the road, grunting and talking all the time.

"Holloa! what's up here?" said a loud, cheery voice.

"Doan't 'ee interfere for a minit or two more, Maaster Mawgan," said Trenoweth; "'tes nearly gone now. There, tha's yer soarts," and then suddenly he gave me a great heave which sent me staggering across the road, after which he quietly walked towards his horse.

"What! John Trenoweth, again!" said the newcomer.

"Yes, Master Mawgan," said Trenoweth in a perfectly quiet and calm tone. "For four days I have travelled with Master Rupert Hamstead, and up to now have found it impossible to quarrel with him. As a consequence I was nearly mad with my thoughts and my memories. But tis over now. All the same, I did not expect to see you here, Master Mawgan."

"Aye, but I could not stay at home another hour. For three days I have fretted and fumed, and this afternoon I could bear it no longer. I fancied you must be drawing near, so I determined to start out to meet you. Is this Master Rupert Hamstead?"



"He held me in a grip of iron."

"Aye, that it is, and this, Master Rupert, is my young master, Mawgan Killigrew."

I had by this time been able to have a good look at my future companion, and, without knowing why, my heart went out towards him with a great love. The ring of his voice was so true, and the look on his face so pleasant (for this I was able to see by the evening light), that I wanted nothing more to tell me that he and I would stand true to each other.

"Ah, Master Hamstead," he said, "I little wot I should meet you in this fashion. And yet I be not surprised. In truth, I wonder he hath held up so long without seeking a quarrel, but of that more later. You have had a long day, so perchance we had better stay at Truro to-night."

"I am tired no longer," I replied, "for my quarrel with John Trenoweth hath been to me as good as a night in bed. Therefore let us haste with all speed."

"Right willingly," said Mawgan Killigrew, "for, truth to tell, I believe neither my father nor Sir John Tremayne will go to bed until you come. Much hath happened since John Trenoweth left us, so much that it will be necessary for us to use all speed. But enough of that now. This is neither the time nor place to talk of such things. So let us mount, and away."

Suiting the action to the word, he sprang on his horse, while John Trenoweth and I followed his example, and a little later were climbing the hill which lay between us and Truro town.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF A SPANISH PROVERB.

MY father had more than once spoken to me of the beauties of Cornwall, and as I rode through Truro and afterwards along the road towards Falmouth I did not wonder at it. Often as I had boasted of the lovely country which surrounded my home, I had to admit without parley that nothing in the county of Hertford could compare with the valley of the Fal. In truth, as once on our journey we stood on a hill which commanded a view of the river and of the wooded slopes around, I fairly heaved a sigh of wonder, so lovely was the scene. As we rode along, moreover, a party of boatmen rowed towards Malpas, and as they rowed they sang one of those simple airs for which Cornwall is so famous, and which to me sounded beautiful beyond words.

"No wonder you Cornish people are proud of your county, Master Killigrew," I said to the young fellow who rode by my side. "The very air seems to breathe romance and beauty."

"Aye, but wait until you have seen Falmouth harbour," laughed Mawgan Killigrew. "All the same, I shall be glad to get away from it; for, as true as I am a living man, I would rather be in Spain with a price set upon my head than here in Cornwall."

"And why?" I asked.

"Why? Because I long for action. I am almost as bad as John Trenoweth here, in my desire for a fight. Besides, I have been sorely vexed."

I looked at him questioningly.

"I may as well tell you at once," said Mawgan, "for you will be sure to know sooner or later. In truth, I believe you will be as vexed as I when you know everything."

"Why, what has happened?" I asked.

"It seems as though we shall not have to go to Spain at all."

"What!" I said aghast.

"Aye, I fear me it is true, and that is why I am so vexed. Both my father and Sir John Tremayne seem to be convinced about the matter, and in spite of all my protests I cannot alter them."

"But why have they changed?"

"Oh! it is this Spanish Protestant who hath changed them. He comes from Toledo, and has gained the confidence of everyone."

"A Spanish Protestant from Toledo!" I repeated.

"Aye, so he claims to be."

"His name?" I cried, thinking of my father's arch-enemy.

"Señor Gomez," he replied. "He hath also brought with him his daughter, who hath turned the head of everyone. Moreover, he tells my father that Señora Valencia and Esther Truscott have embraced the Catholic faith."

I must confess that for the moment the news struck me dumb. If this were the case, a great part of our reason for going to Spain was, indeed, taken away, and all the plans I had made would be useless. But although I spoke no word, John Trenoweth, who had been riding silently, acted not so tamely.

"What say you, Master Mawgan?" he cried. "My Esther turned Papist!"

"So saith Señor Gomez," replied Killigrew.

"Then Señor Gomez is a liar!" he cried. "I tell you I know Esther better than that. I know that for years I doubted her, and in my heart I cursed her, for the which God hath punished me. But that is over now. For months I have been thinking it all over, and I tell you, whatever may have have happened to Señora Valencia, as she is called now, my Esther could no more become a Papist than she could become a Jew!"

"But he hath papers which he brought from Toledo proving the thing," cried Mawgan Killigrew.

"Then the papers lie!" cried John Trenoweth. "And I tell you this: if you will not go with me, I will go alone. If Señor Gomez hath befooled you, he shall not befool me! My Esther a Papist! Nay, she may be burned—that I can believe; but a Papist, no! Don't you believe it, Master Mawgan."

"Wait until you've seen Señor Gomez," said Mawgan Killigrew. "At first I felt as you do, but I feel he hath told the truth. It is not as though he doth not hate the Catholics; he doth, and that right heartily. You should see the marks on his body, John—marks of the

way the Papists have tortured him! It was this that drew my father and Sir John Tremayne to him. I tell you the man hath suffered agonies. Besides, he was at Toledo when Señora Valencia and Esther Truscott were brought before the judges."

"And do you mean to tell me that he heard my Esther renounce her faith in the Reformed doctrines? I tell you it is a lie, Master Mawgan!"

"As to that, John, he saith that Señora Valencia's daughter, Isabella, so pleaded with her mother that she could not resist her, and when her mistress had recanted Esther declared that she could not go against her mistress. She said she had left her home and her sweetheart for her mistress, she had lived more than twenty years in Spain for her, and that, although she knew nothing about Popish belief, she would follow her mistress in this also."

This seemed to strike terror into the heart of John Trenoweth, for he reeled in his saddle like a drunken man. But he quickly mastered himself.

"I tell you this Spaniard is a liar!" he cried.

"He hath letters from a man of God in Spain," said Mawgan Killigrew; "one who, in spite of persecution, holds to the true faith, and who, in secret, instructs many in sound doctrine."

"A lie, I tell you!" said John, and then he stopped his horse in the road, while we, wondering also, stopped ours and looked at him.

We had now reached the top of a hill, and, the road there being hedgeless, the full moon shone upon his upturned face.

"I call heaven and earth to witness that all this is a lie!" he said, solemnly. "Ask me to prove it, and I cannot; ask me to give reasons, and I cannot; but it is a lie. If I saw a confession written by Esther herself, I would say it is a lie; if good Dr. Ridley were to rise from the dead, and say it was true, I would tell him he had been instructed by the devil. How do I know this? I cannot say, except that God hath spoken to me! Esther is alive! Look, man, look! I see her now. She is beckoning to me, she is telling me to come to her aid! I am coming, Esther! I am coming!"

And these words he spoke as though he were an inspired prophet. He did not talk like a demented man, neither was his visage fierce. It was calm and dignified, and so solemn was his voice that neither Mawgan Killigrew nor myself could speak a word.

"Listen, young masters," he went on; "this is a trick of the devil. Señor Gomez I have not seen, but he is an enemy of the true faith. His daughter may appear as an angel of light, but she is a child of darkness. When you listen to them, bear this in mind. Go to Spain we must, for God hath need of us there. I can see Esther now, beckoning to me. Others are around her pleading for deliverance. It is the call of God!"

We stood watching him, his face lit up by the rays of the moon, and his eyes gleaming with a strange light. For a time he seemed communing with things unseen; then slowly his form unbent, the light went out of his eyes, and his face assumed the mild, good-humoured expression which characterised him.

"Let us ride on," he said quietly.

"Saw you him ever like this before?" I asked Mawgan Killigrew in a whisper.

"Never."

"Think you—that—that——"

"His mother was supposed to see visions years ago," interrupted Mawgan, as though he knew what was in my mind.

"Saw you anything suspicious in this Señor Gomez?"

"Nothing. He convinced me in spite of myself; while his daughter, the señorita, looks as beautiful as a goddess, and as pure as an angel."

"Hath she moved your heart?" I asked.

Mawgan Killigrew was silent for a time; then he said slowly, "I do not know; but when she speaks I forget everything save her goodness and her beauty."

"What is she like?" I asked.

"She is not tall, but very comely. Her hair and eyes are as black as a raven's wing; her skin is dark, but clear and beautiful, as if Nature determined to be prodigal in her gifts. Her lips are full and red, her voice is like music. Besides, while her eyes seem to flash fire, they shine with the light of tenderness and purity. She comes of an old Spanish family, and—and——"

"You have fallen in love with her?"

"No, no, and yet I would kill the man who sought to win her for his wife!"

"Look, Master Mawgan Killigrew," I said. "I have seen neither Señor Gomez nor his daughter. I have heard of them to-night for the first time. John Trenoweth came to my father's house less than a week ago, and told the story that you know of, and so much did he move all our hearts with his story that I am come here to do his bidding. On my way hither I have been made aware that the Jesuits have got wind of our plans. Proof of that I will give you presently. Señor Gomez may be all he pretends to be, while his daughter may

be as pure as the mother of Christ; but it doth seem strange that they should visit your father's house at such a moment, and to persuade you all that to go to Spain is useless and dangerous. However, I urge nothing now, save this: let us be watchful. Let us be harmless as doves, but let us be wise as serpents. Let us listen to all they say, but let us keep our heads. I have met the Spaniards before, and know something of their ways, and this I have always found wise: let us hear all they say, but tell them nothing. For me, I go to your father's house bearing in mind what John Trenoweth hath just said."

To this Mawgan Killigrew said not a word, and we rode on for some minutes in silence.

"I suppose I shall see this Señor Gomez to-morrow?" I remarked, presently.

"Possibly to-night," replied Mawgan Killigrew.

"To-night?" I repeated.

"Aye, to-night, for both he and the señorita are supping at Arwenack. Sir John Tremayne hath also promised to join the party."

"Strange that you could have left them, especially as the señorita is to be one of the guests."

"I was strongly tempted to remain at home," replied Mawgan quietly, "but something urged me to come and meet you. I felt sure you would be drawing near, for John Trenoweth had arranged exactly what he meant to do before he went away. He told us that, whether you consented to come with him or no, he meant to be at Arwenack to-night, and so I, my mind all filled with conflicting thoughts, felt myself unable to resist the temptation to come and meet you. I wanted to see what kind of a man you were, and, although I could not explain why, to tell you of this Protestant Spaniard and his daughter."

"Hath your father or Sir John Tremayne told them aught of me?" I asked.

"No, nothing. It was at my request he refrained. Why I asked him to say nothing about you I cannot tell, save that, in spite of the fact that I have become convinced that they are what they profess to be, I have been filled with many forebodings."

"What kind of forebodings?"

"Even that I cannot tell. They are vague, and in a sense unreal, and yet, while I cannot think of doubting either Señor Gomez or his daughter, I longed for your coming. Look, yonder is Arwenack; we shall be there in a few minutes."

We had no sooner arrived at the home of the Killigrews than Master Killigrew asked that I should be admitted into his presence without delay. As a consequence I found myself in a room full of people before I had time to remove my dusty, travel-stained clothes for the finer apparel I had brought with me. But this fact I soon forgot in the warmth of Master Killigrew's greeting.

"Right welcome, Rupert!" he cried. "Welcome, for thine own sake, as well as thy father's. Ah! Dick Hamstead and I had many a strange experience at Rouen before thou wert born; aye, and thy grandfather, Godfrey Bedford, hath fought by my side, hard and long, in the old dark days. Thou art like thy father, Rupert. Dick Hamstead lives in thee, and, for that matter, so doth Godfrey Bedford. Good blood, my boy, good blood! A mixture of the Hamstead and the Bedford, and there is none better in England—no, none better."

This he said while shaking hands and looking at me from head to foot.

"Thou art as big as thy father, too," he went on. "Saints alive! what arms and legs thou hast! Well, our beloved Queen will need them, for although that for which——" Here he stopped, and paused awkwardly, and then I noticed that Mawgan Killigrew had put his foot on his father's. "That is," he continued presently, "the Spaniards will soon be coming, and, as I mean to provide a ship out of my own purse and likewise man her, well, there be great need for a strapping lad like thee, Rupert. But I am forgetting myself. Here is my old friend Sir John Tremayne, of whom you have doubtless heard; and here is Master Roger Carew, as true a Cornishman as ever lived south of the Tamar and north of Land's End; and here is Sir Humphrey Bolitho, who is renowned for many things; aye, and here is Señor Gomez, a man of God, if ever there was one, who hath brought sad news from Spain. As for the women folk, thou shalt see them presently, when thou hast had time to make thyself clean, and to rig thyself out in fine attire."

During the time Master Killigrew had continued speaking, I had spoken to each of the persons he had mentioned. Sir John Tremayne looked old and worn and sad. Still he carried himself with that air of dignity and reserve power which is peculiar to old men who can boast of noble blood. Master Roger Carew and Sir Humphrey Bolitho did not interest me so much, but perhaps that was because I was eager to give my best attention to Señor Gomez. And this, as may be imagined, I did right speedily, but with little result. He was a tall, stately man of from, perhaps, forty-five to fifty years of age. On his face were marks of suffering—at least, so I thought—and in his eyes was an expression which haunted me.



"Looking at me from head to foot."

"Señor Rupert Hamstead," he said slowly. "Ah! I too have heard of your father. A brave man, and a strong, who lived in a troublous time. Ah! I grieve to say it, men never go to Spain for liberty, although Spaniards like myself come to England. Your father went to France for safety, but never to Spain—never to Spain!"

For my own part, I could hardly see what he was driving at; but, true to my resolution, I said naught, hoping that by being a careful listener, and keeping a ready wit, I might hear something that might advantage me.

Perhaps Señor Gomez saw this, for I presently heard him say, "Your company gives me great joy, Master Killigrew, but mine host at the 'Queen's Head' will not thank me for keeping him so late from his bed. I will therefore acquaint my daughter that it is time for us to depart."

"I will walk with you, señor," said Mawgan Killigrew, looking towards me.

"And I also, if I may," I said.

"Your kindness overwhelms me," said the Spaniard. "Nevertheless, I am scarcely surprised. For is not the English heart always generous? Is not the Englishman's hand ever ready to bestow help?"

These words came glibly enough, and, but for what John Trenoweth had said, I should have paid no particular heed to them, but, remembering the Spaniards I had met, and calling to mind their great ignorance of our language, I could not help asking myself how he had learnt to speak so fluently. This thought had scarcely passed through my mind, however, than it became as nothing to me, for I stood face to face with Señorita Gomez.

As I have said before, I had been in the habit of comparing every woman with my mother, and that in every case all had fallen so far short of her in beauty and goodness that I had always been led to regard them as of little importance. But here was a woman who, at first sight, seemed to me as beautiful as my own mother. Not that she in any way reminded me of her. For my mother's was purely an English face, and had no suggestion of aught foreign, while Señorita Gomez was a pure Spaniard. Perhaps it was owing to the fact that she presented such a complete contrast to my mother that I was willing to admit her beauty. Not that she was tall or stately. Rather she was not above the average height of an Englishwoman, while the very fulness of her figure suggested that in a few years she might have that floridness so common to Spanish women after they are thirty years of age. At present, however, not even a Greek sculptor could have found fault with her. Her complexion, while dark, was clear and brilliant; her features were, I thought, perfectly moulded; while her eyes possessed a fascination and a power which I had never before thought possible. When she spoke, moreover, her voice was honeyed and persuasive, and, for what reason I knew not, she suggested in flattering terms that she had heard of my deeds of bravery.

I noticed that Mawgan Killigrew hung his head as I walked by her side towards the inn, and as the maid smiled sweetly upon me I could not help remembering that he said he would kill the man who sought her for his bride.

Still, little was said that could arouse him to anger, for after we had passed outside Arwenack gates we spoke only of the sufferings of the few who in Spain believed in the Reformed faith, and of her grief that Señora Valencia should have yielded to the threats of the Inquisitors.

"And you—have you suffered, señorita?" I asked, after she had spoken of these doings.

"Ah! you little know, señor," she made answer.

"And what was said to you when you made confession that the Mass was only idolatry?" I asked, for there was something in her conversation which made me ask the question, although at the time I could not explain it.

At this she gave a start, and looked earnestly towards her father, who was walking silently by her left side.

"'*En casa del moro no hables algaravia*,'" said Señor Gomez, like a man musing.

"What is that you are saying?" said the señorita, like one who felt it her duty to attend to her father rather than to a stranger.

He gave a start, like a man aroused from a dream.

"Ah! my child, my mind was far away," he said. "What were you saying?"

And then some other subject seemed naturally to claim her attention, for the persecution of those who believed in the Reformed faith was not mentioned again during our walk to the inn where they were staying. Nevertheless, the look in her eyes, and the words her father had spoken, set me wondering greatly. Evidently he did not think that I knew aught of the Spanish tongue, or, even if he did, would fancy that I should see no meaning in the words he had uttered. And yet I thought I saw his meaning, for what he said was an old Spanish proverb, which, being rendered into English, simply meant this: "Do not speak Arabic in a Moor's house."

[END OF CHAPTER SIX.]


The Child
"Wonderful"





THE CHILD "WONDERFUL"

Pictured by W. S. Stacey.

Written by the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., Dean of Canterbury.



IT is not my object in the present paper to describe or criticise the pictures which are here presented to the reader; but it is rather my purpose to speak of the subjects which the pictures portray.

I.

THE first picture represents the appearance of the Angel to the shepherds. Of all the angelic appearances in Scripture this is in many respects the most instructive and the most remarkable. There are not many narratives in Scripture of angelic appearances. The mere fact that the existence of cherubim and seraphim and hosts of heavenly beings is revealed to us is in itself a blessed revelation. It is a still greater blessing to have it made known to us that the Angels feel a love for, and an interest in, beings like ourselves who are so far beneath them in dignity and in gifts. Almost every angelic appearance narrated in the Bible is a manifestation of mercy and lovingkindness. Many seem to imagine that the Angels are exclusively occupied in circling the Throne of God with unending "Hallelujahs." This is a misconception. The poet says rightly:

"How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us who succour want;
How oft do they on silver pinions cleave
The golden skies like flying pursuivant!
They on us wait, they for us watch and ward,
Oh! why did Heavenly God for man have such regard?'

And another poet, an Italian, writes:

"Oh, for a deeper insight into Heaven,
More knowledge of the glory and the joy
Which there unto the happy souls is given!
For it is past belief that Christ hath died
Only that we eternal psalms may sing.
That all the gain Heaven's awful curtains hide
Is this Eternity of Antheming,
And this praised rest."

The very name "Angels" means "messengers," and they are constantly engaged in works of love and service. This fact is brought out in some mediæval legends; that, for instance, of Theocrite, which has been so beautifully versified by Robert Browning.

"Morning, evening, noon and night,
'Praise God!' sang Theocrite.
Then to his poor trade he turned
Whereby the daily meal was earned.

"Hard he laboured, long and well;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell."

Then he hears of the Pope in Rome, and of the magnificent services at St. Peter's.

"Said Theocrite, 'Would God that I
Might praise Him that great way and die.'"

Immediately the Angel Gabriel descends, transfers the boy to Rome, and takes his place at the humble trade.

"He did God's work; to him all one
If on the earth or in the sun."

The boy, transferred to Rome, grows up to be elected Pope, and is about to take part in the magnificent ceremonial.

Then God says:

"Clearer loves sound other ways;
I miss My little human praise."

The Angel Gabriel, perceiving that God preferred the voice of Theocrite, flies to Rome, then reveals to the new Pope the will of God, assumes his form, and takes back Theocrite to his humble cell.

"Theocrite grew old at home;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.
One vanished as the other died:
They sought God side by side."

Another mediæval legend, which has been set to verse by Sir Edwin Arnold, shows still more remarkable insight. The Angel Gabriel is sent forth by God on a two-fold mission. One is to prevent King Solomon from the sin of forgetting his evening orisons; the other is to help a little struggling ant which has lost its way to its nest. The Archangel is equally proud to fulfil either mission, for both are works of mercy and both are the will of God.

But of all the angelic manifestations not one has so thrilled the imagination of mankind as that of the Angel, afterwards joined by a multitude of the heavenly host, who revealed to the poor shepherds the greatest event in the whole history of the world. For two thousand years the thoughts of millions of mankind have dwelt with love and gratitude on that most memorable scene.

The appearance of the Angels to the shepherds has been represented by many of the greatest painters, but by no one of them with such tenderness and fulness as by Sandro Botticelli in his exquisite little picture of the Nativity in our National Gallery.

In the heavens above there is a circle of Angels, some of whom turn upward their illuminated faces as they sing "Glory to God in the highest!" while others turn earthwards their looks of love and sing, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Beneath them is the dark wood—the *selva oscura*—of human life, in front of which rises the manger-stable which shelters Mary and Joseph and the Heavenly Babe. On one side of this manger the Angels are eagerly conducting the shepherds, and on the other side are guiding the Magi to the holy cradle. The Magi and the shepherds are each three in number, representing the ages of youth, manhood and old age. Underneath is the world beyond death in which Angels are embracing human beings in their arms, while defeated demons rush to hide themselves in the clefts and the holes of the ragged rocks.

II.

THE CRADLE IN THE MANGER.

NOTHING is more remarkable in the records of Christ's Nativity than the simple truthfulness with which every event is narrated by the Evangelists. In this respect the sacred writers present a marked contrast to the authors of the Apocryphal Gospels. In those spurious legends we find an accumulation of marvels and miracles; but in the Gospels all is narrated with the profoundest simplicity and no extraneous circumstances are invented to add any supposed grandeur to the most memorable event in the world's history.

Though Joseph and Mary were both of them of "the house and lineage of David," no attempt is made to conceal the fact that they were in the most humble circumstances. They made their way to Bethlehem to record their names in obedience to the decree of the Emperor Augustus, and when they arrived at the humble village of Bethlehem they found that the khan or caravanserai was so full that the only place of refuge for them was the stable where the cattle were herded together. In many village inns of Palestine to this day the cattle are stabled in limestone caves, and, according to very early tradition, it was in such a cave that Mary brought forth her first-born Child and laid Him in a manger.

Is there not a stamp of irresistible truth in this record of the infinitely humble birth of Him, Who, though He was the Saviour of the world had, for man's sake, laid aside His glory as King of kings and Lord of lords. This was in itself a proof that

"Not to the rich He came, nor to the ruling,
Men full of meat, whom most His heart abhors,
Not to the fools, grown insolent in fooling
Most when the poor are dying at their doors."

But that He came to save the countless multitudes of the meek and lowly upon earth.


She laid HIM
in a manger


They came with haste
and found the Babe
lying in a manger


They fell down and worshipped HIM


They brought HIM
to Jerusalem
to present HIM to the LORD

III.

THE SHEPHERDS IN THE MANGER.

THE story of the shepherds is marked by inimitable simplicity. For one night they flash into eternal remembrance. The office of shepherd is often spoken of with sympathy in Scripture. David as a lad kept his few poor sheep in the wilderness before he visited the camp of Saul and slew Goliath. Centuries before his day Moses for many years had kept the flocks of Jethro, and it was while thus employed that he saw the vision of the Burning Bush. But these poor shepherds, although for well nigh two thousand years the story of this one night in their lives has been dwelt upon with interest and admiration, remain absolutely unknown. Their names are unrevealed to us. We know nothing of their antecedents. Not a word is told us of what happened to them in their after lives. And yet it was to those poor unknown men that the supreme privilege was accorded of seeing in His manger-cradle the Divine Saviour of the world.

"In the field, with their flocks abiding,
They lay on the dewy ground,
And glimmering under the starlight
Their sheep lay white around;
When the light of the Lord gleamed o'er them,
And lo! from the heavens above,
An Angel leaned from the glory,
And sang his song of love.
Oh! he sang that first sweet Christmas
The song that shall never cease:
Glory to God in the Highest,
On earth good will and peace.'"

IV.

THE VISIT OF THE MAGI.

THE visit of the Magi is the only incident among those narrated in the Gospels about the birth of Christ, in which Joseph and Mary, and the infant Saviour are brought into contact with any but the humble and the poor.

"Lo! star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant King."

But all individual particulars about the Magi are left unrecorded, as in the case of the shepherds. We know nothing of their names, for the legendary names of Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar are only late and unauthorised inventions. We do not even know the country from which they came. Some suppose that they came from India, others from Persia, but nothing authentic is recorded, nor have we the least hint of what happened to them when they left Herod uninformed of what they had seen and returned to their own country. Their visit had excited keen interest in Jerusalem, and had kindled the vindictive suspicion of the cruel old tyrant; and this is the only incident in which the Nativity—infinitely the greatest event in human history—attracted the smallest notice from the world in general. We are told that they were guided by a star, and the genius of Kepler discovered that there was shortly before the Nativity a remarkable conjunction of the three planets Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, in the constellation Pisces, which astrologers connected with Jewish history. As there was an evanescent star when the same three planets were conjoined in the year 1088, there may well have been such a star also at the epoch of the birth of Christ. When the Magi had been guided by the star to the manger, they brought forth their princely gifts for the infant Christ. As the Latin poet says:

"Oria nascenti fuderunt munera Regi,
Thura dedere Deo myrrham tribuere sepulcro."
("They poured forth golden gifts to the infant King,
They gave frankincense to the Divinity,
And contributed myrrh for the sepulchre.")

After this they vanish into the unknown, but we may hope that their record of what they had seen had prepared the way for the spread of Christianity among their countrymen in the days to come.

V.

THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

JOSEPH and Mary, like all pious Jews, were faithful observers of the Law. They therefore visited the Temple, where Mary took for her purification the offering of the poor, a pair of turtledoves or two young pigeons. She also took her infant Son to the Temple to pay the money which was always required to redeem the first-born. We are told nothing of what passed between these poor peasants of Galilee and the lordly priests and functionaries of the Temple, but it was on the occasion of this visit that Christ was prophetically recognised and welcomed by the aged

Anna, of the tribe of Asher, and by the aged Simeon, who had long been waiting for the Salvation of Israel, and who broke into that burst of song, the "Nunc Dimittis," which is chanted to this day in tens of thousands of Christian churches all over the world.

VI.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

MAN is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upwards, and He Who came to be the Saviour of mankind had some experience even from infancy of the troubles of life. The deadly machinations of the tyrant Herod made it necessary for Joseph and Mary to take the young Child with them and to fly into Egypt. Here, again, no details or particulars are recorded; but we are quite sure that there must have been for such poor fugitives many trials and difficulties during their flight through the desert into a strange land. Not a word, however, is told us of any incident in the journey, nor of the hardships which they must have encountered in their two years' sojourn in an alien and distant country. It was not until they received the news that Herod was dead that they ventured to return to Palestine, and even then, hearing that the tyrant Archelaus had succeeded his father, they did not feel secure until they had taken refuge in the lonely obscurity of their native Nazareth.

VII.

CHRIST AMONG THE DOCTORS.

JOSEPH and Mary conformed with pious strictness to the rules of the Mosaic dispensation. They went up every year from Nazareth to Jerusalem to be present at the Feast of the Passover. The journey was a long one, and they did not take Jesus with them till He was twelve years old. At the age of twelve a Jewish boy was regarded as having attained to years of discretion; for the development of youth in the East is much more rapid than in our Northern climates. The incidents of the attendance of the youthful Christ at this His first Passover are not recorded; but we are told that when His parents returned to Nazareth He was not with them. During the first day's journey they felt no anxiety about Him, for they thought that He was among the other Galilean pilgrims who had accompanied them from Nazareth. When, however, they failed to find Him they returned on the day's journey to Jerusalem in deep anguish of heart. It was not till the third morning that they found Jesus in the Temple, sitting among the Doctors, "both hearing them, and asking them questions." No doubt He had been under the care of kind friends at Jerusalem, but His mother addressed to Him the agonised question, "Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us? Behold, Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing."

There is a surprise of simplicity in our Lord's answer: "How was it that ye sought Me? Wist ye not that I must be in My Father's House?"

His Father's House was infinitely dear and sacred to Him. The days were still far distant when He should learn how utterly it had been desecrated into a den of robbers and a scene of hypocritical formalism, and should prophesy that coming destruction which would fall upon it before that generation had passed away.

The incident is often entirely misunderstood and misrepresented. Many writers seem to suppose that our Lord treated the assembled Rabbis with supercilious superiority, addressing to them questions which they could not answer, and delighting in showing the limitations of their knowledge and the errors of their theology. This is an utter mistake.

Among those Doctors were probably some of the most venerated teachers of the nation. The aged Hillel, one of the profoundest of the Jewish writers, was probably among them, and his son, Rabban Simeon and his grandson, the wise Gamaliel, with many other eminent Jewish theologians. Nothing would have been more unseemly or more unlike the humble modesty of Christ, nor would anything have more entirely shocked and disgusted these venerable teachers than that a boy of twelve should have assumed among them the airs of superiority.

It was His desire to be taught by their wisdom, and He sat humbly in the midst of them, "hearing them, and asking them questions"; while they on their part "were astonished at His understanding


Flight into Egypt.



Jesus in the Temple
sitting in the midst of the Doctors


Jesus working
in the
carpenter's shop.

and answers. Long years afterwards He said to His disciples, "The Scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses' seat. All therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works: for they say, and do not."

We may be quite sure that the boy Christ, in the sweet humility of His early years, followed that rule which long afterwards He laid down for His disciples: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." It was in accordance with this rule that He went back with His parents to Nazareth, "and was subject unto them."

VIII.

IN THE CARPENTER'S SHOP.

IT is an astonishing and little noticed fact that after the incidents of the Nativity, and the single anecdote of Christ's boyhood, there is only one single word which gives us any information about His life until He attained the age of thirty years. That one word is found in the incidental question, "Is not this *the carpenter?*"

This question of the Nazarenes throws a flood of light on the Lord's life until He began His ministry. It shows that He was not only subject to His parents, but that He worked for long years at the humble trade of His supposed father. We may well be amazed at such a flash of revelation. It might seem to us almost inconceivable that the only Son of the Most High God should not only have taken our nature upon Him, but that for so many years He should have occupied so despised a position in a most obscure village of a most despised province of a conquered land.

But there are lessons of infinite depth in this silence of the sacred records, and in this obscurity and humility of the earthly lot of Christ. In coming to take our nature upon Him, He came also to live the common lot of the vast majority of mankind. The few only are rich: the few only occupy splendid positions in life; and the Lord of glory designed to show that the most blessed and perfect service can be offered to the Almighty Father as much in the lowest and obscurest of earthly lots as upon the gorgeous thrones of Emperors.

He designed to teach the lesson that mere earthly grandeur is absolutely nothing in the eyes of God, and that He cares more for the lowliest peasant who offers to Him true and acceptable service than for the most splendid potentates who live for themselves and are not obedient to His laws. There could be no greater, no deeper, no diviner, no more necessary, no more encouraging lesson for mankind than that which Jesus was thus teaching during those homely and unrecorded years.





A Christmas Sketch by Amy Le Feuvre.

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

IT was a few days before Christmas. Rain had been falling persistently, and not all the blaze and glory of the London shops could cheer the outlook. The streets were coated with thick black mud, fog fell and lifted at intervals, and towards dusk the air grew piercingly cold, and hail mingled with the steady downpour.

It was a day to spend over one's fireside, and Mrs. Dacombe congratulated herself that her shopping was over, and that she could now indulge in a few moments' well-earned rest.

She turned from her writing-desk, and seated herself in an easy-chair by the fire.

"Maurice, what are you doing?"

She put the question in a tired voice, but there was a stir in a dark corner of the shabby little room, and then a small, eager figure sprang up, and a little boy, with tumbled golden hair and great questioning eyes, flung himself on her lap.

"I've been keeping so quiet, mummie. You told me I was to, and I've been watching it get darker and darker. I don't like Christmas; it's dark, and cold and rainy—I wish the summer would come back."

"Oh, don't say that, my boy. All children like Christmas: it is only we older folks who sometimes wish it over. I wish you had seen a Christmas as I did when I was a little girl. Shall I tell you about it?"

Maurice nodded, and wound one of his arms round his mother's neck, whilst he wriggled his little body into a more comfortable attitude.

Mrs. Dacombe looked round her room with a sigh.

It was on the third floor of a lodging-house. Her writing table and typewriter took up one entire side of it; the window looked out upon the rain-sodden street and a row of like houses on the other side. A small round table, a couple of horse-hair chairs, and a chiffonnier completed her furniture. The chair she was in was the only article that looked made for comfort and not hard work. There was a cupboard in the wall, the lower half of which contained Maurice's few treasured books and toys. The walls were dark and dingy, and the framed pictures thereon were chiefly the photographs of some of the landlady's deceased relatives.

"Such a different world from this Maurice, so clean and bright and cheerful! I have often told you of my home."

"I know," broke in the boy eagerly. "A little grey house standing by itself. I haven't seen many houses like that in London. The churches don't touch—at least some of them don't, and Buckingham Palace, and a few other very big houses, but little houses are always joined to others, always—and it had creepers over it, and a stable and fowlhouse, and a large garden with trees and flowers. But how did it look at Christmas, when it was raining, and foggy, and dark, and so *very* cold to get up in the morning?"

"It was never foggy, and I remember bright sun and white snow, and ice that we skated upon. We were close to grandpapa's church, and the bells were always ringing at Christmas time. We used to go into the woods and get some holly and evergreens, and the boys would bring it home in our little cart, and then we helped to decorate the church. There was a lot to be done at Christmas time, but we loved it all. The village children practised carols, and we had a big Christmas tree for the Sunday school in the schoolroom, and we used to make toffee and put into match-boxes covered with pictures. That was my work, I remember. And then there were our own presents. We were a large family, Maurice. Nine boys and girls, and your Grandmamma made a rule that the presents we gave each other must be of our own making. They were not very costly presents, but we had such fun making them, and keeping it secret from each other was very difficult sometimes. I remember stealing into your Uncle Bob's room one night to measure his head for a woollen tam-o'-shanter I was knitting for him. He was fast asleep, but woke up dreaming of burglars, and fancied I was one. He nearly smothered me with his pillows, and had tied my hands and feet together with his stockings before he realised who I was. How we laughed over it afterwards!"

Mrs. Dacombe's pale cheeks flushed as she talked, and the tired lines in her face disappeared.

Maurice chuckled with delight as he listened to her.

"Tell me more, mummie. It sounds like a story-book."

"What shall I tell you? About the crisp snow on Christmas Day under our feet, as we all tramped into church and lifted up our voices to sing the old Christmas hymns; the robins that would fly in to pick at the holly wreaths round the church pillars; the greetings we got from the villagers; the long Christmas dinner afterwards, with the merry chatter, and the games we played, when the curtains were drawn, and the cold and dark shut out? Oh, Maurice! I seem to feel it all again, but it's nothing, nothing but a memory!"

Mrs. Dacombe put him off her lap, and rose to her feet with another heavy sigh.

Maurice sat down on the rug and looked into the glowing coals of the fire before him.

"I love hearing it, mummie. I wonder if I could make some Christmas presents for someone? Even Jennie sends Christmas cards to some of her friends, and her father is a dustman! Oh, mummie, do you think I could make some Christmas cards myself?"

Mrs. Dacombe was looking drearily out of the window. She was reproaching herself for letting the toilsome drudgery of her daily life, the ceaseless struggle to make both ends meet, so absorb her thoughts and energies that her child was denied any share in Christmas cheer or joy. She had given up trying to make Christmas bright when her artist husband, after eight years of unsuccessful toil, gave up the struggle, and succumbed to that present-day scourge, influenza. He had died eighteen months ago, and since then she had bravely maintained herself and her boy by typewriting, but, though her courage was dauntless, her bright cheerfulness was dimmed, and Maurice dwelt in a home of shadows and care.

As she turned and looked at him, she resolved not to quench the light that was sparkling in his eyes.

"Yes, darling, you shall. I will turn out some odd bits of cardboard I have in one of my drawers. You are so fond of your pencil and paints that I am sure you will do them prettily. Christmas is a time for giving and receiving; if we cannot receive, we will try to give. Now we must ring the bell for the lamp and for tea."

Tea was brought by a stout, smiling little maid—the Jennie who sent her friends Christmas cards—and mother and son sat down to drink weak tea, and to eat a small supply of bread and butter.

Maurice was full of fuss and importance over his intention.

"And as I don't know many friends, mummie, do you think I might send one to each of the other lodgers? There's that nice Scotch gentleman up above us, who comes up and downstairs so softly; and old Captain Brewster, who always says "Tuts!" to me when I wish him good-morning. And the fat lady who has just taken the drawing-room with her maid. And Miss Cray, who is always losing her specs and tumbling upstairs. I think they would like to get a Christmas card, and if you could give me some envelopes, mummie—very, *very* cheap ones will do—I could write their names on them, and push them under the doors very softly on Christmas Day!"

Mrs. Dacombe assented to all this, and, child-like, Maurice would begin work at once, the very minute the tea was removed. His mother



"He stooped and picked it up."

found some coloured bits of cardboard, and gave him scissors to cut and shape them.

Seven cards were the result.

"I thought I would give Jennie one, and Mrs. Trelawney one, if she's not too grand, and there's one over for somebody else, but you mustn't ask who!"

There was silence after this. Mrs. Dacombe was at her typewriter again, but, though as a rule Maurice was not allowed to disturb her, he was too excited to be silent now.

"Please, mummie, may I speak to you?"

"I will give you five minutes, and then you must promise not to interrupt me."

"What shall I write on them? I must have words, and then I will paint a picture."

"Put Christmas words; though I can't help thinking it is rather a mockery to be wishing anyone in this house a happy Christmas. They wouldn't be here if they really wanted to enjoy themselves. I think you might write a Christmas text on them, dear. God's words bring comfort, when ours are no good at all. Put that verse, 'For unto you is born this day . . . a Saviour. It was the angels' message at Christmas time. I remember I had a very pretty card sent to me one year with those words upon it. And it also put the four things the angels mentioned besides—"Fear not. Great joy. Peace. Good will"—four blessings that Christmas brings us. I will write it down, and then you can take what you like from it. Then you must not disturb me again."

"Thank you, mummie. I will do all the words to-night, and leave my painting till to-morrow, when it's daylight."

There was quiet in the room after that.

The small golden head was bowed in eagerness over pencil and paper, and not even the swift click of the typewriter moved with more rapidity than did the busy childish brain over some of the greatest truths of Christmastide.

An hour later the boy was lying back on his pillow, clasping his mother round the neck for a good-night kiss.

"Mummie, does God send down the angels every Christmas with the same words to tell people? Is it always just the same?"

His mother paused, then a light came into her face.

"Yes, darling, thank God! it's always just the same."

"They must be very busy," said the child reflectively. "Do they go to everybody, or is it only people who are out of doors that hear them?"

His mother did not answer. Her thoughts were taken out of her sordid, narrow surround-

ings, and wandered to the world at large. The rich, the careless, the poor neglected ones, as well, would soon be all within sound of Christmas bells and Christmas cheer. How many would distinguish, through generations of habit and custom, the soft strain of heavenly music? Would earth's gay clamour drown it? Would heavy care cloud and crush it?

Maurice's little voice roused her out of her musings.

"If they have to go to everybody," he observed thoughtfully, "they needn't come to our four lodgers, so I shall have saved them that. For reading a message is *quite* as good as hearing it, mummie, isn't it?"

Mrs. Dacombe bent over and kissed him with tears in her eyes.

Tired in body and spirit, that evening she bowed her head over her Bible before retiring to rest. She had been neglecting it lately, and it seemed a long time since she had heard any heavenly message.

But the voice of her little boy was ringing in her ears. "For reading a message is *quite* as good as hearing it." And her soul received food and comfort from the Word of Life that night.

CHAPTER II.

HECTOR MCDERMOT'S CHRISTMAS.

A LITTLE grey house on a hill, with a belt of Scotch firs on one side, and a green slope on the other, with a glorious view of a dashing river through a cleft in the blue hills, winding down to a fertile valley below. It is early morning, but there is bustle and confusion inside. The little front hall is crowded with luggage; a merry-looking, dark-eyed girl is bustling to and fro, joking and laughing and dashing suspicious-looking drops from her quivering eyelashes.

"Christine, how many loaves are you cutting up into sandwiches? You are supplying him with enough for a year. No, Phœbe, I can't pack another egg, the hamper is bursting already. It is to be hoped his landlady won't object to all this country fare. I expect she will turn up her London nose at it! Allan, you monkey! come out of that hat! You have no respect for your big brother's property. Now, here is Sandy for the luggage! Hector, time is up!'

Hector dashes down the narrow stairs, a strong, broad-shouldered young fellow, with a frank, guileless look in his clear grey eyes, and a smile that usually brings warmth and sunshine to those who see it, but which now is a trifle forced and set.

"I'm ready. Go ahead Sandy! I'll catch you up."

He turns into a small room where a gentle sweet-faced girl is hastily finishing her packets of sandwiches. She looks up and drops her parcels.

"Is it good-bye, Hector? Oh! how shall we get on without you?"

She links her arm in his and draws him to the window. "Tell me," she says earnestly. "Are we doing right in staying on here? Is it right to tax you so? Ought we not to break up our home and go out to earn our living?"

A proud, passionate light comes into the young fellow's eyes. "I will never let one of *my* sisters go out into the world and rough it. You are earning money here, Christine. Ever since our father's death, your poultry and dairy have kept us going—that and the legacy——"

"But," interrupts his sister, "the legacy is gone, and unless you can send us the rent regularly out of your salary we must give up our little farm."

"I have promised that, and a McDermot never breaks his word!"

"But it may be difficult for you. Is it right for us to take it?"

The lad bends down and kisses his sister.

"Good-bye, Christine. I shall never fail you, and you will see me back one day with my fortune made. I shan't forget you. And I mean to be the master of this house even when I am away from it. You will hear from me every month."

Christine bears herself bravely. She is very young, and realises with a pang that, when her brother goes, she will have to stand alone.

Then her younger sister dashes in.

"Good-bye, old fellow! We will all work hard, and, perhaps, one day, if you can't come to us, Christine and I will come up to London and see you. Will you be ashamed to see us, I wonder? I will write and give you all the news once a week."

He kisses her, then tosses into the air the baby and pet of the house—little six-year-old Allan.

With a little choke in his throat he grips the hand of old Phœbe, who has been in the family for twenty years, and then he goes.

Out from his pure, wholesome home life into the strange, bewildering sphere of City life in London, as a banker's clerk. His Scotch home, with its fragrant memories, stood between him more than once when black temptation assailed him; but as time went on his feet began to trip, and Hector McDermot bitterly confessed to himself that London life was difficult.

He was sitting in his bedroom on Christmas Eve. The bells from some neighbouring church were chiming out, but he hardly heard them.

His bright, frank, guileless look had long ago departed. Lines of care and dissipation were stamped upon his face. How had it happened, he asked himself to-night, that all had turned out so differently from what he had expected? For ruin now stared him in the face. An acquaintance had been his evil star; he had taught him to drink and to gamble. For months he had been in money difficulties, and the day previously had been tempted to appropriate some money that had been entrusted to his care. He had it now in a little canvas bag in his room. A debt of honour had to be paid within twenty-four hours. This bag made it possible to discharge it, but Hector knew that such a theft would bring its own penalty.

"I shall pay my debts with it, and go off to America, and make a fresh start. They will not find me out for a few weeks, as my chief is out of town. Christine and Effie must be pretty sick of me by this time. For the last six months they have not had a penny towards the rent. I can't go back. It's too late. Must make an end of Hector McDermot, who once thought—poor young fool!—that he was a worthy representative of his gallant forefathers! To-morrow night will see me sailing as plain 'Sandy Brown'—a criminal in disguise. Bother those bells! how I hate Christmas! Mother would have us keep it at home. She was English to the core. But what a farce it is in London! Don't let me begin to think. I must act. What! letters? Oh, dash it! More bills I suppose. No—from—from home. What's the good of reading them? I daren't! I'll chuck them into the fire."

He suited the action to the word, but the embers in his small grate were nearly extinguished, and then he impulsively snatched them out, tore open the envelopes and read them.

"DEAR OLD HECTOR—Are you ill? Do send just one line, for we are so miserable not hearing from you. We quite understand your not being able to afford to send the rent money. I have always heard that money melts away in London, and you must have many expenses that we know nothing about. You will not mind very much, I hope, when I tell you that we are giving up the farm. It has been rather a struggle, for our landlord, as you know, is a man who will not wait for his money. So we are going into lodgings at Cray End, and Effie and I have been promised some employment. Don't be angry dear. 'Honour first' has always been our motto, and there is nothing degrading in the work that we mean to do. By-and-by, when better times come, we shall be able to make a little home together once more. But oh, Hector dear, if you love us, write us one line this Christmas time—just to say that you are alive and well.

"Your loving Sister, CHRISTINE."

Hector clenched this letter in his hand with strong emotion. Then he unfolded the other sheet.

"MY DEAR HECTOR.—A happy Christmas to you! Yes, I wish it to you with all my heart, and won't give you a fit of the blues by telling you any of our news.

"I will just say that Christine has been very ill of a nasty kind of low fever. I'm afraid she worried herself into it, but she's better now and out of danger, and I'm so thankful that I feel nothing else matters! We're moving out of this next week. We have been allowed to stay till then. I shall be glad when it's over, for Christine's sake. Perhaps I had better tell you, but we are both going as shop assistants to Mr. Glencarry at Cray End. Do you remember his shop—the large draper's at the corner? He has been very kind. Anything is better than going crazy over accounts, trying to make both ends meet, and being afraid to eat when you're hungry. Allan is thriving. Phœbe will still be able to take care of him, and Christine and I come back every day at five, so we shall spend our evenings together. We are hoping to hear from you by every post. But I'm sure you won't fail us at Christmas time.

"Your loving EFFIE."

Hector let this letter drop from his fingers to the floor. He closed his eyes, and a little scene came before him. A young lad bending over his father's dying bed, and receiving that father's blessing. Then, with his hand on the old man's frail one, the lad says in steadfast tones:

"I promise you, father, that, with God's help, I will take your place, and as long as I live my sisters and little brother shall not want. I will work for them as you have worked for us. I will provide and care for them."

A bitter groan broke from the young man.

"I have ruined them as well as myself. I can make no reparation. There is no forgiveness for such as me!"

The silent hours of the night drew on; but Hector McDermot, though he cast himself upon his bed, could not sleep. He saw himself branded as a thief. He pictured his sisters receiving the news of his crime and his flight, and he cried aloud in his wretchedness:

"I have no one to save me—to help me. I have gone too far to go back!"

The morning dawned, and still he lay there, remorse and shame steeping his soul in despair.

"Is there any way out of it? None. If I took the money back, I have not the courage to confess it. I should be dismissed instantly, and my debts would confront me. I do not know a soul in London that would help me. There is no way out of it. I have gone too far to go back."

He rose at last, and with trembling hands began to make his preparations for flight. Suddenly he was conscious of a small white envelope that had been slipped underneath his door. He stooped and picked it up. On the envelope was written, in red letters, 'The Christmas Angel's Message."

Mechanically he opened it, and a small card with the following words upon it arrested his attention:

"*Fear not.*
For unto you is born this day . . .
a Saviour."

The card was framed in a wonderful red-and-gold painted frame, with a great many quaint flourishes over it. But the details were unnoticed, only the words burnt into his heart and soul as no words had ever done before—

"Fear not . . . this day . . . a Saviour!"

They came to him with a strange, mysterious significance and power.

He had spent the night in owning and bewailing his own weakness and helplessness, his inability to recover himself from the quagmire into which he had fallen. He had longed for some strong hand to deliver him. Was it possible that this strange message had any meaning in it for him?

"Fear not!"

His whole being was in a tumult of fear and apprehension. Guilt had brought its fellow-companion with it. He sat down and gazed at the card in his hand with troubled eyes.

"This day . . a Saviour."

What day was this? Christmas Day! And then some other words flashed through his mind. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

He forgot his preparations for flight, the need of haste. It seemed to him that One Who could save, and Who would save, was drawing near to him.

He cast himself on his knees.

"Oh, Lord, save me! From this crime I am contemplating—from the consequences of it—from all my debts and broken vows, and sins, good Lord, deliver me!"

Long he knelt. And through the slough of sin and despair he struggled upwards and gripped hold of the Cross.

The angels' message had been received. Hector McDermot feared the future no more, for unto him that Christmas morning had come—a Saviour!

CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN BREWSTER'S CHRISTMAS.

IT was Christmas Eve. Captain Brewster walked back from his club to his lodgings when the streets were crowded with Christmas shoppers. He had found the club empty that afternoon. His old cronies were out of town, and he gave one of his impatient snorts as he recalled the pitying inflexion in the hall porter's tone: "You'll not be out of town this Christmas, then, sir?"

"Out of town." The words took him with a bound to an old manor house on the slope of a wooded hill in Worcestershire. The home of his childhood—the place that, when first he went to sea, visited him in his dreams and was ever in his waking thoughts. He saw himself there taking his first ride with his father, a little chubby urchin of six years. He pictured the manor hung and adorned with wreaths and flags on the occasion of his father's second marriage a year later; and he saw himself hiding away in many a nook and corner from the harsh presence and voice of his stepmother. Two years later, another small boy toddled in his steps, and his brother Rob became a source of interest and amusement to him. But the death of his father brought a black shadow over his young life. His stepmother no longer concealed her dislike to him, and at last, goaded by taunts and injustice, he ran away to sea, and went into the merchant service. After a time he was received home at intervals, but was plainly shown that it was no longer his home. Owing to a flaw in the will, the young wife and her son succeeded to it all, and the eldest boy, having chosen his profession, was told he must make his own way in life without any help from his relations.

For years the sea was his portion, but he was steadily saving money, and as promotion came in due time, and he was at length given command of a vessel, James Brewster began to long for a home. He had friends on shore who welcomed him, a young girl whose blushes and smiles were kept for him, and in due time they were betrothed, and a little home was often the subject of their talk. But whilst he was taking his last voyage the young girl was taken ill, and when he landed to claim her as his bride he was led to a newly cut grave that held all that was dearest in life to him. James Brewster went to sea again, a soured, miserable man. Years passed: he left the merchant service, and became a wanderer. Once he revisited the home of his youth. His stepmother was dead, and his younger brother reigned there. He had married, and was bringing up a large family of boys and girls, who were ready to welcome their uncle with

much affection. But Captain Brewster never forgot that the old inheritance should have been his; his heart was bitter, and he refused their friendly overtures. He had now few interests in life. He lodged in the house of a former shipmate of his, and spent most of his time at his club. And before going to his club on Christmas Eve he had written to his brother declining his invitation to be his Christmas guest.

"They are nothing to me," he growled to himself. "Why should I make myself agreeable to them? Let them ask those who have no bitter recollections to spoil the harmony of a Christmas gathering."

So, walking home, he reached his rooms, and, with his pipe in his mouth and a newspaper in his hand, prepared to enjoy his Christmas Eve over his cheerful fire.

He did not read. Memory was too hard at work. He had passed a good many families in the streets that afternoon. The breathless excitement of the children; the bustling importance of their mothers; the amused content and pride in the eyes of their fathers —all struck him as strangely pathetic. He began to wonder what he would feel like if he were to be the head and centre of a happy family circle on the morrow, and as he pictured it a grim smile turned into a somewhat wistful expression.

"There is no one on earth that cares about me or wants me! What a farce this Christmastide is! A meaningless thing to lonely men like myself. I have nothing in common with it. Thank goodness, it will soon be over!"

But the church bells chimed on, and the carol singers sang their songs, and Captain Brewster felt his heart expanding, in spite of himself, in this Christmas atmosphere.

"I suppose," he mused, "it is a huge system of give and take. And givers and receivers are each made happy in their own way. It is quite certain I shall receive nothing from this day of festivity and good will, as they term it; but it's just possible that I could give, if I had a mind to, instead of take."

He smiled at the thought, and at the remembrance of the big balance at his bank. And he stirred his fire into a bright blaze, and leant back in his easy-chair, taking a deep whiff of his favourite tobacco, and seeing a vista of strange possibilities opening out from his narrow, self-centred life.

"But there isn't a soul I know that would care to accept my help, and I hate indiscriminate giving, such as stuffing bank-notes into church plates and bags! I like to know where my money goes and what it does."

He sat on until the midnight chimes had ceased, and then, with a strange restlessness in his heart, he retired to sleep, but it was long in coming.

Then a strange thing happened. He was lying awake, reasoning with himself why he should be tempted to act differently on this Christmas Day from what he had done on fifty-four previous ones, when he was startled by a cry in the next room to his.

The walls were thin, and he had been conscious of someone moving about in a jerky, spasmodic fashion, but now distinct words came to him, and they were these:

"I have no one to save me, to help me! I have gone too far to go back!"

It was a despairing cry, and it brought conviction to Captain Brewster that there was one under the same roof as himself whose case was more to be pitied than his own. He began to wonder who his neighbour was.

"That fresh-faced young Scotchman, I fancy, who used to annoy me so by his whistling. He came here some time ago. I remember his superabundance of health and spirits irritated me, but I have not caught sight of him for a long time. He keeps late hours. Wonder what he has been doing? Some foolish scrape, I expect. Why should I trouble my head about him? Hulloa! What on earth is that?"

A white envelope was being pushed underneath his door.

"Not a letter. It must be a bill from some impudent tradesman—extraordinary proceeding on Christmas Day!"

He strode across the room and picked it up. On the envelope was written in red letters, "The Christmas Angel's Message."

He stared at it grimly, then tore it open impatiently. A card came to view highly decorated with the same red paint, and with wonderful-looking birds with scarlet breasts. But the words confronted him, and made him stand looking at them in dim perplexity.

"*Good will towards men.*
For unto you is born this day. . . a Saviour."

The sweet words crept into his heart and stayed there. Here was the essence of Christmas—this was the centrepiece, the pivot of it all. It was not a meaningless season of jollification and merry-making. Something definite had happened once that had changed the whole world's history. What part had he in it? Was he not, could he not be, one to be benefited by it?

Captain Brewster sat down to consider the matter, and who shall say that unseen angels did not hover near him, and whisper the old Christmas message again and again, till his heart began to soften?

Be that as it may, as Hector McDermot opened his bedroom door Captain Brewster opened his, and they met in the passage.

"Good-morning," said the captain cheerily.

"Not out of town this Christmas? We are close neighbours, but we don't see much of each other. I wonder, if you have no other engagement, whether you would care to dine with me? I'm going to have a quiet meal in my rooms here at six o'clock this evening. Will you join me?"

Hector flushed and hesitated for a moment.

"Thank, you, sir. I—I shall be very pleased. I have no other engagement."

Captain Brewster noted his heavy eyes and haggard face, but there was a subdued softness in his tone that touched the old man.

"If I don't get his trouble out of him after a good dinner, my name is not Brewster! Why, what a boy he is! He wants a woman to look after him!"

With which just conclusion Captain Brewster went into his sitting-room and partook of a substantial breakfast, whilst Hector, dazed and bewildered, wandered out into the streets, and later on turned into an old church and joined in the Christmas service with a subdued and grateful heart.

The dinner was a success. The old and young man drew closer together after it, and almost instinctively Hector found himself confiding some of his past history to his host. Before he went to bed that night Captain Brewster knew the best and the worst of him. Hector had written a line to the Bank to which he had been told to take the sum of money entrusted to his charge, promising to deliver it at the earliest opportunity. He also wrote a letter to his sisters which



"Hector broke down and sobbed like a child."

gladdened their hearts, and when the old captain put into his hand a cheque for the amount of his debt that was due Hector broke down and sobbed like a child.

"I will pay it back, sir, every penny of it. God helping me, I will! I'm making a fresh start, but I didn't think I should have been given such a chance!"

The sound of the Christmas bells that night fell sweetly on the ears of two lonely men, and when they laid their heads on their pillows the music rang through their hearts: "Unto you this day . . . is born a Saviour."

[END OF CHAPTER THREE.]

Stars are Shining.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words and music by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, MA.,
(Author of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," &c.)



2. See! amidst that blaze of glory
Stands a seraph, wings outspread,
Radiance as of summer morning
O'er the barren landscape shed.
Rouse, ye shepherds! shake off slumber,
Banished from each drowsy head!
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

3. "Lo! of tidings glad the bearer,
I am come, and news I bring;
Born on earth this day a Saviour,
Christ, to Jew and Gentile King.
Rouse ye, therefore, link your voices,
Then with angels carols sing:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

4. "Peace on earth, to men good favour,
Token this—the Heavenly Child,
Lying now in Bethlehem's manger,
Born of Virgin undefiled.
Christ, Messiah, long expected—
Earth and Heaven reconciled:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!"

5. Then from thousand times ten thousand
Angels, in supernal light,
Burst a chorus: O ye people,
East and West, in one unite,
Praising God, the Lord Jehovah!
Sing with angels in the height
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

PREBENDARY WEBB PEPLOE AT HOME.

By A. Black.



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

THE CHURCH.

ST. PAUL'S, Onslow Square, is one of the most unpretentious ecclesiastical buildings in the West End of London. Although no longer the simple 'preaching box" of forty years ago, having since those days been renovated, its "three-decker" having given place to a handsome pulpit, its organ enlarged, a chancel added, the electric light introduced, and sundry other improvements, it cannot lay claim to any architectural features of note. And its services are, with one or two very minor alterations, carried on just the same as they were at the foundation of the church in 1860. No surpliced choir leads (or, to speak more correctly, usurps) the singing of the congregation; no elaborate services or sensational deliverances disturb the worshippers in their simple devotion. The distinguishing characteristic of St. Paul's is, as it was in the days of Mr. Capel Molyneux, its first incumbent and of Mr. Marston, successor for about five years, its sturdy Protestantism and uncompromising Evangelicalism. Whatever may be the case elsewhere, the pulpit in Onslow Square emits no uncertain sound. Mr. Webb Peploe, the third and in many respects the greatest of the incumbents the church has hitherto had, offers a most determined opposition both to the Romanising and the Rationalising spirit in the Church of England. "I affirm," he says, when dissecting the claims of a section of the

ministry to the priestly office, "that no man can, without terrible guilt before God, interfere between a soul and its Saviour, and that to declare the necessity of human action in order to make the union between God and His children perfect is to derogate from the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, to injure the growth of the soul, and to rob it of much of the liberty which God has provided for it in Christ Jesus." With equal resoluteness he denounces the "grievous heresies of the Higher Criticism" as destructive of the "purity of doctrine and that personal devotion to Christ which were bequeathed to us by our fathers as the outcome of the Reformation." For Mr. Webb Peploe, although not blind to some of the failings of the old Evangelicals—he instances their excessive irritability—is not ashamed of the time-, or shall I say God-, honoured name. A man of simple, firm convictions; a staunch believer in and upholder of the "truth as it is in Jesus," and of the doctrines of the Reformation; a great preacher, if you understand by the term a man living in the atmosphere of the Scriptures, delighting to expound their utterances, and possessed by the passion of saving and building up human souls in the faith; a man with a personal charm, courtly manners (ought not every Christian to be a gentleman?), and deep spirituality of tone and temper, making itself felt over everyone he comes in contact with; and lastly, the most indefatigable of workers, the incumbent of St. Paul's is the *beau ideal* of an Evangelical clergyman, and his church (with its affiliated districts, missions, and large staff of helpers) a centre of vast evangelistic and social work.

I shall have occasion later on to speak of Mr. Webb Peploe's varied and strenuous labours. For the present, although statistics as a spiritual barometer are not wholly to be relied upon, I content myself with Mr. Webb Peploe's summary of work and progress, given at the memorable meeting in November, 1901, when his people, in grateful recognition of his twenty-five years' ministry amongst them, presented him with a valuable testimonial. He then stated that the number of communicants averaged each year from 10,000 to 13,000; that there were four curates and sixty district visitors at work in the parish and the affiliated districts in Chelsea, that the number of Sunday school teachers amounted to 130, with a weekly attendance of 1,500 scholars, and that £180,000 (£160,000 of which had been given to foreign missions), had been collected in church during the twenty-five years, exclusive of pew rents and special donations. In addition, 110 young men, fifteen of whom are now engaged in mission work, had received practical training for the ministry, after having gone through their university career. Surely a noble and splendid record of work!

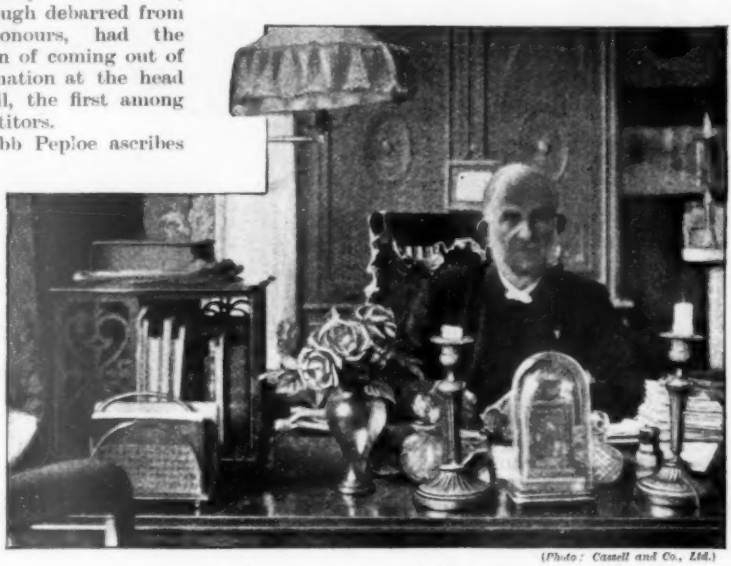
One or two characteristic anecdotes about the Peploes are of interest, because they throw a curious light on the erstwhile condition of affairs in the Church of England. One of Mr. Webb Peploe's ancestors was a Bishop. This is the way he got his bishopric. He was an ardent anti-Jacobite, and after his valiant defence of Manchester against Jacobite intrigues was introduced to George I. The King, who knew but little English, asked him his name, and, being told, remarked, "Peploe! He shall peep high; give him a bishopric!" Mr. Peploe's father, who from his loving and kindly disposition was called "The Peacemaker of Herefordshire," was Vicar of the parish of Weobly. The Peploes, a Herefordshire family of more than three hundred years' standing, had a castle in the county, and two or three livings in their gift. But Weobly invariably fell to a member of the family. On the death of the Vicar it was the custom of the then head of the Peploes to present the Bishop with a haunch of venison. Two days after the gift was followed by a letter to his lordship, in which the donor stated that he just happened to have a nephew in orders who would exactly suit the parish. This was invariably followed by the episcopal reply presenting the young man to the living. Mr. Peploe, who was ordained in 1863, succeeded in due time to his father's parish. He also held another country living before his transference to London. His father, as already indicated, was a genial, conscientious, hard-working country clergyman. But his mother was a woman not merely of saintly character, but of considerable mental power. Her religious stories, twenty-two in number, were very popular in their day, and many of them have even now a large circle of readers. The best known and most widely appreciated of her tales is probably "Naomi; or, The Last Days of Jerusalem," which has been translated in Eastern as well as Western tongues.

At Cambridge, as is well known, Mr. Peploe was noted as a famous athlete. The well-known story of his remarkable achievement in that capacity bears repeating, if only to dispel the popular illusion that an Evangelical must be a maudlin, flabby kind of creature, and also because it brings into striking relief the man's character. For the astounding pluck and energy evinced by him in physical feats of daring was shown equally in later years in his spiritual labours and pastoral work. A fall of fifteen feet from a ladder had so severely injured him that his life was de-

spaired of. However, by dint of medical skill and careful nursing he recovered a fair amount of health and strength. One day, after having been confined to his bed for six months, he was told that the University Sports were fixed for the morrow, and that his college, being somewhat undermanned, stood greatly in need of assistance. He at once pluckily jumped out of bed, entered his name and succeeded in carrying off the prize. After which he went back to bed, and remained on his back for the next twelve months. Another remarkable exhibition of physical endurance, which secured for him the title of "Champion Jumper," was his leap from the pavement to the topmost step of Trinity Hall. Of course his illness, during which he suffered a good deal of pain—he still feels the effects of the injury to his spine—put an end to his athletic career. But the invalid, confined to his couch, did not waste the hours in idle repining. He took seriously to his studies, and, although debarred from taking honours, had the satisfaction of coming out of his examination at the head of the poll, the first among 450 competitors.

Mr. Webb Peploe ascribes his conversion, under God, to the influence of Henry Wright, for many years the secretary of the Church Missionary Society. When nineteen years old, about to enter college, he had a conversation with Mr. Wright about his spiritual condition, by which he felt deeply impressed. Mr. Wright subsequently gave him a Bible, asking him earnestly to read it. Some time later young Peploe had occasion to go to Derby, and, having missed his train, had to wait four hours for the next. The races happened to be on just then, and, time hanging heavily on his hands, he made up his mind to go and see them. On the racecourse, as he was standing looking on, someone gave him a tract with the heading "Would your Soul be in Hell if you died To-night?" He felt startled, and, do what he might, was unable to shake off the disquieting feeling (which had been growing upon him since the evening under Mr. Wright's roof), that he was in a parlous spiritual condition, and that it behoved him to examine himself and to arrive at a clear understanding as to his state before God. Then followed the terrible accident and the long days and weary nights on a sick bed, with a protracted period for meditation, reflection, reading, and prayer. And thus Peploe, like many a soul before and after him, was led from fear and awe through hope to confidence, trust, and love—that "perfect love" which "casteth out fear."

In 1876 Mr. Webb Peploe entered upon his ministry at St. Paul's, Onslow Square. The call was an unexpected one, for although, being related to the first incumbent, he had felt a more than passing interest in the church, and made it a subject of special prayer that the right man should be selected for the post, he had no idea that the choice would fall upon him. But having received the call, he unhesitatingly obeyed it, although fully conscious that it was no easy matter to succeed the men who had made St. Paul's a stronghold of living Evangelicalism, and



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

THE REV. PREBENDARY WEBB PEPLOE IN HIS STUDY.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

that the position of a Vicar of a fashionable West End parish presents special difficulties. It is so much easier to be faithful in the slums of Southwark or the alleys of Whitechapel than in the drawing-rooms of Belgravia. The new Vicar, however, was not a man easily daunted, and at once threw himself into his work with his wonted energy and ardour. And, looking back on the twenty-five years of his London pastorate, he has ample reason to thank God for the success of his labours. The church, which holds 1,700 people, is filled from Sunday to Sunday by devout congregations drawn thither from the desire to hear the Gospel preached in its divine simplicity and pristine purity. For, like St. Paul, Mr. Webb Peploe is determined not to know anything among his people, "save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." His delight is to expound the Scriptures and to apply them, illustrated from the depths of that great fifth gospel, the gospel of Christian experience, to the hearts and lives of his hearers. And his desire to make his church a centre of Christian life and light in the neighbourhood has been fully realised. A number of excellent societies and agencies, the most interesting of which is probably "The Coachmen and Men Servants' Club," are engaged in spiritual and philanthropic work in the parish and the poorer parts of Chelsea. Mr. Webb Peploe has no room for drones and loafers in his church. A congregation, he says, should be a "Church Missionary Society." Each one should ask himself, "What is my particular branch of work for Jesus Christ in my parish?" and not rest until he has answered the question satisfactorily.

Mr. Webb Peploe himself is a tireless worker. He does not seem to know the meaning of the word fatigue, and the amount of work which he goes through from day to day would tax the strength of half a dozen ordinary men. He preaches and speaks on an average from eight to fifteen times every week. His services are requisitioned all over the country, and most days when at home he holds a Bible class or lectures somewhere in London. Thus he goes once a fortnight to one of the large business places, such as Barker's, Maple's, or Whiteley's, and addresses the employees. "I have spent many a delightful evening with our young people in business." Apart from his ecclesiastical labours, a great deal of work falls on his shoulders through his connection with various societies, such as the Barbican Mission to the Jews, of which he

is the President, the National Protestant Church Union, of which he is Chairman, and other similar bodies. In addition, he has to carry on a most voluminous correspondence—letters, forty and more a day, reaching him from all parts of the country to ask his opinion and advice on spiritual matters, public as well as private. The evening—or rather, the available part of the evening, for there is always some call or other on Mr. Peploe's time—is taken up with answering these numerous letters. "The last thing at night," he tells me, "is to post our letters, which is generally done at midnight. When we were younger we invariably sat up till 1.30, but as we are getting older we find a day commencing at eight and finishing at the stroke of midnight sufficient for our strength.



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

THE HOUSE.

Mr. Webb Peploe is a well-known figure at Mildmay, the Islington Clerical Meeting, where he has been a regular speaker for the last twenty-one years, and at the annual Church Congress. But nowhere is he more heartily welcomed than at the yearly gatherings in Keswick. What is the teaching of the Keswick Conference? "The Evangelicals put in the foreground justification by faith," but they did not sufficiently preach Christ as "a keeping Saviour." "My grace is sufficient for thee" is the motto of Keswick. "Kept by the power of God through faith." You have to realise that God's grace is there as a fact; you have to realise the Keeper. The Old Testament enjoins, "Keep the law"; the New Testament says, "Kept by the power of God." There is all the difference between the struggle to do your duty and the realisation of a power not your own enabling you to fulfil it. A moment-by-moment life resting in Christ is the ideal set before the Christian.

Of the many experiences of Keswick I can only find room for the following touching story, told me by Mr. Webb Peploe. He had been addressing a meeting of 400 clergy on God's call to Ezekiel to become His faithful messenger. In the course of his address he pointed out the trials through which the prophet had had to pass. He had to lie by for a time; he had to eat defiled bread; he had to shave his hair, and he had to remove his stuff from his house through the wall. Then after a spiritual application of these requirements, the speaker mentioned Ezekiel's crowning sorrow—the unwept death of his wife. "Do not say God requires that!" exclaimed a voice. "God does not require more than man can bear," was the answer. A short time after the questioner, Bishop Hill, went out with some faithful

helpers to West Africa, where all, with the exception of one, died within a few months of their arrival. The survivor, on her return to London, called on Mr. Webb Peploe, whom she happened to know. She told him, not knowing anything of the meeting at Keswick, how on the last Sunday before the Bishop was seized with his fatal illness he preached on the call and trials of Ezekiel. "And there may be one more demand," concluded the Bishop; "he may have to resign the desire of his eyes, and to bear the stroke without a murmur." The following morning she was sitting with the Bishop, and said to him, "Surely, Bishop, one could not forbear to mourn for the dead." Just then Mrs. Hill happened to come in, and was told of the question asked. She gave no reply; only smiled sweetly. That very night the Bishop and his wife were taken with the fever. For the greater part of the time they were unconscious. Once the Bishop was heard to say, "I am going home"; to which the wife replied, "We are both passing on to glory." And so they both went home without knowing the bitterness of parting.

Mr. Webb Peploe has an admirable helpmeet in his wife, Mr. Justice Lush's eldest daughter. "I have known her for thirty-eight years, and I have never seen her irritable." She and Miss Peploe are among the hardest workers in the parish, given, in season and out of season, to all manner of good works. Of the four sons, three are in the ministry. One holds a chaplaincy to seamen at Shields. Another has a living in Westmorland, and the third, who has just returned from South Africa, where he acted as military chaplain, assists his father in the parish.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.



"THEY'VE knowed each other," said Mrs. Miggins, "ever since they was that 'igh."

Here she disengaged her right hand from the folds of her apron and held it out, palm downwards, at a vague height from the ground. This height varied with her moods, which were kaleidoscopic and profuse and erratic.

Mrs. Dobbins and Mrs. Bloggs hugged themselves in their shawls expectantly, and drew nearer.

"Yes?" said Mrs Dobbins, coaxingly.

"Well, there for you!" exclaimed Mrs. Bloggs, with insidious interest in the subject.

The kaleidoscope of Mrs. Miggins's mind suddenly shifted. Mrs. Bloggs had betrayed her eagerness by just a shade too much. Mrs. Miggins was none too friendly towards Mrs. Bloggs at this period, having had recent disagreements with her about the common washhouse of the court. Therefore Mrs. Miggins looked Mrs. Bloggs up and down, and drawing within herself became inscrutable.

"Wyte and see what you shall see," she said, holding her head up triumphantly.

Then she went in, slammed the door, and left Mrs. Dobbins and Mrs. Bloggs discomfited. These moments of supremacy were as the breath of Mrs. Miggins's nostrils.

Of course they were talking about Jim and Liz. About whom else? It was by general consent the chief topic of conversation.

Without a doubt something was going to happen; for Jim had taken to bringing Liz, about once a week, a gigantic bunch of flowers, which he carried in an embarrassed yet persevering manner, and with a fatuous attempt at unconsciousness, as though he would like to put them down a sink but was determined to resist the impulse; and Liz had grown preoccupied, and had taken to gazing at the railway lights in a dreamy and absent-minded way as she waited each night on the platform of Bethnal Green Railway Station after her day's work at the mantle-making establishment. The lights were those of the multitudinous signals that for ever gleamed and throbbed from the network of lines running down to Bishopsgate Station. They formed a veritable constellation against the black sky as they flashed, white and red, yellow and green; and burned duskily here, and died away there; and sprang into birth in unexpected places, like mystic signs and portents from some dark shadow-land. Somehow they had a strange attraction for Liz of late. If she could have found a vocabulary, she would have told herself that she was at a turning point in her life, and that those railway lights, gleaming from out the frowning night, vaguely brought to her mind the idea of danger-signals flashing across the impenetrable darkness of the future. And somehow her eyes were always fixed, as if by some irresistible fascination, upon the light of dusky red that burned with ominous

prescience at the mouth of the Bishopsgate tunnel.

Jim and Liz had known each other ever since they were boy and girl together at the great, dingy Board school in Pott Street. It was on one memorable day at this period that Jim had administered condign punishment to the school bully, Dick Nobbs, for thumping Liz and making her cry. From that date they were firm friends, in that quiet, casual, matter-of-fact way that may mean either everything or nothing. Somehow Jim kept up the *rôle* of protector, and somehow Liz took it as a matter of course that she was to be protected—and that by Jim. When Liz's father died and left her mother penniless, it was Jim who started the "friendly lead" among his acquaintances which resulted in a sum sufficient to pay all the debts and funeral expenses. When, three years later, her mother was carried off by the after effects of influenza, it was Jim who settled all the simple affairs and obtained for Liz a safe lodging with Mrs. Miggins, of Figgis's Court. So the years had gone by, and Jim was now a big, broad, pleasant-faced fellow, with a growing little business of his own as a wholesale greengrocer and florist. He had always been steady, had Jim, and careful of his earnings, and he could show you one of the neatest little vegetable carts, one of the fastest little ponies, and one of the most satisfactory account-books that any man in his walk of life could expect to have. He was slow and heavy in manner, peculiarly hesitating and deliberate in speech, very sparing in his words, straight as a die in his expressions of opinion, and honest as the day in business matters. Lastly, Jim was never known to lose his temper with man or beast; and they called him "Easy-Goin' Jim."

As for Liz, she was one of the nimblest workers that the mantle-making establishment could boast of, and could easily make her fifteen or twenty shillings weekly. This was but a mere fraction compared with Jim's earnings, but it sufficed for Liz, who was of an independent turn of mind, and paid her way, and owed naught, and accepted favours from no one—save, very occasionally, from Jim. There was always a warm corner in her heart for Jim. But even from Jim would she take nothing more costly than the weekly bunch of flowers from the fragrant pyramids which he brought down from Covent Garden Market every morning. For the rest, she was slim and tall, and in a manner comely; lissome in movement, with steady grey eyes, and a mass of dark brown hair, which, by some superiority of taste, she brushed straight back from her forehead, instead of trimming into a gaudy fringe, as most of her sisters of the factory were wont to do.

Jim brought her a bunch of narcissus, the first of the season. As usual, he went no further than the door, and he said nothing to Mrs. Miggins beyond the words "For Liz," as he handed them to her. But there was a flush on his big, honest face as he turned away.

Liz came home to find the narcissus on the table of her little room. Mrs. Miggins had forgotten all about them, being too fully occupied with another grievance against Mrs. Bloggs.

"What d'you think she's bin an' done now?" exclaimed Mrs. Miggins impetuously, as Liz came in.

"Who? Mrs. Bloggs, I suppose! I'm sure I can't tell," said Liz wearily.

"She's gone an' used that washus all day without as much as sayin' 'By yer leave' to any of us; an' there she's bin mincin' in an' out as though the whole place belonged to her. An' 'ere I'm goin' to wash to-morrer, an' I expect that I shall find that place in such a sloppy mess that I'll 'ave to clean it up myself afore beginnin'; an' what with one thing an' another——"

Liz was not a sympathetic listener this evening. She went into her room and closed the door. She started as she saw Jim's flowers in the jug on the table. The next instant she had plucked them, almost passionately, from their receptacle, and had thrown them on the floor. She looked at them a moment, and then, quickly stooping, picked them up with a world of remorse in her face and restored them gently to their place. Then she turned to the window, and somehow that red light by the dark railway tunnel danced before her eyes in the flickering darkness. Always, of late, that red light!

That very evening Jim, returning from a visit to a sick member of his club, saw something as he passed the end of the court which caused him to stagger and reel as though from a sudden blow. Under the lamp-post which lit the narrow entry to the small street stood Liz and Bill the greengrocer—they called him "Perlite Bill" because of his spick-and-span manner. Even as Jim caught sight of them, Bill put his arm round Liz's waist and inclined his head towards her.

Jim turned away, and, leaning against the wall, drew his hand mechanically across his forehead. He was about to move away, steadfastly keeping his eyes averted from the court entrance, when a light footfall went past him, and Perlite Bill, barely glancing to the right or the left, stalked jauntily down the street, whistling an air. Jim, looking

round, went quickly up the alley, and caught Liz within three yards of her own door.

"Liz!" he said huskily.

Liz started and turned round quickly.

"Jim!" she replied.

There was a slight tremor in her voice, and her face was pale as the light of the window fell athwart it.

"Liz!" Jim went on hoarsely, "I seed you an' Bill—I couldn' help it—I was goin' past, and—I seed you."

"Yes," said Liz in a whisper.

"Liz, I—I didn' know as—you and Bill——"

"I was going to tell you, Jim—I was indeed—the very next time I met you. I was going to tell you before anyone else, Jim! It was only to-night that—that——"

She looked up at him piteously, and saw something in his face that caused her to burst into tears. She laid her hand on his arm. Jim caught hold of it and took it hungrily between his two great horny palms.

"Why, Liz," he said gently, "don't take on like that! What call have you got to cry? I believe as you was goin' to tell me—there, straight! I never knowed you to do anything sly, Liz, and we've bin friends a few years now. If you likes him better—than—anyone else, Liz, there's nothing to be ashamed of. I s'pose you do, Liz, like him better, Liz—in that way—than anyone else, Liz!"

Liz turned her face away, and burst afresh into tears.

Jim straightened himself. There was a wondrous kindness in his voice when he spoke.

"You needn't ha' bin afraid to tell me, Liz. There, there! pull yourself together, my gel! It ain't your fault, Liz—not one little bit! It's my thick 'ead as is to blame. Come, Liz! Go in an' show a smilin' face. You ain't got no call to vex. You've done nothin' but what is straight an' square."

Liz went in, somewhat comforted, and Jim looked after her, smiling and nodding "Good-night." And when the door was closed he turned away and began to walk at a great pace down the Cambridge Road. The dull clouds which all day had been gathering overhead had closed in, and a fine drizzling rain was falling which floated and swayed upon the air like a thin mist. The streets became silent and deserted, save for the light and hubbub of the gin-palaces or the footsteps of belated pedestrians. Jim's lodgings were hard by, but he was wet through when at last he entered them that night.

Next day he turned into Perlite Bill's green-grocery shop—a poor, ill-stocked establishment in the Hackney Road.

"I just called in on a bit of special business, Bill," he said.

Jim's face lengthened for a moment, and then assumed that suave, bland aspect which it mostly wore.

"Well, Mr. Robinson," said Bill, in oily accents, "to tell the truth, I've bin expectin' of yer. But business has bin very bad this last month, Mr. Robinson, and I'd tyke it very kind of yer, very kind indeed, Mr. Robinson, if you'd leave that there little balance stand over for another week or fortnight, when I promise on my word an' honour——"

Jim shook his head impatiently.

"It ain't that I've called about," he said in his heavy, deliberate way. "Look 'ere, Bill—straight now—I understand as as you are keepin' company with Liz."

Bill's manner suddenly changed. His tone became perky, and his eyes crafty.

"P'r'aps I am, and p'r'aps I ain't, Mr. Robinson! What abaht it?"

Jim looked at him wonderingly.

"I don't see as you've got any call to beat about the bush, Bill. Anyways, I considers you the luckiest chap around 'ere."

Bill burst into a loud guffaw.

"Well, I never! Is that 'ow the land lays? I 'ad no idea as you was on that tack, Mr. Robinson! Well, we can't all be the fyvoured one, you know! I'm very sorry as I've cut you out, but reely I 'ad no idea as you was in the runnin'."

A dusky red had slowly mounted into Jim's face. He took no notice of Bill's speech.

"What I've come to say is this," he said, slowly. "I've known her many a year now, and I considers her the best-livin' and the straightest gel as ever I've come across, and—well, the truth is, I'd do anything so as Liz should be comfortable and happy in her married life. And—well, if you are the man she likes, I'd do anything to 'elp *you*, see!"

Bill began to listen keenly.

"Now look 'ere, do you mean it with Liz—straight?" asked Jim.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Robinson, in course I do," said Bill, quickly, and with unction.

"If you don't," said Jim, putting his teeth together, and closing his fist, "if you play any fast an' loose business with Liz——But there, we won't talk of that. I'll tell you what I'll do. I want Liz to have a comfortable home to go to when she gets married. I'll set you up in a better shop—in the corner shop down the road—and I'll put in a full stock to start with, and lend you twenty pounds for capital, if you'll promise me two things—fust, not to say a word to Liz about it, and second, to do everything you can to make a comfortable home for her."

Bill would undertake to do anything and everything. He made promise after promise.



"Caused him to stagger and reel, as though from a sudden blow."—*p.* 134.

He called Jim his "benefactor," and spoke a glib speech of fulsome thanks. And finally he approached Jim with the intention of grasping his hand as a proof of touching gratitude.

Jim moved off impatiently.

"Oh, stop that, Bill!" he said. "What I've said I'll do I'll do! There's only one thing more as I wanted to ask you."

Jim here grew red in the face, and began to stammer.

"I—well—you see, Bill, I—I've always sent Liz a bunch of flowers about once a week, we bein' old friends. I—I—s'pose you don't mind my keepin' on sendin' them, Bill?"

Bill stared at him in utter astonishment.

"Well, I didn' know but what you might object," said Jim, apologetically. "I take that very kind of you, Bill."

Then he went, with his big, heavy stride; and Bill, as he looked after him, indulged in a mimic pantomime, which eventually gave way to a whistle, loud and long.

"Well, if this 'ere ain't a queer go!" he exclaimed. "Of all the soft coves I ever seed, 'e's the softest! I goes an' tykes 'is gel away from 'im, and 'e comes 'ere an' sets me up like a gentleman, just for doin' it! Bill, my boy"—he was now surveying himself complacently in a small mirror which he always kept at the back of the shop—"Bill, my boy, you've struck oil this time!"

And, on the strength of his good fortune, he called down his housekeeper, an aged aunt, to "mind the shop" for him, and sallied forth to order a new suit of clothes—a reefer jacket with a silk-faced collar, a fancy waistcoat, and a delicate lavender-coloured pair of trousers, bell-shaped at the extremities.

It had been November when Jim had discovered that Liz and Bill were keeping company. A dull, dreary winter it was that followed, days of yellow fog, grey skies, intermittent rain, and raw mists succeeding each other with dismal and monotonous regularity. Muddy streets and slimy pavements, and that blank sullenness of mien which is one of East London's chiefest moods, held sway until the end of December. Jim went about his work from morning till night in his deliberate, steady-going way, and his business grew and flourished apace. He was fast earning a reputation, was Jim, in the auction-room at Covent Garden Market for his foresight and acumen in buying, and older men than he would often consult him before taking any risks. He had started in the wholesale fruit line too, in a small and careful way, and was having modest cargoes "over" on his own account. He never saw Liz now, but regularly, once a week, he left a bunch of flowers for her at the door, at a time of the day when he knew she would not be at home. Liz always regarded them mournfully when she came in, and once or twice she was very near to crying. But she never sent any message in return, save words of simple thanks, which were delivered by Mrs. Miggins, finely filtered, as it were, through a stream of declamation anent Mrs. Bloggs. As, for instance:

"I put 'em in the jug, Mr. Robinson, lars week. Now what do you think that there Mrs. Bloggs 'as bin an' done now? She left 'er pailful of clothes, as was soakin' for to-morrow's wash, right in the doorway of the washus, an' I goes in, quite innercent like to 'ave a look round, an' falls right over the pail. That woman worries my life out, she does. Well, I was goin' to say, as I put 'em in the jug, an' give 'em plenty of water, an' they made the place smell helegent—an' that reminds me as I shall 'ave to make a complaint to the landlord if Mrs. Bloggs don't keep the washus in a better state. Well, I was goin' to say as Liz she told me to say 'Thank you very much,' Mr. Robinson, an' I might make so bold as to add, Mr. Robinson, on my own account, that I 'oped as you was goin' to be the man, but there's no accountin' for tastes. Now there's that person nex' door——"

But Jim hastily sheered off. He had heard all he wanted to hear. That "Thank you" at second hand was all the health and sweetness of his life just now. But he went round, sometimes, to see Bill in his new shop, and asked him anxiously how he was getting on.

"Oh, splendid," Bill would reply jauntily. "In course, I kep' my promise, Mr. Robinson, an' I haven't spoken a word to Liz abaht our little business; but I'm doin' a rattlin' good business 'ere, an' I'll soon 'ave enough money laid by to furnish a very comfortable sittin'-room for Liz."

Bill here looked craftily at Jim.

"Hear, hear!" said Jim, with real heartiness.

"But, in course, Mr. Robinson," Bill went on smoothly, "'aving that hextra expense, I'm sorry I can't pye back that twenty poun' just yet."

"What does the twenty pound matter to me!" said Jim, a trifle sadly. "Pay me when you can, or don't pay me at all, just as you like. All I want to bring about is a bit of comfort and 'appiness for Liz in her married life."

"Now, that's very kind of you, Mr. Robinson," said Bill eagerly. "I tyke that very kind indeed! Your generosity tykes me quite unawares, Mr. Robinson"—Bill drew his sleeve across his eyes—"an' I don't quite know how to express my gratitude."

XUM

Jim went away looking as happy as a child, and Bill gazed down the road after him with supreme contempt.

"Well, of all the soft coves I ever seed," he exclaimed, "'e *is* the softest! 'E ain't fit to 'ave money, 'e ain't."

It was in mid-March that Liz and Bill had arranged to be married. But before the end of February Bill suddenly disappeared from his shop in the Hackney Road. His neighbours arose one morning and found his place closed, and all his stock and furniture cleared out "as clean as a whistle." The news fled round as with wings. Most people nodded their heads with a knowing look, and refrained from expressing surprise.

"Just what I thought!" exclaimed Mr. Bilbin, who kept the sweet-stuff shop opposite. "I've seen it comin' some time. 'E's bin goin' in for the bettin' line, 'e 'as. What can you expect when a man 'as bin spendin' 'alf his time gallivantin' about the races instid of attendin' to his business!"

Let us in mercy draw a veil over that time for Liz—proud, independent Liz—high-spirited Liz, whose praiseworthy boast had always been that no man had ever had the chance of jilting her. To a girl like Liz the thought of such a humiliation is as a hot iron touching an open wound. She was one of those women—and they are to be found, we rejoice to say, amongst the poorest and humblest—whose maidenly pride revolts at the idea of being the sport and plaything of any man. Such womanly spirit is its own salvation, and it was so with Liz. It was her pride that carried her through, that bade her look the world bravely in the face, that bade her laugh, and snap her fingers, and go on her way with seeming unconcern. But underneath this brave exterior the iron ate its way deeper, and with a greater bitterness than any words could express. Liz had a feeling, half of compassion, half of contempt, for her own position.

"You've been and lowered yourself now, and no mistake!" she exclaimed scornfully, as she went to and from her work.

And then came another feeling—a feeling of intense pity for Jim. She had made cheap in the eyes of the world, not only herself, but poor Jim, good-hearted, honest Jim, who had loved her so faithfully, who had stood her



"'I tyke that very kind indeed!'"—*p.* 137.

friend through thick and through thin ever since they had been children. There burst upon her heart, like an angry wave, a mingled rush of pity, remorse, and self-scorn when she realised it all; and when by the very defection of one man, so mean, so miserable, so contemptible, the other stood out upon the vista of her life so big-hearted, so noble, so true. "You've been and lowered yourself now, and no mistake!" It was not only contempt that rang through the words. There was a note of dreary and utter anguish in them—of pitiful compassion over that slow, heavy, honest face, that haunted her every hour of the day. Dimly, as through a vague mistiness, she saw her path—the path of expiation—a rugged, lonely, painful path, leading up a dreary mountain waste. She must tread that path. That must be her punishment. Only so could she retain a vestige of self-respect. Her woman's instinct told her that Jim would come to her as faithful and loyal as ever when a month or two had gone by; and she realised that the temptation would be great, smarting as she was from her first trouble and disillusion, to lay her head upon his big heart and cry her grief out. She had lowered herself and him. Should she lower herself and him still more in saying "Yes" to him now, simply because another man had run away? She fought it all out in her mind as she stood waiting at Bethnal Green Station and gazed upon those palpitating lights which flashed in the dusky jaws of the darkness.

* * * * *

"It's no good, Jim! I can't get over the thought that I've cheapened you. Oh, Jim, I've cheapened you before other people! I wouldn't care so much about myself. But you—as everyone respects——"

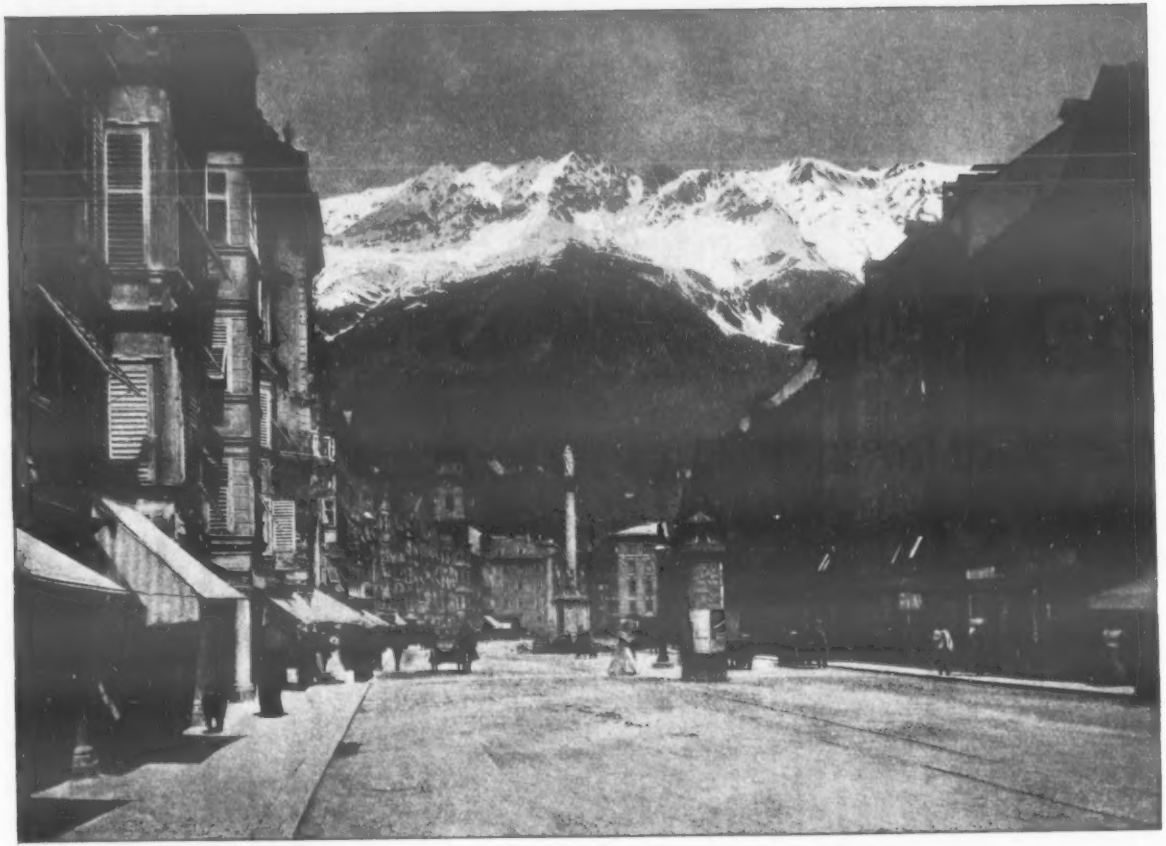
"I don' know what you means when you says you have cheapened me, Liz; but this is how it seems to me—if there's anything of that kind about it—if you looks upon it as a disgrace that Bill has run away, then you should let your oldest friend help you bear the disgrace, Liz. And if you thinks as you've cheapened me—though I don' know what you mean—and let me hear anyone else say it! But all the same, if you thinks it, well, you ought to stand by me and help *me* bear it, Liz. . . . Whatever you says, Liz, I don' care what it is, I shall stand by you. . . . Liz, it don' matter to me what people thinks. . . . I'm not made that way, Liz, to give the go-by to old friends. . . . Liz, I'll never leave you, I don' care how you puts it. . . . Of course, I won't come near you, as you'd rather me not, but . . . Liz . . . whenever you wants me—I don' care if it's ten years to come—you'll know as I'm waiting to come to you."

But Liz was firm. She had cheapened Jim, the one true friend of her life. That was her constant grief, that cut her heart with keenest pain. Having seen her path of penance, she trod it bravely. How could Jim respect her, how could she respect herself, if now that this trouble had fallen across her she ran to Jim like a coward, and cast half the burden upon him? These were the unspoken thoughts that crowded upon her mind. She could not put them into words. She only saw her duty as a half-light that gleamed and played evanescently somewhere among the far-off clouds. But having seen it, even vaguely, she clung to it with all the tenacity of which she was capable. Put into her own words, it all lay around this one thought: "I can't bear to think as I've cheapened Jim. I want everybody to think that he won't have me now as I've been disgraced by Bill going off."

* * * * *

Twelve months have passed by since then, and Liz has trodden her self-imposed path of penance with steady singleness of purpose. I think she is beginning to feel that she has nearly worked out her punishment. The red light down by the scowling tunnel at Bishopsgate fascinates her no more. I saw her at Bethnal Green Station one evening a short time since. She looked comelier than ever, and her face was raised to the stars that shone like a million gleams of hope and promise in the sky of futurity. Which star was she looking at? Was it not that one to the west that gleamed so peacefully, so steadily, as it nestled in the great heart of the night, far above the rumbling city?

And thus Mrs. Miggins to Jim when he brought his flowers last week: "I put the lars lot in water, Mr. Robinson; an' Liz, she fastened one in her dress. An' oh, p'r'aps you 'ave'n' 'eard, but Mrs. Bloggs 'as mended her wyes of late, and 'as explained herself in many things. We've made it up, an' she sent me in some of 'er pastry this mornin', with her compliments, an' a very light 'and she 'as got, I must say. Why 'ere's Liz a-comin'! Oh, you sly gel! I'll tell on you! She snapped the flower out of her dress, Mr. Robinson, as soon as she come round the corner and seed you!"

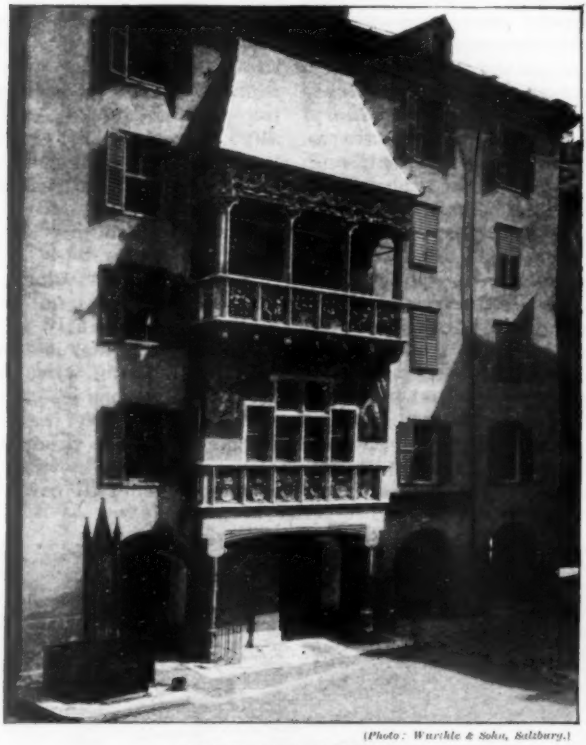


(*Photo: Wurthle & Sohn, Salzburg.*)

THERESIEN STRASSE, INNSBRUCK.

AT INNSBRUCK.

By Mrs. W. K. Clifford.



(*Photo: Wurthle & Sohn, Salzburg.*)

GOLDENE-DACHL, INNSBRUCK.

IN these days girls are becoming very independent, and happily they are none the worse for it. Their interests are wider than formerly, their eagerness more courageous, their curiosity more healthy and far-reaching; and in this lies their safety. They have, in a sense, become citizenesses of the world. Besides, it is recognised that they have capacities and common-sense that may be exercised beyond their homes; and there are many pleasant things they can do, many ways in which they can combine in creating pleasant memories and stimulating knowledge, without help or interference from that other sex which is not always at hand—and whose presence, indeed, would often be an embarrassment.

All this was brought home to me last August at Innsbruck. I supposed that everybody—as in our pleasant arrogance we usually describe the little set or the particular class to which we belong—had been to the beautiful sleepy capital of Tyrol, and that every month of summer saw it crowded with my country-folk. But, looking round at the faces of the two hundred people or so at the *table d'hôte*, I could not discover more than a dozen that were English; and yet it was the middle of the season. Of these few, the majority, after a hurried look at the Franciscan Church and the Goldene-Dachl, were only passing through on their way to Botzen or Toblach.

Then three girls—their ages twenty-two to twenty-seven perhaps—who evidently constituted the whole of their party, set me thinking. They appeared to be enjoying themselves immensely. They were very quiet, and kept rigidly to themselves. It would have been as difficult to insult as to impose upon any one of them; for, though they seemed eager to do everything thoroughly, they evidently managed their expenditure very carefully, and never rushed into extravagances. They were simply dressed, and had come to stay some little time in the place. Probably they had made an arrangement—*pension*, of course—which they found advantageous, for at Innsbruck, though the hotel-keeper knows how to ask a good deal, he is always open to a reasonable argument; it is even possible with top rooms to do things very cheaply indeed. What sensible girls they were, I thought, looking at them, and what an excellent time they must be having! Why are young people so seldom allowed to make expeditions by themselves—the right sort of young people, that is? The yearly holiday is always a difficult thing to arrange, to say nothing of the fortnights that may be snatched at Easter and Whitsuntide, and going abroad is less expensive than staying at a fashionable English place. Parents have often done their share of it before their children have grown up, and are not eager to begin again; or they have not the courage to face the fatigue of a family party, with its expenses, and occasionally its wrangles. Besides, girls like to foregather with their contemporaries; they are young, and eager for an amount of going about which only fatigues their elders, and to investigate places and things that parents often know by heart.

The three particular girls of whom I have spoken did not look like sisters. They were evidently friends, or cousins perhaps. Imagine, if their parents had been with them, what a huge party it would have made—six well-behaved middle-aged people, with half a cartload of luggage! On the other hand, if they had come, these three, with say a gladstone-bag and a hold-all each, how easily the



(Photo: Wurthle & Sohn, Salzburg.)

INNSBRUCK HOFKIRCHE.

whole thing could be managed! And for a party of this sort no place could be better chosen than Innsbruck. It is easy to get to, fairly inexpensive, and has none of the sameness—and let it be added, for the benefit of nervous mothers, virtually none of the Alpine temptations and dangers—of Switzerland. The mountains are high, the scenery glorious, the people courteous and pleasant, the place itself is quaint, delightful and quiet. It is not dull, but it does not exact best clothes or lend itself to frivolities—it seems to be too well mindful of its past for that—and for a wet day there is the Franciscan Church. The cultured but hackneyed tourist who has seen that "Hofkirche" twice or thrice for a hurried two minutes, since first going round it years ago with his Baedeker, and then has gone off to give a glance at the Goldene-Dachl again, may scoff. Let him. Neither is as well known to the average traveller as he imagines; and to dreamers, and lovers of the world as it was in the centuries that are gone, they are an unceasing fascination.

The Goldene-Dachl, which should come first, since it existed first, was once an addition to a palace built by Count Frederick of Tyrol early in the fifteenth century. It is all that remains of that palace. Count Frederick loved and governed the Tyrolese wisely, and was adored by them; and it was he who virtually created a middle class in the Tyrol, for previously there had been only the nobles and the peasants. That the nobles lived at the expense and pains of the peasants may be taken for granted, when we remember the times; and that Frederick should care for his humblest subjects, should revise their taxation and grant them privileges, roused a measure of astonishment and indignation which resulted in his being called "Frederick of the empty purse." This description, he was assured, would describe him admirably if he continued to govern the lower class without oppression or undue exaction. To prove his affluence, in spite of his sense of justice, he put up a new balcony to his palace, and over it a roof of gold. The "gold" is gilded copper, and shines out to this day in a dazzling state of preservation.

The Franciscan Church dates from a century later. It was built by Ferdinand I., who raised in it to the memory of his grandfather, the great Emperor Maximilian, one of the most unique monuments in the world. Books have described it generously enough; but, for the benefit of any girls who may think of making the expedition I have imagined, I will remark that it is placed in the middle of the church, and on the four sides of it are represented in white marble and wonderful workmanship the chief events of his life. Apart, on either side of the nave, in a row, stand immense bronze figures of great ladies, knights in armour, mighty rulers, and various heroes of all ages—Maximilian's ancestors, contemporaries, and relations, who could in any way be considered as having belonged to the time of chivalry and romance of which he was one of the last representatives.

They begin with Clovis I. of France, the husband of Clotilde. Then, to take them without regard to their order, come many Hapsburgs, with their long noses and unmistakable features; while our own King Arthur, slim, moustached, and evidently fair, looks a good deal like a modern young soldier, save that he is in armour: he leans on his sword, his visor is raised, and the English arms are on his shield. He and Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths (it will be seen that the company is as far-reaching as it is select) are considered the best of all the figures. Godfrey de Bouillon and Philip the Good (who founded the order of the Golden Fleece) are interesting, and so, in a different way, are his son, Charles the Bold of Burgundy, the father of Maximilian's first wife, and Johanna—"Mad Johanna," as she was called—daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, who married Maximilian's son, Philip I. of Spain. They are assembled, these great ones (in a double sense), not to bear the kneeling effigy of Maximilian or his monument company, but as mourners and torch-bearers. The torches are missing, but the position of almost every bronze left hand shows the intention to hold one.

Sightseers come from all parts of the earth to gaze at the monument raised to the honour and glory of Maximilian and the wonderful figures gathered round him. They tramp about the church as if it were a museum, whisper their comments, consult their guidebooks, ask questions, and go their way. But the whole collection, even the church itself, gains by being considered as a symbol of bygone

romance rather than from any religious point of view. Perhaps to the cynic it may seem a little ludicrous that, after all, Maximilian's ashes should not lie beneath the gorgeous monument—that it is only a cenotaph. He is buried in another place; his subjects often talked of bringing his bones to their rightful destination, but it was never done.

Adjoining the Franciscan Church is the Silver Chapel. Here are the little figures of the saints that were meant to supplement the immense bronze ones of the heroes round Maximilian; but most interesting of all the chapel contains are the tombs of Ferdinand II. and his first wife, Philippina. About these two there is a charming romance. She was far beneath him in station, a lovely damsel of Augsburg, and betrothed to a well-to-do lover. One fine day Charles Quint rode past with Ferdinand by his side. Philippina cast down some flowers from her window at the Emperor's feet, and her eyes met those of his son. It was a case of love at first sight, speedily followed by an elopement and a secret marriage that was only tardily recognised at Court. The prince's family were never reconciled to it, and a proud mother-in-law so much embittered life for Philippina that at last she opened a vein and bled to death in her bath, so that her husband might make another and more suitable marriage.

But to go back to practical matters. The way to Innsbruck is easy. Go to Basle, from Basle *viâ* Zurich over the Arlberg Railway to Innsbruck—as simple and easy a journey as could well be desired. There are endless excursions from Innsbruck for walkers, excellent roads for cyclists, and for those who neither walk nor cycle good diligences, to say nothing of carriages for those who can afford them. I can imagine nothing more delightful than a little group of girls, knowing each other well, who are lovers of scenery and longing for new and healthy experiences, than to go together in the manner I have suggested.



(Photo: Wurthle & Sohn, Salzburg.)

KING ARTHUR OF ENGLAND



SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—IV.

Basil Pierpoint, curate-in-charge of Lynton St. Maurice, visiting his church one evening with a friend, finds a girl, a stranger writing in the parvise chamber. He peremptorily demands her departure. The girl, Evelyn Retallack, has come with two friends, all three being high school mistresses, to spend the summer holidays in this Devon village. Evelyn happens to be writing a story, and now resolves to pillory Pierpoint therein. As all Lynton St. Maurice is Retallack property, Pierpoint's interest in the girl is roused. Next day his friend, Claude Winwood, visits Lyntonstowe, the Retallack's manor house, to find out who Evelyn Retallack is.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE USE OF THE HEELBALL.

"THE present owner of Lynton St. Maurice," began Winwood, "and the purlieus thereof is Miss Elinor Retallack, now absent from these parts, soon expected home."

"Yes, I know."

"Her father was a certain Arthur Retallack, and her mother was an heiress, and owner in her own right of, roundly speaking, the neighbouring parish of Lyton St. Mary. Her father died before her grandfather, Colonel Retallack."

"My dear fellow," interrupted Pierpoint, I know all that, and the Colonel died quite suddenly, some fifteen years ago. He had a carriage accident and was killed on the spot."

"I perceive then you know everything."

"I know all that ancient history and about poor old Snell. He was in the trap with the Colonel, and he also was pitched out, only he came off with a brain-fever and—well, the consequent loss of some brain-power. But I thought you might have found out something about Miss Evelyn Retallack, the girl we have met here."

"No; I found out nothing about her. Why, I thought it was war to the knife between you two?"

"We made peace to-day. I went to call, and took her some books."

"See the advantages of being a curate! Now, *I* should have no objection to making that young lady's acquaintance, especially as your parish affords so few; but I have no possible excuse to offer for calling on her."

Basil Pierpoint fell asleep that night very much at peace with all men. Next day, Sunday, brought no check to this frame of mind. Evelyn Retallack and her companions were a conspicuous part of the small and shrunken congregation. The church of Lynton St. Maurice had been built when the village and neighbourhood were much more thickly inhabited than at present. Now two or three country gentlemen from the neighbourhood, two or three professional men from the village, the small tradespeople, and a few farmers from the country round, made up the congregation. Evelyn was very attentive during the sermon; Alice taught in the Sunday school; everything passed off smoothly.

romance rather than from any religious point of view. Perhaps to the cynic it may seem a little ludicrous that, after all, Maximilian's ashes should not lie beneath the gorgeous monument—that it is only a cenotaph. He is buried in another place; his subjects often talked of bringing his bones to their rightful destination, but it was never done.

Adjoining the Franciscan Church is the Silver Chapel. Here are the little figures of the saints that were meant to supplement the immense bronze ones of the heroes round Maximilian; but most interesting of all the chapel contains are the tombs of Ferdinand II. and his first wife, Philippina. About these two there is a charming romance. She was far beneath him in station, a lovely damsel of Augsburg, and betrothed to a well-to-do lover. One fine day Charles Quint rode past with Ferdinand by his side. Philippina cast down some flowers from her window at the Emperor's feet, and her eyes met those of his son. It was a case of love at first sight, speedily followed by an elopement and a secret marriage that was only tardily recognised at Court. The prince's family were never reconciled to it, and a proud mother-in-law so much embittered life for Philippina that at last she opened a vein and bled to death in her bath, so that her husband might make another and more suitable marriage.

But to go back to practical matters. The way to Innsbruck is easy. Go to Basle, from Basle *viâ* Zurich over the Arlberg Railway to Innsbruck—as simple and easy a journey as could well be desired. There are endless excursions from Innsbruck for walkers, excellent roads for cyclists, and for those who neither walk nor cycle good diligences, to say nothing of carriages for those who can afford them. I can imagine nothing more delightful than a little group of girls, knowing each other well, who are lovers of scenery and longing for new and healthy experiences, than to go together in the manner I have suggested.



(Photo: Wurthle & Sohn, Salzburg.)

KING ARTHUR OF ENGLAND



SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—IV.

Basil Pierpoint, curate-in-charge of Lynton St. Maurice, visiting his church one evening with a friend, finds a girl, a stranger writing in the parvise chamber. He peremptorily demands her departure. The girl, Evelyn Retallack, has come with two friends, all three being high school mistresses, to spend the summer holidays in this Devon village. Evelyn happens to be writing a story, and now resolves to pillory Pierpoint therein. As all Lynton St. Maurice is Retallack property, Pierpoint's interest in the girl is roused. Next day his friend, Claude Winwood, visits Lyntonstowe, the Retallack's manor house, to find out who Evelyn Retallack is.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE USE OF THE HEELBALL.

"THE present owner of Lynton St. Maurice," began Winwood, "and the purlieus thereof is Miss Elinor Retallack, now absent from these parts, soon expected home."

"Yes, I know."

"Her father was a certain Arthur Retallack, and her mother was an heiress, and owner in her own right of, roundly speaking, the neighbouring parish of Lyton St. Mary. Her father died before her grandfather, Colonel Retallack."

"My dear fellow," interrupted Pierpoint, I know all that, and the Colonel died quite suddenly, some fifteen years ago. He had a carriage accident and was killed on the spot."

"I perceive then you know everything."

"I know all that ancient history and about poor old Snell. He was in the trap with the Colonel, and he also was pitched out, only he came off with a brain-fever and—well, the consequent loss of some brain-power. But I thought you might have found out something about Miss Evelyn Retallack, the girl we have met here."

"No; I found out nothing about her. Why, I thought it was war to the knife between you two?"

"We made peace to-day. I went to call, and took her some books."

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Basil Pierpoint fell asleep that night very much at peace with all men. Next day, Sunday, brought no check to this frame of mind. Evelyn Retallack and her companions were a conspicuous part of the small and shrunken congregation. The church of Lynton St. Maurice had been built when the village and neighbourhood were much more thickly inhabited than at present. Now two or three country gentlemen from the neighbourhood, two or three professional men from the village, the small tradespeople, and a few farmers from the country round, made up the congregation. Evelyn was very attentive during the sermon; Alice taught in the Sunday school; everything passed off smoothly.

Thereafter, Pierpoint began to wonder how he could next and with any decent pretext pursue his acquaintance with these girls. He had not far to seek. Going into the church one morning, he caught sight of a figure he knew, away in the north transept. She was diligently reading the monuments, and had not perceived his entrance. His way led him to the parvise chamber. He had come to seek a book, and held on his course.

After a considerable time, he came down again. There she was, seated on a bench, and, just at her feet, was Winwood, rubbing one of the Retallack brasses, the two keeping up a lively stream of conversation.

And Pierpoint had stayed a long while in that parvise chamber to give her time to leave the church first!

How had Winwood made her acquaintance? How interested she seemed in his work! And had she not told him (Pierpoint) that these things had no interest for her? Well, it was no concern of his. Basil turned on his heel and left the church.

Yet the conversation at this moment was innocuous, not to say commonplace.

"I am afraid that is rather bad heelball," Miss Retallack was saying.

"It's not too superior," Winwood replied, pursuing his work steadily and evenly.

Evelyn got up and stepped over to her companion.

"How much better you do it than I! I have not patience enough."

"Why, it is a special characteristic of your sex, is it not?"

"Men say so, but we know better. It comes of your habit of generalising about us."

"Oh—we generalise too much, do we?"

"Yes; you arrange us like pins—first the main divisions of black pins and white pins; then we are done up in packets of assorted sizes."

"Come! who is generalising now? Surely man has found some finer shades of difference between woman and woman than that?"

"A few of the keenest of you have also noticed the fact that some of the pins are sharp and some blunt."

Winwood laughed. He guessed to himself to which division this particular pin belonged.

Now the history of how these two came to be thus engaged is as follows: Winwood had sauntered into the church that afternoon with the express intention of rubbing that particular brass. When he approached it, he saw to his surprise that somebody else had started on that very task. There lay the paper and heelball, but no worker. He hesitated what to do. To remove the unfinished work was scarcely possible to him; to go away with his own unaccomplished was a bore.

A step was heard. He looked round, and there was Miss Retallack. Their eyes met. Winwood bowed and said:

"Pardon me, but do you know if anyone is rubbing this brass?"

"Yes," replied the damsel, "I am—if you have no objection."

"None in the least," he hastened to reply, and could not forbear a smile. The girl's tone was so aggressive that he deemed the utmost suavity, tempered with indifference, would prove the best solvent for her asperities. "Only I had come with the intention of doing the same thing myself. There is no law against rubbing brasses, is there?"

"Not that I know of. I am really not well versed in ecclesiastical law, however. I have already broken it, unwittingly, in this parish. But I am sorry to keep you from this brass. I shall have this finished soon," and she knelt to her work.

They were both on a holiday, both strangers to the place; there was such an air of frankness about the girl that he ventured and said:

"You are interested in brasses?"

"Not at all. I am only rubbing this for a friend who collects such things."

"Mine is quite a parallel case."

Evelyn paused a moment to push back her hat. She looked tired.

"It is tiring work, is it not?" Winwood began again. "I always tell Meredith—my friend, I mean——"

"Meredith?" she exclaimed.

"Yes; I rub these things for a friend of mine, Dick Meredith."

"No!" she cried, incredulity in her tone and a merry flash in her eye.

"But—yes, please," he answered, smiling back. "May I ask why? It's never——"

"Why, I am doing it for him, too!" she cried. "Dick Meredith is my cousin—at least I have a cousin of that name, and he is a curate——"

"In Croydon? St. Philip's?"

"Yes!"

"Well, that is good!" cried Winwood.

"I think," she laughed, "it is a parallel case with a vengeance."

"Then," cried the other, with a quick motion forward, "may I venture to do what I have been longing to do since you began—may I finish that rubbing? It is too tiring for you, I am sure."

"You are very good. Well, it does seem rather absurd for both of us to do it for him. Did he write and ask you for this special one?"

"Oh, no. He does not know I am here probably, but I have received a general order to rub all interesting brasses that come in my way, and, noticing this one the other day, I considered it came under that category and decided to do it for him."

Winwood was on his knees now, working away with a will.

"He wrote and asked me for it," she said.

"Perhaps," her companion cried, springing to his feet a moment later, "perhaps I may introduce myself, as your cousin knows me? I am Claude Winwood."

Evelyn seemed to remember the name as one of Dick's friends. At all events, they had now a set of mutual acquaintances in the whole Meredith family. Miss Retallack seated herself on a bench near him, and Winwood felt bound to confess inwardly that he had never before found brass-rubbing so interesting a pursuit. He gave himself a momentary pause now and then to look up at the girl's bright eyes as the minutes flew by swiftly.

CHAPTER VI.

EVELYN STUDIES CHARACTER.

"AND do you really think you need trouble yourself about the people here?"

"Why, it is my profession!" replied Pierpoint, gazing at her with some amazement.

"Oh, yes, I know; but a profession—well, the very meaning the word has in common speech is enough to free one of responsibility. The thing one *professes* is often just the very thing one does *not* hold to. Is it not so?"

She was standing by her bicycle as she spoke, balancing it now with two fingers, now with three. He held his with one good grip. In no fanciful way, the different attitudes might be taken as expressive of their characters.

"It is not so with me—I trust."

"But if you are responsible for every soul in your parish, you are responsible for me! I am in your parish now." He glanced at her again. This sounded very like mockery. But her face was quite grave. "Excuse my questioning you," she went on graciously. "You see, I am a student of character, and in view——"

"And so you want to dissect me?" he interrupted, laughing. "Well, I don't mind being pinned to a card, if you promise to let me see how you label me afterwards."

"I promise," she cried quickly, a gleam of amusement in her eyes. "I know the genus already, but the species baffles me.'

"I should have thought the latter was the easier to find. I am only 'a poor persoun of a town.'"

"Oh, I don't mean how you go down in the census, of course. Statistics confuse one. Don't you think data only interfere with sound theories?"

"I don't know about that; but, if you will allow me——" And he took her bicycle from her. "This hill is really very steep; do not try to ride it——" for she had put her foot on the pedal.

"Well," she yielded, "I suppose we must accept certain conclusions in dynamics. It is, however, a bore at times."

"Undoubtedly," he replied, smiling, "the world would be far more to our liking if we could remake it and eliminate friction."

"Ah, no; that would never do, I fear; for, you see, the world that would suit me would never suit you."

He looked at the dainty figure beside him and the wide stretch of moorland beyond, backed by crouching tors.

"I think," he said, in a deeper tone, "I think—I could suit myself to your—to most worlds."

"You! 'Ah, would some god the giftie gie us!' I am afraid, Mr. Pierpoint, you have not studied your own character."

"Perhaps not," he returned humbly. "It takes a lifetime to do it." The last words were jerked out, for one of the bicycles went over a huge stone. "This is certainly a bad road. I fear it would have been better to have advised you to take the lower road."

"With the pony-carriage? How could you suggest anything so unadventurous! Besides, I chose this of my own free will. You laid the alternative before me, and you are thus relieved of all responsibility."

"I am afraid I do not feel so. I have only ridden here alone, or with men, before. With a lady it is different. I forgot this long hill."

"Do men always feel responsible with women?"

"Of course!" he laughed, looking round again. Her tone and look were that of a child seeking information. "Especially," he added, "when one has given them too much of their own way. I fear you will be very tired.

"Not I," she answered brightly, "I am used to hard work and long walks. And it is so nice for the poor, dear bicycles to get a good walk in this delicious air."

They paused a moment to view the lovely sweep of tor behind tor ending far away with the pale blue weirdness of Mis-tor. The girl took off her hat to feel the coolness of the breeze. Her companion came to

the swift conclusion that the prettiest thing in nature was little red-brown curls blown into rebellion. Then she quenched the vision with her uncompromising sailor, and, as she drove the hat-pins home, remarked placidly:

"I hope you don't mind my asking you so many point-blank questions. I fear it is my only idea of conversation. You see, I spend nine months of the year propounding questions to children, and one does not glean much information, after all. Of course, one gets answers one never expected, but, at the best, it is only just the knowledge I have tried to put into their little heads returned to me in language whose baldness makes one shudder. By the way—may I say it?—I like your sermons." Pierpoint held himself a little straighter. To do good was certainly the dearest wish of his heart. "You use nice adjectives," went on the clear voice. "I think they are your strong point." A pause, for somehow he did not walk quite so erect, and, literally, he had no reply ready. "You don't mind our discussing you, do you? For," with a very gracious inflexion, "we can choose another topic, if you prefer it."

The poor curate could only laugh. It was certainly flattering, yet he was keenly on the look out for mockery.

"You were good enough to state at the foot of the hill that you meant to dissect me. I suppose the process is going on still. As a rule, naturalists do not trouble about the wriggles of the victim. I am only hoping that at the summit of this tor we shall be allowed to change places."

"But you don't wri—I mean I am not suitable for that treatment. I have no marked characteristics."

"Indeed!" He raised his eyebrows.

"Oh—you think I have? Instance, please, and don't mind if they are faults. It is your duty, you know."

Yes, he knew that.

"Well!" ("Cocksureness" rose to his lips, but one cannot well use that term of a lady to her face. He paraphrased.) "Don't you think you are sometimes, *sometimes*—well—quite sure that only you are in the right, and everybody else in the wrong?"

"Well! I like that!" she exclaimed, pushing back her hat vigorously. "Now, if there is one characteristic of yours that I have noted, it is just that!"

They had reached the top of the hill. Evelyn resumed the care of her bicycle. To her last remark he merely smiled. She thought she detected a lofty superiority in his look, and wished she could find something crushing to say.

"This hill is rather steep," he remarked; "do not coast it, I advise."

"Thanks," as she pulled the wheel straight into position; "I am sorry to disregard ecclesiastical advice, but I always coast. And I am quite sure of the species now—it is distinctly *irritans*."

She was off before she ended, and the last word came back to him over her shoulder. A quick gleam of anger swept over Pierpoint's face. Then he shrugged his shoulders. Mockery, he told himself, was hateful in man or woman. Then he, too, mounted his bicycle, and rode after her. But none too fast, and Evelyn had joined the rest of the party at the foot of the hill, round the corner, before he overtook her.

The "rest" consisted of Evelyn's two companions, Winwood, and a few friends whom Miss Alicia had gathered together in order to show a little of the country to her new acquaintances. Miss Alicia was, indeed, the point of cohesion, the beginning and end of this adventure.

Now, as Pierpoint came up with the group, he approached Alice, who sat smiling in Dr. Trehane's trap. Not a glance did he bestow on the parishioner who, it must be owned, at this time occupied most of his thoughts, until her name, repeated in many tones of remonstrance, compelled attention, and Alice broke off in the middle of a sentence. They were soon aware of the deadlock. As the party was now at the entrance to Lyntonstowe Park, it was proposed not to return to the village by the high road, but to turn aside and show Lyntonstowe and its gardens to these Londoners. Judith had agreed at once, and in the curtest monosyllables; but Evelyn stood very still and straight by her bicycle, her head in the air and a flush on her cheek. A distinct negative was her reply to the proposal. She did not wish to go to other people's houses, people with whom she was not acquainted.

It was eagerly explained to her by many voices that *all* the company—at least, all the Lynton folk—knew the Retallacks of Lyntonstowe.

"And does nobody ever visit the houses of great people?" began Mrs. Trehane.

"Yes, great people," broke in the girl, "but these Retallacks—well, they are just Retallacks, like——"

"Like yourself!" cried young Glinn, laughing.

"You may be distantly related to them, Miss Retallack," Mrs. Trehane continued with emphasis. "It is well to know something of the heads of one's family."

"You are right, madam," replied the girl, with a bow. She was quite pale now, erect, with dark lashes resting on her cheek.

The formality of her reply struck Winwood's ear. He looked at her steadfastly.



"They paused a moment to view the lovely sweep of tor behind tor."—*p.* 147.

In another moment she cut the knot. Turning her bicycle, she said, with a haughty little smile:

"Don't mind me! I have heaps of work to do for my—my study. I will go home now." And she was off.

Winwood turned quickly to Pierpoint.

"Will you not go with her?"

"Certainly not," replied that gentleman.

"Then I will."

In a few minutes he overtook her. He begged that he might accompany her. But she declined. And when he urged she said:

"Please, go back. I had really rather go alone. I am quite used to doing things alone and taking care of myself. Thank you *very* much, all the same; but, you know, we working women are born with an extra skin."

"One too few, I should have thought," he could not help saying as he looked at her a little sadly.

Her erect young figure, her rounded cheek, the very curliness of her hair—in a word, all that was so girlish, unformed, defiant about her—struck him with a feeling of pathos he could not account for.

"Well, I will obey you," he answered quietly, respecting her wish, and, turning, he slowly rejoined the rest of the party.

CHAPTER VII.

AND JUDITH STUDIES EVELYN.

IN the twilight, as Evelyn sat alone, she was thinking of this little scene, thinking of Claude Winwood with much kindness, when the door opened to admit her two companions. They had much to tell, and it took much time, but the gist of it was that, on entering Lyntonstowe House, they were informed that Mrs. and Miss Retallack had come home the day before. Alice and Judith were for at once retiring, but at this moment a lady appeared coming down the wide stairs. All the old inhabitants hastened forward to meet her. It was Miss Retallack.

"*Miss* Retallack? You mean Miss Elinor Retallack," broke from Evelyn.

"Well, yes; her name is Elinor, but, of course, she is Miss Retallack here—is she not?—seeing all this belongs to her."

"I wish you could change with her, Evelyn," Judith remarked absently. "I should like to stay at Lyntonstowe. The library is very fine."

"Would you?" said Evelyn, with a little curl of her lips. "Make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, my dear. It is the only way to get on in this world. Sell your dearest affections. The market price for them is sometimes high."

"But I have not finished": and Alice went on to relate how they had been introduced to Miss Retallack, what a pleasing impression she had made on them: "a sweet girl, but shy and timid."

"She looks as if the wind had never been allowed to blow on her," added Judith.

"Quite a different and, of course, much superior up-bringing to mine, I suppose?' from Evelyn.

"Different; but I query the superiority," replied Judith. "You certainly have the advantage of her in mothers."

"Have I—really?" she spoke eagerly.

Judith shook her head slowly.

"I should not like to be even connected with Mrs. Retallack of Lyntonstowe. I should welcome any relationship to your mother."

Judith was more sparing in praise than blame: Evelyn sprang up and gave her a hug.

"You are a dear, Judy! Was she—wasn't Mrs. Retallack pleasant to you?"

"Mrs. Retallack is just ice—smooth ice to some, rough ice to others. Alice and I were an unknown genus to her, and her manners sank below zero."

"Now, Judith," Alice interposed, "you know she did ask us to have tea. Miss Retallack took the whole party to the drawing-room," she explained to Evelyn. "A lovely room, with long windows and a smaller drawing-room beyond, opening on to a south terrace——"

"And a bow window to the west?"

"Yes! How did you know?"

"Oh, I—I have heard a description of the house. Go on."

"Well, she offered us tea—Mrs. Retallack, I mean."

"But no sugar," muttered Judith.

"And she was *nice*," went on Alice, unheeding, "and most courteous to that funny old Miss Baird."

"Miss Baird is a cousin of Lord Rainsford's."

"Stop that cynic's mouth, Evelyn!"

"No; I like her best when she is a cynic; it gives me an opportunity of being optimistic. There is never room for Judy and me in the same boat; we take turns in our opinions; only—I am going to agree about Mrs. Arthur Retallack."

"Then you must also agree about the daughter; for she is a sweet girl, and all the young men seemed to think so, too. Mr. Winwood and Mr. Pierpoint had never met her before. The latter seemed especially charmed."

"Naturally; it's his duty to be obsequious to the Lady of the Manor."

"I shouldn't call him obsequious," Judith's love of justice intervened. "It was simply a case of admiring a nice-looking, graceful girl."

When Evelyn left them that evening—to add another chapter to her book, she said—Alice lay quietly on the sofa and Judith

stared before her. Suddenly she broke the silence:

"Alice, Evelyn is a relative of these Retallacks."

"Yes? I suppose all Retallacks are related somehow. It is an uncommon name."

"Evelyn is a near relation, and there has been some quarrel in the family. I should like to know."

"Do you really think so? But we cannot ask her, can we?"

"No; I suppose not. Poor little thing!"

Alice looked up. Such tenderness was unwonted. Judith flushed and added:

"A child of her years should not be bitter. She was so to-night."

And, upstairs, Evelyn had a little weep before she slept—perhaps to wash out the bitterness.

"A very pleasant afternoon," said Dr. Trehane to his family that same evening.

"Except for that absurd girl," answered his wife.

"Miss Retallack?"

"That London Miss Retallack. I don't know her Christian name."

"Evelyn," came promptly from the lips of Harry Trehane.

His mother looked at him for a moment.

"She is a very ridiculous girl, and far too proud for her station in life. I am sure she is a poor relation whom dear Mrs. Retallack has had to keep at arm's length."

"She may be poor," returned the doctor; "in fact, I conclude she is; but she doesn't want much pushing away. It isn't an arm's length that is needed; a finger length would send her into the next parish."

"Right you are, sir," cried Harry.

And his mother looked at the young man again.

Miss Alicia had, however, no qualms as to the success of her picnic. For had she not, concerning this, held solemn synod with Miss Selina? As usual, a singularly unanimous synod, since, seeing that Miss Selina heard only every tenth word of Miss Alicia's rapid statements, she had long since fallen into the attitude of the spirit that assents. She always agreed to everything proposed by Miss Alicia, and when the project turned out well she said, "Ah, yes, Alicia, you did well to follow my advice." But, if ill, Miss Selina, nothing deterred, shook her head: "Ah, well, I told you so! Your experience is longer, but not so wide as mine. Perhaps you did not hear my warning. I am sorry; but I fear you are getting a little deaf, Alicia. It runs in our family. My own hearing is not *quite* so acute as it was, and you are older and *must* be getting hard of hearing."

Long before such a speech was ended Miss Alicia would have left the room abruptly. Miss Selina, picking up her stitches, would not have heard her departure. The elder sister's temper was quick; flight was the only means to preserve it.

The meeting, therefore, had been unanimous when Miss Alicia proposed to call on "those poor young things at Mrs. Hill's." Mr Pierpoint had vouched for the fact that they were ladies. In state the call had been made and returned. Each interview was interesting. But has not Evelyn long since made copy thereof? And the incidents, being therefore in print already, may not now be given here. Only Miss Retallack's remark, as she at length broke silence on her homeward walk, may give the clue.

"Well," she exclaimed, after a deep breath. "I mean, gramercy! How charming are the centuries other than ours! For this peep I shall be thankful—doubly thankful—that I live in the nineteenth."

Nevertheless, Miss Alicia's mediævalism did not prevent her wishing to give her young friends the pleasure of such society as Lynton St. Maurice afforded. This picnic was to have introduced them to it.

Looking back on the day's doings, she was sorely puzzled by Evelyn's conduct.

"And, you see, she would have met the Lyntonstowe people, Selina. Now, was it not really stupid of her to turn her back like that?"

"Turned? I don't think that dress was turned, Alicia. It looked very fresh."

Miss Alicia shouted louder.

"Ah, yes; very stupid, as you say. I am glad you see it, Alicia. Of course, I should not like to call you so to your face, but since you acknowledge it, my dear——"

This time, Miss Alicia gave it up in despair.

She searched in her own mind, however, for Evelyn's motive. At length, when preparing for bed that same night, a sudden thought struck her, so that she positively dropped her hair-brush in surprise and started off to tell Selina, then stopped as suddenly.

"No use," she cried to herself. "Poor Selina could never take it in. I wish Rainsford were back from the Riviera, and I would tell him. How very curious! Where can my hair-brush be? Dear, dear!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

ANOTHER person, a few days later, received a similar enlightening *re* Evelyn Retallack.

It was at the Rectory, on the occasion of a small tennis-party given by the curate-in-charge to some of his parishioners.

Here Winwood found himself—perhaps it would be truer to say manœuvred to find himself—by the side of Evelyn Retallack. She was so much the most entertaining person present. The other girls—Trehanes, whose laugh never seemed to end; Vennicks, who blushed when you spoke to them; Hernes, unable to talk of anything but cycling; Hoblyns (a trifle *passées* these), who never waxed lively, except on vaccination and its evils—how different they all were from this alluring little person, whose moods varied with every hour and were ever fresh! Her very daring, her *camaraderie*, charmed him. There was no need to limit his vocabulary when he spoke to her. She could almost finish his thoughts for him.

Evelyn had just ended a rather vigorous game of tennis and stood fanning herself with a chestnut leaf.

"It is hot out here. Suppose we go into the library to rest a little?" said the wily one at her side. "The thermometer at this degree suggests a deep armchair and tea."

"Tea is out here. See Miss Alicia under the plane-tree!"

"But those long windows lead to the library, and tea can be brought therethrough to tired persons by humble attendants."

Evelyn laughed and succumbed. It was a pleasant meal, and enjoyed by each.

"May I look at the books?" she asked, after a while. Her eyes had been wandering over them for some time. "Books always make me hungry," she murmured.

At this moment the door opened and Pierpoint entered. A quick change passed over Evelyn's face. She stiffened somewhat.

"Miss Retallack," he began, "I have been looking for you. Have you—oh, you have had your tea?"

"Mr. Winwood kindly looked after me."

"Miss Retallack would like to examine your bookshelves, Pierpoint."

"With pleasure. But they are not my shelves, unfortunately. My own books do not present so distinguished an appearance."

"You are ashamed of them!" she cried. "I know: they are all yellow-backs, pseudonyms, and the like."

"You put me on my defence," he answered gaily. "These," pointing to a small set of shelves, "contain my modest library."

"I see," she assented, after a moment's scanning of the shelves, "except the 'twenty books clad in black and red' which you keep at your 'bed's head.' 'Social Economics,' 'Our Duty to Our Neighbour'—I withdraw the accusation of light literature, Mr. Pierpoint; these are decidedly heavy."

"But saved by some poetry."

"Do you read poetry?" she went on rather absently. "Do you write much?"

"Poetry? Certainly not. Do—do you?'

"Heaps."

She flashed up a smile at him.

"Really? And—how can one become the possessor of your poems? Who is your publisher?"

"Alas! No publisher as yet has been so far-seeing as to confer that immortal honour on himself."

"I would give *anything* to read your poetry," said Pierpoint slowly.

"And I to see you write it," put in Winwood. She glanced at him. "'*Non compta mansere comæ*,'" he went on, looking at the ceiling.

Her quick blush showed a moment's embarrassment. Then she laughed it off.

"Which, being interpreted, means, 'They had lost their hairpins.'"

"But if it is not published," persisted Basil, "at least it is—perhaps—to be had in manuscript?"

"Typed."

"Well—typed. Anyhow, I want so much to read it. Can you be persuaded? Teach me how to ask you."

"I should not dare to teach my pastor anything, unless it were a Christian grace or two."

"Is not this a fascinating edition, Miss Retallack?" interposed Winwood, in his capacity as buffer.

"'Pilgrim's Progress'!" she cried. "What quaint, delightful pictures! I have never had a 'Pilgrim's Progress' of my own," she went on in a voice sedulously plaintive. "Now, if you really mean all you say—as a pastor should—let us make an exchange. Instead of this book, you shall have my last lyric."

"Alas! that you should fix on that, for it is not mine. Take all the rest instead!"

"So is it ever," she smiled: "'for it was borrowed.'"

She opened it and glanced unconsciously at the title-page. Suddenly her face changed, and she was silent. With an effort the girl closed the little volume and turned to Winwood, all the brightness gone from her look.

"I think—perhaps Alice will wish to go home."

"It is quite early," Pierpoint expostulated, "and you and I have not yet played together. Will you play with me now? Everybody else seems tired."

"And therefore I shall do to stop a gap."

"Please don't always misunderstand me," with a new and humbler accent in his voice. She was looking at him quietly in that inscrutable fashion of hers. Altogether, an air of detachment had fallen on her. "I know I am

always saying what offends you. But if you knew—I wish you would understand——"

Winwood had retreated to the bookshelves, and Pierpoint's voice fell.

"Is there a mystery about you?" She smiled faintly as they passed out through the window.

"Not at all; Winwood says I am as plain to read as print. I wish *you* would read me a little plainer. Indeed, Miss Retallack, I should count it the highest honour to be numbered amongst your friends."

"I have no friends," she answered, a little wearily. "People in our family always quarrel."

"I will gladly accept the quarrels with the friendship."

Evelyn caught Alice's eye beaming on her. Her mood changed suddenly.

"I am going to play tennis with you now, Mr. Pierpoint," she returned briskly. "Do you want me as a partner or an opponent? I am excellent in either capacity; ask those youths there," with a wave of her hand to Harry Trehane and the two or three other young men of the party.

Winwood later, as soon as he conveniently could, took down the little brown volume. On the fly-leaf was written in a boyish hand: "Evelyn John Retallack: from his father."

Meeting one afternoon, in the village post-office, the old librarian of Lyntonstowe, Winwood fell into chat with him. Mr. Snell was walking home. Winwood, unoccupied as usual and a little *désœuvré*, joined him, and proceeded to open a brilliant discourse on the weather. He had vague thoughts of a fishing expedition for the morrow. Did Mr. Snell think the weather would be propitious?"

Mr. Snell shook his head. He really did not remember the weather signs.

"You are always buried in books, Mr. Snell. Happy man!"

"I don't read much, Mr. Winwood," the old man said slowly.

"I should have thought you would have read half that library by now. Does it take so much time to keep it in order?"

"No; scarcely anyone ever comes to disturb them."

"But then——" Winwood stopped: it struck him that the conversation was developing into a cross-examination. He searched for another subject. "It must make things more lively at Lyntonstowe having Mrs. and Miss Retallack back."

"Perhaps, Mr. Winwood. Miss Retallack is good and sensible; but I see little of her mother."

"Miss Retallack is an only child, I suppose?"

"An only child, and"—the old man's voice dropped—"and a disappointment. The Colonel wanted a boy, and then, when he heard of the other boy, then he did it."



"She could almost finish his thoughts for him."

Winwood remained silent, rightly judging the old man more likely to be communicative if left unquestioned. Nor was he wrong. Soon the librarian continued, as if to himself:

"He never got over the loss of Evelyn. And how could he?"

"Evelyn? Evelyn Retallack?"

Winwood could not forbear the exclamation.

"Of course: Evelyn John Retallack. What else? Like his father and grandfather before him. Evelyn and Arthur—those were always the Retallack names. And the second was Arthur."

"Colonel Retallack had two sons?" Mr. Snell looked up wonderingly at the speaker. "I am a stranger here, you know," Winwood said insinuatingly, "but I am interested in the Retallack family history. I did not know there were two sons."

"Of course there were two. Arthur lies buried beside his father in the family vault, and Evelyn—well, we don't know where he is. And where would be the use of finding him either. Penniless his father made him, and penniless he must remain, unless——" He sighed.

"Why should——Did he displease his father?"

The old man made no reply for a moment. They had reached the end of Fore Street. Now he stopped before a house.

"I think I must go in here, Mr. Winwood," he said. "And so I have to wish you good-evening."

Whether the visit had been determined on beforehand, or was now used as a pretext to keep the Retallack history shrouded from him, Winwood could not guess. At any rate, it only made him more resolved than before to find out whether the girl who so interested him was in any way bound up with that history. He bade Mr. Snell good-bye, and directed his course straight for Miss Baird's house.

Miss Alicia was at home, and made him very welcome. The elder Miss Baird had always been plain and always quite unselfconscious. This gave her a frank manner with men which contrasted with the rather punctilious behaviour of her younger sister. Miss Selina had been pretty, and she never forgot the fact. Now, on perceiving the entrance of the young man, she adjusted her frills a little, and by a clever manœuvre substituted a black silk sock for the red woollen muffler she had been knitting.

Winwood underwent long and ample greetings. Where would he sit? They were so pleased to see him. Had he had his tea? How was Mr. Pierpoint? And his cold? What! he had none? No cold? Miss Alicia was certain she had heard a sneeze from the direction of the vestry the evening before in church. Well, she was pleased Mr. Pierpoint had escaped cold, but, if ever he should have a cold, she would recommend Mr. Winwood to give him camphor—at once!

Mr. Winwood, granted a moment to reply, mildly explained that he would not be always with Mr. Pierpoint, and perhaps it would be better to propose these remedies to that gentleman himself.

"Yes, yes, of course. I am sorry to learn you will be leaving us, Mr. Winwood, and just now, when the Retallacks——"

"Miss Baird," he ventured to interrupt, "may I make a straightforward request of you? Will you tell me the family history of the Retallacks?"

"Don't you know it? Well, really, there is nothing to tell, except the old Colonel's disinheriting his son.

"His eldest son?"

"Yes, of course. But you cannot be surprised when you remember the opinions he held, can you?"

As she paused a second, Winwood hastened to observe that he did not know what those opinions were.

"Oh, they were dreadful! I forget what they were *exactly*, but not such as a gentleman should have, I am sure, and——Selina! What were Evelyn Retallack's opinions?"

"Millions!" exclaimed Miss Selina. "Surely you mean at most *one* million, Alicia? And who left it to him? I am very glad indeed, poor fellow. Be careful of that habit of exaggeration, Alicia."

Miss Alicia had begun to speak rapidly before Selina ended.

"It is very distressing, Mr. Winwood, poor Selina's deafness. Selina! I said o-pin-i-ons!"

"I understand. So that is what she was. Dear me! I should never have thought a pin-manufactory could be so lucrative."

The elder sister started up and, putting her lips to her sister's ear, shouted the question once more. This time Selina heard.

"Dear me, Alicia," she cried, with a start, "I am only a *little*—I mean, I do not hear *quite* as well as I did, but you seem to think I am quite deaf!" Then she faced Winwood. "I fear Mr. Retallack's opinions were not admirable. In fact, they were, I assure you, such as no gentleman should profess." She took up again the black silk knitting, which had fallen on her knee. "*No* gentleman," she repeated in a final manner.

"You see; I told you so," exclaimed Miss Alicia. "Now was that not dreadful? And are you any longer surprised that Colonel Retallack disinherited him? Especially when you remember what a hot-tempered man he was."

Winwood, with an air of resignation, again remarked that he was a stranger to Lynton St. Maurice—in fact, that was why he had troubled Miss Baird with his questioning. Secretly, he repented the questioning now; at least, if all he could gather was information of this vague and diluted kind.

Eventually, however, he reached a solid substratum of fact, and when he at length bade Miss Baird farewell and betook himself

down the road to the Rectory, he pieced it all together. Colonel Retallack had two sons, Evelyn and Arthur. At an early age Evelyn developed opinions displeasing to his strongly Tory father. As we have seen, neither Miss Alicia nor Miss Selina was very explicit as to what these opinions were. Winwood could only suppose they were, in the old gentleman's eyes, heterodox either in politics or in religion—probably in both. The breach thus made was further widened by the son's refusal to enter the army, the profession his father had chosen for him, and the final split came when Evelyn refused to marry Charlotte Buchan, the only child of the Colonel's old brother-in-arms, Major Buchan, and heiress of the Lynton St. Mary estate. Yet even this might have been condoned, but that he immediately, and in defiance of his father's express prohibition, married a penniless girl, whom, in Miss Baird's words, "he had picked up somewhere," and whom nobody in Lynton had ever seen. Arthur, the second son, proved more amenable. He did all his father wished, moulded his opinions exactly on his, entered the army, married Charlotte Buchan, thereby joining the Buchan estates to the Retallack, along which they marched, and then—his duty done, as it were—developed rapid consumption and died.

"His mother was delicate, and so is his daughter, too," remarked Miss Baird.

Gently induced back into the direct path of the narrative, she went on to tell of the grief of the Colonel, his disappointment (well-known) that Arthur's child was a girl, and then, the year after Arthur's, his own sudden death.

"A skittish young horse, and he a man already up in years. But he wouldn't be warned, Mr. Winwood, and now—although I know his opinions were quite sound, for Rainsford, our cousin, always says so, and so does Mr. Burton—still I ask you what is the use of sound opinions when your real opinion is just—yourself, and when you are quite sure of only one thing: that *you* are in the right, and everybody else in the wrong?"

"I suppose then," Winwood had replied with a smile, "that, we may take it, is a Retallack characteristic."

"Not with Arthur. He was very gentle and easy to manage. Charlotte, his wife, managed him entirely."

"And when Colonel Retallack died so suddenly?"

"Then his will was produced, leaving all to little Elinor Retallack."

"And Evelyn had completely disappeared?"

"Completely—at least, as far as the Lyntonstowe people know. There was once a rumour of his having a little son born to him, but nobody knows anything certainly."

Winwood remembered old Snell's mention of the "other boy," and his mind flew to wills and their codicils. Here Winwood came to the crux of the whole matter.

"And this Miss Evelyn Retallack, Miss Baird—who do you think she is?"

"Well, Mr. Winwood, I have my suspicions there. You must know that a very similar thing happened to the Colonel's own father and uncle, only that it was the younger son who quarrelled and went off in a huff. I think our young friend is one of *his* grandchildren—if connected really with these Retallacks. I know he has some grandchildren, and he lives in Canada."

Winwood, however, decided otherwise in his own mind.

[END OF CHAPTER EIGHT.]



"'Did he displease his father?'"

A Novel Christmas Banquet.

By Elizabeth L. Banks.

"TO Educated Women of Gentle Birth, Destitute and Alone——"

So began the strange invitation to a strange Christmas banquet given a few years ago in New York by a well-known church and society woman.

I attended the banquet in my capacity as newspaper reporter, and I speak of it as "strange" because, indeed, it was the strangest as also the most touching banquet I ever attended.

For a certain part of that Christmas Day I was on duty for my newspaper, and it was my task to report the doings at various charity Christmas feasts which were that day given to the city's poor.

Altogether merry and jolly I found the partakers of the newsboys' dinner, when I peeped upon them at the beginning of my round. It fairly did my heart good to see them in their hundreds gathered about immense tables, whereon were turkey and cranberry sauce, and escaloped oysters, and plum puddings, and mince pies and celery, and everything else the Christmas appetite could fancy. I watched them scramble into their seats, grab the turkey-legs with their two hands, bite off the meat, use their knives instead of forks, and their fingers sometimes in place of either.

"Why, say," said one of the grinning youngsters to me, "w'at ye doin' at our dinner? You ain't no newsboy!"

"No," I answered; "but I'm what might be called a 'newswoman,' because I'm going to write all about your Christmas dinner for to-morrow's paper."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" came the chorus from the boys. "Say, fellers, ain't it fine? This yere lady's goin' to write about our dinner for her paper. Say, miss, just put my name in as one o' the guests, will ye? I'm Billy Snyder. An' there's me brother, an' Sam Jones, too—don't forget 'em, will ye? Say, just take the names of all of us, an' print 'em, and when I calls out to-morrer's paper I'll shout: 'Yere's yer mornin' paper—all about the newsboys' dinner—buy a paper, mister, and read all the names of us fellers what was there!'"

It was "merry Christmas" with those newsboys, sure enough. Some good people were giving them a free dinner, and they were enjoying it as only boys of their ilk could enjoy such a feast. There was but one cloud upon their happiness—the fact, which I tried to impart to them as gently as possible, that I could not put their names in the paper because of lack of space. But I got a good report of their merriment, and out again into the white Christmas weather I went, then on a cable car to the "up-town" or fashionable part of New York.

"TO EDUCATED WOMEN OF GENTLE BIRTH, DESTITUTE AND ALONE.—You are invited by Mrs. —— to a Christmas Dinner here in her house to-day at two o'clock."

In the drawing-room window of one of the brown-stone houses was the sign, the magnet that had drawn me from the newsboys' dinner on the east side to another Christmas dinner on the west side. A few days before Christmas the invitation had been published in the various New York newspapers; and then, on Christmas Day, lest any of the wished-for guests might not have read the papers, there shone from the window of the brown-stone mansion the light to guide them thither.

At the door of the drawing-room stood the hostess, receiving her guests.

"A merry Christmas! I am pleased to see you," was her greeting to each one that passed her. She extended her hand, and several times, as guest after guest passed into the beautiful room beyond, I noticed a pained, half-bewildered look on the face of the hostess, and once or twice her eyes were bright with tears.

No servant stood near to announce the guests, since all were nameless for the day. Some, the hostess recognised as

friends of former years; some, I, too, knew as grand dames of a time not long gone by; but to each and all only the cheery greeting, "Merry Christmas! I am pleased to see you," was given, and, finally, when a hundred of New York's gentlewomen—"destitute and alone"—had passed through the hospitable portal, the doors of the dining-room were thrown open, and the guests took their places at the tables.

The table linen was of the finest damask, the silver shone resplendent, the china was beautiful and costly, the glasses thin and dainty, and the table decorations were such as only taste and wealth could provide. In front of each cover was a tiny cut-glass vase of flowers.

Around the tables there were gathered sweet-faced women with white hair; women with tired, careworn faces and dark hair; and there were some young girls whose beauty shone out in spite of the melancholy of their eyes. All were well dressed—that is, there was nothing cheap or loud or gaudy about the apparel of the guests—but many of the hats and dresses were a bit old-fashioned, and none of the clothes were absolutely new.

A handsome woman of about forty was wearing a black satin dress: satin which, when purchased, must have cost five or six dollars a yard. Her hat, old and behind the times as it was, showed that it had originally been bought of a certain milliner who is known to supply only the richest of New York's women with headgear. Her boots were of the finest kid, and had been mended in a neat, though amateurish, way by the wearer. One knew instinctively that her feet were encased in silk hose, doubtless much darned.

"I really could not eat any dinner today," she said, as she tried to smile up at her hostess. "Just a cup of coffee—that is all. You see, my head——"

But it was not her head. It was her stomach! As I looked at her I knew the woman was starving; that she had got past the ravenously hungry stage. Two days before, perhaps, she might have felt hungry, but now she felt only faint and weak, and craved for her Christmas dinner nothing but a cup of coffee. Some years before, she had been giving charity dinners herself, and called in the children of the poor and fed them in her own palatial home. Her hats and dresses were then of the latest style and make, bought in London and Paris, where she had been accustomed to go every year.



"'I'm pleased to see you,' was her greeting."

At a table there sat society belles of a quarter of a century ago. There was one woman who had owned her hundreds of negro slaves before the war between North and South; there was the daughter of an honoured judge; the wife of an absconding defaulter; the widow of a clergyman who had once preached to one of the wealthiest of eastern congregations; there were some women and girls who were trying hard to earn a living by office work, as dressmakers, as milliners, but who, because they were gentlewomen who had never been trained to pounce upon the "almighty dollar" and catch it as it came near, were failures, and must needs be pushed to the wall by the other working women of New York—the less refined and less dainty, but the stronger and better trained.

When the dinner was over and some of the guests were leaving, a woman I had known in another city a few years previously, and whose entertainments I had many times written up for the society columns of the paper on which I had then held a position, recognised me and turned aside to speak to me.

"You here! You here!" she whispered in an agitated voice. "Surely you cannot be going to write up this as a brilliant social function, with the names of the guests and the description of the gowns we are wearing! Promise me one thing for the sake of the days when I used to help you to fill your society page: you will not put my name in among the names of the guests at this dinner."

"I am not putting any names in," I answered. "Indeed, I am to write very little about it, except to say that a dinner to gentlewomen was given this year, and that I hope every Christmas to follow may see another such dinner."

She pressed my hand, and went out silently. I left the house and continued my reportorial round. How happy were the faces at all the other "charity dinners"! How the idea of being "written up" appealed to the newsboys, and the bootblacks, and the cripples, and the inhabitants of the slums! Truly, it was "merry Christmas," indeed, at all the other places. There were smiles and cheers, and a gulping down of good things. Only in the brown-stone mansion where a rich gentlewoman presided at a table where were gathered these other gentlewomen, "destitute and alone," did I find sadness on every face. Yet, of all the Christmas charities, I doubt not that this was the one most needed and most deserved and appreciated by those to whom the invitations were sent out.

As I have said, it all happened a few years ago in New York, and all my Christmases since then have been spent in London. Here also I have, Christmas after Christmas, gone about to report upon the feasts spread for the poor. I have heard the smacking of the newsboys' lips over the huge bites of prime Christmas roast beef; I have heard the watercress and flower girls counting aloud the plums in the slices of plum-pudding which lay upon their plates; I have seen "the poor" of the East End heartily enjoying their Christmas goose with apple sauce, and I have seen the little children of the mission chapels laughing gleefully as they played with their Christmas toys—all these things have I seen provided by London's rich and well-to-do for London's poor.

But not yet have I known of a feast provided for London's women of gentle birth, "destitute and alone," of whom there are many hundreds more than there are in New York.

There are many of them who live in the topmost, backmost, cheapest little rooms of apartment houses in the most select of West End neighbourhoods, in order, as they will say with a mirthless smile, to "have a good address." For they do not like anyone to know they are poor, these gentlewomen who are "destitute and alone." They are supposed by their landladies to "go out for their meals." Biscuits and watercress, with sometimes a bit of cold ham or beef, bought ready cooked, or an egg, surreptitiously boiled over a little spirit-stove, form the bulk of their none too frequent meals. Their clothes look often out-of-date, but their skirts do not look drabbled or dirty, for when they are in their little rooms they mend and brush and patch and darn, re-trim their hats with the same old flowers and ostrich-tips, and the same old ribbons, turned and pressed.

In her room the poor lady has no Christmas fire—but who suspects that? She has neither roast goose nor roast beef of Old England for dinner. She will eat a biscuit and some cheese—that is, unless

this year some London woman follows the example of the New York woman, and gives a novel Christmas dinner.

But would she go if she were invited? Would scores of others like her become guests at a party where the hostess took them by the hand and wished them "A merry Christmas," inquiring not their names, stipulating only that they should be women of gentle birth, "destitute and alone"?

I am not sure; I cannot know; but I *believe* there would be many guests at such a Christmas feast in London. The hostess must be herself a woman of gentle birth and tact and diplomacy. She must not, on the day of the feast, call in her friends to help her receive her guests. It were better she should receive alone. She must not give over the entertainment of her guests to her servants. Though she should advertise her intention of receiving in the newspapers, she should see that no representatives of the press are there to report upon the identity of her guests. Indeed, if there were any possible way of keeping the address where the dinner is to be given out of the papers, it would be preferable.

The door of the hospitable house where the feast was to be given could not, of course, be left open during the two or three hours when the dinner was in progress. Both the wintry weather and the danger of the entrance of thieves would forbid that. The knocker would be used by the guests, the door opened by a servant, and the guests conducted to the drawing-room where the hostess awaited them. That is all. It requires a careful thinking out, management, and delicate handling.



"When they are in their little rooms they mend and brush and patch and darn."

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

DECEMBER 21ST.—Christmas Lesson.

Passage for reading—*St. Luke ii.* 8–20.



POINTS. 1. The angels tell of the Saviour's birth.
2. The angels rejoice in heaven and earth.
3. The shepherds tell the good news to all.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Christ the Saviour.** A soldier, worn out in his country's service, took to playing the violin as a means of earning his living. But after a time his hand became feeble and tremulous, and he could no more make music. One day, while sitting sadly by the wayside, a man passed along and said, "My friend, you are too old and feeble; give me your violin." And he took the man's instrument and began to play most beautifully. The people gathered round in large numbers; and the old man held his hat, and money was poured in till it was full. The violinist played again, still more sweetly, and the hat was again filled with coin. Then the stranger gave the old man back his violin and departed. A whisper went round, "Who can he be?" And someone said, "Why, that is Bucher, the great violinist, who is known all over the kingdom!" He had taken the poor man's place, assumed his poverty, endured his disgrace, and played his music, and earned his livelihood that he might rescue him from want. So the Lord Jesus comes down, and He finds us in our spiritual want, and across the strings of His own broken heart He strikes a strain of music which is praised in earth and heaven. He takes our poverty, He shares our life, He dies our death.

Universal Joy. The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine on the mountain waves its sombre boughs and rejoices in the sun's light. The little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue and turns it to the sun. The tall sunflowers bask in its light and warmth. So Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, cheers all. The angels in heaven rejoice at His birth. Little children love His name, and early lisp His praises. The sinner repentant shakes off his chains of sin. The aged believer departs in peace, for he has seen His salvation. Love and joy and peace attend His path. Songs of praise bless His name, and all who come to Him rejoice in the sunshine of His love.

Telling of Christ. Mr. Moody, the evangelist, writes: "In a prayer meeting I once attended at Boston, most of those who took part were old men, but a little tow-headed Norwegian boy got up and said, 'If I tell the world about Christ, He will tell the Father about me.'" Mr. Moody adds: "That wrote itself upon my heart, and I have never forgotten what that little boy said, but have tried to do what I could in telling the world the tale of Jesus Christ."

DECEMBER 28TH.—Lessons of the Old Year.

Passage for reading—*Isaiah xxxviii.*

POINTS. 1. The certainty of death.
2. The need of preparation for death.
3. The future life of the righteous.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Death the Common Lot.** A beautiful story is told of Buddha and a poor woman who came to ask him if there was any medicine which would bring back to life her dead child. When he saw her distress he spoke tenderly to her, and he told her there was one thing which might cure her son. He bade her bring him a handful of mustard seed—common mustard seed. But he charged her to bring it from some house where neither father nor mother, child nor servant, had died. So the woman took her dead baby in her arms, and went from door to door asking for the mustard seed, and gladly was it offered her; but when she asked whether any had died in that house each one made the same sad answer, "I have lost my husband," or "My child is dead," or "Our servant has died." So with a heavy heart the woman went back to Buddha, and told him how she had failed to get the mustard seed, for that she could not find a single house where none had died. Then Buddha showed her lovingly that she must learn not to think only of her own grief, but must remember the griefs of others, seeing that all alike are sharers in sorrow and death.

Death to be Prepared For. One of the captains of Charles V. of Spain requested the favour of discharge from public service. The Emperor demanded the reason. The thoughtful officer replied, "There ought to be a pause between the tumult of life and the day of death." A young prince asked his tutor to give him some instruction about preparing for death. "Plenty of time when you are older," was the reply. "No," said the boy; "I have been to the churchyard and measured the graves, and there are many shorter than I am."

The Future Life of the Righteous. A Christian minister said to his friends just before his death, 'I have for years believed and taught that religion was well adapted to the dying, but now I know it. My friends talk about my going down into the valley of the shadow of death. I am now in it. And when they think me just going into it I shall be coming out of it into perfect day."

JANUARY 4TH, 1903.—Paul and Silas at Philippi.

Passage for reading—*Acts xvi.* 22–34.

POINTS. 1 The Apostles suffer tribulation.
2. The Apostles praise God.
3. The gaoler is converted.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Meaning of Trials.** God deals with us somewhat after the manner of an ancient painter with his pupil. The young artist produced a picture of much merit, which was greatly admired by all. His heart was swelled with vanity. He laid aside his palette and pencil, and sat daily before

his easel, admiring the offspring of his own genius. One morning he found his beautiful picture wiped out from the canvas. He wept bitterly. His master appeared, and said, "I have done this for your benefit; the picture was ruining you." "How so?" demanded the pupil. "Because in the admiration of your own talents, you were losing your love for the art itself. Take your pencil and try again." The youth dried his tears, seized his pencil and produced a masterpiece, which but for this severe trial would in all probability never have been executed. Paul and Silas realised that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

True Blessedness. A learned doctor once prayed that God would show him someone to teach him the way of happiness. He came one day to a church porch, and saw a man dressed in the poorest clothes and his bare feet covered with dust and dirt. He greeted him saying, "God give thee good day!" The poor man answered, "I never had an evil day." Again he said, "God prosper thee!" The other answered, "I never had anything but prosperity." "God bless thee!" said the doctor, "how can that be so? Explain it to me, for I understand not." "Willingly," said the poor man. "I never had an ill day, for if I am hungry I praise God; does it rain, or snow, or hail, is it fair weather or foul, I praise God. I have never been unprosperous, for I know that what God does is best; and what God gives or ordains for me, whether pain or pleasure, I take cheerfully from Him as the best of all, and so I never had adversity. I was never unblessed, for I desire to live only in the will of God. I can rest in nothing else than God. Now that I have found Him, whatever happens, I am always happy."

The Conversion of an Officer. In July, 1719, Colonel Gardiner, who was then leading a most licentious life, had spent one Sunday evening in dissipated company, and had an appointment to meet someone else at midnight. While he was waiting for his friend he took up a book to pass away the time. As he was reading he saw an unusual blaze of light fall on the page, and, looking up, he saw before him, as it were suspended in the air, a representation of the Saviour on the cross, surrounded by a glory. At the same moment he heard a voice saying, "O sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns?" The vision filled him with unutterable astonishment and agony of heart. Pierced by a sense of ingratitude to God, he from that moment forsook his evil life.

JANUARY 11TH.—Christian Living.

Passage for reading—*Philippians iv.* 1—13.

POINTS. 1. The Christian's duty—steadfastness.
2. The Christian's privilege—joy and peace.
3. The Christian's state of mind—contentment.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Hold Fast.** Crossing the Mer de Glace, that great "sea of ice" which forms the largest glacier in Switzerland, the traveller comes to a pass which is called "Le Mauvais Pas," the dangerous path. It runs along the side of the mountain. It is scarcely a foot wide. Above it is a wall of rock, while below at the depth of several hundred feet is the glacier, with its sharp points of ice and rock. Path it is called, but in many places it is in reality nothing but the sharp jutting inequalities of the face of the precipitous rock. Only let your foot slip, and it is a sheer leap into another world. But there is really no danger. Why? Because round the face of the rock, within your grasp, the Alpine guides have fixed a rope, fastened with iron staples to the great mountain wall of granite. So long as you grasp it you know that you are safe. Your feet may slip, but the trusty rope saves you from a fate which would be certain death. Faith is the rope by which a Christian holds on to God. Let him be steadfast in that hold and nothing can hurt him, for underneath him are "the everlasting arms."

Two Sides. Two boys went to gather plums. One was happy because they found them, the other unhappy because they had stones. Two men recovering from illness were asked how they were. One said, "I am better to-day"; the other, "I was worse yesterday." When it rains, one says, "This will make the roads muddy"; another, "This will lay the dust." Two ladies examining a bush, one observes that it has a thorn, the other that it has a rose. Two boys keeping a hive, one got honey, and the other, being careless, a sting. The first called them honey bees; the other, stinging bees. "I am glad," says one person, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better." One says, "Our good is mixed with evil"; another says, "Our evil is mixed with good." Some people are always sorrowing, others always rejoicing. Which is better?

Contentment. A king went into his garden one day and found everything withering and dying. He asked an oak what the trouble was. He found that it was sick of life because it was not tall and beautiful like the pine. The pine was out of heart because it could not bear fruit like the vine. The vine was going to throw its life away because it could not stand erect and have as fine fruit as the pomegranate; and so on throughout the whole garden. But when he came to the heart's-ease the king found its bright face uplifted, as full of cheerfulness as ever. Said the king, "Well, Heart's-ease, I am glad to find one brave little flower in this general discontentment and dying. You don't seem one bit disheartened." "No, your Majesty, I know I am of small account, but I concluded you wanted a heart's-ease when you planted me. If you had wanted an oak, or a pine, or a vine, or a pomegranate, you would have set one out. So I am bound to be the best heart's-ease that ever I can."

A NOBLE SUITOR.

A Short Story by Scott Graham.

CHAPTER I.

ELSIE MAITLAND stood on a rustic bridge spanning the little river which ran through the Midland village of Aston Crucis, with a vastly discontented expression on her pretty young face. The scenery around her was charming: a plantation of noble old oaks and beeches, through which the clear stream babbled, and melodious with the notes of birds and the cooing of wood-pigeons; whilst above her head stretched the deep blue sky of June. But, instead of finding any pleasure in her surroundings, she only tapped a volume she was carrying against the handrail of unbarked fir, and sighed, and sighed, and sighed again.

Everything here was so dull!—so slow!

She had no eyes for the mellow sunlight filtering through the light-green leaves to the dappled water which murmured soothingly at her feet. She was bored to death, and felt herself a most injured young woman because she had no money of her own, and, having lost both parents, was dependent for everything upon her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, who lived at a pretty house in the village called "The Knoll." Everybody else thought her most fortunate in having such a beautiful home without being obliged to work for it; but Elsie was always conscious of being more or less *de trop* at "The Knoll." The Hunts had married late in life, after waiting for years, and, having no children, and being devoted to each other, spent their days pottering about their beautiful garden, or driving through the lanes, perfectly happy so long as they were together. In the evenings Mr. Hunt read to his wife, or they played cribbage or backgammon.

In this staid, elderly household Elsie's bright youth could not but be somewhat of a disturbing element, albeit her guardians were exceedingly kind to her. She did not possess the art—seldom acquired in early youth—of finding pleasure in little things, like the Hunts; and she loathed the country at all times. Until she was sixteen she had lived in London, and gone to a London High school; and her knowledge of a wider world had given her a distaste for the narrowness and dulness of provincial life. Many a time she felt a mad longing to go away somewhere—anywhere—where there would be something to do, and plenty of nice, congenial people to know. But she was hampered by not having a penny in the world beyond the liberal allowance her uncle made her for dress. And the worst of it was that, if she listened to her uncle and aunt, she would have to remain buried in this horrible village all her life. Without consulting her, they had quite settled, in their own minds, that she was to marry David Foster, the village doctor's only son, who would, in due time, succeed to his father's practice, and live happily ever after. David was quite willing, though he had never proposed in so many words; his father approved, and the rest of the village looked smilingly on, saying what an excellent match it would be for Miss Maitland. It was useless for Elsie to protest that she detested David Foster; the more she snubbed him, the more devoted he became; and the Vicar's wife was already at work upon an elaborate tea-cloth, destined for her wedding present to the happy pair.

It made Elsie rage furiously to think that her future should be thus planned out, without her consent being asked. "Marry a man with huge feet, and red hair, and a turned-up nose, and the most antiquated notions about what it's proper for girls to do!" thought she viciously. "Not if I know it!"

She sighed again as she looked at the book in her hand. It was a novel of the most romantic type, in which the beautiful heroine was adored by an equally delightful hero, possessed of a title, a fortune, and every accomplishment under the sun, who finally married her after various exciting adventures and misunderstandings. Why could not something equally pleasant happen to herself? Elsie mused discontentedly. Why could she not have a lover six feet two, with melting eyes of Irish blue, and a title, and a fine estate? Life would be worth living then: there would be some romance in it, instead of the wearisome daily round!

A step echoed on the woodland pathway, and David Foster himself appeared, blushing crimson at sight of her. He certainly was a plain young man, whose boots were thick, and whose serviceable tweeds bespoke none of the affectations of the dandy. But a physiognomist would have liked his honest, clean-shaven face, for there was both power and kindliness in it. Poor David! He was madly in love with pretty, disdainful Elsie, and, for that very reason, always embarrassed and tongue-tied in her presence, just because he wished to appear at his best.

"Oh—it's you, Elsie," he stammered lamely,

feeling the silliness of the speech, even while he made it. "What are you doing here all alone?"

The question put her back up instantly. "Am I obliged to render you an account of my movements, Dr. Foster?" she retorted scathingly.

"Oh, no, of course not!—of course not!" he said hastily. "Only, I met your people driving in the phaeton, and I thought——"

"You thought I ought to have gone with them? Thank you, I'm not fond of sitting with my back to the pony, and feeling quite out of it all the time, with uncle and aunt forgetting I'm there at all!"

"I've often asked you to come for a drive with me," he sighed. "Kitty is really a splendid goer, and I got father to buy the new high dogcart on purpose for you, because you said you hated driving in a low-hung carriage. Do come for a drive—I've not got much to do this afternoon——"

Unfortunate young man! It was not a judicious speech, and promptly Elsie turned upon him. "I'm sorry you should be at a loss to fill in your time, Dr. Foster! I decline to be made a convenience of, because you've nothing better to do; but you've only to ask Miss Baldwin, and I'm sure she'd be delighted!"

Miss Baldwin was an elderly young lady in the village, who had been vainly setting her cap at David for a long time.

"I wish I didn't always contrive to offend you by everything I say," groaned the disconsolate lover. "I'm afraid I must be very stupid, to put my foot in it so often. I don't want to drive with Miss Baldwin—or anybody but you. And you know it!" he added, gazing reproachfully at her with his honest grey eyes.

Elsie, quite unappeased, twitched her graceful shoulders with a petulant movement. She had not the faintest intention of driving with David; for, if she did, the whole neighbourhood would at once conclude they were engaged.

"Miss Baldwin is a much better catch than ever I shall be," she rejoined perversely. "I'm sure you couldn't do better than marry her—she has heaps of money, and she simply adores you!"

"If I ever marry, it will not be for money, but for love, as you know very well, Elsie," he said, so firmly that she felt justly rebuked. "But you oughtn't to be moping here all by yourself," he added, his face softening as he scanned her pretty, disconsolate profile. "Come home with me to tea, and I'll get the girls from the Vicarage to come in for some croquet."

"You know I detest croquet! I never can get through the horrid narrow hoops! Oh! *can't* you go away?" she cried, fretted beyond endurance by the affectionate concern in his kind eyes. "I don't want anything but to be let alone! I'm not a child, to be petted and bribed because I'm cross!"

Seeing there was nothing else for it, he did go; his stout, country-made boots clumping so dejectedly over the plank bridge that to any observant listener they told a pathetic tale. But Elsie, wrapped up in her own selfish grievances, had no remorse for the pain she might have inflicted upon poor David. Indeed, it is to be feared, in her mood of revolt against all the world, she was rather pleased than not to think he was unhappy too. The London season was just at its height now, she reflected dismally; and yet here she was, moping in a dull country village, with nothing to do all day. The few men the war had not taken from the neighbourhood were elderly and dull; their wives and daughters were frumps; they all thought Elsie ought to be deeply grateful to the Hunts for their kindness, and they had not the smallest sympathy with her restless discontent. Why—oh! why—could she not be like the lucky girl in the novel, with a devoted lover in the peerage, asking nothing better than to marry her?

Next afternoon she started off for a long cycle ride—chiefly, I fear, because the Hunts, who were not gifted with much tact, had pointedly announced that David was coming to tea. Naughty Elsie said nothing, but inwardly resolved that tea-time should find her miles away from Aston Crucis. As she cycled swiftly through the village, whom should she meet but Miss Baldwin, very smartly dressed, as usual, and resolutely juvenile; and the spirit of mischief prompted her to stop and greet the lady effusively.

"You haven't been to see us for ages," she said sweetly, as Miss Baldwin extended her white-gloved hand. Nobody else in the village would have dreamt of the extravagance of wearing white kid gloves every day—or, indeed, any gloves at all. "*Do* go round to tea this afternoon, if you've nothing better to do. I'm sure my aunt will be delighted, and David Foster is coming."

Poor Miss Baldwin at once fell into the trap; and the wicked girl rode off chuckling, as she thought of David's face when he arrived to find she herself was not there and Miss Baldwin was. The idea put her into quite good spirits, and she sped briskly along, enjoying the sweet country air in spite of herself. She had gone several miles when an ominous feeling of heaviness about her back wheel warned her that something was the matter with her tyre. She pumped

it up, but two minutes after it was worse than ever; and it became very clear that it was so badly punctured as to be useless. There was no house near where anybody was to be found capable of repairing it, and she was quite unable to do it herself; there was no railway station for miles, and cabs existed not in that rural neighbourhood. She sat down disconsolately on the bank, resolving to wait until somebody came along who could help her. At the worst, the rural postman was due to pass on his rounds in another hour, and by him she could send a message to "The Knoll," asking for the wagonette to be sent for her and her machine.

Despite her vexation, she made a very pretty picture as she sat by the roadside, her rustic straw hat casting a most becoming shade over her charming face. A handsome young man who presently appeared from the opposite direction, also on a cycle, was clearly of that opinion; for he stared hard at the disconsolate maiden as he passed her, then dismounted, and came back to her.

"Excuse me, madam," he began, very politely lifting his straw hat. "Are you in any difficulty?"

He had blue eyes, she noticed, like the hero in the novel; and she smiled upon him graciously as she observed his well-fitting clothes. David's suits never hung free from wrinkles, and were seldom of a becoming colour. She explained that she had punctured her back tyre, and the stranger was all solicitude in a moment. Might he try to patch it up for her? He could not pretend to be an expert, but perhaps he could cobble it up to last until she reached home.

She was only too glad of the offer, and before he had completed his task, in which she assisted to the best of her ability, the freemasonry of youth, and of the road, had established the most friendly relations between them. She gathered that he was a young gentleman of means, for he said that he was stopping at another village about four miles from Aston Crucis for the fishing.

When he had finished, he took out a dainty cambric handkerchief, and carefully wiped his soiled hands. Her woman's eye dwelt with pleasure on its fineness and whiteness, and—yes!—there, quite unmistakably, was a coronet embroidered in one corner. What a delightful coincidence! Evidently, this handsome young stranger was a peer, and everything was going to happen exactly as in the novel!

"You must allow me to ride home with you, madam," he said, with the politeness which had so impressed her at first. She supposed peers must have better manners than commoners—at any rate, David never addressed her with such marked deference. "It's rather a lonely road, and you might meet a tramp, or your tyre might break down again. It would ease my mind if you would allow me to see you home."

"I am Miss Maitland, of 'The Knoll,' at Aston Crucis," she rejoined. "Certainly you can ride with me, if you will be so kind. But won't you tell me to whom I am indebted for mending my tyre?"

He hesitated a moment, still rubbing his hands with the handkerchief. "My name is Pynsent," he said at length.

"Lord Pynsent?" she asked quickly. Being a Briton, she was naturally a snob, as all true Britons are. "I noticed that there's a coronet on your handkerchief," she added in explanation.

He looked down at it with a slight start, and then up again at her pretty face. "The truth is, I am Lord Littlewood," he explained, rather hurriedly. "Only it isn't always convenient to use one's title when one's travelling and doesn't want to be pestered by society bores—don't you know?—and so at the inn where I'm staying I call myself Pynsent."

"Well, I shall certainly introduce you to my uncle and aunt as Lord Littlewood," she said resolutely, delighted at the romance of the whole thing. How splendid that her chivalrous helper should turn out to be a nobleman in disguise! How like a novel! She insisted that he should come in with her when they reached "The Knoll," and be presented to the Hunts, who received the young stranger cordially enough. Any newcomer made a break in the village life whose dulness Elsie so continually deplored; and handsome young peers were not encountered every day. So they requested Lord Littlewood to stay to dinner, which he did very readily. Elsie had never looked prettier, or been in gayer spirits, than on that evening.

CHAPTER II.

"THE fellow's a cad—a beastly cad—with the manners of a shopwalker, and the stupidity of a barber's block," David Foster cried wrathfully five weeks later, anent the modest young peer who had tried to conceal his title from Elsie. By this time Lord Littlewood had been taken up by all the neighbourhood, and in consequence had removed to the little inn at Aston Crucis, to be nearer his new-found friends. Everybody called upon him; and so many dinners, garden-parties, and picnics had been given in his honour that the county had not been so gay for years. A rich young bachelor peer was a prize which

seldom came in the way of the match-making mammas of Angleshire, and they made the most of their opportunities. But, as was very evident, Elsie Maitland was the favoured damsel. The two were much together at the local entertainments, and he spent one or two evenings a week at "The Knoll." Even the staid and cautious Hunts had been quite carried away by the popular enthusiasm; and, since their niece would not marry David Foster, they would be glad for her to accept Lord Littlewood, if she felt inclined. Elsie was quite pretty enough and graceful enough to adorn a coronet; and it looked as if such an honour would soon be hers, to the great rage of many envious rivals, who muttered that she was a nasty sly cat, and a minx.

Honest David, left out in the cold and snubbed more than ever, had to listen with a sore heart whilst people gushed over Lord Littlewood's handsome face, his well-knit figure, his exquisite taste in dress, his politeness to ladies, and so forth. Now, to his mind, the peer was not in the very least a gentleman. His fine manners bordered on obsequiousness, he betrayed a marvellous ignorance of many things which most educated people are familiar with from their cradles, and ever and anon a mysterious something about him grated on the young doctor, who flattered himself that he knew a man when he saw one. If he dared to hint as much to Elsie, she instantly accused him of envy and jealousy; and in these days he more and more often came for consolation to a widow, Mrs. Trevor, an old friend who lived in a pretty cottage near the church. She was the widow of a general, and had many friends in the smart world; but preferred to rusticate in this secluded spot, and live on very little, to save money for her three sons, who were all in expensive cavalry regiments. Mrs. Trevor



"'Excuse me, madam,' he began, very politely, '. . . are you in any difficulty?'"

was very great on family and pedigree; she knew all about everybody who *was* anybody, and kept a recent "Peerage" at hand, to consult when any titled person came in question.

"I don't like him myself, David," she said kindly. "But I suppose he's all right—there is a Lord Littlewood of that age, and he makes no mystery about himself." She opened her "Peerage," and read that the present Viscount was twenty-six, possessed various estates, which were named, and had a house in Grosvenor Square. All these particulars, indeed, had been already furnished by Lord Littlewood himself. He was accustomed to talk of his hunting-box in Leicestershire, his grouse-moor in Scotland, and his yacht at Cowes, until David could have strangled him with pleasure. Indeed, he had already invited several people to join his party for the moors on the Twelfth, the family from "The Knoll" being the first to be asked. He had travelled, too, and talked about Assouan and Philæ, Rome and Colombo, as airily as though all these places were accessible by a twopenny 'bus. Poor David, who had never been farther than the Isle of Man, felt this an added grievance.

"After all, David, though we may not like him personally, we must admit it would be a fine chance for Elsie," suggested Mrs. Trevor.

"It isn't that!—goodness knows, it isn't that!" burst out the faithful lover. "If he were worthy of her, I'd gladly stand aside, so that she might be happy! But he isn't even a man—he's a brainless fop, full of ridiculous airs, and not half-educated! A cad and an ass, that a girl like Elsie would soon come to despise—and what consolation would his title and estates be then?"

"It is a pity—a great pity. As you say, he isn't worthy of her, and she would soon find it out. And I shouldn't like our spoilt Elsie to be unhappy—naughty, perverse child though she is! I'll tell you what I'll do, David—I'll ask some friends in London to find out all they can about Lord Littlewood, and report to me. He may be engaged to somebody else all the time, and only playing with Elsie. I shouldn't be surprised."

"If I find the rascal has been deceiving her, I'll break his head!" declared the young man wrathfully.

That evening all the neighbourhood was bidden to a "musical evening" at the Manor House; during which festivity Dr. David appeared so melancholy that Elsie sharply told him he looked like a stage murderer. She and Lord Littlewood flirted all the evening, and went in to supper together; and more than one shrewd matron remarked in David's hearing that it was evidently a settled thing, and, no doubt, Elsie's wedding would be the next excitement.

Her head was completely turned, as anybody could see. David had worshipped her for years without a tithe of the encouragement she bestowed upon Lord Littlewood. He could take her away from this dull place, and give her gaiety, wealth, and social position; and she believed she could be satisfied with that, albeit not many brains were stored up in that handsome golden head of his. He had not yet formally proposed; but evidently it was only a question of time, and meanwhile she was very happy in her brilliant dreams of the future.

He himself had taken care to ascertain her own position. The Hunts were well off, and, if Elsie married to their satisfaction, they intended to bequeath her their property. She had expectations also from her godmother. "You see, a man in my position has so many expenses that it drives him to think a good deal about ways and means," Lord Littlewood explained, in apology for the direct questions he put to her on the subject. Elsie was not at all offended, but rather gratified to know that her lover was seriously considering the matter. Had David done the same, she would have called him a mercenary money-grubber; but the glamour cast by a pair of blue eyes and a title blinded her to all else.

It was noticed by the village postmistress that Mrs. Trevor received a great many letters about this time, and wrote many to most aristocratic addresses. She kept a keen eye on Elsie and her adorer, and encouraged David with the one word, "Wait!"

Towards the end of July she issued invitations for a large garden-party. This was remarkable, as she had no space for big entertainments. Elsie arrived with the Hunts, looking like a poet's dream in a new gown of blue muslin and lace; and at her elbow came Lord Littlewood, very spruce in a smart grey frock-coat, with a pink carnation in his buttonhole. A game of croquet was presently started on the little lawn, Elsie and the peer being partners; and, play once fairly begun, the hostess slipped away into the house unobserved.

The game was progressing admirably, every stroke of Lord Littlewood's being watched by an admiring throng, when Mrs. Trevor came quickly down the steps leading to the lawn, followed by a tall, pale, light-haired young man, who limped along by the aid of a stick. Lord Littlewood's back was towards the new-comer, and he was just preparing a particularly brilliant stroke to dazzle all the ladies.

Crack! and his ball, admirably aimed, hit

another, far off, just inside the boundary-line. There was a murmur of applause, but before he could move the lame young man limped up from behind him, exclaiming sarcastically, "Well played, Stubbs!"

If twenty thousand frightful fiends had suddenly appeared before him, his lordship could not have looked more terrified than he did at these simple words. He turned as white as chalk, his mallet fell from his hand, and his knees visibly knocked together. Mrs. Trevor, in the background, smiled maliciously; whilst Elsie looked utterly bewildered.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the hostess, slightly raising her voice, "allow me to introduce to you Lord Littlewood, who has kindly come here, at great personal inconvenience, to unmask an audacious impostor."

Elsie's lover mopped his damp brow, and looked about, as though considering in which direction it would be safest to bolt. His very collar looked limp with cowardly fear; and the fact that half the county was looking on did not tend to increase his composure.

"This fellow," said the lame young man, pointing to the craven cringing before him, "John Stubbs, was my valet, until I dismissed him for stealing things from my wardrobe, and, like a fool, forbore to prosecute because he snivelled and shammed penitence. Why he should want to pass himself off for me, I don't know; but it was easy enough, for I was safely out of the way, as I'd gone fishing to Norway, and dislocated my ankle so badly I can hardly walk even now. I suppose he thought himself safe from discovery; but this lady, Mrs. Trevor, wrote to some friends of mine, and then the whole thing came out. I've come from Norway expressly to have the pleasure of exposing him. And now, you reptile, what have you got to say for yourself?" he demanded, turning to the wretched jackdaw in peacock's plumes, who was actually grovelling before him on his knees.

Elsie was as white as John Stubbs. The modern girl does not faint, so, although David looked at her anxiously, she contrived to stand her ground. But if the crater of Etna or Vesuvius had been obliging enough to open just then at her feet, she would gladly have jumped into it, to escape from her present humiliating position. What a splendid opportunity David had for revenge, if he chose to say, "I told you so!" He had always stoutly declared that "Lord Littlewood" was not a gentleman. To think that she had allowed herself to be made love to by a valet, dismissed for dishonesty! No doubt the coroneted handkerchief which had first arrested her attention was a part of his plunder!

* * * * *

Many people, outrageous at being duped, talked of prosecuting the detected impostor; but, on second thoughts, decided not to expose themselves to the ridicule which must ensue. As he had not actually stolen things from them, he could hardly be punished for accepting their hospitality under false pretences; and, indeed, he sneaked off at the earliest opportunity. Those who had been loudest in praising his handsome face, his aristocratic air, his delightful manners—the obsequious courtesy of a valet—were the first to argue that the contemptible creature was not worth the trouble of punishing.

Some kind people, pitying Elsie, blamed Mrs. Trevor for arranging the girl's public discomfiture. But the widow maintained that she wished Elsie to have a thorough lesson; and nothing but seeing her lover publicly unmasked as a coward and a knave could have cured her of her infatuation. Expostulation in private would have been of little use, since the plausible scoundrel might have talked Miss Maitland round, and made her believe him an injured innocent. Many people, of course, said cutting things to the girl under the guise of friendship; and daily she expected David to say, "I told you so!" She resolved that if he taunted her with her folly she would go away and become a hospital nurse, and never return to Aston Crucis again. But he never once alluded to the humiliating episode, and the only difference was that his manner was kinder than ever.

"David is a gentleman — not a valet dressed up in his master's clothes," thought Elsie. Many people wondered why John Stubbs should have entered on such a course of deception. His empty vanity had first induced him to do so, when he saw how Elsie was impressed by the coroneted handkerchief; and though he had never hitherto flown at higher game than ladies' maids, when he discovered that she would have a handsome property, he seriously set himself to win her. He shrewdly surmised that if he could only stave off discovery till the eve of the wedding, either her pride would compel her to marry him to avoid an unpleasant scandal, or the Hunts would offer a handsome bribe to get rid of him. He had inherited a little money from his grandmother, and it was this which enabled him to stay at the inn and pose as a gentleman of fortune.

Elsie was sadly subdued in these days. She fancied everybody was laughing at her, and she avoided society as much as possible. One lovely summer evening, she was strolling



"'This fellow,' said the lame young man, pointing to the craven cringing before him, 'John Stubbs, was my valet.'"—*p.* 167.

dejectedly in a lane near "The Knoll," where the honeysuckle grew, gathering what sprays she could reach, and wondering why the finest were always too high to pluck. She was standing on tiptoe in the vain endeavour to reach an especially pink bit, when a horse's trot was heard, and David appeared round a corner.

She was angry at herself for blushing scarlet, and to hide her cheeks grabbed industriously after the honeysuckle. He checked his horse—he always looked his best on horseback—and in a minute had placed the coveted spray in her hand.

"Thank you—it's very sweet," she said confusedly; but, without replying, he rode off.

"I suppose he's in a hurry to get home to dinner," she thought, a little disconsolately. The Hunts had gone to a bazaar in a neighbouring parish, and would not be back for some time yet; and though she had refused to accompany them, she nevertheless felt dull in their absence, and wished she had somebody to talk to. Even David would have been better than nobody!

As she sauntered listlessly along, she heard a horse's hoofs again approaching; and David reappeared, his honest face aglow with satisfaction, and carrying a bouquet of beautiful honeysuckle.

"I noticed this growing further along the lane, and I thought you'd like to have it," he said, putting it into her hand.

"And you went back on purpose to get it, though I know it must be your dinner-time!" she answered gratefully, thinking how like David it was.

"Oh, that doesn't matter at all! There's nothing I wouldn't do to please you, Elsie—surely you know that by this time."

"Oh, *don't!*" she cried piteously, thinking how little she merited his never-failing kindness. "You make me feel such a horrid wretch!"

Bold for once in his life, he stooped from his saddle, and kissed the little drooping, dismal face, although by no means certain that Elsie would not box his ears for his presumption. But she did not: and, gaining courage, he kissed her again.

The Vicar and his wife, driving home from the before-mentioned bazaar half an hour later, smiled to each other as they passed the two young people, so absorbed in each other that they never noticed the pony-carriage.

"Do drive faster, Henry—I shall start again upon my teacloth this very night!" said his wife briskly. Since the episode of John Stubbs the embroidery had languished in a drawer. "I was very nearly finishing it and giving it to Mrs. Lake for her bazaar. But I'm glad I didn't now—I began it for Elsie, and I'd rather she had it than anybody else, though I *have* felt sometimes as if I'd like to shake her!"

"Don't be too hard on her, Margaret," said the Vicar, with an indulgent smile. "After all, she's very young!"

"And very pretty!" said his wife shrewdly.

THE VOYAGE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—II.

By the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.

THEIR difficulties had by no means ended when they had reached in safety the Low Country. The Englishman loves his native island with a peculiar affection. He can leave it with good courage if necessity demand—otherwise England never would have been the colonising power it is—but wherever he goes he carries England with him. He is rarely, if ever, truly naturalised in any other land. His heart returns with that love and longing which Browning has so beautifully expressed, wherever his temporary sojourn may be. Pathetically does Bradford give expression to this English sentiment, the more pathetic that his expression is so self-restrained. "They heard," he says, "a strange and uncouth language, and beheld ye differente maners and customes of ye people, with their strange fashons and attires; all so farre differing from y^t^ of their plaine countrie villages (wherin they were bred, and had so longe lived) as it seemed they were come into a new world." This was not all, and not the worst. They had to meet "the grime and grisly face of poverty." Their independency led them into contentions, and presently they left Amsterdam for Leyden. Here for some twelve years they lived, and if Bradford's testimony may be accepted, won good repute among their neighbours. Yet still they were in a foreign land, and in a land which afforded no prospects of future advancement to them or to their children. Return to England was impossible, and the minds of the more adventurous among them began to turn toward the newly discovered America. Could they not find there a living place which would be English, and yet freed from English persecutions, and where they might build up for themselves and their successors that Kingdom of God on the earth which it was always their hope to establish?

The King of England desired to promote colonisation schemes in this new land. Commercial interests had visions never to be realised, of the great profits this new land would bring in to England. These influences pled their cause for them. They were not enough to overcome the ecclesiastical prejudice which ruled in the English Court. The most that could be obtained was one of those compromises which to philosophy seem curious, but in history have not been uncommon. The King would by no means consent that they should have religious liberty granted to them by law; but he would consent to connive at their violation of the English law of conformity in the new colonies, provided they carried themselves peaceably. With this compromise with the Government they were fain to content themselves.

Their next problem was how to secure the means for their adventure, for they had no means of their own. Long and troublesome negotiations finally resulted in the organisation of what in our time we should call a corporation, curious in its construction, yet possibly suggesting a scheme by which modern labour troubles might be lessened, if not removed. In this corporation capitalists and labourers combined, each colonist or labourer upwards of sixteen years of age having a certain stock interest in the corporation allotted to him, with the proviso that at the end of seven years the capital and profits, namely, "the houses, lands, goods and chatles, be equally devided betwixte ye adventurers and planters," that is, between the capitalists and the colonists, the adventurers being the capitalists, and the planters the colonists.

Assurance having been secured from the King that their going would not be interfered with, and capital on terms that seemed hard to them, and wrung out of their necessities, having been obtained, wherewith to make their journey and start their colony, they sailed to Southampton from Leyden, and after much labour and trouble provisioned their two ships, the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*, and set out upon their voyage. Their second ship did not speed well. She leaked, and presently

they put in to Dartmouth for repairs, started again, but still she leaked, so that they must needs put in to Plymouth for further repairs, where at length she was abandoned, and some of her passengers remaining in England, and some of them joining the *Mayflower*, the historic ship, overloaded, started on her voyage. It is not strange that Bradford thinks the leakiness of this ship was due to deliberate mismanagement on the part of the shipmaster, which is probable enough; but concerning this charge I am inclined to think that the Scotch verdict, "Not proven," must be rendered.

Of the perils of their voyage; of the difficulties of their finding any harbour where they might land; of their diversion from their original intent to a more northern destination; of the unauthenticated, though not wholly improbable, story that this was due to the treachery of the shipmaster of the *Mayflower*, bribed by the Dutch, who wished to keep the more southern shores for themselves, there is not space here to write. It is not possible to tell the story of their final landing more graphically than it has been told by William Bradford in his history:

"But hear I cannot but stay and make a pause, and stand half amased at this poore peoples presente condition; and so I thinke will the reader too, when he well considers ye same. Being thus passed ye vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation (as may be remembred by yt which wente before), they had now no freinds to welcome them, nor inns to entertaine or refresh their weatherbeaten bodys, no houses or much less townes to repaire too, to seeke for succoure. It is recorded in scripture as a mercie to ye apostle and his shipwraked company, yt the barbarians shewed them no smale kindness in refreshing them, but these savage barbarians, when they mette with them (as after will appeare) were readier to fill their sids full of arrows then otherwise. And for ye season it was winter, and they that know ye winters of yt cuntrie know them to be sharp and violent, and subjecte to cruell and feirce stormes, deangerous to travill to known places, much more to serch an unknown coast. Besids, what could they see but a hidious and desolate wildernes, full of wild beasts and willd men? and what multituds ther might be of them they knew not. Nether could they, as it were, goe up to ye tope of Pisgah, to vew from this willdernes a more goodly cuntrie to feed their hops; for which way soever they turnd their eys (save upward to ye heavens) they could have little solace or content in respecte of any outward objects. For sumer being done, all things stand upon them with a wetherbeaten face; and ye whole countrie, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage heiw. If they looked behind them, ther was ye mighty ocean which they had passed, and was now as a maine barr and goulfe to seperate them from all ye civill parts of ye world. If it be said they had a ship to sucour them, it is trew; but what heard they daly from ye mr. and company? but yt with speede they should looke out a place with their shallop wher they would be at some near distance; for ye season was shuch as he would not stirr from thence till a safe harbor was discovered by them wher they would be, and he might goe without danger; and that victells consumed apace, but he must and would keepe sufficient for them selves and their returne. Yea, it was muttered by some, that if they gott not a place in time, they would turn them and their goods ashore and leave them. Let it also be considred what weake hopes of supply and succoure they left behinde them, yt might bear up their minds in this sade condition and trialls they were under; and they could not but be very smale. It is true, indeed, ye affections and love of their brethren at Leyden was cordiall and entire towards them, but they had little power to help them, or them selves; and how ye case stode betweene them and ye marchants at their coming away, hath allready been declared. What could now sustaine them but ye spirit of God and his grace?"

Here, their voyage over, their landing made, their colonial problems yet to be met and solved, I must in this article leave them, while I ask the reader's attention to a consideration of the principles which they represented and the effect which they have produced on human history.

Jesus Christ compares the Kingdom of Heaven to a grain of mustard seed,

"which indeed is the least of all seeds: but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs." Except in the development of Christianity itself, from the seemingly insignificant beginnings wrought by the Nazarene and His eleven disciples, I know of no illustration of this truth more striking than that furnished by the story of the Pilgrim Fathers. Four Cambridge preachers in contiguous parishes lift up voices of protest against the civil and ecclesiastical despotism of their times. Four little parishes of men without wealth, social standing, or scholarship, catch the spirit of freedom from these preachers, and for the sake of the principles in which they believe, sacrifice home, comfort, and country, and imperil life itself. When they migrate from their parishes, the movement, so far as England is concerned, seems to have come to an end. "The Pilgrim district in England," says Mr. Arber, "consists of nothing but an open country, dotted over with small villages and townships that even at the present day have a very small population." The Pilgrim movement subsisted in this district for twenty-two years—no longer—and yet out of this Pilgrim movement have grown results not only far greater than the most prophetic of the Pilgrims could have conceived, but in important respects far different from anything they desired. Speaking in general terms, disregarding those qualifications which would be necessary to a strictly accurate and scholarly statement, the Pilgrim movement, in its inception, represented three distinct principles: the first purely ecclesiastical, the second partly ecclesiastical partly political, the third purely political.

Ecclesiastically the Pilgrims repudiated *in toto* the Church organisation of their times. They were equally hostile to Papacy, Prelacy, and Presbyterianism. It was their essential doctrine that any body of Christians might covenant together to do Christ's work. If they did so covenant together, this fact constituted them a Church of Christ, with full and absolute power to frame their own creed, organise their own ecclesiastical system, and order their own worship, without let, hindrance, direction, or supervision from any external authority whatever. And this organisation was a pure democracy in which all were equals, the preacher, or elder, or bishop—call him what you will—being only one of those equals assigned for the time being to a specific function for the better fulfilment of the same. In other words, the Church of the Pilgrim Fathers was a pure democracy.

This was their first principle, and I am inclined to think the one to which they attached the greatest importance. It has been accepted only by a very small proportion of the Christian Church. In America it is not consistently accepted and acted upon by the descendants of the Pilgrims. Experience has shown that much closer relations between these democratic associations than the Pilgrim Fathers ever conceived of is necessary for their efficient co-operation. Temporary gatherings of the Churches called Councils, permanent ones called Conferences or Associations, and a national one known as the National Council, have all been called into being; while benevolent societies, originally independent of the Churches, but now directed and controlled by representatives of the Churches, carry on their common and co-operative work. Congregationalism in the United States is no longer the pure democracy that it was in the Plymouth colony, and all indications point to the time when these Churches will be somehow or other correlated in one distinct ecclesiastical organisation. It is my own belief that this organisation will more nearly approximate the Episcopalian than the Presbyterian; that is, that the Congregational Churches will be more likely to have superintendents, whom they will not call bishops, but who will exercise a certain advisory supervision over the common work, than presbyteries or synods which will exercise a legislative authority over it.

The second principle of the Pilgrim Fathers—one partly ecclesiastical, partly political—was the entire separation of Church and State. To understand their doctrine the reader must understand the contrary doctrine against which they protested. Mr. Arber thus states it: "As regards Episcopacy, the Bishops were appointed at the King's choice, and were as much officers of State as the sheriffs. They held their lands by feudal tenure. It was government from above; and dependent solely on the royal will and pleasure." The Bishop was a judge; he could call any men before him; he could

condemn them and send them to prison, and from his decree there was no appeal or succour through the secular courts, for the writ of Habeas Corpus had not yet been invented. It was the doctrine of the Pilgrim Fathers that the Church, as such, possesses no civil powers. In this respect the Pilgrims differed from the Puritans, who carried over to the Massachusetts colony the principle of ecclesiastical supremacy.

In America the Pilgrim doctrine of the separation of Church and State is accepted absolutely and without question, alike by Jew and Christian, by Protestant and Roman Catholic, by Congregationalist and Episcopalian. It would be difficult to find any man possessing any influence in America who believes in or desires any organic relationship between the Church and the State. And in the main, the principle of the Pilgrim Fathers in this respect seems to me, if I may be permitted to express the opinion of an onlooker, to be substantially accepted in England. I have no inclination to discuss the question of Disestablishment. Most Americans will agree that the question whether a country which has an established Church should disestablish it is very different from the question whether a country which has no established Church should establish one. On the second question we are all agreed: upon the first we are generally willing to be silent. We have problems enough of our own to solve without undertaking to solve the problems of other lands. But it is absolutely certain that the English people of every ecclesiastical opinion would unite in repudiating the kind of connection between Church and State which existed in the time of Laud.

The third principle of the Pilgrim Fathers was purely political. It is more difficult to define it in a sentence, or even to describe in a paragraph. Their democracy had no real affinity with the democracy which, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, was imported from France into America, and would, perhaps, have been imported into England, had it not been, first, for the French Revolution, and, second, for William Pitt. The democracy of the French Revolution was based on the apotheosis of humanity, the doctrine that the state of nature is the state of innocence and excellence, that government grows out of a compact by which men have surrendered something of their individual liberty for the sake of social order and organisation, that all government therefore rests upon the will of the majority, that all authority in government is derived from the will of the people. The democracy of the Pilgrim Fathers was very different both in its genesis and in its nature. They were pre-eminently students of the Bible. From the Bible, as they understood it, they derived their political no less than their ecclesiastical and their theological ideas. They were men of the Book, and, in some peculiar sense, men of the Old Testament. They believed in a theocracy. Their aim was to establish a Kingdom of God on the earth. They believed that all authority is vested in and derived from God. They believed in democracy partly because they found, or thought they found, democratic principles embodied in the Mosaic commonwealth; partly because they believed from their experience under a monarchy that democracy would be a better method of arriving at an apprehension of the divine laws than the method of a monarchy or an aristocracy. Their democracy was primarily ecclesiastical, secondarily political, always religious. In America these two democracies, that of France, brought to our shores by Thomas Paine and represented in our history by Thomas Jefferson, and that of the Pilgrim Fathers, brought to our shores by Governor Bradford and represented by all the influences which have streamed out from New England, have been, and still are, in conflict.

This is not the place to enter into the controversy; it concerns the American more directly than it does the Englishman, although I cannot but think it in some sense concerns the people of both countries. It must suffice to say that in my judgment, in their essential spirit and in their fundamental principles, the Pilgrim Fathers were right and the French Encyclopædists were wrong; that government is a divine order, not a human invention; that democracy is a means, not an end; and that peace, order and well-being will never come to the world until the world finds a way to establish that Kingdom of God on the earth which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed across the sea that they might establish in the Plymouth Colony.



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.



A Huron Cinderella.

A Story for the Children.

"I'M tired of telling you stories," said the Indian chief Ossawippi, as the missionary's little boy interrupted his snowshoe-making for the fiftieth time. "Tell us a story yourself." And all the Indians sitting round on the river-bank looked up from their work and grunted "Ah, ah!"

This was only fair, Rennie thought; so he stood up, with his hands in his pockets and his back to the broad-flowing Ottawa, and told the Indians his favourite story of Cinderella.

"Pretty good!" said Ossawippi, when the tale was done. "But it's only a white Cinderella, after all. I like the red Cinderella better."

"Then tell it me!" shouted Rennie, turning a somersault among the shavings. "Tell it me now!" And he squatted at Ossawippi's feet. Ossawippi went on quietly threading the thongs of hide from side to side of the snowshoe, but presently he began to speak, and this is the tale he told:

Once upon a time there was an Indian chief who had three daughters; and they lived in a lodge by the side of the Ottawa River—not in a wigwam, mind you, but a good old Huron lodge, like a tunnel, made of two rows of young trees bent into arches and tied together at the top, with walls of birch-bark. Oh! it was an honourable old lodge, with more cracks in the birchbark than you could count, all patched and smeared with pitch.

The chief had three sons too, but they died in a great fight with the Iroquois. A good old fight it was—none of your white man's fighting, spitting bullets at each other from half a mile away. When our brave Hurons had used up all their arrows they threw down their bows and rushed on the Iroquois with their tomahawks. They screamed and howled like eagles and wolves, and the Iroquois were so frightened that they wanted to run away, but their own magic-man threw a spell upon them, so that they could not turn round or run, and they had to stand and fight. The Iroquois are the cousins of the Hurons, and come of a brave stock; and as the Hurons were few compared with the Iroquois, few as the thumbs compared with the fingers, the Hurons were beaten, and only two score men of the tribe escaped down the river, and none of the women except the chief's three daughters.

Now the two eldest daughters were very proud, and loved to make a fine show before the young men of the tribe. One day a brave young man came to the lodge and asked the chief to give him a daughter for a wife.

The chief said, "It is not right that I give my daughter to any but a chief's son." However, he called his eldest daughter and said to her, "This young man wants you for a wife."

The eldest daughter thought in her mind, "I am very handsome, and one day a chief's

son will come and ask for me; but my clothes are old and common. I will deceive this young man." So she said to him, "If you want me for your wife, get me a big piece of the fine red cloth that the white men bring to the fort, far down the river."

The young man was brave, and he took his birchbark canoe and paddled down the river day after day for seven days, only stopping to paddle up the creeks where the beavers build their dams; and when he stopped at the foot of the great rapids, where the white men lay behind stone walls in fear of the Indians, his canoe was deep and heavy with the skins of the beavers. The white men were at war with the Indians, and, though he was no Iroquois, his heart grew cold in his breast; but he did not tremble: he marched in at the water-gate, and the white men were glad to see his beaver skins and gave him much red cloth for them; so his heart grew warm again, and he addled up the river with his riches. Twelve days he paddled, for the current was strong against him; but at last he stood outside the old lodge, and called the chief's eldest daughter to come out and be his wife. When she saw how red was his load, she was glad and sorry—glad because of the cloth, and sorry because of the man. "But where are the beads?" said she.

"You asked me for no beads," said he.

"Fool!" said she; "was it ever heard that a chief's daughter married in clothing of plain red cloth? If you want me for your wife, fetch me a double handful of the glass beads that the Frenchmen bring from over the sea—red and white and blue and yellow beads!"

So the brave paddled off in his canoe down the river. When he came to the beavers' creeks he found the dams and the lodges, but the beavers were gone. He followed them up the creeks till the water got so shallow that the rocks tore holes in his canoe, and he had to stop and strip fresh birchbark to mend the holes; but at last he found where the beavers were building their new dams; and he loaded his canoe with their skins, and paddled away and shot over the rapids, and came to the white man's fort. The white men passed their hands over the skins and felt that they were good, and gave him a double handful of beads. Then he paddled up the river, paddling fast and hard, so that when he stood before the old chief's lodge he was very thin.

The eldest daughter came out when he called, and said, "It is a shame for so ugly a man to have a chief's daughter for his wife. You are not a man; you are only the bones of a man, like the poles of the lodge when the bark is stripped away. Come back when you are fat."

Then he went away to his lodge, and ate and slept and ate and slept till he was fat, and he made his face beautiful with red clay and went and called to the chief's daughter to come and marry him. But she called out to him, saying, "A chief's daughter must have time to embroider her clothes. Come back when I have made my cloth beautiful with a strip of beadwork a hand's-breadth wide from end to end of the cloth." But she was very lazy as well as proud, and she took the cloth to her youngest sister, and said, "Embroider a beautiful strip, a hand's-breadth wide, from end to end of the cloth."

Now the youngest daughter was very beautiful; so her sisters were jealous and made her live in the dark corner at the back of the lodge, where no man could see her; but her eyes were very bright, and by the light of her eyes she arranged the beads and sewed them on so that the pattern was like the flowers of the earth and the stars of heaven for beauty. But when the youngest daughter had fallen asleep at night her eldest sister came softly and took away the cloth and picked off the beads.

In the morning she went to her youngest sister and said, "Show me the work you did yesterday."

And the youngest sister cried, and said, "Truly I worked as well as I could, but some evil spirit has picked out the beads."

Then her sister scolded her, and pricked her with the needle, and said, "You are lazy! Embroider this cloth, and do it beautifully, or I shall beat you!"

This she did day after day, and whenever the young man came to see if she was clad for the wedding she showed him the cloth, and it was not finished.

Now there was another brave young man in that village, and he came and asked the chief for his second daughter. The second daughter was as proud as the first, and said to herself, "One day a great chief's son will come, and I will marry him." But she said to the young man, "If you want me for your wife, you must build me a new lodge, and cover the door of it with a curtain of beaver-skins." The young man smiled in his heart, for he said to himself, "This is easy: this is child's play." So he built a new lodge, and hung a curtain of beaver-skins over the door.

But when the chief's daughter saw the curtain, she said, "I should be ashamed to live behind a curtain of plain beaver-skins like that! Go and hunt for porcupines, that the curtain may be embroidered with their quills."

So he took his bow and his arrows and went away through the woods to hunt. Twelve days he marched, till he came to the porcupines' country. When the porcupines

saw him coming, they ran to meet him, crying out, "Don't kill us! We will give you all the quills that you want." While he stood doubting, the porcupines turned round, and shot their quills out at him so that they stuck in his body, and ran away into hiding before he could shoot.

Then the young man, because he had already been so long gone, did not chase the porcupines, but left the quills sticking in his body and went back to the village, saying to himself, "She will see how brave I am, that I care nothing for the pain of the porcupine quills."

But when the chief's daughter saw him she only laughed and said, "You cannot deceive me! It was never heard that a chief's daughter married a man who was not brave. If you were brave, you would have twenty Iroquois scalps hanging from your belt. It is easy to hunt porcupines; go and hunt the Iroquois, that I may embroider the curtain black and white with the porcupine quills and the Iroquois hair."

Then the young man's heart grew cold; but he took his bow and his arrows and went through the woods; and when he came near the Iroquois town he lay down on his face and slipped through the bushes like a snake. When an Iroquois came to hunt in the woods, he shot the Iroquois and took his scalp; and this he did till he had twenty scalps on his belt. Now all the time that he lay in the bushes by the Iroquois town he ate nothing but wild strawberries, for the blueberries were not yet ripe; so when he came to his own village and called to the chief's second daughter, she said, "You are an ill-looking man for a chief's daughter to marry. You are like a porcupine quill yourself. Nevertheless, I am not like my sister, and I will marry you as soon as the curtain is embroidered."

Then she took the curtain of beaver-skin and gave it to her youngest sister, and said, "Embroider this curtain in black and white, so that it shall be more beautiful than the red cloth and the bead work." So the youngest sister, when she had done her day's task on the cloth, and was tired and ready to sleep, took the quills and the hair and began to embroider the curtain, black and white, in beautiful patterns like the boughs of the trees against the sky, till she could work no longer, and fell asleep with her chin on her breast. Then her second sister came with her mischievous fingers and picked out all the embroidery of quills and hair, and in the morning came and shook her and waked her, and said, "You are lazy! you are lazy! Embroider this curtain!"



"She saw a wonderful great chief."

In this way the youngest sister's task was doubled, and she grew thin for want of sleep; yet she was so beautiful, and her eyes shone so brightly, that her sisters hated her more and more, for they said to themselves, "If a great chief's son comes this way, he will see her eyes shining even in the dark at the back of the lodge."

One day, when the chief looked out of his door, he saw a new lodge standing in the middle of the village, covered with buckskin, and painted round with pictures of wonderful beasts that had never been seen in that country before. There was a fire in front of the lodge, and a haunch of a deer was cooking on the fire. When the chief went and stood and looked in at the door, the lodge was empty, and he said, "Whose can this lodge be?"

Then a voice close by him said, "It is the lodge of a chief who is greater than any chief of the Hurons or any chief of the Iroquois."

"Where is he?" asked the old chief.

"I am sitting beside my fire," said the voice; "but you cannot see me, for your eyes are turned inwards. No one can see me but the maiden I have come to marry."

"There are no maidens here," said the old chief, "except my daughters." Then he went back to his lodge, where his two elder daughters were idling in the sun, and told them, "There is a great chief come to seek a wife in my tribe. His magic is so strong that he cannot be seen except by the maiden whom he chooses to marry."

Then the eldest daughter got up, and snatched the red cloth out of her youngest sister's hand, and wrapped it round her, and smeared red clay over her face, and ran to the new lodge and called to the great chief to come and look at her.

"I am looking at you now," said a voice close beside her, "and you are very ugly; you have been dipping your face in the mud. And you are very lazy, for your embroidery is not finished."

"Great chief," said she, "I will wash the clay from my face, and I will go and finish the embroidery and make a robe fit for a maiden who is to marry the great chief."

Then the voice said, "How can you marry a man you cannot see?"

"Oh," she said, "I can see you as plainly as the lodge and the fire. I can see you quite plainly, sitting beside the fire."

"Then tell me what I am like," said he.

"You are the handsomest of men," she said, "straight of back and brown of skin."

"Go home," said the voice, "and learn to speak truth."

When she came back to the lodge, she flung the red cloth down on the ground without speaking.

Then the old chief said to his second daughter, "Your sister has failed; it must be you that the great chief will marry."

So the second daughter picked up the beaver curtain and flung it round her, and ran to the empty lodge; and, being crafty, she cried aloud as she came near, "Oh! what a handsome chief you are!"

"How do you know I am handsome?" said the voice. "Tell me what clothes I wear."

So she guessed in her mind, and, looking on the painted lodge, she said, "A robe of buckskin, with wonderful animals painted on it."

"Go home," said the voice, "and learn to speak truth."

Then she slunk away home, and squatted on the ground before the lodge, with her chin on her breast.

Now, when the youngest daughter saw that both her sisters had failed, she said to herself: "They tell me I am very thin and ugly, but I will go and try if I can see this great chief. So she pushed aside a corner of the birchbark, and slipped out at the back of the lodge, and stole away to the painted lodge; and there, sitting by his fire on the ground, she saw a wonderful great chief, with skin as white as midwinter snow, clad in a long robe of red and blue and green and yellow stripes.

He smiled on her as she stood humbly before him, and said, "Tell me now, chief's daughter, what I am like, and what I wear!"

And she said, "Your face is like a cloud in the north when the sun shines bright from the south, and your robe is like the arch in the sky when the sun shines on the rain."

Then he stood up and took her for his wife, and carried her away to live happily in his own country.

"And what did the other two sisters do?" asked Rennie. "Did they marry the brave young men?"

"The story doesn't say," said Ossawippi. "Let me get on with my work."

HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A HINT FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THOSE who lament that there is not sufficient "go" and enthusiasm among present-day workers might do worse than imitate some of the methods of the pioneers of the Temperance movement. A return to first principles would do good all round. For example, might it not be worth while to try Joseph Livesey's plan of sending a Temperance tract to every family in a parish on New Year's morning? The New Year is proverbially a time for making a fresh start, and who can tell what great results might follow a wide distribution of Temperance teaching from house to house in the first week of 1903? A telling tract written in simple language, with a copy of the pledge and a space for a signature, was one of Joseph Livesey's favourite methods for keeping the work going, and it is a plan which experience shows it is difficult to beat as an effective means for gaining recruits.

THE WORK IN HOLLAND.

During the past ten years there has been a steady development in Temperance work in Holland, and many of the educated classes have been led to take an active part in the movement. We give the portrait of



(*Photo: J. Reissig, Utrecht.*)

MISS HARRIET CROMMELIN.

Miss Harriet Crommelin, of Utrecht, who is widely known as a very earnest leader, particularly in the women's branch of the work. Her father is a highly esteemed judge, of Huguenot descent, whose sympathies can always be counted upon for any Christian or philanthropic effort. Miss Crommelin was born at Dordrecht, and at the age of nineteen came over to England and entered as a student at the well-known Westfield College, Hampstead. It was here that she was first brought into active connection with the Temperance movement, and, after some thought and prayer, she signed the pledge of total abstinence and became an active worker. Upon her return to her native land she resolved upon awakening an interest in Band of Hope work, and in the first beginnings of her efforts met with considerable opposition. A Band of Hope Union was formed in 1896, and Miss Crommelin became an active member of the Executive Committee. She has done much to fight the drink traffic in the poorer quarters of the town, and is untiring in her efforts to reclaim intemperate women. Miss Crommelin is a most attractive speaker and gifted writer. She has a wide knowledge of English literature, and has translated several English books into Dutch, her first success in this direction being a translation of the late Professor Drummond's "Programme of Christianity."

A CHRISTIAN INDIAN WORKER.

The Rev. S. J. Chowrryappah, who is at present on a visit to London, has been a leader of the Good Templar movement in India. He is a native of Madras, but received his early education in England, and was trained as a missionary under the Baptist Missionary Society. He is a powerful preacher and speaker, and his varied experiences furnish him with telling illustrations which never fail to ensure the interest of his hearers. A few years ago he was elected Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Madras. At the recent session of the International Supreme Lodge held in the Parliament House, Stockholm, he was chosen as the Right Worthy Grand Chaplain of the entire Order, and was one of the deputation received by King Oscar II. The world-wide organisation of the Templars, embracing as it does nearly every known nationality, has few more picturesque personalities than the Rev. S. J. Chowrryappah. He has already taken part in many meetings in England, and has been welcomed with great cordiality.

THE VOICE OF SCIENCE.

In fulfilment of our promise we give another sheaf of medical testimonies bearing upon the Temperance problem. Next in importance to the Declaration to which we referred last month must be placed the celebrated "Cantor

Lectures on Alcohol" which were delivered by Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson before the Society of Arts in November and December, 1874, and January and February, 1875. The eminence of the lecturer in the world of science at once focussed attention upon his utterances, and we have his own testimony that he "could not remember to have delivered any lectures that have attracted so much earnest public attention." Large audiences were present at the delivery of the lectures, and the small volume in which they were subsequently published has been repeatedly reprinted, in all probability reaching a larger circulation than any other work dealing with the medical aspect of the Temperance question. Space will not permit of more than a few extracts from this remarkable work, which we shall leave to speak for themselves:—

"Alcohol cannot, by any ingenuity of excuse for it, be classified amongst the foods of man. It neither supplies matter for construction nor heat. On the contrary, it injures construction and reduces temperature."

"The systematic administration of alcohol for the purpose of giving and sustaining strength is an entire delusion."

"Whenever we see a person disposed to meet the effects of cold by strong drink, it is our duty to endeavour to check that effort, and whenever we see an unfortunate person under the influence of alcohol it is our duty to suggest warmth as the best means for his recovery."

"There is no form of consumption so fatal as that from alcohol. In plain terms, there is no remedy whatever for alcoholic phthisis. It may be delayed in its course, but it is never cured."

"Alcohol, an artificial product devised by man for his purposes, and in many things that he outside his organism a useful substance, is neither a food nor a drink suitable for his natural demands."

"If this agent (alcohol) do really for the moment cheer the weary, and impart a flush of transient pleasure to the unwearied who crave for mirth, its influence (doubtful even in these modest and moderate degrees) is an infinitesimal advantage by the side of an infinity of evil for which there is no compensation and no human cure."

Side by side with these emphatic opinions of Sir B. W. Richardson may be placed the testimony of Sir Andrew Clark, given by him in the noteworthy lecture to the All Souls', Marylebone, Temperance Society in 1886:—

"As I looked at the wards in the London Hospital to-day, and saw that seven out of ten owed their diseases to alcohol, I could but lament that the teaching about this question was not more direct, more decisive, more home-thrusting than ever it had been."

"When I think of the terrible effects of the abuse of alcohol, I am disposed to give up my profession, to give up everything, and go forth upon a holy crusade, preaching



(*Photo: C. Malmberg, Stockholm.*)

THE REV. S. J. CHOWRRYAPPAH.

to all men, 'Beware of this enemy of the race!'"

The same distinguished physician in a lecture delivered in Messrs. Morley's warehouse in the City gave this piece of advice:—

"Every adult man who finds himself after trial—and every man should try—to be a thousand times better without alcohol, should not resume it, because he will work better, he will enjoy more, he will have a longer exemption from disease, he will probably live longer, and certainly he will do better in all the higher relations of life"; and he added, "For all purposes of sustained, enduring, fruitful work it is my experience that alcohol does not help, but hinders, it."

One further testimony may be given, and this shall be from Sir William Gull, who much astonished the late Duke of Westminster and the other members of the Royal Commission on the Liquor Laws by the following observations:—

"I think that, instead of flying to alcohol, as many people do when they are exhausted, they might well drink water, or that they might very well take food, and would be very much better without the alcohol. If I am fatigued with overwork, personally, my food is very simple. I eat the raisins instead of drinking the wine. I have had a very large experience in that practice for thirty years. This is my own personal experience, and I believe it is a very good and true experience."

SHORT ARROWS

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

"THE QUIVER" WAIFS' FUND.

Looking Backward and Looking Forward.

A GOOD many years have passed—to be precise, fifteen—since THE QUIVER Waifs' Fund was started with the cordial co-operation of our Readers. It was never our aim to gather a large fund, and, in the matter of the money collected, the Readers of THE QUIVER have



WILLIE: OUR FIRST BOY.

done many greater things in the course of their forty years' association with philanthropic and religious efforts. Greater things they may have done, but never, we venture to think, any better than have been done through and by THE QUIVER Waifs' Fund. The work of that Fund is not to be measured by the number of children—some of whom are no longer children—whom it has directly benefited, for its operations have had the effect of stimulating the interest of our Readers in institutions which have the same aim as the Fund, and our pages month by month are witness to the practical expression given by our Readers to this interest.

Each month we publish a list of subscriptions received during the few weeks immediately preceding the printing of the number, and each year we print a balance sheet showing how these subscriptions have been applied to the objects of the Fund. But something more than this may fairly be required to keep alive interest in those whom our Readers have made their *protégés*. At the annual meeting of an orphanage or other school dependent upon subscriptions, the managers often make a point of bringing together some former pupils, that the subscribers may see for themselves the practical result of the work in which they have had a part. In the case of our *protégés* this is not altogether possible, for the children whose maintenance was undertaken by our Readers were housed at first in Dr. Barnardo's Homes and Miss Sharman's Orphanage, and some of the little band are already settled in the Greater Britain across the Atlantic. But if we cannot bring together subscribers and ex-"waifs" on any common platform, our own pages are still open for the reunion, and we propose to put together some particulars of those who have been our *protégés*, for the encouragement of past and present subscribers to THE QUIVER Waifs' Fund.

Who has forgotten Willie, the first of THE QUIVER waifs? He was a bright-looking little fellow of ten when he was rescued by Dr. Barnardo



WILLIE: IN HIS COUNTRY HOME.

from a tramp-mother, and he grew apace in the healthy country life which was his lot when he was boarded out with foster-parents who soon became very fond of him. Some of our Readers may remember a picture which our artist, Mr. Rainey, drew of him in his country home, which was published in our pages. Soon afterwards Willie attracted the attention of another artist

so completely that Dr. Barnardo and THE QUIVER were both relieved of any responsibility for the lad's future. He was adopted by the artist, and now, in his manhood, Dr. Barnardo says of him: "He has grown to manhood, good-looking, right-thinking, noble-minded, and I hope and believe that there is in his heart a profound gratitude towards that Heavenly Father Whose providence has kept him from every ill and prospered him in his goings."

Willie's place was taken by a lad named Sydney Lawrence, and when he, too, no longer needed the help of our Readers, Frank Albon was chosen as his successor. Both these lads are now in Canada doing well, and Dr. Barnardo's helpers have, very kindly and at considerable trouble, caused inquiries to be made as to their present position, that the particulars might be put before their old patrons. Of Sydney Lawrence Dr. Barnardo's agent in Canada writes: "I am pleased to report that Lawrence's record in Canada has been thoroughly satisfactory and creditable. He was over six years in one situation, and received at the end of that time Dr. Barnardo's silver medal for good conduct and length of service. He has developed into a manly, sensible, well-conducted young fellow, and a credit to the Homes in every way. At the present time he is engaged in the lumber woods in Northern Ontario, but will probably return to his old quarters in the spring, when he will have no difficulty in getting work, and where his services command the highest current rate of wages. I may add that he has a considerable sum on deposit in the Savings Bank, to which there is every prospect of his adding from time to time until he accumulates enough to start on a farm for himself."



WILLIE: AS HE IS TO-DAY.



(Photo: Rosebear, Toronto.)

SYDNEY G. LAWRENCE: NOW IN CANADA

Frank Albon was placed out in Winnipeg when he emigrated to the New World, and of him the agent says: "I am glad to be able to say that he is doing well. He has a respectable Christian home, with every comfort and kindly treatment. He is well dressed and cared for, and is described as 'a bright, promising boy, in excellent health and physical condition, taking an interest in his work, improving rapidly in general usefulness, and altogether making a success of himself.'"

The fourth boy in whom our Readers have been interested is John Harrison, who is our present "Waif." He has been boarded out at Broxted, and the healthy conditions under which he now lives are doing much to counteract the evil effects of neglect and unsatisfactory surroundings in his infancy.



(Photo: The Boys' Home Studio, Stepney Causeway, E.)

JOHN HARRISON: OUR PRESENT BOY.

We have put the boys, so to speak, in "the front row" in our reunion, because their more varied careers offer a prospect of greater interest than those which are open to the girls who have been our *protégées*. Our first little girl was Winnie, whom Miss Sharman introduced to us, and who was under our care a very short time. Happily, her mother's circumstances improved, and she removed the child from the Home. Her place was taken in 1892 by Susie, who is still, at sixteen, helping Miss Sharman, who lately sent us her portrait with a specimen of her needlework. This is a little frock which amply justifies Miss Sharman's remark that Susie has developed into an exquisite needlewoman. The sight of her bright face will well repay those subscribers to the Fund who remember her



(*Photo: Eastbourne Photographic Co., Clapham Common, S.W.*)

SUSIE: A RECENT PORTRAIT.



WINNIE: OUR FIRST GIRL.

as the little maid on whose behalf we appealed to them—not in vain. When Susie's schooldays were nearing their close Miss Sharman found for us a successor to her in the person of Rosie Heelis, who is still in the schoolroom.

No season can be more appropriate than the present for such a reunion as ours. As Christmas draws near we are all apt to look backward as well as forward. We look backward to the list of constant subscribers to THE QUIVER Waifs' Fund in its earlier years, and we sometimes wonder who will come forward to take the place of "An Irish Girl" and "J. K. E. (Govan)" whose pseudonyms appeared with such unfailing regularity in our lists month after month. It is only in this way that the Editor can thank these friends and many others for their cordial co-operation in this work. We respect and sympathise with the anonymity of these friends. Truly Christian charity does not ask for the publicity of a widely circulated "list of subscriptions." Some acknowledgment of the safe arrival of contributions is demanded alike by prudence and courtesy, but the Editor, who has had the pleasure of acknowledging and passing on so many contributions from the two friends mentioned, has no idea of their identity.

We must look forward as well as backward for the work must go on. These latter years of war have thrown many more "waifs" upon the charity of the British public, and especially upon its Christian charity. It is a noble spirit that moves a nation to care for those who are left behind by the heroes who have bled and died for their country; but these pressing claims have, in some cases, diverted the stream of charity from the no less deserving and innocent victims



(*Photo: E. Jenkins, Tunbridge Wells.*)

ROSIE HEELIS: OUR PRESENT GIRL.

of that unending war with those ever active foes of all lands, casualty, crime, and disease. Many of our old helpers in the work of this Fund have passed away, and we are anxious to enlist the sympathies of new friends in the service of the waifs. Subscriptions should be addressed:

The Editor of The Quiver,
La Belle Sauvage
Ludgate Hill
London, E.C.,

and the envelopes containing them should be marked "Quiver Waifs' Fund" in the top left-hand corner. Contributions of a shilling and upwards will be acknowledged as early as possible in the pages of The Quiver, and all donations of £1 or over will be specially acknowledged at once by letter.

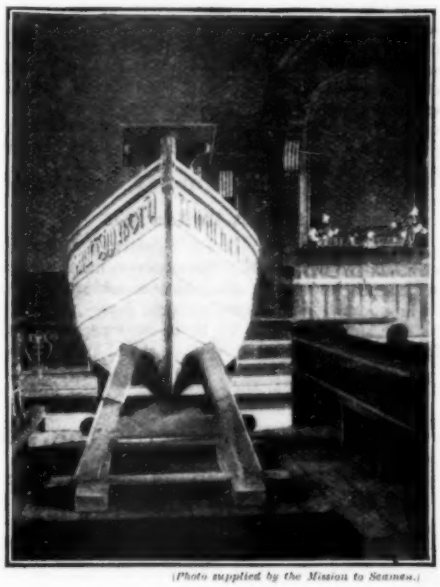
It rests with the Readers of The Quiver to determine whether we are to be privileged to help the girl and boy in whom we are now interested on the same path towards Christian womanhood and manhood as has been trodden, with the help of former Readers, by those who have been in the past "Quiver Waifs."

Some New Books.

In no department of education has there been a more marked advance during the last few years than in that which is concerned with the teaching of natural history. The old method was either to neglect the subject altogether, or to treat it in such a "dry-as-dust" fashion as to deprive it of all interest for the young student. How different is the plan of Miss Arabella B. Buckley (Mrs. Fisher), in her "Eyes and No Eyes," published by Messrs. Cassell! Here we have chatty papers, illustrated most effectively by forty-eight coloured plates, and many other illustrations. A book like this makes lessons a pleasure, and must help to deepen the interest of the youngsters in the phenomena of Nature.—A new book from the pen of Edna Lyall is always welcome, but there is a specially quaint interest in "The Burges Letters" (Longmans), which is well described as "A Record of Child-Life in the 'Sixties." It is something more than a story, and the contrasts it draws will be appreciated in many households.—An interesting book which has just been published by Messrs. Morgan and Scott is "Seed Time and Harvest," the autobiography of Mr. James Rennie, a well-known colporteur, edited by Mr. T. Bowick. From the same publishers we have also received the Rev. F. B. Meyer's new volume, "Samuel the Prophet." The distinguishing note of Mr. Meyer's work is always spirituality; his earnestness goes through and through every line which he writes.—In "Neither Jew nor Greek" (Chatto and Windus), Miss Violet Guttenburg gives us a most interesting picture of Jewish social life in London. The story is well worth attention for its own sake, but its setting is one which will appeal particularly to our readers. If this is, as we believe, a first book, it is full of fair promise.—Messrs. Isbister have sent us a copy of Mr. Stopford A. Brooke's "The Poetry of Robert Browning," which is a companion volume to one on Tennyson which has helped many a student of the work of the late Laureate. This new book seems, from first impressions, just as well qualified to help and train the reader.—We have also to acknowledge the receipt of the following works:—A new edition of Major W. H. Turton's "The Truth of Christianity" (Jarrolds); "He Died for Me," a capital missionary story, by the Rev. Arthur Le Feuvre (Elliot Stock); "Recognition after Death,' by the Rev. S. Herbert (J. Finch and Co.).

A Novel Pulpit.

The pulpit of which a photograph is given here is probably unique, being in the form of a boat,



(Photo supplied by the Mission to Seamen.)

A NOVEL PULPIT.

a new and original idea for the Seamen's Mission Church, Sunderland, to which it belongs. The pulpit was given by the officers and men of the Medway torpedo-boat destroyer flotilla, in 1901, in memory of a pleasant visit to Sunderland, a day's pay being contributed for the purpose, and was built in Birmingham, and dedicated by the Bishop of Durham.

The Banana Produces no Seed.

The banana has been so long in the care of man that it is completely subdued to his uses. It has lost the power of producing seed. The banana seed would be useless for human food, and take up the time and the force of the plant to produce and ripen it. For the end for which the banana exists, to produce human food, all that would be sheer loss. So the seed is left out, and all the space is taken up with soft, nourishing

fruit matter. The banana can be propagated only by shoots. And as it is in the care and service of its master, this is no loss, but a gain. Is it not the same with the Christian and his Master and Owner? What is the use and the aim of all our long experience, reproofs, prunings, culture? Is it not that the harsh, useless things be put off, and the whole life made sweet, harmonious, useful? And is it not striking and full of testimony of what God can do for a man, when we see the spaces of a heart (as we can see the parts of a banana-fruit when we cut it across), which in other men are full of anger and worldly desire, full of purity and love? The banana has delighted to yield itself to man. Other plants which have been long cultivated have not been nearly so easy to subdue. The pear, for example, keeps its hard core and useless seeds, and it easily produces and harbours in itself gritty lumps. Why should we not rather be like the banana, which yielded an easy victory to its owner and so generous a return? Why should we not be delighted to yield ourselves to God, and to be fellow-workers with Him Who loves us? For God's glory is not some selfish end on His part, but only another name for our good.

A Shaft at Random Sent.

PREACHERS have often remarked how the sermons by which they themselves have set the least store, and which they have considered among their poorest pulpit productions, have proved to be the most helpful to their hearers, and most fruitful in spiritual results. Dr. Newman Hall tells us how a woman, who was standing at one of the doors of his crowded church on a Sunday evening, was brought to repentance by an impromptu passage, which, by an irresistible impulse of the moment, he inserted into a written sermon. No less a preacher than Charles Haddon Spurgeon asked his friend and biographer, Pastor Williams, for a Sunday's subject, one Saturday afternoon. Mr. Williams suggested the theme of the loathsome leper who *came*, and was not brought, to our Lord. The searching eloquence with which the borrowed lesson was pressed home had its reward (as Mr. Spurgeon gloried to relate) in the conversion of a sinner of the deepest dye. An army chaplain, long gone to his rest, was once preaching to the troops, and was denouncing some particular sin. A soldier got up and exclaimed, "I did not do it. I did not." One is almost sorry to have to add that the self-convicted culprit was at once marched out of the church under arrest for breach of discipline.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from October 1st up to and including October 31st, 1902. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* L. R., Newcastle, 5s.; R. S., Crouch End, 5s.; M. A. L., Hounslow, 5s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "An Irish Girl," £2, 10s., £2, 10s., £2, 5s., £1, 2s. 6d. The following amounts have been sent direct: "Alpha," £1; "Stud," 10s.; J. S., 7s. 6d.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

13. What place was known as the 'city of David"?
14. How did the angels partake of the joy at Christ's birth?
15. In what way were the shepherds the first missionaries of the world?
16. By what distinguishing mark were the shepherds to know the infant Jesus?
17. What message did God send to King Hezekiah showing to us the need of preparation for death?
18. What special sign did God give to Hezekiah to assure him of his recovery from sickness?
19. What is known of the character of Hezekiah during the fifteen years which God added to his life?
20. What was the law as to scourging among the Jews and Romans?
21. What Roman law was broken by the magistrates at Philippi?
22. Why did the gaoler at Philippi seek to kill himself?
23. What characteristic of the Christian life does St. Paul specially point out to the Christian converts?
24. What does St. Paul give as the cure for over-anxiety? Quote passage.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 95.

1. Because the Israelites so soon fell away into idolatry, and God would not then give them victory over the Canaanites (Judges i. 2, 3 and 12-15).

2. The five lords of the Philistines, the Canaanites, the Sidonians and Hivites (Judges ii. 22, 26 and iii. 3, 4).

3. When through their sin the Israelites were oppressed by their enemies God raised up judges to deliver them (Judges ii. 15, 16, 18).

4. The tribe of Ephraim, who inhabited Samaria (Is. xxviii. 1-3, Amos iv. 1 and vi. 1-6).

5. A swift destruction at the hand of a mighty and strong one, the kingdom of Assyria (Is. xxviii. 2-4).

6. Gideon was commanded to reduce his army of 32,000 to 300 (Judges vii. 2-4, 7).

7. Gideon asked God to give him a sign of victory by making a fleece of wool to be dry while all around the ground was wet with dew (Judges vi. 36-40).

8. All the earrings they took from the Ishmaelites and the golden ornaments they obtained from the Midianites (Judges viii. 24-27).

9. She refused to go home and leave Naomi, but went to Bethlehem and worked for her (Ruth i. 16, 17 and ii. 2, 3).

10. Ruth became the wife of Boaz, a man of great wealth, and thus the grandmother of King David (Ruth iv. 13, 21, 22 and ii. 1).

11. That which God revealed to him in his boyhood concerning the house of Eli the High Priest (1 Sam. iii. 11-14, 18).

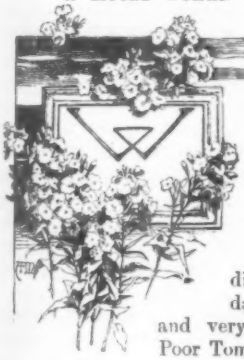
12. A man of God was sent to tell Eli of his sons' sinful life and his own dishonour to God (1 Sam. ii. 27-29 and 22, 23).



A Christmas Novel by Katharine Tynan.

CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE WOMAN AND A SHOE.



WITH Mrs. Williamson the merry heart went all the way. Most women would have been crushed by the burden that fell upon her when Tom Williamson died, leaving her eight daughters to bring up, and very little to do it on. Poor Tom's affairs were found to be dreadfully involved when he died. The only reproach the widow was ever known to address to his memory was a characteristic one.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she said, "why didn't you trust me, dear? To think I should have been spending with a light heart when the making was long over! And to think you carried that burden by yourself, when I could have shouldered half of it at least! Oh, Tom Tom!"

She had really been fitter to bear the burden than he. He had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, so far as mercantile affairs were concerned. He had taken up an honourable tradition of business, and followed it honourably. But when times of storm and stress came he had neither the courage nor the resource to weather the storm. When the big crash came which involved Williamson's Tom fretted himself to death, thanking God at the last that Williamson's would pay twenty shillings in the pound, and that none could ever impute their ruin to the firm.

Williamson's did pay, and gave occasion to the newspapers to write fine leading articles on the stability of commercial honour. But when the payment was done there was very little left to provide for the widow and the eight daughters, the eldest of whom was a tall child with her hair in a flaxen pigtail, already thinking of long frocks, and the youngest was Barbara, a little creature of four, with a face like moonlight in a great frizz of gold-red hair.

Mrs. Williamson had sprung from the same class as her husband. As a girl she had never known what it was to have anything denied her; and Tom kept up the spoiling process, for spoiling it would have been if the little woman's heart had not been unspoilt. She had been an only daughter, and her fond father, refusing to take the chances for her, had handed over the business which bore his name to his younger partners, in consideration of the very handsome dowry she had brought her husband. Now that, too, was gone. It had been well if the old father, who would not take the chances, had tied up the dowry for her and her children. But then—Williamson's was

as safe as the Bank. Celia would not need to be protected against the vicissitudes of her husband's fortune.

"Poor Mrs. Williamson!" said her friends. "What is she to do with all those girls? And not three hundred a year all told! And she, who has been used to everything of the best! How she will miss her fine house and her servants and her carriage!"

Mrs. Williamson did miss them, perhaps; but if so, she made light of it. Indeed, she told her old friend Lady Caird, the widow of a City knight, who came clattering to the door of her new abode shortly afterwards with a carriage as fine as the Lord Mayor's coach, that there was much to be said for her changed circumstances.

"You see," she said, "the exercise is so important now that I am come to middle age; and, since I have less to do in the way of visiting and shopping and sight-seeing, I should be lost if I couldn't help in the housework. Then the trouble has proved one's friends. Think of Susan, the kitchen-maid—the kind, faithful creature offering to come with me as general; though I assure you, my dear Lady Caird, I hardly knew Susan, and had done for her no more than the commonest Christianity obliged me to do, and that was only to make her see a good doctor when she seemed to be going into a decline."

"I know, my dear," said Lady Caird, her shrewd old eyes twinkling; "and we all said what a silly woman you were, Celia Williamson, to call in so expensive a man as Drummond for your kitchen slut, and only hoped our own Johns and Cookies would know nothing about it. Now, where are those children? I want to take as many of them as my Noah's ark will hold for a drive through the Park and the West End, and afterwards we shall have tea at a pastrycook's. Those American people at Knightsbridge will do very well. Now, where are they all? Where are Cis and Audrey, Dolly and Pat, Phyllis and Alice, Nancy and Barbara?"

"You can't take them all. Take Cis and your god-daughter, Bab. You had Audrey and Patricia last week."

"I shall take four. The other four can come next time. I confess the eight would rather incommode my gouty toes, and make me more ill-tempered than usual."

The mother looked at a little silver watch on her wrist.

"They will be out of school now. How they will fly when they see the barouche, as soon as they have turned the corner of the street! You are too good to them, dear friend."

"Stuff and nonsense! When I have the old carriage full of them, I am consoled for an hour for being a childless woman. You should give me Bab, Celia. Not that I'd have much to leave her. Sir Joseph meant it all for Samuel Caird, and to Sam it must go, though he doesn't interest me—a starched prig. Still, I could do very well for Bab while I lived, and would save what I could from the income for her afterwards."

Mrs. Williamson looked at the old lady with eyes that asked for mercy.

"Not Bab," she faltered. "Not little Bab, the baby. She would fret, no matter how good you were to her. Bab wants her mother."

"Oh, aye, Bab wants her mother," replied the old lady, with cheerful philosophy. "And so do Cis and Audrey, Patricia and Phyllis, Dolly and Alice and Nancy. You are the most selfish of mortals. There, my dear, don't look at me so round-eyed. You will always be the little woman that lived in the shoe. By the way," getting up and walking to the window, "I don't dislike your shoe, Celia. It's well made and not ill fitting. If only you could dump it down somewhere else!"

"They're good houses," said Mrs. Williamson eagerly. "There's not as much room in them as we are used to, it is true, but they're certainly well built. I daresay we'll find it a bit cramped as the girls grow up, but it is cheap. Of course, the rent would be three times as much if the neighbourhood were all that is desirable."

The old lady stood in the large windowed recess gazing out over the strip of ground at the back which was common to the dwellers in the parallel lines of houses. She raised her lorgnette to her eyes and took in the faded, depressed air of the high houses the other side of the grass-plot, which shut out any glimpse of sky.

"Damp and unwholesome!" she said at last. "And what grass, Celia! What poor mangy earth!"

"The trees are real trees," said Mrs. Williamson deprecatingly.

"Ah, yes, poor things! I remember when there were fields here. The trees were trapped, sure enough. Once they were country trees. Is that washing hung out I see over there? And there is a young man of colour going up and down under the dripping black boughs."

"We heard a thrush yesterday, dear Lady Caird. The servants next door told Susan that it comes every year and builds here. I was so grateful when I heard it."

"Of course you were. I'll tell you what, my dear"—the old lady turned about sharply—"there would always be a thrush building anywhere you were"

A wave of pleased colour floated into the widow's brown cheeks.

"When the trees get their leafage we shall not be able to see the houses," she said. "Of course, the outlook is very shabby in front. But then one need not look that way. And it is really nice to have the open space at the back."

"You won't be able to have any neighbours," said Lady Caird, with a severe eye.

"Oh, but why not?"

"I fancy myself letting Bab walk out with the young man of colour, and chum with those hook-nosed young women with the *penchant* for yellow and scarlet who have just gone in by the garden of the house where the washing is hung out!"

"There is plenty of time to think about Bab, since she is only a baby still. But the place is not as bad as you think. There is a number of old-fashioned people here who own their houses, and won't leave them, although the deluge has swept over them. There is Mrs. Patten. You see the house with the covered-in balcony. Poor lady! she is a great invalid, and has very little companionship. Her daughter is an art student in Paris. She is really very nice, very cultivated, and extremely handsome. She ought to be a woman of affairs only for her wretched health. As it is, she belongs to a good many humanitarian societies. She keeps her own carriage at the mews across the street. She has invited me to drive with her."

"Very kind of her, I am sure," said Lady Caird, with a sniff. "But if you want driving, you need not go to a complete stranger for it."

"Ah, but it is a charity to the poor lady. At least she seems to like my society."

"So do other people."

"She is good enough to say that I am intelligent," said Mrs. Williamson with a bright blush. "She has plenty of friends—indeed, she holds quite a little court of old ladies here. But she doesn't seem to feel any equality with them—in mind, I mean. She rather patronises them; and at times she seems to grow quite tired of them. And then she has no companionship but that of her dogs."

"I daresay she's an old tyrant, like myself. Any other possible neighbours, Celia?"

"Well, there's an old gentleman who goes out in a bath-chair with an attendant. Mrs. Patten says he's very rich. He lives in one of the oldest, biggest houses across the garden. He has taken the most extraordinary fancy to Bab. And one day, when I was passing through the gardens, he introduced himself to me in the most courtly way, and asked me as a great favour to allow Bab, any fine day she was in the gardens, to talk to him a little."

"And what did you say?"

"Why, of course, I said 'Yes.' He is a dear old man, with great bushy eyebrows and rosy cheeks, and eyes as innocent as Bab's own."

"H'm! He might leave the child a fortune."

"Hardly," said Mrs. Williamson, smiling. "He is very rich, I believe, but he has a family of his own, and is a most tender father. They are married and away from him, but there is no end of objects for his money."

"Well, your garden seems to be more interesting than it looks. Any more possible people?"

"There is the little tutor, two doors away. He has a big wife and several wild little children. She sits all day by the window, writing novelettes for the penny papers, while the children make a circus of the garden. There is the French lady with the bulldog. There is the Indian lady with the mongoose."

"It seems very lively," said Lady Caird. "And so you are satisfied to pitch your tent here. What about your old plan of going to live in the country?'

Mrs. Williamson breathed the softest of sighs.

"It is postponed till all the girls are educated."

"Ah! Bab is four. That gives you about sixteen years."

"The schools are good and cheap here. We must be cramped for—sixteen years."

"You talk as if you had an eternity to live, Celia," said the old lady sharply.

"Sixteen years is not so much to look back upon. But there are the children! Doesn't it sound as if they were going to knock the house down?"

A moment later the children were in the room, giving Lady Caird such an enthusiastic welcome as proved that to them, at least, her pretence of ferocity was something too transparent to be noticed.

CHAPTER II.

A GARDEN IDYLL.

AFTER all, Lady Caird had nothing to do with the first marriage in this happy family, which took place about two years after the Williamsons went to live in Malplaquet Gardens.

The first bride was Cecilia, the eldest girl—Cis for short. She had only just put up her hair—soft silky hair of a

colourless blonde—and lengthened her frocks till they covered her modest feet. She was transparently fair, and when in the light frocks her mother selected for her she walked about the gardens on a summer evening she was like a flower, a flower wind-blown and slender, a narcissus, a snowdrop, an anemone; for the garden had many flowers of the cabbage rose and dahlia and poppy kind.

Perhaps Cis was sweeter by contrast with the early developed, oriental maidens who crowded the gardens.

The house which faced the Williamsons' across the bald patch of tennis-ground, and commanded the windows before the three slender poplars at the end of the garden came out into leaf, belonged to an Army coach.

Mrs. Williamson's girls—they were but children yet—kept an almost conventual seclusion in the tall old house that had seen better days. That is to say, they were not debarred from walking in the gardens, but the mother allowed no promiscuous friendships or acquaintances; and when they had lived there for two years they had a fairly large bowing acquaintance among their neighbours, but hardly any more intimacy than with Mrs. Patten and Mr. Selwood, the rich old gentleman, and the family of the little tutor, whose quiet heroism in providing so many hungry beaks with food oddly touched Mrs. Williamson.

His name was Mr. Short, and he was employed at several of the coaching establishments with which the neighbourhood abounded. He seemed to be for ever running to or from a class; and the number of occasions during the day when he found time to pop in and say a word to Mrs. Short, who grew more monumental every year, was past counting.

However, the young gentlemen at the Army coach's over the way were very much fluttered about Cis, and tall Audrey, and black-haired Patricia, who had left their babyhood and childhood behind them with astonishing rapidity, and sprung into young slips of womanhood, straight and slender as saplings.

Cis, especially, always passed the Army coach's with a stir of her pulses and a little rush of pink to her pale cheeks. She was conscious of many eyes at the windows as she passed, but that need not have caused her such deep perturbation.

The real cause of it was a young gentleman, Roland Earnshaw by name—but then Cis did not know his name—a grey-eyed, brown-haired, comely specimen of young England, with whom Cis came face to face one lovely June afternoon, when the new leaves were out, all their banners and tapestries of green silk more heavenly because of the startling contrast of the dingy houses. Cis was wearing a white frock with a green sash on that occasion. She had been visiting Lady Caird, and the barouche had brought her back, depositing her at the entrance gate to the gardens, which the Williamsons always used, because they liked to forget the dingy houses which faced their hall door in Malplaquet Gardens.

Cis was looking for her key. Her pocket was not more get-at-able than any other young woman's; and she was wearing the shaped skirt of that year of grace which so overlooked and contemned the pocket that one might wear it a month and never know it possessed such a thing.

The shaped skirt added to Cis's height and slenderness. She might have been the goddess of gardens as she stood by the shabby iron railings, fumbling after that hidden pocket. She wore the snowdrop's colours, and had as radiantly innocent and virginal an air. So young Earnshaw thought, though he would not have known the least bit in the world how to express it, being a not particularly clever youth: no one would have thought the less of him for that, however, seeing he was so honest and manly, and so very pleasant to look upon.

"Let me open the gate for you," he said, producing his key.

Cis looked for a second so startled that she might have flown. But she stayed, murmuring her thanks shyly, her eyes after that first glance veiled by her large transparent lids.

After that meeting Cis became a more complicated creature, even to her mother. She was no longer the simple child, with the outlooking gaze of childhood. Her eyes looked inwards now, mused upon something with which the visible world had nothing to do.

Mrs. Williamson was conscious of the sudden change without being able to assign a cause for it. Cis became at once more staid and more radiant than before. The radiancy Mrs. Williamson might have understood if she could have had a glimpse of the fact that a mere passage through the garden might mean a moment of rapture that gilded the whole day and the dreams at night for her young daughter.

Still shy and virginal, Cis did not often take that passage. Something made it impossible to her that she should seem to court that glance from young Earnshaw's grey eyes, the lifting of the hat which sent quick throbs and thrills through her young veins.

XUM



"'Oh! mother, what does it mean?'"—*p.* 198.

She took to entering and leaving the house by the front way, and derived a certain satisfaction from the knowledge, dreary as it was, that she had refused the delight of the casual meetings. They never spoke, those two. By-and-by the boy found out that Cis had given up the garden for her entrances and exits. It chilled him a little, but his ardour only sprung up as does fire when a little water is spilt upon it. He took to haunting the front entrances to Malplaquet Gardens whenever he had a few minutes to spare, and was often rewarded by the sight of Cis.

Cis, at least, never looked beyond. Those glimpses were enough for her. Further acquaintanceship would have seemed impossible, since mother discountenanced such things. But, indeed, Cis never thought about it, nor that the lads at the Army grinder's were birds of passage. Cis's golden dream for the present had no shadows at all in it.

Then one day Mrs. Williamson had a note from Mrs. Patten. Would she come and sit in the balcony and drink tea with her that afternoon? She had a particular reason for wishing to see her.

Mrs. Williamson smiled to herself. Mrs. Patten's court was out of favour. Only the day before she had seen one of the old ladies stand humbly outside the gate of Mrs. Patten's little garden, calling softly to the occupant of the balcony. But—although Mrs. Williamson, watering the flowers in her own balcony, could see Mrs. Patten's still pretty arm with its frill of real lace falling about it, where it supported her novel—no answer came from the creeper-hung recess. And at last the old lady went slowly and sadly on her way.

But this time the subject of Mrs. Patten's talk was not general, but particular. It was, in fact, Roland Earnshaw.

"His father, Brigadier-General Earnshaw, is the very soul of honour," said Mrs. Patten, waving her hands about, "the very soul of honour. And Roland is all he could wish. I have known the boy from his childhood. So he came to me. 'I want to be introduced to Mrs. Williamson and her daughters,' he said, 'and I thought perhaps you would be so kind, Mrs. Patten.' He looked so eager. Ah, my dear, what a thing it is to be young! And then I said to him—I can take liberties, my dear, with the boy I remember as a newborn infant—'Which of them is it, Roland?' and for an instant he sat there silent, turning his hat about in his hands, and looking so handsome, and so young. Then he said, 'Mrs. Patten, it is Miss Cecilia.' And I asked him how he knew her name, since he has never spoken with her. He said he didn't remember how, but that it exactly suited her. So I thought you might let me bring him to call, and if Cis——"

"You go too fast," said Mrs. Williamson, in a startled voice. "Cis is only eighteen."

"And Roland is twenty-three. But by the time he has his commission——Of course, they would have to live on his pay almost, for the dear old Brigadier has so many sons. He could, no doubt, do a little for them, and I—Roland ought to have been my godson——"

"Oh, stop, stop!" said Mrs. Williamson, half laughing and half crying. "Why, Cis doesn't know him yet!"

"You mean she has never spoken to him. But then he opened the garden gate for her one day. To hear him you would think it was the gate of Paradise. And Cis has known him quite well ever since; though, of course, she is too delicate and too honourable to have an acquaintanceship of which you knew nothing."

"There has been a change in Cis," said the mother, with the voice of one whose eyes are being opened.

"Yes, there is a change in Cis"—Mrs. Patten was intensely romantic, although Mrs. Williamson suspected from her reticence that her marriage had not been a happy one—"I have seen it for some time past, and knew that Cis was in love. And I trembled, dear friend, I trembled lest it should be someone unworthy. Lest she should come to leaning on the love of a dog, as I have in my old age, because other loves have failed me. I could not have hoped that it was Roland—so good, so honourable, with such traditions of honour and loyalty. It was too good for this weary world."

The end of it was that Mrs. Patten made a ceremonious call with her young friend Mr Roland Earnshaw. And after that the young man came alone. And presently his father and mother called, and Mrs. Williamson was delighted with both. And very soon it was settled that as soon as Roland got his commission he and Cis were to be married.

Roland justified everything Mrs. Patten had said of him. For all his youth, he had the seriousness of manhood. His love affair did not, as Mrs. Williamson feared before she knew him better, distract him from his work. On the contrary, he worked with redoubled ardour, passed his examinations with credit, and before he was twenty-five had received his commission and was a married man.

Mrs. Williamson had taken him into her motherly heart long before that time. The only grief was that the young couple would have to go to India.

Everyone sped them with good wishes and kind actions. Lady Caird forgot her little pique at not being allowed to present Cis and take her about, and gave her her trousseau, specially chosen for the life in India.

And Mrs. Patten gave Roland, who ought to have been her godson, a cheque for a hundred pounds.

Their honeymoon was to be spent on the big ship that was to take them out to India. It was better so, since it saved a long contemplation of parting.

Indeed, it was all done so quickly that Mrs. Williamson could hardly believe the evidence of her senses when Cis's place in the house was vacant. The mother's tears fell as she watched the promotion of Audrey to Cis's wardrobe and Cis's looking-glass. Audrey now was to have her hair up and her skirts lengthened. Indeed, she wore her first long skirt at Cis's wedding.

CHAPTER III.

A FULL QUIVER.



HEN Audrey married Raymond Earnshaw at twenty, and Dolly married a friend of his, who was a Government engineer in India, on her nineteenth birthday Lady Caird became downright angry.

"Upon my word," she said, "if you don't save Pat for me, I shall fall out with you, Celia Williamson. And, what is worse, I shall take Mina up for spite; and that would be the killing of me."

Pat was the one who justified her name by the possession of the darkest blue eyes possible, with silky rippled black hair and white skin. But it was Pat who chose to go governessing to Spain. She had a desire to see the world. And though Lady Caird, in despair, offered to take her to Paris and Milan, Venice, Genoa, and Rome, and pay her a salary as companion, Patricia turned up her delicate little nose at the offer.

The chance of the position had reached Patricia through a French lady of the bluest blood and most pinched poverty, who was an occasional visitor to Mrs. Patten. Madame de Chavannes was the friend of the Marchioness de Santa Fé, and was entrusted with the delicate task of finding an English governess for her daughters.

Pat went in everyone's despite, and wrote home presently that none were so kind and so simple as the grandees. She was wrapped up in luxury and kindness, and was only afraid that it would be quite a long time before she should see mother and the girls. She did so much for the Marchioness—all light and easy things, such as writing her letters and arranging her flowers—that she had a conviction that she could not be spared. Her pupils were three girls, all in the premature young womanhood of the South. Pat sent their pictures—beautiful young creatures with the full bloom of a peach or a plum, and with the strangest contrast of golden hair grafted on to their Southern beauty.

Lady Caird and Mrs. Patten had conceived an antipathy for each other at sight, as will often happen with the dearest friends of a third person.

"I didn't think it of you, Celia Williamson," said Lady Caird, "that you would let your little girl go among foreigners like that, all through that Patten woman with her ridiculous foreign airs and graces. Plain Briton is good enough for me."

"Pat would go, you see, dear friend," Mrs. Williamson responded meekly. "You don't know what it is when the young things grow up and will follow a way of their own. Besides, I can trust my girl."

"As well as taunting me for not having chick nor child of my own," growled Lady Caird; but her eyes showed that she did not quite mean what she said. "All the same, you can tell Madame Patten from me, that I'd rather be the widow of a City knight—after all, Joseph's carpets were honest and sound—than a fine French madam like herself, neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. And if she doesn't get on with that daughter of hers, who prefers to work at art in a garret to being her mother's companion, there's a great deal to be said for the young woman."

"But *vraiement!*" said Mrs. Patten, on the other hand, "what a typical Britoness is your friend Lady Caird! The world of art is a closed door to her. She is an archive of ancient superstitions and prejudices. No free air ever blows into the recesses of her mind. Kind! Sincere! Estimable! But surely, after all, the life is *affreuse.*"

Mrs. Patten always dropped into French when she was excited, and her speech about Lady Caird was accompanied by many wavings of the hand, and many ups and downs of her high, dramatic voice.

When Pat was gone, Mrs. Williamson looked round about her much more roomy house, and dropped a tear to the memory of the days when she did not really know where to pack away the children.

"I used to think we were rather cramped in Malplaquet Gardens, Ailie," she said to her daughter Alice, who was most like herself, "but I am afraid we are going to have too much room, after all."

"Wait till your daughters and sons-in-law begin to come home on leave," said Alice, with a bright blush.

Alice had just become engaged to the son of the French lady with the bulldog, who had married an Englishman, and was as British as her dog. They were of the few old residents in Malplaquet Gardens who owned their houses, and kept up a certain state amid the shabbiness and decay that were creeping like a dry rot all over the neighbourhood.

Young Hilary St. Ives had been swaggering in his first middy's suit, home for a holiday, when the Williamsons came to live at Malplaquet Gardens. He was now first lieutenant, a handsome, bronzed fellow, with the clean, wholesome, straightforward look of the sailor. His ship was ordered to the China station for three years; and it was arranged that after the brief honeymoon Alice was to sail for Hong Kong in the charge of friends, and set up a little home there in readiness for her husband whenever he could come to it.

Next Nancy married an Indian civil servant, a widower, with one little child, whom she met at the Earnshaws. At his first coming—he was home on sick leave—Clement Dunstan was a weary, sad, and disillusioned person. He was twice Nancy's age at least, and he was not particularly well-to-do. In fact, he had been one of the unlucky ones of the world. Things had seemed to go wrong with him without any fault of his own; and at thirty-eight he had considered his youth over, the hill climbed, and the dreary and dusty descent, only brightened by his little son, all that was to be traversed. And Eric in a way was a grief, for his delicacy, the delicacy of an Indian-born child, nearly broke his father's heart.

But love laughs at improbabilities. Young Rupert Earnshaw had long been in love with Nancy, who had proved adamant to the gallant young soldier.

But here was another matter. Here was someone to love and cherish and comfort, someone for whom to build the world anew.

"I should never have dared to ask you," Dunstan said to Nancy, after the incredible happiness of the engagement had come about.

"If I hadn't shown you how willing I was," she replied, her eyes dancing.

"If you hadn't been so heavenly kind. But oh, child, do you realise how little I have to give you? It isn't only your beautiful pity for me and for Eric?"

"It is my pity for myself," said Nancy, with cheeks as rosy as Love's own.

After the engagement Clement Dunstan threw off ten years of his real and twenty of his apparent age before Nancy had come into his life. The faded, tired look passed from his eyes, the lines from his face, as though Nancy's hand had smoothed them away. The grey hairs remained in his head; but perhaps Nancy loved him the better for those signs of the troubles he had passed through. He became spruce, as befitted a bridegroom to be; and Mrs. Williamson, who had been rather dismayed at first when she heard of Nancy's choice, was now happy to admit that Clement was quite as much a credit to her as her other sons-in-law.

It seemed, indeed, as though Mrs. Williamson's shoe were not to be emptied of its children. Cis had been home once, with an ayah and a very shadowy-looking baby, who became quite sturdy during his London winter, though in a general way Malplaquet Gardens would not suggest itself as the happiest place in which to rear children.

Next winter it was to be Audrey's turn; and Dolly and her husband were to come home for six months' leave of absence in the spring. Dolly's husband, who had rather more of this world's goods than the Earnshaws, talked of taking a country cottage that would accommodate Mrs. Williamson and Bab from time to time whenever they chose to come to it.

But Audrey's children were even more delicate than Cis's, and the shadow of parting which begins to grow over the father's and mother's heart almost as soon as an English child is born in India projected its blackness nearly to eclipse with Audrey.

The mother felt with pangs that Audrey after next winter must return alone. There must be some place found for the children, where they could grow and thrive in a more temperate clime. And where would such a place be except with the grandmother?

Phyllis and Bab, who were the only two now left, were not likely to object. Why, they spoilt little Eric Dunstan dreadfully; and when Mrs. Williamson had a thought that the only way to save Eric for the father who worshipped him was to keep him at home, she had but to impart it to her young daughters

for them to clamour that Eric should be kept at Malplaquet Gardens.

So Eric was installed when his father with his young bride returned to India, and soon ceased to be the lonely, over-wise child who had been his sad father's companion.

Bab now was very like Bab at four. She had a clear, ivory-pale complexion, with a few golden-brown freckles. Her eyes were brown with a dash of red in the brown—that is to say, they were the unnameable bronze of the pheasant's feathers. The little ivory-pale face looked out from masses of red hair, as unruly and lovely as it had been in babyhood.

But, after all, it was Bab's heart that mattered. Such a generous, loving, faithful, willing little heart! Her mother used to say, stroking the irreclaimable tresses, that Bab's red head was a fire of cheerfulness when days were dark. Bab sometimes blundered, because she was so eager and impetuous; but everything was to be forgiven her for the sake of her heart of gold.

"She will give herself up to these children," her mother said to Lady Caird. "Little Indian children are apt to be specially exacting. I must see they don't exact too much from my Babbie."

"She's the flower of the flock," said the old lady, with the air of giving a vicious snap which usually accompanied her speeches. "Phyllis is a sweet creature—very like what Cis used to be; but none of them is a patch on little Redhead. You ought to have given her to me when I asked you, ma'am. And now here I am with the gout in my ten toes, and I can't even show the world what a pretty thing is hidden away in Malplaquet Gardens."

"I hope I shall keep these two a long while," said the mother.

"You may, because you have exhausted the eligibles of the district. Oh, you match-making mother, how did you do it? If you could only know how we talk about you in Kensington over the teacups, we who can't marry our daughters by hook or by crook, even though we never were ruined and never had to retire to the tarnished glories of Malplaquet Gardens!"

Mrs. Williamson smiled. Her old world had not been by any manner of means bad to her.

"Perhaps I shall have to ask you to take them about a bit when the gout passes over," she said. "But there is plenty of time for that. Why, Phyllis is only eighteen."

"Her sisters were very little older when they married. Still, I am going to the new man in Wimpole Street for my toes. I want to have a coming-out daughter, even if I can't make merry at her wedding."

CHAPTER IV.

THE OLD FRIEND.

So once again, No. 17, Malplaquet Gardens, was filled to overflowing.

The ayahs departed in time, and their places were taken by more or less trim English nurses. It was some time before Mrs. Williamson hit on a nurse who did not despise the scanty accommodation of the house and yet was efficient. But she found such a one at last, strong as a little pony, faithful as a dog, and with an unbounded capacity for work and absorption in the children.

Only now, when Mrs. Williamson was rearing new broods, did her enforced residence in Malplaquet Gardens fret her. No gardener ever watched his slips and seedlings with half the tender anxiety she had over the heavy eyes and sallow cheeks of her little grandchildren.

She had reared her own children in London, and they were a credit to London air and sanitation. But her own had not been weakened and enervated by spending the first years of their lives in India. Now her brood of weary, peevish little boys and girls grieved the tender, motherly heart.

"If I could only get them to the country!" she would say to Phyllis and Bab. But the house was on her hands for three years yet. She had taken it for five years originally, renewing the lease as it fell in from time to time.

And the wish seemed impossible of realisation for other reasons. The country house was a dream Mrs. Williamson had to relinquish with a sigh.

Besides, Phyllis, who was a student of the Royal College of Music, had a good many tuitions about Kensington and Holland Park, for which Malplaquet Gardens was very convenient. Bab stayed at home and helped her mother. In quiet moments together they often talked of their dreams—for it was Bab's dream as well—of the gardens, the bees, the fowls they should keep, the little black Kerry which should give them milk for the children.

Bab talked of it to someone else, to whom she had talked of everything since she was four years old. This was old Mr. Selwood, whose attachment to Bab had not lessened. He had given her a big doll's house on her fifth birthday, which was almost too overgrown for the house that contained it. Year after year from that time he had loaded her with toys at Christmas and on birthdays. He had given her her first

silver watch at ten years old, and replaced it by a delightful little gold one, studded with pearls, depending from a bow brooch of diamonds, when she was sixteen.

Mr. Selwood had now been for some time confined to the house. Another in his case, unable, as he was, to pay for all the mechanical contrivances for the alleviation of pain and weakness, had been bed-ridden. But Mr. Selwood was able to lie on his invalid sofa near the window of the room in which a bright fire burned, and look out through the bare boughs of his chestnut on as much of life as passed in the garden below.

The chestnut boughs were thickening now with the promise of buds. Soon the gummy pink leaves would be bursting their sheath. Next they would shake out their delicate five fingers of crumpled leafage. A few days more and the tree would be hung with banners of green silk of a most heavenly colour. Then the invalid could pry upon the birds' secrets, could watch the mother thrush, bright-eyed and patient, sitting upon the eggs through April and early May, while her mate sang his country song for her listening ear.

Mr. Selwood would never consent to have the tree cut down or thinned, though it was true that in full leafage it darkened his room. It would be murder to do it, he said, twinkling, to Bab; but there was seriousness behind the twinkle.

In those latter days the old gentleman's sister had come to look after his household. His attendant, Cotter, might be trusted to look after him; but, indeed, the huge, old-fashioned house had been dreary and dusty enough without the superintendence of a woman.

Miss Patty Selwood altered all that. She was a little woman, as bright-looking as her brother, but very deaf. She took a fancy to Bab, because, as she said, while having plenty of conversation, Bab was still agreeably quiet. Bab, listening to Miss Selwood's replies at random to her remarks, wondered often what she was supposed to have said. But perhaps Bab's eyes and quick smile spoke for her.

There, too, sometimes came the little sallow-faced children from No. 17. They were as quiet and mouse-like as Miss Patty could desire, and played with the toys provided for them with an almost unnatural gravity.

"You see, they are not like English children yet," Bab would say, with the eyes of a mother. "They remained rather longer than they ought in India—those poor things dreaded so much parting with them. But they are really growing quite wild. Now the fine weather is coming we shall get some roses in their cheeks."

Further than the fine weather Bab did not venture to look. She had been a London bird through many Julys and Augusts and Septembers; and she knew how even robust children wither in the airless heat.

Miss Patty Selwood was always sending round chicken jelly, and calves'-foot jelly, and cod-liver oil, and all manner of things for the children, which Mrs. Williamson accepted gratefully as from a very old friend. But they did not seem to do much good. "They want air and light, air and light," said Dr. (who was now Sir Peter) Drummond, and lived in Harley Street, and sometimes came to see his old friend and patient. "Put them in the air and the sun, and they'll thrive without coddling." But that was just the one prescription so impossible to carry out.

It was coming up to Bab's birthday, which occurred about the end of May. Bab had been a great deal with Mr. Selwood during the preceding winter, and while the east winds of spring forbade even the thought of the hope the doctor held out that when the weather was balmy the old gentleman might be got out on his balcony for a few hours every day.

Some people in Mrs. Williamson's position might have grumbled at Bab spending so many hours with a sick old man who could pay for companionship or any other services he required; but not so the little woman. If Bab helped to smooth the last stages of the old man's journey, her mother was far too good a lover of God's creatures to forbid her. So Bab, unrebuked, did for old Mr. Selwood just what neither his sister nor his attendant could do for him; she read to him with the soft, educated voice and accent he desired to hear, she made music for him—a piano stood in a recess of the room—she played chess and draughts with him; he liked the bright glances, the head shy and bright as a squirrel's, opposite to him. At times, when he was not disposed for music or reading or games, Bab talked to him. He was quite in her confidence. There was hardly a thought of her innocent heart which he did not know.

A short time before that May birthday Mr. Selwood had a rare conversation with his sister Patty. Cotter had gone to welcome his son home from the Cape; and since Bab had transferred her ministrations to Mrs. Patten, who was suffering from asthma, the brother and sister were alone.

"Little Bab has been very good to me," Mr. Selwood wrote on the slate.

"Like a daughter, James," shouted Miss Patty. "Indeed, few daughters would be so good and so quiet. Even when she plays the piano, she does it quietly."

"Her birthday is approaching."

"We must give her something very handsome, James."

"I mean to. I want to give her The Lawns.

"That old house! What would the child do with it?"

"There would be room for those children."

"Aye, so there would. There is another batch coming home at Michaelmas. I met Mrs. Williamson yesterday. She gave me the letter to read, and I could see she was worried, though she smiled. I wanted to ask Bab about it. Her mother has no conversation. There would be room for forty of them in The Lawns."

"The place would be no use to Walter and Sydney. It is so out of the way that the rent would be very little. If it lay untenanted, now that Miss Deane is dead, it would go to rack and ruin. We were born there. I should like to think of Bab in the old rooms."

"You are quite right, brother. It is a very happy idea. We are both old folk, and we may take liberties with our friends. I shall give Babbie fifty pounds towards the furnishing."

"Bravo, sister."

"I often wish that I had nephews and nieces to whom my money was of some importance. I should like to tip needy boys, and give pretty things to girls who would else do without. Walter's and Sydney's children have everything."

"It is a disadvantage easily borne," replied Mr. Selwood, not troubling to write the remark on the slate.

"Better do it now than when we are dead," shouted Miss Patty.

"Write a note to Soames, and ask him to dine with me one evening. I shall want a deed of gift drawn out"

"Anything else, brother?"

"The Williamsons have their house for three years longer. They must go to The Lawns at once. I am going to buy up that side of the Gardens. I shall arrange for them to sublet. Soames will see to it."

"You are a good man, brother. You don't do things by halves.

"We should not be so rich if I and my father before me had not looked at every side of a question."

But the remark was addressed to the air, not to Miss Patty. Mr. Selwood had had enough of the slate, and was already wondering how long Mrs. Patten's selfishness would keep Bab from his side.

CHAPTER V.

THE DEED OF GIFT.



MRS. WILLIAMSON had, indeed, been somewhat fretted and anxious on the day when she had met Miss Selwood, and the spinster's bright, keen eyes had discovered her perturbation.

With little Eric, and three of Cis's children, and four of Audrey's, and two of Alice's, it was an uncommonly tight fit already at No. 17, Malplaquet Gardens. How, then, was it going to accommodate four of Dolly's? Yet where else should the children go except to their own Gran? If it came to Mrs. Williamson herself sleeping in the basement of the house—and it had almost come to that—the new little brood must be received.

There never were such comforts to their mother as Phyllis and Bab, the mother declared gratefully. Most girls would have grumbled at their house being turned into a nursery on a large scale, and themselves crushed into very cramped quarters. The sisters shared a long, narrow slip of a room, so dark except in very bright weather that it was next to impossible to see a pretty head in the glass or to make one's toilet other than by the sense of touch.

Yet the girls never grumbled. They had been taught to make their own clothes. Now they postponed their pretty things for the making of childish garments, with the assistance of the couple of nurses provided for the children by their parents.

But it seemed as though even Phyllis's and Bab's spirits were daunted by the suggestion of yet another nurse and four more babies. Where were they to be put, they asked, with the house already full to overflowing? Mrs. Williamson stood helpless before her daughters, only faltering, "Poor Dolly!" But at the appeal in her eyes Bab's tender heart melted.

"Never mind, dear," she said, "we will squeeze them in somehow. And meanwhile we must look for that commodious country house to which we are bound to migrate as soon as we are free of Mr. Jones and this house."

Mrs. Williamson was brighter for the rest of the day. She had been feeling that it was hardly fair to her own two young daughters to burden them with their sisters' children more heavily than they were already burdened.

The parents sent home all they could spare from somewhat narrow incomes, yet there were times when the children needed something or other that had to be paid for out of the grandmother's



"'It is going to be good.'"—*p.* 200.

purse. The little woman had had to be careful all those years.

However, the preparations for the children's coming had not to be made yet awhile. They could still enjoy what Bab humorously called the space and freedom of their own house. By-and-by it would be time to think whether the drawing-room had not better be given up as a day nursery. Such a thing was imperatively required, even without the new arrivals, for one could count on many and many a winter day when it would be impossible to get the delicate children out-of-doors.

Bab's birthday brought a day of June strayed into May. She found the breakfast table decorated with roses. That had been Mrs. Patten's graceful thought; and a basket of strawberries big as little apples, fresh from Covent Garden, stood in the centre of the table.

Packages from India and China had been arriving these last few days, and had been confiscated by Mrs. Williamson till the happy morning should arrive. Now they flanked Bab's plate, and made the children's eyes round with wonder.

The packages contained delightful things—an embroidered sash, a finely wrought bangle of rough red gold, a necklet of silver filigree set with barbaric stones, a waist-belt of wrought silver, and a little sandalwood desk fitted in ivory.

Lady Caird had sent a pearl necklet, with a hanging heart of turquoise and pearl. She was always generous to her god-daughter.

The children had each laid their little, simple, trumpery offering by Bab's plate. It was delightful to see the shy excitement of those present when their special gift was reached, and Bab blushed with joy over it.

There was a Spanish mantilla and fan from Pat. Mrs. Williamson had drawn on her own scanty store of jewellery, much depleted, for a gift for her girl. It was a tiny brooch of garnets and seed-pearls, with a crystal space for hair in the centre—a little thing Bab had loved since the time she used to sit on her mother's hearthrug, a tiny red-headed baby, and turn over her mother's trinkets quietly for an hour at a time.

"Now for my present," said Phyllis, getting up and opening the door.

A Dandy Dinmont puppy, a mass of iron-grey hair and bright eyes, rushed frantically into the room.

"You sweetest creature!" cried Bab in ecstasy. "I could have liked nothing better, Phyllis."

Then Mrs. Williamson had to interfere, because the children had all left their porridge to grow cold while they crowded about the dog, who was in his new owner's arms.

"His name is Rags," said Phyllis. "He is awfully well bred. Mr. Knights gave him to me, because Monica has done so well at her music with me. I asked him to keep him for a few weeks till your birthday; and he promised to send a servant over from Holland Park with him this morning, and here he is!"

"Children, children," protested Mrs. Williamson, "everything is getting cold. You mustn't open anything else, Bab, till you have had your breakfast. The other things will keep."

"I think I have opened everything," said Bab, still hugging Rags, "except that blue envelope, which looks as if it would keep."

"Mr. Selwood has forgotten you this year," said Phyllis.

"I don't think he ever forgets," said Bab. "Not that I want anything from him but his love; he has given me such heaps of things. I'm sure anyone less nice than Mrs. Walter and Mrs. Sydney, and May and Roma, and Pauline and Agnes, would be downright jealous of his giving me so many things. But all the Selwoods are nice."

"Come, my dear, eat your breakfast," said her mother. "Rags will keep. Here are your strawberries. Ring for some more tea, Phil. We can't have Bab drinking cold tea on her nineteenth birthday."

Presently Bab had had her breakfast, and the children had been reclaimed by their nurses, and the pretty things had been fingered over again, Bab blushing and smiling, and a little tearful—as was her wont when she felt the goodness of her world to her.

She had heaped the things over her blue envelope, and had forgotten all about it; but presently when she began to gather them to take upstairs she discovered the derelict.

"Why, here's that letter!" she cried to her mother, who sat watching her with a tender pride. "It looks like a tremendous bill; but people oughtn't to have bills on their birthdays, and, besides, as I've never had any money, I don't owe any; and——"

"Just open it, my dear, and see," suggested Mrs. Williamson. "I daresay it's only a circular."

"That it isn't," said Bab. "There's a letter of some kind in it as well as another document. What is it all about? 'Messrs. Soames and Supple, Lincoln's Inn Fields.' Oh, I don't think it can be for me."

Phyllis came and leant over her shoulder.

"Dear Madam" (she read), "We are instructed by our esteemed client, Mr. James

Selwood, to hand to you the enclosed deed of gift, by which he makes over to you the manor and lands of The Lawns, Oakdene, unconditionally. It is our client's wish that you should live in the house, but, as the deed is an unconditional one, you are, of course, not bound by it.—We are, madam, your very obedient servants, SOAMES AND SUPPLE: per J. S."

The mother and daughters stood and stared at each other, Bab looking almost scared.

"Oh, mother, what does it mean?" she asked, looking at the document in her hand.

"I think it means, dear," replied Mrs. Williamson in a shaking voice, "that the country house has come. The only thing I am doubtful about is whether we have any right to accept so handsome a gift from Mr. Selwood. Suppose we go round and talk to him about it?"

They had to wait a little while to see Mr. Selwood, for the doctor had actually given permission that morning for the patient to be moved on to the balcony.

When, at last, they were admitted there was Mr. Selwood sitting propped up on his sofa, with the balmy wind stirring his soft, white hair, and the thrush singing scarcely a yard away from him. He had a great bouquet in his hands, as big as a cart-wheel, which he presented ceremoniously to Bab. He looked very pleased and very shy at once, in anticipation of Bab's thanksgiving.

"Many happy returns, young lady," he said, after greeting Bab's mother.

"Oh, Mr. Selwood," began the latter, "I and this child have come to thank you. But it is really too much. I'm afraid Bab hardly ought to accept so much, even from a friend so kind as you."

"Stuff and nonsense, ma'am!" said the old gentleman, with a great frown. "A ruinous old house. Wait till you see it, and then maybe you'll be asking me to pay Bab rent for living in it. It's gone to rack and ruin because no one would ever consent to live in it who could live anywhere else. But there'll be plenty of rooms for your babies. And it stands high, you can see five counties from the upper windows. Where's my sister Patty? Patty, where's the slate? Ah, here it is?"

He scratched away furiously for a minute or two, and then handed the slate to his sister, who had meanwhile been greeting Mrs. Williamson and Bab in the warmest way, and shouting congratulations into Bab's little pink ear as though she were a deaf person.

When she had read her brother's message she immediately rubbed it out with great indignation.

"Stuff and nonsense!" she repeated in her turn. "What, not take The Lawns! Why, James and I were born there. It's only a handful of a place, though a fine roomy house. No one wants to live there. We let an old pensioner of ours have it for nothing, but she's died out of it, and now it's on our hands. My stuck-up nephews and nieces will have nothing to say to it. Too lonely, they say. Will you oblige James and me to go there, and cut ourselves off from our family, at our age?"

"You know, we have our house for three years longer," Mrs. Williamson put in to Mr. Selwood.

"No, you haven't, ma'am," he said, scowling. "I'm your landlord, and I'm going to evict you. What! You didn't know? I've bought up all that side of the Gardens. No use leaving it in the hands of needy folk like Jones, who'll only let the place get lower and lower. I'll evict you, ma'am. Perhaps then you won't turn up your nose at The Lawns, when you haven't got a roof over your and those children's heads."

"Oh, but Mr. Selwood——" began Mrs. Williamson in protest.

"Besides, it isn't you, ma'am, it's the little one. What do you say, Bab? Come here, and give me a kiss. You won't refuse your old friend's loving gift to you?"

"You are too good to us," cried Mrs. Williamson, in tears.

"And here's my sister trying to get in a word while you're making so much noise you can't hear her. She has a little gift for Bab in her pocket. Now say no more, you've offended me enough for one day. Here is something to drink Bab's health. Too early in the day? Well, you can just put your lips to it Queen Victoria drank it. What the Queen drank must be good. Cotter, you rascal, the corkscrew!"

Meanwhile Miss Patty had folded Bab's fingers over an envelope.

"To buy carpets and curtains with, my dear," she said. "The house is as airy as a windmill, and there's hardly any furniture in it. I don't want you all to get your deaths of cold. There, there, what a sensible woman that mother of yours is! I knew I should persuade her. You see, James hadn't to say a word."

Then they all stood round in solemn silence, and put their lips to their glasses while Mr. Selwood gave the toast of Bab, her health and happiness, and her future residence at The Lawns.

Afterwards Bab and Mrs. Williamson went home, much agitated. And then Bab suggested

that they should take all the children to Richmond Park for the day and give them a picnic.

For that one day Mrs. Williamson would not think of extravagance; and what a golden day it was! They took the whole party by train, and at Richmond station hired carriages to carry them to the park. It was Bab's feast; so Bab and her mother, who were in the last carriage, stopped at the Maid of Honour shop, and laid in the most delightful hamper of sweet and substantial things.

It was a day the children would never forget. They spread their tablecloth beneath the trees at a point of vantage whence they could see the silver Thames winding away into its Berkshire valley. And the deer came near and watched them. The birds sang; and the ground was all dappled light and shade, like the sleek hides of the deer. They feasted and they played; and some colour came into the children's thin cheeks and stayed there.

It was only late in the evening, after all the sleepy heads were in bed, that Bab remembered how she had never found time through that delightful day to thank Mrs. Patten for her strawberries and roses.

"I shall run round the first thing after breakfast, in the morning," she said, "and tell her all our news. I wouldn't seem to neglect her, especially as she has been so ill lately. How she will miss us when we go to The Lawns!"

Bab already said the name with the air of ownership.

"Her daughter should come over and see after her. She really should," said Mrs. Williamson, who had such happy experience of daughters that she could not imagine one who was cold and careless.

And then Phyllis came in, and they sat long over a more than usually elaborate supper, discussing chiefly what arrangement was to be made about Phyllis, who could not think of giving up her pupils; but arriving at no very satisfactory conclusion regarding the matter.

CHAPTER VI.

AIMÉE.

MRS. PATTEN'S Kate opened the door to Bab the next morning with the most beaming expression, which for an instant rather mystified Bab.

Then, looking beyond Kate, she saw that the hall, which was usually a very tidy and decorated place, with its Indian hangings and pieces of Benares ware, was now full of rather shabby and untidy luggage, of which several upright wooden cases formed a part. A glimpse of a folding easel gave her enlightenment.

"Oh, so Mrs. Patten's daughter has come home," she said.

"Why, however did you know, Miss Bab?" asked Kate, with wide eyes. "Yes, indeed, she have come home. And the mistress is as happy as happy. Who'd have thought she missed Miss Aimée so much all this time? But there, wait till you see her! I declare she have transformed the mistress already. Yes, miss, she can breathe much more freely to-day, and is to sit in the drawin'-room. The doctor, he says the fine weather, but I says Miss Aimée. Asking your pardon for not wishin' you many happy returns of the day, wot was yesterday. Just step in and wait, miss."

Bab went into the drawing-room, which she found full of Mrs. Patten's dogs. As though they fancied she might consider herself uncivilly treated, they all came and sat round her in chairs, which made Bab burst into laughter. However, the dogs had heard a movement overhead, and, instead of being offended by her want of gravity, wagged their tails very hard, and listened with all their ears.

In a second or two the door opened and Mrs. Patten came in, leaning a little heavily on the arm of a young lady whom Bab guessed to be Aimée.

"Ah, Babbie, my dear," said Mrs. Patten, kissing her on both cheeks. "You are come to share in my joy. How little I knew what your birthday would bring for me! This is my Aimée, my dear daughter.'

She dropped into a chair, lifting her hands and eyes in a manner with which Bab was long familiar.

Bab looked a little shyly at Aimée, who responded by a frank glance of admiration at her.

"I am very glad you have come home," she said, in her soft, low voice. "Your mother has needed you."

"Ah, yes," said Aimée. "I did not know. Why did you not let me know, my friend? Did you think, then, that your little Aimée was altogether heartless?"

She had an arm about her mother's neck. Bab's first impression was that she was extraordinarily French. Her soft grey gown fitted her as though she were moulded into it. Bab wondered how it was fastened. Her second impression was that Aimée was extraordinarily pretty. She had a little head of black curls, and eyes of a vivid pansy blue. Her complexion was a soft warm white. She had a delightful little cocked nose, and a full white chin. The poise

of her head had something graceful and vivacious about it like the poise of a bird's.

"I came to thank you so very much, dear Mrs. Patten, for your kind thought of me yesterday," said Bab, very conscious of Aimée's direct gaze. "Now, I must not stay. Mother will be so glad to hear that Miss Patten has come home."

"Tell her to come in and see me. I've told you about her, Aimée—the old woman that lives in a shoe, you know. Not that your dear mother is an old woman, Bab, oh, but certainly not! I've called her that from the first day. I want to show her my Aimée. To think that it is more than fourteen years since she left me!"

"Hold your tongue, little mother," said Aimée. "The child will think me an ancient. I was little when I went."

"*So* little, but such a spitfire!" Mrs. Patten's voice rose and fell. "And now she is a success, an exhibitor at the Salon, quite a famous person."

"Are you full of affairs, *very* busy?" asked Aimée, coming and standing by Bab. "Oh, please, are you?"

Bab wondered what Aimée could be pleading about, but Aimée's mother enlightened her.

"She wants to paint you, Bab," she said. "It is just the old Aimée, a mass of impulses. Must it be now, my daughter?"

"Now, now," said Aimée, "if she can only give me an hour. I will fetch my things in an instant. Oh, pray do not move. Your head against the trellis of green leaves. It is just so I want you. If I could not get you now, the inspiration would be lost for ever."

So Bab found herself, to her amazement—Kate having taken a message to her mother—sitting for her portrait to a girl whose existence she had forgotten an hour ago.

Mrs. Patten sat and read the morning newspapers. She was a great woman for being in touch with the events of her day. But more often than not her eyes were on her daughter instead of on the printed page. The air of the room was full of a subdued happiness. Now and again a dog thumped his tail to show that he felt sympathy with his human friends. A bee buzzed about the mignonette on the balcony. Out in the sunny garden one or two white butterflies flitted over the pinched roses, which were all Malplaquet Gardens could produce.

Aimée painted energetically, walking all the time between the picture and the door to get the point of view.

"It is going to be good," she said at last.

"In the old days, Aimée," her mother reminded her, "you always said at first that things were going to be good, but later on you were in despair over them."

"I am so to-day, *maman*. It is the hunger of the artist. I am incredulous when they tell me I have done well. There is always the hope, and always—always—the despair. I would give my life to paint as De Courcel paints, splashing the brush on—so—to the canvas. But ah, dear heaven, what an effect! What life, what a soul! The picture speaks to you."

Suddenly Aimée flung down her brush and covered her face with her hands.

Before Bab and Mrs. Patten could do more than look at each other in alarm, she had uncovered her eyes again and dashed away a bright tear or two.

"There!" she said. "I rejoice that there are such painters in the world, though I am not fit to touch the hem of their garments!"

"Miss Williamson's sister is also an artist—a musician," said Mrs. Patten, anxious to create a diversion. But Aimée was painting away feverishly having apparently forgotten her agitation.

"She should come to Paris," she said. "You can't paint here. There are no skies, no light. She should come to Paris. It is the place for artists."

"Phyllis will be so very glad to meet you," said Bab, shyly.

"Tell her she must come to Paris, she must come to Paris," muttered Aimée, standing back to see the effect of a stroke of her brush.

She came up to Bab then, and, taking her head in both hands, composed the position to her liking. Then she placed a great pot of purple and white iris by Bab's side, to reach about the level of her small ear.

"Talk, talk!" she said. "I want to get you animated."

"Tell us about your birthday yesterday, and about all your presents," said Mrs. Patten.

"I," murmured Aimée, as though to herself, "have long ceased to remember birthdays."

"Kate told me how she saw your little party going off so happily," went on Mrs. Patten. "You gave the children a day in the country! In a happier state of the laws people with children will be compelled to live in the country."

"Ah!" said Bab, her eyes sparkling, "I wanted to tell you. They are going to have the country. How they will thrive in it!"

She then proceeded to unfold the story of Mr. Selwood's gift in a silence only broken by the "Good, good!" of Aimée, as she approved of Bab's animated countenance, and now and again an imperious little command to put her head more to one side.

"I am so glad," said Mrs. Patten in her

most lamenting voice, "so very glad! It is what any of us would have done, if we could. Fortunately, Mr. Selwood is rich. Sixteen rooms, you say? But, Babbie, how are you going to furnish sixteen rooms?"

"That is a trifle," said Bab. "Or at least, we needn't think of it yet. We are going as soon as ever we can fix up things here. We long to get the children into the country for the summer. We don't want to lose any of it for them. Of course, it will be sad to leave our dear friends here. We shall be very grieved at leaving you, Mrs. Patten."

"But you won't be leaving me, child: I shall be leaving you. Oh, yes, I am going with Aimée. It is what I should have done long ago. How I have suffered here, amid these fogs and melancholies, especially since I grew too old for the journey to Paris! Ah, it is new life to think of being there! I shall have no more rheumatism, no more asthma. Aimée and I will take care of each other."

After that Mrs. Patten became thoughtful. She let the papers slip off her lap. There was a little table at her elbow with the *Spectator* and *Guardian* on it, with one or two of the monthly reviews and a little knitting basket. She drew the basket towards her and began to knit, her eyes on her daughter as she painted.

"I am going to ask Mr. Selwood to take this house off my hands," she said at last. "I hear he is buying up all about us."

"Better be quick, *maman!* I do not want to be here past July. There is a cottage at Barbizon where thou and I—— Ah!"—a low "Ah" of ecstasy. "We shall see the golds of August there. But what of the furniture? Shall you sell it?"

"Not that, Aimée. It has lived with me so long. I should as soon think of selling the dogs almost."

"You must put it away, then; do something with it. We shall not be able to carry it. It is monstrous in design."

She looked around contemptuously at the solid early Victorian furniture with which the room was filled.

"It was your papa's choice, Aimée."

The girl gave a little shrug of her shoulders.

"Of a certainty it was not from him I received my artistic inclinations," she said.

"I have thought it all out," said Mrs. Patten, dropping her knitting upon the papers that had slid away from her. "We shall come here no more, Aimée. The furniture is of no use to us. To store it would be useless expense. And there are those sixteen rooms. It shall be Bab's birthday gift. What do you say, Bab? It is comfortable and well made, if my daughter does not approve of it."

"It is ugly," said Aimée indifferently. "I myself—I should burn it. It is not right to bring up children with ugly objects about them. Still, if you have a sentiment about burning or selling, someone must have it. Even those chairs and tables will not make Babbie's head less glorious."

"I shall see about it at once," said Mrs. Patten, with great animation. "Why should we stay an hour longer than we need? To-morrow may be east wind, and I shall not be able to breathe."

"Mamma——" began Bab.

Mrs. Patten rang a bell by her chair to summon the maid.

"I shall ask her to come in at once and talk it over. But I can't believe that she will need any persuasion to help an old friend out of a difficulty. Ah, no! I cannot believe it of so dear and self-sacrificing a disposition."

It was her way of putting the matter to Mrs. Williamson; and the little woman, between laughing and crying, found herself accepting, on Bab's behalf, Mrs. Patten's furniture for Mr Selwood's house.

"The things will be like old friends," said she. "I always think new furniture so blank-looking."

"I am so glad you will house them," said Mrs. Patten. "Aimée would be ruthless. She would commit them to the flames."

"With all uglinesses," said Aimée.

"Oh, I am very glad to save them from that fate," said Mrs. Williamson. "I think them beautiful. Such comfortable things."

She patted the chair on which she sat as though she were grateful to it for the rest it afforded her.

The sitting had extended itself to two hours, and Bab, in spite of her excitement, began to look a little tired, so Aimée graciously permitted her to rest. In the interval Mrs. Williamson asked to be allowed to look at the portrait. In her own mind she thought it smudgy and indistinct; and surely Bab's hair was never so red, and the shaking leaves in the trellis never so green! In her heart of hearts she preferred the early Victorian portraits which Aimée had turned with their faces to the wall, as being impossible to live with, on first entering the house.

"There, there!" said Aimée, waving her away. "The picture is not meant to be smelt. I'm not rude, madame, in saying so. It was the saying of a very great man."

After that the only hindrance to their going was the portrait, for Aimée declared it was to

be her masterpiece, even while she wept tears of rage over it.

She grew very fond of her neighbours, though she was so much older than Phyllis and Bab, not merely in temperament and knowledge of the world, but in years as well. Indeed, Bab had discovered long since that there were little fine networks of lines about Aimée's pansy-coloured eyes, and that the pretty, dark curls had a grey hair here and there. Not that it made her less pretty. Bab felt ashamed of her discovery, seeing how pretty and how charming Aimée was.

The frank comradeship, without sentimentality, which was Aimée's way of friendship, was given freely to Phyllis and Bab.

At first she was all for Phyllis throwing up her music lessons, and going with her mother and herself to Paris, to their flat near the Madeleine. How alluringly she painted the splendour of the free, full, artistic life Paris afforded the artist!

But when she was told of Sidney Le Mesurier she urged her plan no more.

"Ah," she said, "a lover, a husband! The life of an artist has no room for such things. You may make yourself happy so, my little Phyllis. You will never be an artist!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW HOME.



IF Sidney Le Mesurier has not come into the story before, it is perhaps because he was a very modest person, never thrusting himself forward till he was wanted, and so busy with his profession that if he could find time once a week to visit his sweetheart at Malplaquet Gardens, it was as much as he could do.

He was house-surgeon at the moment to a very overworked, overcrowded East End hospital, where accidents came in constantly, and the casualty wards were always filled to overflowing.

There did not seem to be very much prospect of an early marriage between him and Phyllis, and they had already been engaged a long time. But it would have taken a mother more worldly minded than Mrs. Williamson to try to part them. The pair had a staid, quiet devotion for each other which was like the love of husband and wife, if not altogether so contented. And Mrs. Williamson had said many a time that she hardly missed a son of her own, having Sid. It was such a good thing that he was not to be snatched away from them to the ends of the earth, like the other sons-in-law. He was Mrs. Williamson's right hand, to be consulted about everything, his keen, sensible advice to be taken about everything.

When he was told of Bab's birthday gifts, and the question came up of what was to be done about Phyllis, he arranged it in the twinkling of an eye. Phyllis had better lodge in the house of an old lady he knew and could trust with so precious a charge. Sid would not let her be lonely; and she must come home to The Lawns for holidays.

Phyllis accepted his decision, as she would have if he had ordered her to the block, with shining eyes. Of course, she could not have gone to Paris, or even to The Lawns, since it would have meant leaving Sid lonely in London.

By-and-by, when the happiest thing in the world had come to pass, Sid meant to walk the Paris hospitals for a couple of years; and then Phyllis could devote herself to her music, and peep into Aimée's world of art, and taste the delights of which that vivacious person discoursed so ecstatically.

However, that time still seemed far enough away. The morning when Mrs. Williamson and Bab and all the children left London for Oakdene Sid had managed to get an hour or two to himself, so that he might be at the station with Phyllis to see them off, and to escort her afterwards to the white house with the green shutters, in a district of North London where there were still gardens, despite the crowding and pressing of the human hive.

It was Tuesday, and things were to be somewhat in order by Saturday evening, when Phyllis and Sid were to come down for the week-end.

Tears were in Mrs. Williamson's kind eyes as the train steamed out of the station.

"Poor children!" she said, as much to herself as to Bab; "poor, poor children!"

"They are all right," said Bab, happily. "You know Phyllis would rather have Sid, with his uncertain prospects, than any other lot the world could afford her. Still, I don't see why they shouldn't marry. We could give them a wing of The Lawns, and they could do just as they are doing now; but, of course, they would feel happier being married."

Bab looked unutterably wise as she said it, and Mrs. Williamson, who was blest with a keen sense of humour, smiled to herself quietly.

"Why, so we could, Bab," she said. "I wonder now if they would think of it?"

"Of course, they would like to set up a home of their own; still, they could wait for that, and it would be nice to feel that they belonged to each other. Phil thinks now that she can go on waiting indefinitely since they care for each other. Yet as time goes on she will feel it."

"Poor little Phil!" said the mother, compassionately. "I do hope that the waiting will not be so long as to wear out her patience."

They had augmented the domestic staff—which, apart from the nurses, had hitherto consisted only of the faithful Susan—by a patient of Sid's, a little, pale-faced, bright-eyed woman with a head of shock hair and a thin, bent figure. Now and again she looked towards Mrs. Williamson, from her seat at the far end of the railway carriage, with the alert affectionate glance of a pet dog. Rebecca was what is called a superior person; and had come very low in the world before the day when Dr. Le Mesurier first saw her crushed and bleeding from the effects of a cab accident in the Commercial Road.

She did not look the kind of person who would be acceptable in the ordinary British household. There was something a little mad about the over-bright eyes, the oddly bleached complexion, the nervous movements of the muscles about the mouth, and of the little claw-like hands in their gentility of shabby kid gloves.

But Dr. Le Mesurier had been interested, and had enlisted Mrs. Williamson's ready sympathy. Rebecca was engaged as cook, and the sensible Susan fortunately took up the queer little forlorn, uppish waif of humanity, and was prepared to stand by her and see that she wasn't laughed at, at least before her face, by those nurses."

"It's like a home-coming," said Rebecca, the day after Mrs. Williamson had engaged her, "and, my dear lady, I was *led*. I've been stimulating about the world for this hour, and the instant I laid eyes on Dr. Le Mesurier I knew he would be my guide. The heart is the groundwork, and if the heart is right all else is right; and I'll never leave you, my dear lady, not if things were ever so."

Saying which she imprinted three hard little kisses, as though from the beak of a bird, on Mrs. Williamson's hand.

"I do hope she will be efficient, dear," said Mrs. Williamson to Bab, "for I am sure I should never have the heart to send her away if she insisted on staying."

"She'll be all right," Bab responded cheerfully. "Sid is a good judge of character, and Sid says she's thorough."

"Ah, but how can he tell about her cooking?" said Mrs. Williamson doubtfully.

"Never mind, dear," Bab laughed. "I'm sure she'll be all right. I wonder how you managed in the old days, when you were the mistress of a houseful of servants? When you had to give notice, did you do it by letter? And did you tremble when you heard the postman's rat-tat-tat, with the fatal missive for Cook or Jane or Ann, as the case might be?"

"It was a great ordeal," confessed Mrs. Williamson, between a smile and a sigh

However, a few days sufficed to prove that Rebecca was a great find, for not only was she an excellent cook, but she had a nervous energy which impelled her to work all day and a considerable portion of the night. She was likely to be invaluable in the move from the one house to the other and the getting the new house into order.

They arrived at Oakdene about noon, and at The Lawns a quarter of an hour later

They found their new estate on the edge of a very pretty village, which embowered itself in trees that had not yet lost the colours of the spring. When they drove up to the green gate with the white posts, which formed the entrance to The Lawns, Bab noticed the first thing how a few rosy blossoms yet lingered on the apple boughs that hung over the white walls, blossoms side by side with tiny green apples fully formed.

It was her first sight of her new possession. Susan had gone down the day before to receive Mrs. Patten's furniture, which had been sent on so that they would not come into an empty house.

They could see the house windows over a tangle of boughs above the high wall, and beyond the overgrown little carriage way which the green gates standing open revealed. There was a delightful scent of new hay in the air, and blackbirds and thrushes were singing ecstatically.

"It is a red house," said Bab, "with a tiled roof. And such quaint windows! But oh, it does look neglected."

"We shall soon set that to rights," said her mother, quietly cheerful.

"Why, so we shall. Just hear how the birds sing! And look at those children, how they stare! They have never seen real English country before. Ah, and here comes Susan! I can see she has been scrubbing since cock-crow. Why, we have neighbours! See, mother dear, there is a red house just like ours on this side, and over beyond the wall on the

other side among the trees I am sure I see chimney-pots."

"I knew we had one next-door neighbour," said Mrs. Williamson. "That must be Mr. Grayson's house. Mr. Selwood mentioned that an elderly gentleman and lady lived quite close to us. He said we should not find them troublesome neighbours."

"Of course, I remember. It was there Susan was to get the key. I fancied it was somewhere in the village, at the post-office or something."

They had now traversed the little carriage-way on foot, leaving Susan to carry in the small articles of luggage, with the assistance of the couple of coachmen and the two nurses, and a stout woman, with her sleeves rolled up above her elbows and a strong smell of soapsuds about her, who had followed Susan out of the house. Rebecca had entered the house by the open hall door while they stood staring about them, and emerged in an incredibly short space of time bearing a jug of rich-looking milk for the children, with a couple of goblets to drink it from.

The children, who had stood silent from excess of agitation, wondering at the unfamiliar surroundings, presently scattered in charge of the youngest nurse to explore the overgrown gardens, while a meal was being got ready for them by the indefatigable Rebecca.

Overgrown! It was overgrown. The gravelled walks were almost indistinguishable from the grass plots. Roses and creepers trailed from the walls and lay forlornly among the weeds with which the ragged, box-bordered beds were filled. Thistles and dandelions had sown themselves freely. Briars sprawled quite at home among the peonies and the pansies. The once velvet lawns from which the place had its name were now prairies of coarse grass; nettles and docks grew up to the house walls. The boughs of the trees were tangled and matted as the result of long neglect. Even the hall door steps had their little colony of weeds growing in the interstices.

"I don't mind dirt and neglect in the country," said Bab courageously. "In the country they are romantic."

"Wait till you see this 'ere 'ouse, Miss Bab," said Susan at her elbow. "Such dirt I never see! And that old party Mr. Selwood kep' in it, a perfect impojition! Mrs. Belson and myself—she's a good working woman for country—'as been cleaning out somewheres to lay your 'eads to-night, to say nothing of them blessed children. I hope 'tisn't finding it rheumantic they'll be, after all the slooshin' of water. Though I can't think o' them with rheumantics, nor any other kind of antics, seeing as how they're too good to live, as the sayin' goes, bless their little 'arts!"

"I don't suppose they'll be long so," laughed Bab, who felt light-hearted enough to fall in with Susan and vanquish the old enemies of dirt and disorder. "Why, I believe they are positively shouting! That was little Douglas—was it not?—that tiny shriek of joy. You'll be wishing presently for the happy days when they were good and quiet."

"That I shall not, Miss Bab," said Susan. "For, although a single woman, I expect nothing more than nature, and I don't 'old with quiet ways in children—that I don't."

They were by this time in one of the long rooms of the ground floor, where the furniture which had come the day before stood about in a helpless, disorganised kind of way. At one end Susan's assistant had been scrubbing, and the smell of soap strove with the atmosphere of a house long shut up and uncared for.

A French window was open at the far end, and Bab went towards it.

"It's picnicking day to-day, Miss Bab," Susan said, in explanation of the table standing outside the window, with knives and forks and a tea-tray laid upon it on a white cloth, and a large white cloth upon the grass beside it. "And if I were you and the mistress I'd just sit down there and wait for the eggs and bacon and the cup of tea Rebecca is making for you this minute. For trouble's a thing that'll keep; and, deary me, this house is a trouble to a clean art."

The simple meal was hugely enjoyed. At this garden side of the house they were out of sight of the straw and litter of the furniture vans, which added a squalid town detail to the neglect by which wild Nature had regained her own.

The grass had to be beaten flat to make banqueting couches for the little children as they sat to their meal. It was so beautiful in itself this grass, all grey and brown, its million seeds hanging like the spray of a fountain, that Bab thought quite regretfully of the necessity of having it cut down. But a meadow had no business to be springing up in a garden, and so it would have to go.

"I daresay we shall find garden tools somewhere," she said to her mother, "and, if not, we must only borrow them from the gentleman next door."

"That you won't, Miss Bab," said Susan, who was present during the discussion. "That gentleman you'll never lay eyes on, if you'll believe me. When I called for the key that day—an' me a single elderly woman, ever plain, and



"'You are doing it all wrong, missie.'"—*p.* 208.

not one to set 'arts beating pit-a-pat, as the saying is—that gentleman 'e just glid in the room like a ghost, dropped that there 'ouse-key on the table, and scurried away like any 'are I ever 'eard tell on. I asked the person wot opened the door to me wot was the matter; an' she told me that, although blessed with a missus, that there gentleman is mortal afraid of the female sect. I'm not surprised, looking at the person wot opened the door, for she looked to me a downright cat."

"You mustn't judge people on such slight knowledge, Susan," said her mistress, who had, however—and Susan knew it—a very strong faith in her old servant as a judge of character.

"'Tis only just to let Miss Bab know, ma'am, that to depend on Mr. Grayson is no better than dependence on a broken reed. Wait till we get the 'ouse in order a bit, me an' Rebecca, an' them blessed children out all day long, glory be! and if we don't find some way of clearing off all this rubbish of grass, my name's not Susan Stout. Not that I ever looked to do man's work; but in the country you must do as country does. And that midget of a Rebecca, if she is flighty, is worth a million o' them nurses, for all their bonnet strings! It'll put a bit o' colour in her, maybe, a-shavin' of that grass."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEIGHBOUR ON THE LEFT.



HOWEVER, the summer was long to get things into order at the neglected Lawns, and, as Susan had said, it was a blessing that the little ones could be out-of-doors all day, so that the tireless workers would be left to their work.

At first it seemed as though things never could be straight, as it seems with any undertaking of the kind. But, as the days passed, bit by bit order seemed to resolve itself out of chaos.

Fortunately, the house was old and solidly built of the best material money could buy, so that, beyond the neglect and the grime, no great harm was done. In many of the rooms the paper hung in strips from the walls, and where it did not it had become so grey and dingy that Bab, who was queen-regnant, decided it would never do to live with.

Downstairs they had no such difficulty. A dining-room oak-panelled, with a decorated ceiling and a high carved oak mantelpiece; a drawing-room white-panelled, with a faint tracery of cupids amid wreaths of flowers, and cherubs playing the lute and dulcimer—these were good enough for the most exacting tastes.

But the bedrooms were another matter. Part of Miss Selwood's fifty pounds was spent in the plainest wall-paper of pink and apple-green and cheerful yellow. Mrs. Belson, who had helped with the rough work at first, turned out to have a son, Bill, a cripple, who was handy at many things.

Bill undertook to hang the wall-paper for a moderate sum, and did the work very well. When he had taken his ladder and pastepot away, and the rooms were scrubbed out, Bab and her mother put up the curtains they had bought in the piece and made themselves. Indeed, all that summer the hum of the sewing-machine in the house was as incessant as the drone of bees without.

The curtains cost surprisingly little, and when they were up—apple-green curtains for the pink rooms, pink curtains for the green rooms, and plain white for the yellow rooms—they made a world of difference. And when that was all done there was still a goodly slice of Miss Selwood's gift intact.

They had agreed that carpets were almost out of the question. Fortunately, some very grey and indistinguishable floor covering which had been on the rooms when they came, proved—after Rebecca and Susan had taken it on to the grass, and spent many hours with scrubbing brushes and ammonia, soft soap and hot water—to be very good Brussels carpet, of a lily and fern design, which was cheerful and not too ugly.

Some more of the fifty pounds went in covering the nurseries with cork-carpet and curtaining the little beds, besides providing *portières* and screens against the winter. Bab was her mother's daughter in thinking of the children's comfort first of all.

But when the house was sweet inside, and delightful to look upon outside, with its windows shining, and the pretty curtains stirring in the summer wind, Bab turned her attention to the garden. The wide lawns that stretched away down to a cup of a valley in the near distance must be left for the present. Bab thought that if they were mown for hay it might be worth something; but by the time the house was habitable funds were very low, and must remain low till Mrs. Williamson's next remittance came in.

So Bab sighed over the lawns, and over the

couple of Kerrys she saw pasturing there for the children in her imagination, and turned away. They must do the things by little and little; and, after all, the milkman in the village supplied them with excellent milk, and the children were thriving beyond their wildest hopes.

The garden, where Bab had begun to clear a little space from the weeds, was bounded on one side by a high red wall, which divided it from Mr. Grayson's demesne. In spite of all the neglect, the fruit trees yet bore, and the wall was hung with cherries, black and red and white, while apricots and peaches were growing big, and the pears, that would not be ripe these three months yet, already seemed too heavy for the boughs to hold them. There were apples and plums espaliered around the choked beds; but the strawberries and raspberries, the currants and gooseberries, were so mixed up with bindweed and all manner of grasses that there was no getting at them.

Perhaps, later on, they might have a man to help them to clear away the jungle; but now hired help was out of the question. It was, of course, a great thing to think that there would be no rent to pay any more; yet the moving had been very expensive, although everyone had been so kind. Presently Bab knew that she would have Susan and Rebecca attempting impossible feats by her side; but meanwhile she must work alone as best she could.

She did discover in an outhouse some rusty garden tools, which Rebecca, by the aid of rags and oil, restored to some measure of efficiency. At first she found the fatigue of stooping at her weeding intolerable; the spade made her hands blister and her back ache, the shears gave her a disjointed feeling about the thumbs and fingers. At first she was in despair, feeling that she would never be able to make practical use of any of the things, and she had the hunger of the true country lover, long condemned to town, to be a gardener.

But as day followed day she found that she could dig a little more, wield the shears with greater freedom, and stoop longer at the weeding without the broken-back feeling she had had at the first.

They were all working out-of-doors by this time—Susan and Rebecca at the grass, Mrs. Williamson at the plots that once were flower-plots round about the house; but Bab had the garden to herself, and she grew to love the solitariness of it.

The garden was not walled all around. The house stood to the north of it. The eastern boundary was the wall that divided it from Mr. Grayson's; but the western was only a fine yew hedge, and to the south a low privet wall left it bare to the beneficent wind and the sun. For all its neglect, the place was sweet and wholesome, too open for dankness and vapours. At the head of her garden, since it sloped, Bab could see the lawns and the fields beyond, and the waving tree-tops of the wood that lined the steep side of the valley.

She had no time to think about her neighbours, nor had she explored the country round about, not even to the extent of walking as far as the coppice through which she could see the chimney-stack of her neighbour on the west.

On Sundays she had her church-going, and the intervals were filled in by letter-writing, for Bab wrote long accounts of all their doings to Mr. Selwood, to Lady Caird, to Aimée, and to all the sisters.

Still, as she went about her work in the garden she sometimes had an idea that eyes were upon her.

The neighbouring house was quite close to theirs, and once or twice, through a break in the trees of Mr. Grayson's garden, she had caught a glimpse of a lady sitting at an upper window. Once she had been almost certain that the lady was crying, and Bab had felt a pang of pity for her, since the bent head in the distance seemed a pretty and demure one, and Bab was fond of elderly ladies.

She had begun to flatter herself that she was making an impression in her little corner of the garden when, one afternoon, as she was staking some pinks, something soft and cool struck her on the ear.

She looked up startled, but there was no one in sight; only on the path beside her lay a most lovely rose, white, with the faintest pink at the heart and just suffusing the lovely petals.

With an exclamation Bab stooped and picked it up. Such a light of pleasure broke over her face that it was a thousand pities the donor could not see it. But there was no donor in view. A blackbird cocked his head knowingly in one of the trees that overhung Mr. Grayson's wall, and looked from his bright eyes as though he could tell her something very interesting; but it was quite obvious that the blackbird had not thrown the rose, since this is not a fairy tale.

Bab pinned the rose in the bosom of her navy-blue working frock, and felt the perfume of it about her all the rest of the day. It was the one rose she could wear, for Bab's red locks did not consort with roses as a

general rule. The queer mystery of the thing delighted her, although she had no sentimental dreams of a fairy prince. Indeed, her imagination went no further than a small old gentleman with a skull-cap, whom she had seen from the attic walking about the most exquisitely kept garden she had ever dreamt of.

A few days passed, and nothing happened. Then Bab took it into her head to try to graft the exquisite rose which had been given to her out of the sky on one of the garden roses which had become quite wild.

Bab had seen roses grafted, and went at the operation with a stout heart. She had made the incision, put in the dark red thorn from her beautiful rose, and was binding up the wound, when she had again the sensation of being watched.

She looked up hastily, and saw a mild, old red face looking down at her from the high wall. As their eyes met the face grew pinker, the skull-cap above it was suddenly whisked off, and said the old gentleman:

"You are doing it all wrong, missie."

"Oh, am I?" said Bab, looking dreadfully distressed. "I'm so sorry. I did want to grow roses like the one you gave me."

"The one I gave you?" the gentleman said, growing dark red.

"The one you threw down to me," rejoined Bab, her ingenuous eyes looking straight at him. "Didn't you give it to me, then, or was it an accident? I thought it *so* kind of you. I have wanted to thank you."

"It was—an accident," said the old gentleman barefacedly. "And so you want to grow roses like that, miss? You are in a great hurry, considering that that garden of yours is poisoning the country with bad weeds! You would hardly believe that that wretched bindweed of yours has come to me somehow underground."

"I'm so sorry," said Bab, looking up with clasped hands. "It's a horrid thing, isn't it?"

"I should say it was," said the old gentleman with heat.

"And so is this thistledown," went on Bab.

"Thistledown is another; but not so bad as bindweed. It's surprising what a lot of poison you have here."

"How you must hate me for injuring your exquisite garden!"

"Not as bad as that," said the old gentleman. "But how do you know my garden is exquisite?"

Bab felt rather ashamed to confess she had peeped.

"I can see it from the attic windows. I can't help that, can I? And it is so lovely!"

"It is our one happiness," said the old gentleman emphatically. "By the way, you'll never clean that garden of yours; and you'll never graft roses."

"Oh, don't say that!" cried Bab. "Won't you—won't you help me?"

But this was rash of Bab, seeing that she had heard of him as so shy and retiring.

"Help you!" he repeated after her. "My goodness, no! I couldn't help you."

And with that he was gone.

It was quite a week before she saw any more of him; and then she looked up again one afternoon to find him staring down at her. This time he did not look so alarmed or so red, and his face wore a look of great determination.

"You'd better let me turn my lazy Tom and his two lads into that garden of yours," he said. "You'll never get it into order. A pack of women! No tools, no knowledge, nothing! Those maids of yours are ruining the turf for ever. Cutting the grass with shears, too! What do they think shears are made for?"

"Who is Tom?" asked Bab in surprise. "And why should he be turned into my garden?"

"Because he's a lazy rascal, and has nothing to do in mine: he pretends to be my gardener. Because your garden is a great affliction to me, and has gone very near to driving me out of the country. Only for my poor wife——"

"Has it really?" asked Bab, conscience-stricken. "I hope that will soon be a thing of the past. The bindweed now——"

"Pooh! You are scotching, not killing it. Let Tom at it. I think I see American blight on an apple tree of yours. If that spreads, my fruit will be ruined."

"What shall I do with it?"

"You, missie! Let Tom do it. Some people use paraffin oil; but I believe in burning, cauterising, if you don't cut down the tree, and, if it is a bad case, I cut down the tree. I'll send Tom to-morrow."

"Oh, please, I don't think mother would like it."

"Then I shall take an action against you for ruining my garden. I've been thinking of doing it to Selwood a long time, but Selwood and I are old friends. Now, you are a stranger to me."

The mildness of his face made this threat the more alarming.

"You'd better send Tom than do that," said Bab, in tones of despair.

"Ah! I thought you'd come to a sensible decision. Only for a few days, to oblige me. It's very kind of you. Can you catch?"

He dropped a peach into Bab's outstretched hands; and then Bab could hear his descent as he scurried down the ladder as fast as his feet could carry him.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEIGHBOUR ON THE RIGHT.

BAB knew by now the name of her neighbour on the west. It was Mr. Chesilton, and he was the Squire and Lord of the Manor. She had seen his iron-grey head in the big pew at church, and a brown head beside it, pleasantly rippled over its surface with a suggestion that the hair would have been wavy if it had not been cropped so very close. That must be Mr. Chesilton's nephew; but since Bab understood that Mr. Chesilton and Mr. Selwood had not been very good friends—there had been some dispute about a right of way—she did not suppose she was going to be very neighbourly with the Manor House.

In her preoccupation with many things she had forgotten to warn the nurses that they were not to trespass on the Chesilton property. Indeed, except so far as her own little property was concerned, she knew very little about the lords of the soil. She knew that the long rolling field that ended at the wood finished her own demesne; but whether Mr. Chesilton owned the land beyond, or Mr. Grayson, or whether there was a landlord or landlords of whom she knew nothing she had hardly considered.

The nurses were Cockneys, and, like all the race, vastly enterprising where country adventures were concerned. To Bab one day the children, chattering at lunch—they grew as talkative as a grove of young chaffinches—described how they had been turned out of the wood by a gamekeeper and bidden to come there no more.

Bab asked the nurses about it. Yes, the story was quite true. Cis's nurse, Florence, a sturdy little person with eyes as brown as mountain trout pools, who thought that all the world was made for children, was quite excited over the indignity they had suffered. The children had been swinging in the wood, the babies had been asleep in their carts or on rugs spread on the ground, the nurses had been sewing. Rags had been putting up small birds for his pleasure. When into this peaceful paradise had come a horrid man in velveteens who had ordered them out.

"I told him he did ought to be ashamed of himself," said Florence; "but he up and said that every pheasant his master shot cost him a pound, and that we, and our dog, and them blessed lambs hollering with joy, were disturbing the game. I told him I thought his master a silly, seeing as how he could buy pheasants in the Portobello Road for one-and-six. I think he was ashamed of himself at that; but he said nothing at all, only stood holding the gate open in the most aggravating way for us to go out. And stood there till we was out of sight. As though we were going back into his old wood!"

"Oh, Florence," said Bab, breaking into the aggrieved narrative, which threatened to go on indefinitely, "you don't mean to say you opened a gate to enter Mr. Chesilton's woods."

"Why, of course, I did, miss. There isn't any other place about so nice and shady, and the sun is hot. The old padlock looked rusty, so I just took and knocked it off with a bit of stone."

"You broke a padlock!" cried Bab, aghast. "But that was a very serious thing to do, Florence. Did it not occur to you that you oughtn't to do it?"

"It never did, Miss Bab. The place looked cool and dark inside, and the sun *was* a glare, and little Douglas, the pretty lamb! he was complaining of his head. If that there Mr. Cheesingdon thinks more of his blessed pheasants than he does of Christian children, I'd like to tell him to his face what I think of him, so I would."

"Well, you must find some other place to take them, Florence," said Bab, looking serious, though much inclined to smile; "and be sure it isn't on Squire Chesilton's land."

"There isn't much shade anywhere else, Miss Bab, except we go down to the wood over the valley. And that may be his for all we know. And such a long way to go in the glare! He must have a heart of stone, that Squire Cheesingdon."

"Perhaps he knows nothing at all about it," suggested Bab. "Of course, the gamekeeper has his orders. And it was very imprudent of you, Florence, to take Rags into the wood. Indeed, Rags had better keep with me for the future. He might easily get shot in this country which is so much given up to game."

"You don't mean to say as they'd shoot him, a little pleasant thing like that!" said Florence, with round eyes of horror. "And all for the sake of a thing you'd buy for one-and-six in the Portobello Road. If that's the country, give me London!"

A few days passed after this conversation. The children went daily to the wood over the baked fields, returning only to their meals. It was quite true that there was little shade about the place, especially since Tom and his assistants had lopped and pruned. The Lawns lay on a high hill-top, exposed to the glare of a brilliant sun. There were many woods all about, but they were sacred to game, and Mrs. Williamson had seconded Bab in forbidding the nurses further trespassing.

A few days passed, and there came a late afternoon when Bab, busy in her garden, heard

the voices of the nurses and children as they trooped home from the fields. She smiled to herself as she heard the babel of little voices where there had used to be so listless a silence. Oh, how delighted their mothers would be if only they could see them now! thought Bab, smiling happily, and tasting the sweet joy of knowing that it was through her the children were here instead of withering in the London summer.

She was thinking these pleasant thoughts when she saw Florence come quickly along the garden path, wearing a very important face.

Bab sprang up hastily. She had the heart of a mother, rather than that of an aunt, and a very young one at that; and she was terrified lest something should have happened to one of the children.

"What is it, Florence?" she asked, breathlessly.

"It isn't that at all, Miss Bab," Florence replied. "Only, I wanted you to see what that there Squire Cheesingdon has put up—the wretched man! I couldn't a-bear to tell the mistress about it. There, I wish I had him in London. He'd soon know what people think on him."

"What is it, Florence?" asked Bab, expecting to find a mare's nest, for Florence, like all her class, was something of a sensation-monger.

"If you just come with me, Miss Bab. I wouldn't soil my lips by repeating it. But as sure as ever them lambs are in bed, me and Susan and Rebecca 'll 'ave it down if it was as much as my place is worth."

Bab, wondering, got up from her stooping position and went with Florence. They crossed the prairie grasses of the field, towards the belt of woods which encircled the Manor House, and were now in all their summer darkness of splendour.

As they went pheasants and partridges ran before them in the grass. The plumage of the pheasant was not unlike Bab's hair. Her hair was conspicuous as she went, and the nurse's white dress dazzled in the sunlight.

When they had come quite close to the wood, around which a rather unnecessarily strong iron fence ran, broken only by the little gate of Florence's delinquency, the nurse suddenly stopped, and pointed with a dramatic gesture to something above their heads.

It was a board, fixed in an oak tree. Bab looked up and read what was inscribed on it. The inscription was in great black letters that had a suggestion of violence. It ran:

TO TRESPASSERS.

Take Warning. This Wood is set with Man-Traps and Spring Guns. Anyone walking there does it at their own risk.

(Signed) GILBERT CHESILTON.

"Did you ever hear of such an old villain, Miss Bab?" cried Florence excitedly, watching Bab's face while she took in the contents of the placard. "Do it at their own risk, indeed! I've a great mind to go in there, and have the law of him if he murders me."

"You mustn't do anything of the kind, Florence," said Bab, forgetting to smile. Indeed, her lips quavered, and she was near to tears, because she felt so helpless and so angry; for, since the board was new, it must have been put up because of her tender little brood. She could not bear that anyone should threaten the children.

"You are sure it was not there before you trespassed, Florence?" she asked, and her voice had an imploring ring in it.

"*Sure!*" repeated Florence. "I wish I was as sure that my uncle at Gravesend was dead and had left me fifty pounds! It wasn't there last night at seven o'clock, Miss Bab, for as soon as them lambs was asleep I run out to hunt for my thimble which 'ave been lost since I was in the wood, but I disremembered that the last place I'd had it was there. Sure enough, I found it hiding of itself under an ivy leaf, and little the worse for being out of doors five nights, for it was Tuesday that man turned us out."

"I'd rather have given you a new thimble than that you should have trespassed again," said Bab, in some distress.

"Begging your pardon, Miss Bab, I wasn't going to make Squire Cheesingdon a present of my thimble," replied Florence, a little red in the face.

"Oh, well that's done with now," said Bab, ever of a peaceful turn. "But for the future you mustn't come this side of the field at all. By the way, how did you discover the board? I hope you weren't looking for anything else."

"Not me, Miss Bab. Catch me coming within a mile of his old wood. The thing caught my eye as I came walking up the field with the children. It's as plain as a church clock. So I just ran over to see what he'd been doing. I declare my blood boiled when I read it."

"Ah, well, don't think about it any more," said Bab, turning away. "It is fortunate we haven't Squire Chesiltons both sides of us."

There was the unmistakable aroma of a very good cigar in the blue evening air. There was an apologetic cough. Then a young man came shamefacedly out of the wood, lifting his hat from the brown head which Bab had seen in church. His left hand held the cigar out of sight, but Bab could see the little faint blue spiral of smoke ascending from it against the darkness of the wood. He stood just within

the railings, and looked at Bab with honest grey eyes a little troubled.

"I'm so sorry about that," he said, indicating the board with an upward jerk of his head. "He *would* do it. He has the gout rather badly. But there aren't any man-traps or spring guns. You might walk the wood from end to end and meet nothing more harmful than yourself."

"He meant it for the children," said Bab, with a dark shadow in her own eyes. "They are such quiet little things. I wish they were much wilder and rougher. But they were all born in India. They have not been long enough at home to be like other children. And the wood was doing them so much good!"

"He wouldn't hurt a fly," the young man went on. "Why, I've known him to—to"—he hesitated for an instance of his uncle's mercy—"to hand over a bird he'd shot to the keeper to finish it, because he couldn't bear to do it."

"He oughtn't to have shot it then," said Bab, with childishly severe brows.

The young man passed over this speech as too femininely illogical for an answer.

"He's awfully fond of little kids he is—indeed," he went on, stammering in his hurry to get the words out. "He doesn't know about the children. Davies, the gamekeeper, reported that he found a number of people in the wood with a dog, and no end of noise going on. He had an old quarrel with your—relative Mr. Selwood. And it is very hard to rear the birds, what with seasons too wet and too dry."

Bab had a whimsical notion of mentioning that you could buy the birds in the Portobello Road for one-and-six, as she felt sure Florence was longing to do; but the notion passed, and her serious mood returned.

"He should forget old quarrels," she said, "and above all he oughtn't to visit them on other people who have never even heard of them."

"I wish he could hear you say that, Miss ——." Bab quite refused to fill up the gap in his speech. "I shall tell him about the little kids as soon as he's better. I've no doubt he'll take down the board then, and feel horribly ashamed of himself, though I don't expect he'll ever acknowledge it. I think, when he knows, he wouldn't really want to deprive the children of any benefit they might receive from the wood. He is very tender-hearted where children are concerned."

"He has a very good nephew," said Bab, with the quaintest and most formal of bows.

As Miles Chesilton sauntered back through the wood to the Manor House, with his cigar between his lips, he thought much on the little preaching girl, as he designated Bab in his thoughts. What hair she had, like golden wire! No, he put away the comparison energetically, for what wire was ever so fine and so soft? Then the ivory-pale face with its few golden freckles, encircled by the wild glory of hair, how piquant it was! And those delightful, russet-coloured eyes; and the milky teeth like a young child's.

"If Uncle Gil could see her," he muttered to himself, "he'd forgive old Selwood all he ever did against him. And by the way, from what I remember of it, I believe Selwood was in the right. It seems a pity old friends should fall out over a stupid thing like that. It was like Uncle Gil to make himself a sort of village Hampden, and throw down Selwood's work because he thought it interfered with an ancient right of way which had been superseded by a road, and so is never used and never will be. I wonder what the little girl is to Selwood. I should like to hear her telling Uncle Gil he shouldn't shoot birds. And yet, though she did frown at me, she has a sense of a joke; I thought once she was going to make one. I wish Uncle Gil could see her. He's very soft where women and children are concerned. How fond she is of those children! And yet she is little more than a child herself."

Bab, on her part, was thinking that, after all, young Mr. Chesilton ought not to be blamed for his uncle's barbarism. He had really very nice, frank, kind eyes. No doubt he would prevail with his uncle to take down that horrid board. And mamma need not be told about it, since it would distress her so much.

CHAPTER X.

THE CAUSE OF WAR.



A FEW days later Bab was picking the suckers off her strawberry plants right under the wall which divided the two gardens when a voice came out of the sky as it seemed.

"Why not have goats?" it asked.

Bab looked up and saw Mr. Grayson's eyes looking down straight into hers.

"I've been thinking over it a good deal he went on; "and I've come to the conclusion that goats are what you require."

"What for?" asked Bab, sitting back a little for greater ease in conducting the conversation, and wondering whether Mr. Grayson were not a little mad.

His next words proved that he was sane enough.



"'What is it?' she panted, coming up."—*p.* 217.

"That field of yours is absolutely worthless now," he said. "The hay, as hay, is only fit to be burnt. I'll clear it off for you. You can pay me next year, when I'll buy the crop. There'll be a nice bit of picking for goats under it. Put in three. They'll keep the children in milk."

"Goat's milk! I never thought of such a thing," said Bab.

"Of course you didn't, coming from an ignorant place like London, where people's minds are as dark as its streets. But I can tell you"—the old gentleman spoke testily—"that goat's milk is exactly what those children of yours require."

"I am very much obliged to you for thinking about it," said Bab. "But where shall I get the goats?"

"Tom knows of three, milking. He'll send them round for you to see. Don't pay a penny more than fifteen shillings apiece. If you like, I'll buy them and deduct the price from the hay crop next year. You won't? Very well then. Business is business, that's all."

"You are *very* kind," said Bab, with shining, grateful eyes, looking up at him. "Won't you come in and let us thank you? I can hardly see you, craning my neck up like this!"

"Bless my soul, no," said Mr. Grayson. "I never go anywhere. What on earth made you think of such a thing?"

"Your kindness." Bab had tears in her eyes. "Just fancy your thinking about the children and what would be good for them! And how good you are to me! Such a kind, thoughtful neighbour!"

"No, no," said Mr. Grayson, emphatically; "a curmudgeon, a curmudgeon. I never want to see anybody. I'm very well content with my own company."

"So different," Bab went on as though she had not heard him, "from that horrid Mr. Chesilton."

"Ah, Chesilton, Chesilton; his bark is worse than his bite. No, no; no, no. I'm not half as good a fellow as Chesilton at heart, mind you, and the heart is the thing that counts."

"Well then, if you won't come in and be thanked, would you let mamma come in sometimes and see Mrs. Grayson? Mamma is so tender and so cheerful. 'An invalid lady——"

"Bless my soul, *no*," said Mr. Grayson, almost rudely. "My wife doesn't like visitors."

His head disappeared in a flash, and Bab was left repenting her rash speech—her heart was always running away with her tongue. And now she felt so snubbed and disheartened.

While she knelt there, very crestfallen, there began a shower around her of many things; first a rose, then a peach, then an enormous strawberry, then a couple of lettuces, then a little bunch of asparagus neatly tied together. At last over popped Mr. Grayson's head again.

"Southam wouldn't like it," he said; "and *she* wouldn't either, or I shouldn't mind what Southam liked. The woman takes too much upon her. Thank you very much all the same."

The rest of the time, as Bab went on soberly with her work, she thought a great deal about the poor little lady, who had sat at the upper window, with her poor face quivering and distorted with tears. And yet she had plenty of cause for happiness: for there was the exquisite garden, in which she was quite well able to walk about; and the house was a delightful old house, and, according to Susan, was filled with all manner of beautiful if somewhat grimy things. Of course, she had lost her one little child. The thought of that made Bab very sad for her. Still Bab wondered why she need be such a prisoner, and Mr. Grayson too. She had seen Mr. Grayson at church on Sunday; but he scurried away exactly as Susan had described his doing when she went for the key, as if he dreaded anyone speaking to him. Yet he ought to have had plenty of old friends; and as for brightening, Bab was quite sure that if he would only make friends with her the children would be the greatest possible delight to him and Mrs. Grayson, and might be trusted in his beautiful garden, unlike other children Bab knew.

It was Bab's temperament to be a little rash in jumping to conclusions, and it was lucky that her judgments more often erred on the side of generosity than the other way.

But now her mind jumped to the conclusion that the shadow over the Graysons' house—Graystoke, as it was called—was Mrs. Grayson's maid, Southam. She was the person whom Susan had seen the day she called for the key; and time had not softened the asperity of Susan's mind towards her.

"Mark my words, Miss Bab," Susan had said emphatically only the day before, "that there Southam woman has got that sweet, pretty old lady under her thumb, and keeps her there. She's been the old lady's maid these twenty years, ever since their little girl died, and Mrs. Grayson has been a sick woman from that day. Maybe it's the interests of some I won't mention, as have black, bushy eyebrows and the skin of a rignoskerus, to keep that dear lady a sick woman. I say nothing, Miss Bab; but Mrs. Grayson, that we calls an

old lady and acts as such and worse, is not by all accounts so many years older than the mistress, that looks to be her daughter. Why, Miss Hope would have been about the age of Miss Nancy if but she had lived."

Susan was familiar with all the village gossip, though she pretended great indignation when Mrs. Belson brought her a budget of it.

But without Susan's suspicions, which seemed to be the popular ones, Bab thought she must have suspected Mrs. Grayson's maid. She was a great raw-boned, black-browed, thin-lipped, cold-eyed person, who looked eminently fitted to be a prison warder or an attendant in a lunatic asylum, but not at all suitable as a nurse for a very gentle and delicate lady like Mrs. Grayson.

Bab thought the woman prowled like a cat. She had watched her from the garret window as she glided in a stealthy way about the garden, although her business there was no doubt quite legitimate. Once Bab had caught sight of her sleek, neatly banded head, bent in a listening attitude in a close, dark walk which ran round Mr. Grayson's garden. Craning a little further, she saw that Mr. and Mrs. Grayson occupied a seat just beyond the yew hedge by which the woman was listening.

Bab mentioned it to her mother; but Mrs. Williamson was singularly free from prejudices, and, while deploring the meanness of listening, thought that very probably Mrs. Grayson's maid took no such view of it as they did; she also thought it would be better for Bab not to overlook their neighbours.

So, gently rebuked, Bab thought the more. It was a place for thinking, The Lawns. And in those long, solitary hours spent in the garden her mind worked incessantly

Tom came duly to clear off the useless hay. As he came with a mowing-machine and two men the work was soon accomplished; and where the grasses had bleached white there was a fresh, green pasture, covered with tiny clover-heads.

The goats came and were purchased. Rebecca proved to have milked a goat in her early days, so the difficulty of milking was got over; and the goats turned out to be excellent milkers, and from the quantity they gave and their general air of well-being seemed to thrive well on the clover-heads. The children, too, prospered on the rich, sweet milk, and Bab was justified in writing enthusiastic accounts to India and China about the children's condition, which brought tears and smiles into certain lonely bungalows there.

In August a request came that Bab would join Mr. and Miss Selwood for a week at Margate. The old gentleman's health had improved so much that the doctors thought the change permissible.

Thither Bab went, and was very glad to be with her old friends, who were so glad to have her, and with whom she was the gayest of the gay. Yet the week was in reality a long one, though she would not have acknowledged it even to herself for worlds. While she sat on the crowded sands by Mr. Selwood's chair, and looked across to the other side where Miss Patty sat knitting and smiling back at her, she *would* not long for the quietness of The Lawns and the thousand and one interests that centred about her own house. Why, it would be the blackest ingratitude, she said, in her own mind, to grudge these dear friends who had given her all that happiness their one little week. And she did not grudge it. Yet when she left the white sands and the bands and the nigger minstrels and the crowds and crowds of people behind, she felt almost glad—would have felt quite glad if she had not just said good-bye to Mr. Selwood in his bath-chair outside the station, and if dear Miss Patty were not standing at the carriage door, sending all kinds of tender and random messages to Mrs. Williamson and the babes.

It was delightful to get home and to be made much of, and to feel that she had been so much missed that everyone thought the week without her like a year.

There was quite a feast spread for her; and Mr. Grayson, who had got to know somehow that she was coming home, had sent in a basket of his choicest flowers and one of beautiful peaches. And the tea was so good with the goat's milk, which is better than any cream, and the new-laid eggs so delicious, and the thin slices of ham and sweet country butter so acceptable to the hungry traveller, who only now began to feel the benefit of Margate air. Bab thought it a lovely home-coming altogether.

It was nearly over, and she had gone in to see the little ones in their cots, when Florence arrested her attention by an ominous "Ahem!" Florence had looked ominous right through, even when Bab presented her with a little silver brooch—she could never go anywhere without bringing home tiny presents for everybody—but then Bab had been too exhilarated to notice.

"What is it, Florence?" she asked, with a sinking of the heart. She hoped Florence was not going to leave—that her home-sickness for the London pavements had not become too grievous to be borne.

"It's them goats, Miss," said Florence, lifting that weight from her heart.

"The goats? Why, what have they been doing?"

"Why, they've stood up there on that Mr. Cheesingdon's fence, and they've stripped his trees as bare as my hand, right the way along. If you'll look out, Miss."

Florence lifted the blind. There was a full moon, and it shone on the bereft trees. They looked like a long range of ghosts in the moonlight.

"He 'ave put up another board," said Florence with gloomy satisfaction, "which 'ave wrote upon it, 'Goats or other animals injuring these trees will be shot.'"

"It doesn't look as if they could injure them much more," said Bab.

"Oh, can't they, though? Begging your pardon, Miss Babbie. They're a-eating of the leaves now, and the heights they gets to is surprising. They might be three times as high to see where they can reach to. And the branches they pulls down. And the greenstuff they eats. There! I couldn't have believed it, not of goats."

"We shall have to get rid of them," said Bab in despair.

"Not the goats, Miss Bab, and they so fond of the children! And their milk so good! Why, you can see the precious lambs getting fat on it! And so good for them driving away the goats from Mr. Cheesingdon's trees. They're at it all day long, and it's so good for their little legs! I wouldn't have them without it, not for anything."

"I must talk to Mr. Grayson to-morrow. I'm sure we can tether them. I've seen them tethered in picture books."

"They have been tethered," said Florence, "and they pulled up their tether. And what is more, the grey goat ate her chain. At least, we haven't been able to find it, although we searched the field for it high and low. But there, what do it matter, Miss Babbie, whether Squire Cheesingdon's trees are green or white so long as the children are happy?"

CHAPTER XI.

THE SICK CHILD.

SEPTEMBER came in very hot that year, with the thermometer in the nineties day after day. Everyone, even on the high hill-top, was languid with the heat; the children were fretful, and could not rest at nights. Every night there was a dank, rotting dew, which seemed to blacken and corrupt the vegetation. Every day the sun blazed in a brassy sky. Bab remembered such weather in Mallaquet Gardens, when the heavy air smelt of sewers that needed flushing; and was humbly grateful for the country because of the children, yet afraid to rejoice overmuch since so many children must live through the unwholesome weather in London and in London slums.

The wood on the edge of the valley proved, after all, to be Squire Chesilton's. Immediately after the episode of the goats it was placarded one morning with warnings to trespassers, and when Florence would have disregarded them gamekeepers turned her back with a hint of dangers in the wood to those who defied the placards.

After that Bab one day, as she went to the village post office, met Mr. Miles Chesilton with a gun on his shoulder and a couple of dogs at his heels. She would have passed him, but he pulled up in front of her, lifting his hat.

She stopped too. They were in the middle of the village green, and there were plenty of curious spectators, to whom the Squire's nephew and his doings were matters of much interest.

"I'm so sorry," he began.

"I don't blame you for it," said Bab, impelled to be gracious by the unhappy look in his eyes.

"I am glad you don't," he went on. "I had nearly brought him round—he is a dear old fellow really, not an ogre at all, but he thinks no end of the place, and those con——I beg your pardon—those wretched goats have ruined the plantation. And he will have it that you keep them on purpose to annoy him. He is very irascible, you know, and the goats——"

"I know. Mr. Selwood has told me how he *would* believe that the right-of-way was dug into entirely by way of interfering with him. So he went and flung all the clay into the trench again, and the tools over the fence; and, after all, Mr. Selwood was only making a drain, and the place would have been quite as it was in a little while. Then they went to law about it; and it cost them no end of money, and neither won, for of course it was proved that Mr. Selwood had no idea of interfering with anybody's rights. And so it ended, and they who were old friends have never spoken to each other since."

"That's about it, Miss Williamson." He had acquired Bab's name since their last meeting. "It seems rather foolish, doesn't it? I am sure he missed his old friend, but he would never acknowledge it. He will never acknowledge that he is in the wrong about anything. Yet he is really the best and kindest——"

"He needn't have shut the children out of the other wood too," said Bab, with a mother's frown. "However, it is a good thing he can't shut us away from the country and the sky.

I'm sorry for what the goats did; but I am going to keep them tethered for the future. You see, we can't do without them, for they give the children milk."

Miles Chesilton did not say what he thought—that no amount of tethering would keep the goats from his uncle's woods once they had tasted that forbidden sweetness, and that the next thing he looked to see was the goats dragging their tethers on the lawn of the Manor House, devouring the green things like a plague of locusts.

"No, of course," he said, instead. "But believe that I am very sorry."

"I knew it was not your fault," replied Bab, and then blushed when she had said it. But he had looked so troubled that once more her kind little heart had run away with her tongue.

He looked disproportionately radiant at her words, so that Bab felt impelled to bid him good-morning, and was uncertain whether to offer him her hand or not; however, as he put out his hand unhesitatingly, she could not but give him hers, and if he held it a second longer than was necessary Bab could forgive him that, for he had seemed to take his uncle's oppression so much to heart.

So now, banished from the woods, the children had their outings in the fields, on the roads, shadeless places, and places where bicycles came by swiftly and motor-cars rushed upon innocent travellers; and the changed state of things lay heavily on Bab's heart.

Even Mrs. Williamson did not know how fond Bab was of the children, and how since she was their hostess her responsibility towards them seemed trebled. On the roadside there was shade from the big trees and the woods between which the roads ran. But there also were monsters ready to rush upon little straying children. Bab rather worried Florence about it. In the end Florence thought she had better keep to the fields, and guard the children from the sun as well as might be.

But that was not so easy at noontide when the sun was high, and seemed to creep into every nook and cranny of the fields. Little children will wander, despite the utmost vigilance of the nurses, especially when the children were so many and so young as to be almost more than Florence and her assistant could manage.

These were days when the guns were popping all day in the turnip-fields, and Bab, looking from the upper windows, could see grey-coated figures that were those of Squire Chesilton's party of guns.

She became interested in those figures after it had become a common thing to find a brace or two of partridges on the hall-table, inscribed with Mr. Miles Chesilton's compliments. After all, it was not his fault if his uncle was disagreeable; and Bab became quite heated when she was alone in defending him from imaginary persons who would say that there ought to be no friendliness with the nephew of such an uncle.

Mrs. Williamson, who had the most tender conscience, was, indeed, troubled over those birds. She imparted her scruples to Bab. Did Bab suppose that Squire Chesilton knew of these courtesies of his nephew, and, if he did not, were they right in accepting the Manor House partridges?

Bab was quite sure the Squire knew nothing at all about it. If he did, he would have a fit. But she was just as sure that Mr. Miles Chesilton was of an age to act on his own initiative, and she thought they might take it for granted that he was free to distribute the birds that fell to his gun as he would.

Mrs. Williamson's scruples were laid to rest. Bab had told her every word that had been spoken between her and young Chesilton on the two occasions when they had met. Despite what the Malplaquet Gardens circles, in the old days, had called her cleverness in marrying her daughters off, Mrs. Williamson was not suspicious that every young man was a lover or suitor for her girls. Life had been so kind to the little woman that it was easy to believe in kindness which had no other motive than to be kind. She saw Bab despatch her little formal notes of thanks with interest. What a pity the young man's uncle was so unfriendly, else they might have been pleasant neighbours!

Her mother's unsuspectingness gave Bab heart-searchings during her solitary hours. Yet what was there to tell which she had not told? The young man's eagerness, something in his eyes when he looked at Bab, the strong grip, yet tender, with which he held her hand: Bab put the thought of these things away with a blush that stained the clear pallor of her cheeks. If these things had been, they were not to be put into words, not even for mother, not for anybody. And, after all, they were very shadowy.

One day, when Bab had gone upstairs on some trivial errand, she saw from the window the party of guns a couple of fields away. They were in the field where of late Florence had taken the children. She stood a moment idly by the window watching them. Then she saw the children come in sight over the brow of a deep cup, a disused gravel pit or the like, which the fields had taken back to themselves

and clothed with their tender green. What a number of children there seemed, clustered about the two nurses! Then, with a sudden sharp throb of alarm, Bab noticed something—what was it? Something of fear, of trouble, in the way the group was huddled together. She snatched up her mother's opera glasses which stood near her, and looked through them.

Now she could make out Florence. She was carrying one of the children. The others were clinging to her skirt. They were coming towards home. They were near the grey-clad figures. Now one of the men had separated himself from the others and joined the little group. He called to the others, and they came as well. They were all about Florence. What, oh, what had happened? For surely one of the children was hurt. The whole scene spoke of anxiety and perturbation.

Bab dropped the glasses and fled out of the house. Forgetting the glare of the sun, she sped hatless across the field, meeting no one on her way. She had not gone far before she saw the others coming. Florence was no longer carrying her burden. The child was in Miles Chesilton's arms. Another man walked with the group, but the remainder of the shooting party had gone back to their work.

Ah! it was little Douglas that Miles Chesilton was carrying. Bab could see the child's pale golden head now. If anything had happened to him, what would Cis, his mother, say to them? He was the frailest and the most beloved of her children. Everyone loved little Douglas, the gentle, serious child whom love did not spoil, but rather made more pliant. He was Bab's darling of them all; but it was characteristic of Bab that she thought first of the child's mother.

"What is it?" she panted, coming up to them. "Is he hurt? Has there been an accident?"

"He is ill. There has been no accident. We shall get the doctor and see. I beg your pardon. You ought not to be bareheaded in this sun."

Young Chesilton turned to Florence, whose tears were running down her face. She understood, and handed her umbrella stupidly to Bab, who took it as stupidly. The old gentleman who walked with them, and who looked as unhappy as anyone, took it from her hand and opened it above her head

"I don't know what it is, Miss Bab," cried Florence, answering an unspoken question. "He seemed all right, only a bit sleepy, this morning, and I put him asleep on a rug under the hedge. When I came to look at him he was like this."

The child's face was flushed a dark purple colour. He lay quite limp and lifeless in the arms that held him.

"The doctor, the doctor!" said Bab, hardly knowing what she was saying. "There is no doctor within three miles."

"We shall get him as soon as possible," said the old gentleman. "Miles, give me the child. Take Troubadour and the dog-cart. Bring Vernon back with you. There, my dear, don't fret. The child is in the hands of God."

Bab looked at him, too terrified by her first experience of serious illness in children to feel much interested in anything. She had a vague idea that this must be Squire Chesilton, the children's enemy, who had forbidden them the woods and had threatened to kill their goats. Well, he was kind now, at last, when he saw what harmless little things they were, especially Douglas—Douglas whom everybody worshipped. Bab suddenly choked and stumbled.

They carried the child into the house and laid him on Mrs. Williamson's bed. The young nurse took the other children away to their own sunny, pleasant nursery. Florence remained, and Bab; and the grandmother presently came in with her bonnet and cloak still on, and sat and stared at Florence undressing the child.

She only spoke once.

"Cis has sent him a great box of soldiers," she said. "It came this afternoon. I have been writing to tell her how well they were. I have just been to post the letter."

"He did want his soldiers, the pretty lamb," said Florence, with a set face.

In the confusion no one noticed that Squire Chesilton, the upright, rosy-faced, white-haired old man, who had taken the child so tenderly from his nephew and carried him so well, had hastily disappeared as soon as he had laid the child down upon the bed.

And there was the box of soldiers from Cis, and the tender, rallying letter to her darling, who lay in a stupor with wide-open eyes that seemed turned back in their sockets through the nights and days that followed.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OGRE TRANSFORMED.

DR. VERNON had come and diagnosed the case. He had no doubt it was meningitis. Had the child had a fall? No. No hereditary tuberculous disease in the family? No. Had he been exposed to the sun during these glaring days? If so, that was the most probable cause of the mischief.

He was a hard-working, conscientious man, but ungentle in manner. To Bab's imploring question as to the chances he replied:

"Oh yes, there are chances; there are always chances. But it is a bad business, a bad business. I can only tell you that I've had experience of half-a-dozen cases of this sort, and the child always died."

There was only one thing to do—to telegraph to Sid. Fortunately he had not taken his holiday, there was a whole month due to him. He had been waiting till Phyllis could take her holidays, so that they might be at The Lawns together.

In the case of most men one might have hesitated at asking them to spend a much-needed holiday in professional attendance on a sick child. But not so with Sid. Twenty-four hours brought him. He was accompanied by a little grey-haired, brown-faced nurse, to whom he had been kind, and who had a great friendship for and belief in him.

"I took the responsibility," he said to Mrs. Williamson. "Nurse Shaw is the best aid any man could have in fighting a life and death fight. She will not upset the house as so many nurses do. You will see."

He took day duty with the child, and Nurse Shaw took the nights. A curious quietness settled down upon the big house, as though everyone in it were holding his breath while that fight was being waged.

Day after day passed. There was no change in the little body burnt up with fever, the straining eyes, the queer, unnatural chatter that came from the parched lips. There were days and nights when, except for sleep and food, doctor and nurse never left the sick-room. The nurse, whose nature it was to be as cheerful as a cricket, was now quieter than a mouse. It seemed an eternity that time of waiting; and Bab hardly dared to look through the half-open door of the sick-room at the strange, unnatural, little head, packed in ice bandages, that lay there with eyes looking backward, backward.

Even when at last the fever seemed to drop away, and the exhausted child slept naturally, neither doctor nor nurse lost the strained look their faces had worn. Passing in and out the sick-room little Nurse Shaw would pause to answer Bab's anxious questions kindly, and would then pass onward with a face full of care.

Weeping with the child's nurse—poor Florence had wasted with anxiety and remorse—the day the child slept Bab forgot to have misgivings. But afterwards they returned. Why did Sid yet look so grave, and why had he forbidden her to write yet awhile to tell Cis her darling had been in the jaws of death and had escaped?

Bab took to haunting the door of the sick-room, where now everything was so still. She kept her fears to herself. She would not sadden her mother, who was quietly and gratefully joyful, nor the child's nurse, nor the others who were only too happy to accept the good the day had brought them.

She transmitted the message to those who came to inquire, that the child was going on nicely; but though she heard, or fancied she heard, the disappointed inflection in Miles Chesilton's voice as he turned away day after day without seeing anyone but Susan, she would not see him, not just yet.

Even the garden had no help for her these days. She liked to steal away and be quiet and pray, where none could see her, that the child should be given back to his mother. Even prayer, save of the most ejaculatory kind, was difficult in those days. She stole between the sick-room door—the child was in the unfrequented wing of the house—and the Manor House wood all day long. She had found the boards gone, and the little gate open and fastened back lest it should close, the day after the child had been taken ill. Bab was not one to refuse the silent overture; and the wood, which was so solitary except for birds and wild things, was a comfortable place in her mood.

Yet she was hardly in the wood before a thought would strike her that there might be some news of the child; and she was back again as fast as her feet could carry her to the long, light corridor which she wore with her feet at night. Sometimes Sid came out and found her there, and smiled kindly at her, telling her the child was asleep. Yet why had he not relaxed a jot of his vigilance? Why was he as careworn as when the fever was at its height?

There were times when Bab thought of asking Sid; yet she feared his answer. Better uncertainty that still permitted her to look those other unconscious people in the face than a terrible certainty.

Then one day, as she was sitting in a window-seat of the corridor, the door opened and Sid came out. The whole expression of his face had changed. An immense relief, an overpowering joy, were in it. He came and seized Bab by the two hands.

"He is awake, Babbie," he whispered exultantly. "And his little brain is all right, thank God! He is as sensible as you and me. Come and peep at him."

Bab went in on tiptoe, and peeped at the little shaven, unfamiliar head. The child recognised her and smiled faintly.

"You can go and tell Nurse Shaw, Babbie,"

Sid whispered, rubbing his hands. "She won't mind being wakened up for that news. This last week has been the worst of all."

As Bab went downstairs, having imparted the good news to the little nurse, on her way to her mother, she heard the soft knock at the door which she had come to know was Miles Chesilton's. Often it had made her heart leap up in spite of her as she sat in the chilly corridor upstairs. October was near its close now, and the days had grown short and cold. But the house was golden to Bab as she came down the stairs and saw through the fanlight above the door the warm corn-coloured gold of the great chestnut without.

"Ask Mr. Chesilton to come in and speak to me," she said to Susan, who came hastily from the back premises.

She opened the door of the drawing-room and went in. Her mother was not there, sitting with her needlework in the chimney-corner, as she had expected. Her cheeks tingled with a sudden sense of her own rashness at receiving the Squire's nephew alone; but there was no trace of the colour when he came in, stepping softly as though his footsteps might wake the child

"Well?" he said, smiling at her frankly. "What is the good news to-day?"

"The best of news. He is awake and knows us. I would not see you before because we did not know how it was going to be. His dear little brain might have been injured, and it is such a wise little brain, clear as crystal. Think what it would have been if we had had to give my poor sister and his father back the shell of their boy!"

He uttered an ejaculation. His emotion brought him a step nearer to Bab.

"I had no idea that there was such a danger," he said soberly, "and I am very glad I hadn't. The Squire has been fretting himself to death over it. But we thought for the last week that the child was out of all danger."

"So did everyone except the doctor and nurse. I suspected it, or at least I suspected something from their silence. Oh, thank God!"

He looked at her with honest sympathy.

"You look as if you had been going through a good deal."

"I have. I used to hide in your wood from the unconscious faces of those who thought there was only cause for joy. I found it a great refuge."

Her natural instinct of graciousness had impelled Bab to make the speech; but she could not have anticipated the flood of delight that swept over the young man's face.

"You've been in the wood? It was like you to understand. The dear old man set the gate open himself, chained it back himself. Even the goats may come in now."

"They are in their house for the winter. We can't presume too much on Squire Chesilton's goodness," said Bab, blushing with pleasure.

"Ah, that reminds me, Miss Williamson. Would your mother allow my uncle to call? He wants to make his *amende* in person. He would go up to the cannon's mouth to do right, once you have brought him round to see that it is the right."

"I think my mother will be glad. But she is not the cannon's mouth, you know."

The young man looked with interest at Bab's sparkling eyes and the innocent enjoyment of her smile.

"No, indeed. I saw her once. I don't think anyone need be afraid of her."

Mrs. Williamson came in then, and being made acquainted with the young man's request gave a very willing assent. She was pleased with young Chesilton, who had the modest and eager manner which commends young people to their elders. Miles Chesilton had the fortunate way which pleases a woman, whatever age she is. There was a little air of homage in the inclination of his sleek head which won the heart of the elderly woman, who remembered the days when she was charming.

He went away almost immediately, divining that Bab had not yet told the great news to her mother.

"What a nice boy! How fond his mother would have been of him," began Mrs. Williamson.

"I am glad his uncle is so sorry," said Bab, simply. "But I wanted to tell you, dearest. The child has been awake and recognised us, thank God! Now I know what has been weighing on Sid's spirits. There has been a danger, happily past, that the child's brain might be injured. He is himself, thank God! His little soul looked out at us awake and conscious from his sunken little eyes. He will do well now, Sid says."

"Thank God!" repeated the grandmother humbly.

The next day the Squire came with his nephew. Such a subdued Squire! Bab could measure the difference because of Susan's stories. According to Susan, Squire Chesilton was of most volcanic temper, and his language picturesque to a degree when he was put out.

He too won Mrs. Williamson's heart by the thoroughness with which his *amende* was made.

"I hear the little chap is doing well," he said with contrition. "If he had not been, I could

never have forgiven myself. I cannot forgive myself now, because doubtless it was his exposure to the sun did the mischief. You will hardly believe it of me, ma'am, but I was wrong-headed enough—aye, indeed, and wrong-hearted enough—to think that my old friend Selwood had turned all those children loose upon me for my annoyance. I thought it was a school or an institution, I really did. You see, I shut my ears to what people might say; and there were so many of them."

"There certainly are," agreed Mrs. Williamson. "But you see, sir, I have so many daughters married in India, and one in China; and they are glad to send the children home to me, and I am very glad to have them."

"And I should think they are very glad to be here," said the Squire heartily.

"We are very glad to be here," said Mrs. Williamson. "We lived in London before; and there was no room for the chicks. But now we have plenty of room; and there is another little family coming to us soon. And presently the fathers and mothers will be getting leave and coming home too. But The Lawns has room for everybody."

"Mother would have slung hammocks all around the walls in Malplaquet Gardens," laughed Bab, "rather than turn anyone away."

"I can well believe it," answered the Squire. "But no doubt the free country is a great blessing and happiness, especially where little children are concerned. And I can only hope, ma'am, that you'll make any use you like of me and the Manor House. You're a newcomer, and this place has been neglected for long. And—and—in fact——"

So they made a pact of friendship. And after that the dainties that were showered on the sick child—at least, nominally on him, for no child, well or ill, could have eaten a tenth part of the game and grapes and new-laid eggs and such things that were sent for Master Douglas, with the Squire's compliments—were somewhat embarrassing to Mrs. Williamson, who was a spirited little woman, although it had fallen to her lot to accept so many kindnesses from her friends.

Once she protested that it was too much, but the protest fortunately was made to Mr. Miles Chesilton, instead of to his uncle. "For," said the young man, "if you were not to accept these trifles as kindly and heartily as they are sent, I really could not answer for the effect on the Squire. It might even drive him back to his angry ways and thoughts. Whereas now he has changed so much that I hope he will presently become reconciled with Mr. Selwood."

"How delightful that would be!" broke in Bab. "For Mr. Selwood has never ceased to feel it. He told me as much when I was with him at Margate in the summer, and that the estrangement was his reason for not coming here. He seemed to think, but I daresay that it was a mistake, that The Lawns was a sort of Naboth's vineyard to your uncle."

"It was certainly Chesilton property two hundred years ago. It was won from Ralph Chesilton at a game of cards. Still I think that has not affected my uncle's point of view. He and Mr. Selwood were friends till the trouble over the right-of-way, and that was entirely due to the Squire's hot-headedness and impatience."

So the friendship between the Manor House and The Lawns grew and prospered. And presently when little Douglas was strong enough to be taken for drives it was in Squire Chesilton's carriage he went, on a pleasant May day strayed into December.

Nurse Shaw was gone back to her hospital work, taking the goodwill of everybody with her, so Bab and Mrs. Williamson occupied the other seats of the carriage.

But Squire Chesilton, who had long forgotten his first humble demeanour, would allow no one but himself to do anything for the child. And little Douglas, oddly enough, liked the Squire to do things for him better than anyone else, and would turn away pettishly from more skilled fingers to the Squire's eager and awkward ministrations.

"For all the world like as if the child was his grandson," said the country people who met the carriage on the road.

It was an odd thing that the blustering Squire had become like wax in the hands of any of these little children. Perhaps Douglas was his pet of them all, but he was hard run for first place by Andrey's daughter Sheila, who promised to be the image of her Aunt Babbie.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

IN the autumn of that year Dolly came home with her four small sons. She was to have six months at home, to get them used to doing without her; and at times, to hear her, those six months were like golden sands running out, while one counted them, and never to be regained once they were gone.

Dolly was the little one of Mrs. Williamson's family, childishly small and young looking, with a round, babyish face and wide, bright eyes under straight, black hair.



"'Here is your homage, Babbie,' she said."—*p.* 224.

Yet she was by no manner of means childish in character. Her marriage, like those of her sisters, had been a love match, and it was the shadow on these golden hours that Jim Lovell was left alone, administering the affairs of a baked little Indian town somewhere in the Bombay Presidency.

"You wouldn't believe it of Jim," said Dolly to Bab, who received her confidences with intense sympathy, "but the dear fellow, when he saw what it was going to mean to me to part with them, positively suggested that I should set up a little house at Brighton, and keep with them till he should come home in five years time! I can imagine myself sitting in the sea wind, listening to the band, while my old Jim boiled his head off for us with hardly ever a creature to speak to whose complexion was white!"

Bab's heart leaped to the scorn in her sister's voice. Dolly's feelings were quite the right thing, even if she did drop into a slangy phrase.

"There are lots who would do it, Doll," she said. "You remember Mrs. Buchanan, and Mrs. Everett, and Mrs. Cope. They were the gayest of the gay, too, unless anyone suggested that they were going back."

"I remember. Selfish cats!" was Mrs. Lovell's comment.

"Perhaps," suggested Bab, diffidently, "their husbands weren't like Jim."

"Perhaps not, indeed. I should just think they weren't. But that is no reason for leaving them in that awful solitude, with only brandy-pegs to console them, poor wretches! I'll tell you what, Bab—I have no patience with some women."

"Of course, if their husbands weren't—like Jim, they might be horribly fond of the children, poor women," said Bab, feeling that she was walking on uncertain ground, since she could have no positive knowledge of the feelings of the married.

Little Mrs. Lovell looked at Bab with a profound pity for her great ignorance.

"There are women, Babbie," she said, "who push out the husband for the children as soon as the children come, and they are the women who love by instinct, not by reason. Now I—it will be death to me to part with the children next April, to lose those tender years of theirs, and leave them to all the chances of life." She lifted her hand and dashed away a bright tear or two from her long, dark lashes. "It is a death that has always been in my thoughts since Watty was born. But it would be worse to stay with them, as my old Jim suggested. You see, it works out this way, Babbie. If the children don't miss me, and they won't miss me after a little while"—the small face was curiously contorted for a second—"they are very young, and it is not as though they were being left with strangers. So it will be only I that will suffer. Whereas nothing could make up to Jim for just me. He would go on missing me for ever."

There was a bright spot in each of her round cheeks as she concluded. Bab said nothing, but sat looking at her wonderingly. How good the love must be that lasted like that—nay, rather, that grew like that, for if some fantastic, unreal things of young love could not survive, surely immortal things come to take their places.

However, Mrs. Lovell intended to enjoy herself amazingly, so she declared, during those six months at home. Fortunately it was a mild, bright season till well into the winter, and just before Christmas the frost set in and turned the whole countryside to silver. So there was plenty of opportunity for outdoor life still, even though one had to be more careful with the children, especially with the new arrivals, than if they had been reared in England.

Dolly at first had looked enviously at her small nephews and nieces, whose cheeks yet carried some of the gold and crimson of the summer sun. Her own little ones were peaked and dark even by their not over robust cousins.

"Wait till next year," Bab would declare, flashing her quick, fond smiles round the little circle. Then she remembered and turned with contrition to Dolly. "You will see for yourself, Doll," she said. "Before it is time for you to return to Jim you will see those cheeks growing like little hard red apples, and those limbs putting on flesh. Yours have the best chance of all; for the others came to us in town. You remember, mother dear, how Malplaquet Gardens this time last year were swallowed up in black fog day after day for nearly a week."

"I remember," said the mother.

"And the children were so puzzled at the topsy-turvydom of breakfast by lamplight, and thought the days were lost, and that henceforth life was only to be made up of nights."

She turned joyous eyes on the prospect of the sparkling fields and woods outside the window.

"I am always feeling *too* happy at having the children out of London," she said more soberly. "Then I have to remind myself that so many children have to stay there."

"Only we are not responsible for those," said Mrs. Williamson.

"How very fond Babbie is of children!" Dolly remarked. "Yet she is little more than a child herself."

"Going on for twenty, good elder sister," replied Babbie, with a toss of her head.

"She looks exactly as she did when she was four years old," went on Mrs. Lovell. "You remember her, mamma, in a little moss-green velveteen smock, with her hair so very red, and her face just as pale and smooth as ivory, if not quite so yellow. She has changed very little."

"She has led such a quiet life," said Mrs. Williamson.

"Ah! India is the place for withering up the cheeks and drying the life out of the hair. Yours frizzes as much as ever, Babbie."

"Good little people," cried Babbie to the children, "we are taught that personalities are rude. Let us leave those rude mothers who talk about people before their faces. It is dry in the wood to-day, and there is a grove of hazel-nuts still heavy with the fruit. Come along, for everyone has to get on their gaiters and woollen gloves, and Aunt Babbie is coming too."

She swept the children out of the room with her in a cheerful, excited little crowd.

"How happy she is!" Mrs. Lovell said, turning to her mother as the door shut. "She radiates happiness. It comes like sparks from that hair of hers."

"She is happy indeed. She has been like that ever since we came, except while Douglas was ill, when she was eclipsed for a time. She loves the place, and has such a grateful heart. Babbie won't grumble at the seasons here any more than she did at Malplaquet Gardens."

"She told me yesterday she loved the winter best. It was glorious indeed, seeing a grove of bare black oak boughs outlined against a rosy and violet sky."

"She loves the winter best while it is winter. She will love each season best as it comes."

"Ah, well, mother dear, keep her as happy as that. Her lot could hardly be bettered."

"If you would all but be content to stay young! Little Babbie will grow like the rest of you. I confess I see no sign of it at present."

"What would you do if Babbie were to marry as young as the rest of us? What about the children?"

"I have sometimes thought of that. But she may not want to marry till the children are all reared and given back to you, if she marries at all."

"Marries at all! A girl with Babbie's looks and Babbie's pretty ways! What a loss it would be for somebody! There is, by the way, a very good-looking young man next door, who seems uncommonly taken with Babbie."

"His uncle has other views for him," said Mrs. Williamson quietly.

"How do you know?"

"He told me so."

"The young man?"

"Squire Chesilton. He destines his nephew for a certain Lady Harriet Agnew, the daughter of the Lord-Lieutenant of the county. I think it is a family arrangement. Think of my little Bab, the child brought up in Malplaquet Gardens! It is much too romantic to suppose that she should occupy the place destined for a Lady Harriet. Such things only happen in the stories written for women of the lower middle and working classes."

Mrs. Williamson's tone was not encouraging, but her daughter was not turned from the discussion.

"The Squire ought to have kept up his first attitude, then, towards this family. Where are his eyes, not to see Babbie?"

"He sees her very much," said the mother drily. "Indeed, I think that, after Douglas, he likes her best of all the children."

"Ah, I see. He thinks of her as a child."

"He thinks of her so little as a possible niece-in-law that he would be slow to suspect anyone else could think of it."

"You would not encourage the young man?"

"I should be sorry to have to discourage him; but I don't think the need will arise."

"Is he engaged?"

"I haven't gathered so much."

"Ah, mother dear, then, he isn't a bit safe. And then——"

But what else Mrs. Dolly might have said is a mystery, because there was a sudden rat-tat at the hall-door knocker, and a mighty clanging of the hall-door bell, and in rushed Susan upon them, in such haste that she had forgotten to change her apron or remove the soapsuds from her arms.

"It's Miss Pat," she panted, "in the station fly. Rebecca is opening the door to her this minute. I caught a sight of her from my pantry, so I thought I'd just run up and keep you from hearing the news sudden-like."

But Mrs. Williamson had turned a little pale, and was standing up, leaning with her two hands upon the cloth of the breakfast table.

"What can have happened?" she asked, turning scared eyes to Dolly. "We only heard a week ago, and there was nothing about her coming then."

"There hasn't anything happened," said Susan, wiping her arms down with her coarse apron. "She's handsomer than ever, and she's prouder than ever, sitting there among her boxes. She

looks a deal too fine for the station fly. It's in one of them fine carriages that's always going by the door she ought to be sitting. She'd become it better than a station fly."

However, by the time the speech was finished Susan found herself talking to thin air. So, with a broad smile of welcome on her honest plain face, she followed the two ladies as they hastened out to greet the returned wanderer.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.



IN December gardening operations are necessarily limited, yet Bab found a good deal to do under the superintendence and advice of Mr. Grayson, whom Pat very soon christened the Head Gardener.

Not that he showed at first when Pat was anywhere about. But at other times he seemed to spend nearly as much time on top of his ladder as Bab did in her garden; and as he could be silent for quite a long time Bab came in time to feel his presence no more of a hindrance than that of the birds, who had begun to practise their spring songs and were on the most fearlessly friendly terms with her.

Indeed, she ceased to think of Mr. Grayson until he spoke to her, which he never did unless she was making a mistake in some of her gardening operations, when he would call down to her, "You're doing that all wrong, missie," with a suddenness which would have startled a more nervous person. But Bab would reply quite calmly, "Set me right then," and would stand with docility, shading her eyes, as she looked up at the old face above the wall and listened for instruction.

The garden was narrow and long, so that she was hardly ever beyond sight and earshot of her eccentric neighbour. Sometimes he would pop up when Pat, who had discovered a new talent for doing nothing at all, was standing on the garden-path gazing away to the south, with something in her eyes which Bab found uncommonly tragical.

Pat used to laugh when she detected the old gentleman in the act of popping up and down; but it was the laughter of one who has the keenest sense of humour—Pat was not Pat for nothing, and would laugh if she were a-dying—and the merriment, passing, left her with the lonely and stormy look in her great eyes once again.

She liked to be with Bab, who never seemed to notice things or ask questions as elder folk might. Yet Bab did notice, and thought to herself, bending over the wet winter clay, that all the desolation of the saddest evening skies was in Pat's eyes and Pat's expression—Pat who had used to be so independent, and to carry eyes shadowless as little pools that reflect only a hand's breadth space of bluest heaven.

At last, one afternoon the sisters were in the garden—Bab working, Pat dreaming as usual—when the most lovely pink rose, just cut from a hot-house tree, thudded on the gravel before Pat's feet.

She picked up the rose, and shook the gravel gently from its delicate petals. She glanced up at the wall. There was no one in sight.

"Here is your homage, Babbie," she said, handing the rose to her sister, who had not noticed it fall. Bab looked up, glanced at the empty wall, back at the rose, and shook her head, smiling.

"He has come round to you, Pat," she said.

"It is for you, Babbie."

"Not it! Even Mr. Grayson wouldn't expect me to wear a really pink rose. He has, I assure you, taken special care to suit my complexion when he has bestowed flowers upon me. That is why I am quite certain it is for you."

"It's awfully pretty of him," said Pat, "if it is really for me. I wish he'd let me thank him."

But there was no sign of the face which looked down so unconsciously and with such a friendly air when its owner found Bab alone.

However, later on, when Pat had strolled away to the wood with Rags for her sole companion, Mr. Grayson reappeared.

"Your sister didn't mind?" he asked anxiously.

"She thought it most kind of you."

"Tom did not like my cutting it—he wanted to show it. But I shall cut what I like. Servants grow very presumptuous nowadays. I shall have to dismiss Tom again. I dismiss him at least twice a year, but he never goes. They're afraid of you, my dear, when you show them you're master. At least, the men are; women folk are more troublesome."

"Why don't you dismiss Southam?" asked Bab, on the wildest impulse, "and see that she goes?"

Her face reddened and her heart beat as she made the astounding remark, which surprised herself almost as much as the hearer.

Mr. Grayson, indeed, stared down at her as though he could not believe the evidence of his senses, and his lips moved dumbly, saying over her extraordinary speech to himself.

"Dismiss Southam!" he said at last. "Dismiss Southam! Why, I never heard of such a thing. What would my wife do without Southam?"

"She would do very well," said Bab, looking up at him as daring as a robin.

"Why, bless my soul, I never heard of such a thing. Dismiss Southam!"

He stared at Bab for a moment with the blank incredulity in his eyes, and then was gone.

Lady Caird came to them for Christmas. It was a great reunion, what with Dolly and Pat home, and Sidney and Phyllis down for a whole ten days. And then the children. The children were to know what a real English Christmas was like. They were to have a Christmas-tree, and tableaux, and what not. The elders were as busy as ever they could be, planning all the delightful secrecies for the children.

For the tableaux some of the children had to be taken into confidence, but these were arranged by the younger folk, by Bab and Pat, Sidney and Phyllis, and only the actors were in the secret.

The big drawing-room was given over to the festivities, and Pat, who was mistress of ceremonies, carried the key.

The tableaux were for Christmas night. A few days before Bab suggested to her mother that their neighbours on each side of them should be asked to join. Mrs. Williamson acquiesced smilingly. But while the Squire and his nephew accepted with effusion, no answer came from the other side. Only just the last day there came in a great basket of Christmas roses and winter aconites and snowdrops, which were the very thing for Christmas, as well as some more conventional hot-house flowers. And when Bab set out to spoil her own garden she found her old friend looking over the wall.

"I wanted my wife to come," he said, in a half whisper, "but Southam wouldn't hear of it. I've been thinking of what you said about Southam. I can't leave my wife, you see. I am all she has."

Saying this he disappeared.

Bab was very sorry not to have the old couple; yet she thought, after all, that perhaps someone else would prevail upon them to quit their solitude. For on Christmas Eve the one thing which she needed in her cup of pleasure came, in the intimation that Mr. Selwood and his sister had decided to spend Christmas with them. Bab had not hoped for it, for she knew Mr. Selwood had always his own children and grandchildren around him for Christmas. But just at the last the plans had been altered, and the sister and brother were to revisit The Lawns for the first time for many years.

It can be imagined what preparations there were. It was fortunate that the tableaux and Christmas-tree arrangements were all so well forward, for Bab could not be got hold of on Christmas Eve, so busy was she seeing to Mr. Selwood's room and Miss Patty's; so that in the end Susan became rather offended, and remarked that, to judge by Miss Babbie's goings on, no one would believe that she (Susan) had ever made up a bedroom in her life.

Just at the last, when it was nearly time for the travellers to arrive, when the fires burnt brightly in their rooms, and Bab had given the last touch of comfort and prettiness to everything, she had a sudden thought that made her fly in dismay to her mother.

"Mother dear," she cried, "how could we have forgotten? There is the Squire coming over innocently to-morrow night to dinner, and walking straight into Mr. Selwood's arms! And they haven't spoken for twenty years!"

Mrs. Williamson's face reflected the dismay in her daughter's.

"It is very awkward," she said. "But it can't be helped now. We must only see that they are divided at dinner."

Then the guests arrived, laden with all sorts of parcels, which were huddled away mysteriously in the big bedrooms to await Christmas morning.

On the morning itself Bab managed to whisper in Mr. Selwood's ear the terrible intelligence that the Squire was coming to dine.

"Pooh, pooh!" said the old man. "Are we to think of our petty quarrels while the 'Gloria in Excelsis' is in the air? As for me, my dear, I have forgiven Chesilton long ago. But he's peppery—he's peppery—and will have kept it up for me. If Gilbert Chesilton will shake hands with me, I'll shake hands with him."

The Christmas dinner began at the unfashionable hour of six, on account of the children, and the tableaux that were to follow. The dinner was on the most orthodox lines—roast beef and plum-pudding, roast turkey stuffed with chestnuts, mince-pies, and any amount of holly and ivy. The plum-pudding was brought in flaming at the right moment; the popping of corks and the sound of the crackers the children were pulling added to the atmosphere of festivity.

To the relief of the elders, Squire Chesilton

showed no trace of resentment at being confronted so unexpectedly with his old enemy. Indeed, as he sat with little Douglas on his knee, enjoying Mr. Selwood's good cheer, he looked as genial as possible. Still, he had given no sign that he had ever seen Mr. Selwood before. A stiff bow, when he came face to face with him, had not encouraged Mr. Selwood to further advances.

Presently one or other of the children disappeared, and those who remained were so overflowing with excitement that they could not keep still, and pears and grapes and apples were spread for them in vain.

So at last Mrs. Williamson took pity on them and announced the move to the drawing-room, whither so many of those who had sat at the table had preceded them, and disappeared as though by magic.

The drawing-room was splendidly arranged for the entertainment. At one end was a raised platform, with footlights before it, and heavy green baize curtains screening it. In front of the curtain the chairs were arranged as an auditorium, in a horseshoe shape, which gave everyone the best chance of seeing.

The suspense among the children was so great that by the time the curtains began to go back there was a little sob of relief from the audience.

The curtains were drawn back slowly, slowly. There was a soft light on the scene—Sid had seen to the limelight.

There was a troop of children going down a rocky defile. They carried little banners over their shoulders. An old man was leading them. The little ones were poised lightly as though they went leaping from crag to crag, light-footed as goats. The children in the audience were tremendously excited recognising the children in the tableaux. But was that—could it be—Sid, under the crown of white hair, his comely face half hidden by a long, white beard? And what were those figures behind the children? Other children? No: angels. With each little one an angel went. Above the tableau was written in letters of gold "The Children of Spinalunga."

Another tableau was very different, and yet not unlike. An old man, with a pipe to his lips, pointed to the distant mountains. The children were following him in a long line. Some were smiling, some running; one or two gazed backwards wistfully. Above were blue skies and clouds like snow. It was "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

Again there was Bab, surely Bab, under the veil and crown of a queen. She held an apron full of roses, at which she gazed in awed bewilderment. Roses lay on the sward at her feet. At the side of the stage a group of children, forlorn now and in very shabby garments, held their hands for the bread which had become roses.

But perhaps the tenderest and prettiest of all was Bab as Sir Joshua Reynolds' Mrs. Cholmondeley, with the biggest of the children's dolls laid along her arm and pressed to her young breast and her fingers on her lips for silence.

Bab's mother was watching Bab from the darkened auditorium with tears in her eyes. If anyone had been looking at Miles Chesilton as he bent forward with his eyes on the tender scene, they might have wondered what Lady Harriet Agnew would have thought of the emotions on his face. Pat, indeed, at the corner of the horseshoe, looked at him once and away again, as though the sight hurt her.

The lights were turned up in the auditorium, and the audience seemed to come back with a sigh to the events of everyday life. There was a moment's pause. Then Squire Chesilton, who had been sitting by Mrs. Williamson, stood up deliberately and crossed over to Mr. Selwood. Without a word he extended his hand: without a word it was taken.

CHAPTER XV.

TROUBLE.



"BABBIE," said Lady Caird, on the last day of her stay, "what has gone wrong with Pat?"

They were in the drawing-room, which had resumed its usual aspect, the Christmas festivities being all at an end. It was a sparkling, frosty day of the new year, with a throbbing joyfulness in the air which told that the year had taken the turn towards spring. Everyone was out except Bab, who was nursing a little cold, and Lady Caird, who was rheumatic and loved the fireside in winter.

"What has gone wrong with Pat?" Bab repeated, from her seat on the fender-stool, where she was toasting her ivory cheek to a deep crimson. "Why, what makes you suppose that anything has gone wrong with Pat?"

"Equivocation, my dear," said the old lady, "which deceives no one, least of all your old

friend. Tell me the truth, Babbie. Something may be done to set things right."

"Dear Lady Caird"—Babbie snatched up an Ophelia fan of peacock's feathers to screen her cheek, and made a picture that would have enchanted Aimée beyond words—"I don't know anything about Pat. I am so sorry. She is not like the old Pat, who had no secrets. I know what you mean. She is not the old Pat. More than that I do not know."

"Tell me now, Babbie, like a good child. What brought her home so suddenly from that place where that heathen woman sent her? I was always against it, you remember."

"Ah! That is precisely what none of us know."

"She was happy there?"

"Ideally happy at first. She used to write that they were exquisite to her. She was as happy as the day was long apparently. Then she came home. She made no explanation. She was tired of it—that was all. I think mother thought it quite natural she should be tired of it, and was too glad to have her back to ask questions."

"I know. She doesn't see the change in Pat. She has no suspicion of anything being wrong."

"That is because Pat never lets mother see her—as I have seen her. I don't know how you suspected it."

"I caught Pat, the evening of the tableaux, when she thought every eye was off her, or she had forgotten to think, and her shutters were down. She's had trouble, poor child, in those outlandish places. Has she never given you a hint, Babbie?"

"Except," answered Bab, in a low voice, "that once or twice she let fall a word about the place where she has been, saying that their exquisite courtesy is for those they consider the most beneath them, and that for her part she would rather be a poor girl in a cottage in England than swaddled in all that sweetness, which was but a kind of contempt after all."

"Ah!" Lady Caird became thoughtful. "If it was a matter of money now, Babbie. Of course, Sir Joseph's money goes to Sam. Still, I have savings. They are all meant for you, child; but you would not grudge the help to your sister."

"You are very good," said Bab gratefully; "but——I am afraid we shall not be able to help Pat that way."

"You don't know, child. Money can work wonders. Good British money over there where——"

Bab repressed a smile.

"Dear Lady Caird, the Marchioness is of royal blood. I'm afraid, if Pat's trouble has anything to do with anyone whom she met there, that money will not count for very much."

"Foreign royalties are always bankrupt," said Lady Caird. "Still, perhaps the money would be no good. It is only a little nest-egg, after all. So we can't help Pat in that way, you think, Babbie?"

The old lady looked at Bab wistfully.

"We can't do anything," Bab said decidedly. "Don't you see? Whatever has come to Pat, she must be left to fight it out by herself. She is fighting it out. It is not a thing in which we can meddle."

"Sure, Babbie?"

"Quite sure."

"I daresay you know best. I am a great many years away from my girlhood, and I was never in love with Sir Joseph in that foolish way. I had a fancy——Never mind. We were a loving old Darby and Joan, after all, till he was taken from me. I daresay he wore better than the fancy would have done."

Lady Caird went away with a last whisper in Bab's ear to let her know if there was anything that could be done for Pat.

"You will always be safe," she said, kissing her god-child. "You were born under a lucky star, my dear, and are a favourite of fortune. I shall have no need to intrigue benevolently on your account."

Bab laughed, a heart-whole laugh. She could like people very much without being in love with them, and she had heard with no perceptible dimming of her brightness about the Squire's arrangement of an alliance for his heir. She had had to put her foot on one or two little dreams, and bid them not raise their heads again; that was all.

She had not been in the garden for days because of her cold, and so had seen nothing of her old friend. Mr. Selwood had not been able, as Bab hoped, to persuade Mr. and Mrs. Grayson to take part in the Christmas festivities. He had visited them in their own house, and had been grieved at the change in Mrs. Grayson.

"She's nearly young enough to be my daughter," he said, frowning, as he described the visit to Bab. "What's sixty? I ask you what's sixty?"

"Why, I suppose it's just sixty," replied Bab, seeing that he waited as though for an answer.

"It's more than that, you minx. To a man of close on eighty it's youth. Why, I had the world before me at sixty. And there's that poor thing become quite old and feeble, positively feeble. She looks to me as though she weren't long for this world; and then what



"'Oh!' cried Bab, 'you must never say such things again.'"—*p.* 237.

will poor Grayson do? For since they lost their little girl he's been completely devoted to his wife. Poor thing! she was quite pleased to hear all about the children—she's seen them from her windows, and seems to know them by heart. Yet, when I pressed the point, and asked her to come in and see them nearer, she looked at that black-browed woman, who was in and out of the room all the time like a dog at a fair, and said she couldn't think of such a thing. She was as flurried as though I had suggested a trip to the moon."

"I don't like Southam," said Bab.

"Nor do I, though I don't go as far as my sister, who says she's a murderess. I don't like to think of a gentle thing like Minnie Grayson in her hands. You can't imagine what a pretty thing Minnie was when Grayson married her. We were all in love with her, we were indeed, and Grayson as cock-a-hoop as possible because he'd won her. Still, you don't think the woman can do her any harm? Grayson is always there. Upon my word, if I thought otherwise, I'd go in and order her out myself."

"I think Mr. Grayson would get rid of her," said Bab, wisely, "only that Mrs. Grayson seems to cling to her. She has some kind of training as a nurse, and invalids get so dependent on their nurses."

"I know. I know that they will bear anything from them."

At last only Sid and Phyllis were left of the visitors, and they had but a few days longer to stay.

Bab, in her enforced house keeping, thought a good deal of the affairs of her little circle. After the conversation with Mr. Selwood just before he left, she thought often of the old couple next door, and longed that she might detach them from their limpet-like seclusion. Bab was sure that the children would make such a difference to Mrs. Grayson if she would become friends with them. Bab was sure no one could ever be sad or lonely with children about.

The children had gone to bed one evening, and their elders were having the quiet hour or two in the drawing-room which was the usual thing before retiring. Bab was making a child's frock by the light of the shaded lamp. Dolly was darning, with a whole basketful of little stockings by her. Pat was at the piano, playing something which had a deal of trouble and heartache in it. Looking across, Bab could just see her sister's delicate profile uplifted in the darkness of her hair; and, looking round the room, she wondered that no one but herself seemed to hear the wail of the music. The lovers were on a couch in a shadowy corner, happily absorbed in each other—as though, Bab thought with a certain affectionate contempt, they were together for only a little while, instead of being each other's companions in London as constantly as Sid's long hours permitted.

Suddenly the quietness of the house was broken by the tinkle of the electric bell at the hall door, which Sid had amused himself by setting up during his holiday.

"Who can it be?" asked Bab.

Her mother and Dolly looked back her wonder. Phyllis and Sid stopped talking in order to listen. Only Pat seemed to have heard nothing, but played on, her thoughts apparently a world away.

There was Susan's foot on the stairs, and another hurried, uncertain one with it. The feet were at the door. It was opened. Susan's voice announced "Mr. Grayson," and the little old gentleman came shambling into the room.

He was so obviously agitated that the words of welcome froze on Bab's lips. He stood panting a second before speech could come. Then he looked round the room, and his eyes fell on Sid's face.

"You will excuse my intrusion," he said to Mrs. Williamson, not looking at her, "but I understood from Mr. Selwood that you had a friend, a doctor, staying with you. Perhaps this is the gentleman? My poor wife is very ill, and the doctor is three miles away."

"I will come at once," said Sid, "if you'll allow me to fetch one or two things. Would you mind telling me what is the matter exactly?"

"She has fainted, sir, and we cannot bring her to." The old man began to tremble. "It seems that she has fainted before, but nothing like this—nothing like this. Her attendant has kept it from me. She has always been able to bring her round before, but we can do nothing now. Pray, sir, come at once."

"I shall be with you before you reach your own hall door," said Sid, seeing the old man could hardly bear the detention. "I have only to fetch one or two things that may be necessary."

Bab went downstairs with Mr. Grayson, and, seeing that his footsteps were somewhat uncertain, she put her hand into his arm, and led him as though she were his granddaughter. He did not seem to notice, but she thought he leant a little on her. When they reached the hall she hastily pulled on a pair of overshoes, and, reaching to the rack, took a warm wrap and put it over her head and shoulders.

Only then did the old gentleman seem to observe her.

"Are you coming with me, my dear?" he asked gratefully.

"Just to your door," she said. "Sid—Dr. Le Mesurier—will let us know if we can be of any use. Mother is a splendid nurse, and I have had a little experience with the children. We shall

sit up and see if Sid wants us. Ah, here he comes!"

Sidney was following them over the frozen path, and had overtaken them in a second.

"Run back now, Babbie," he said. "Your dress is rather thin."

"We shall wait up for you, Sid."

"I don't suppose I shall be long," he replied, hurrying Mr. Grayson with him into the house.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT.



THE little party waited long for Sid's return, so long that the fire had to be replenished several times and the frosty cold crept into the house, as it will when the hour gets late, no matter how diligent one is over the fires.

It was an anxious little party, too. Mrs. Williamson's novel ceased to interest her in view of what was happening a few yards away. Bab had tired of her work, and let it fall into her work-basket. Dolly sat, a stocking extended for darning on her hand, with the needle sticking in it. Phyllis walked about uneasily, taking up things and setting them down again. Pat had left the piano, and sat in a low chair, with her chin in her hand, gazing into the heart of the fire. Only Rags slept and snored. And they could hear the servants stirring about downstairs. Neither Susan nor Rebecca was the kind to think of their sleep when there was anything in the nature of illness about.

At last Mrs. Williamson pulled the bell, and when Susan appeared in answer suggested that she and Rebecca should go to bed, since they were up at cock-crow.

"Begging your pardon, ma'am," said Susan, "I'll do nothing of the kind. 'Tisn't Christians we'd be calling ourselves if we could lie and snore like that dog there, not knowing whether that poor soul next door were alive or took. I misdoubt that Southam woman has been poisonin' of her. If so, I'll go to her hanging and welcome. My poor mother often told me of the time the pirates was hanged at Newgate, and——"

Just then midnight clanged in the frosty air from the church clock, and almost simultaneously there came the sound of Sid's foot on the grave outside; so Susan departed, and her reminiscence of the great hanging which her mother had attended went no further for the time.

In a second or two Sid was among them. His face wore a frown such as the little party at The Lawns had never seen it wear. A thought came to Bab's mind of "the awful takin'" Dr. Le Mesurier was in at the hospital, according to Rebecca, when there was dereliction of duty. All the same, there was something of strenuousness in his face, of power—as though, Bab thought, he had been waging a good fight and had come out of it triumphant, although still angry.

"I want Susan," he said to Mrs. Williamson. "Can you spare her to them next door for the night?"

"Here I am, and welcome, sir," said Susan from the doorway, where she had waited to hear the news.

"I can have her at once?" he asked, turning to Mrs. Williamson.

"Of course, my dear boy."

"I'll come back and tell you all about it," he said, dropping Phyllis's hand, which he had been absently caressing. "That woman Southam is locked in her room, and I have the key. But I want to transfer her, lest she should disturb my patient. I can trust Susan to keep guard over Mrs. Grayson."

"I can answer for Susan," replied Mrs. Williamson.

"If she puts a foot inside the poor old lady's room," said Susan, "I'll hit her over the head with a chair."

"Oh, don't do that," said Mrs. Williamson, seriously, which made Bab burst out laughing, despite her eager sympathy and curiosity about her neighbours; a laughter in which the others joined.

In a very short time Sid was back, and standing on the hearthrug, wearing still that Olympian frown on his young brow. They were all clustered about him, and Phyllis was looking up at him as though she looked at the Archangel Michael. Perhaps the expression of Sid's face was not so much unlike that of the triumphant archangel.

"The poor lady is in a quiet sleep," he said in answer to their questions. "We brought her round at last, though it was a tough job. And she will do all right now, I trust, under God."

Again his brows knitted and his eyes flashed fire.

"To think that such things should be possible," he said stormily, "considering that the husband was always about! Then what would have happened if he had not been?

Oppression of the helpless is the most abominable crime that human nature is capable of. I would punish it by the severest punishment that could be devised."

His sweetheart looked up at him with delighted admiration; but the others wanted to hear what had happened, and Bab's impulsive "Do tell us about it, Sid," brought the recital.

It seemed that Mrs. Grayson had a skin trouble, which the woman Southam, either ignorantly or knowingly, had persuaded her into believing was cancer. The woman treated it herself with quack remedies, and of course aggravated the trouble very much, causing the poor lady such suffering that Sid declared she must have endured tortures for a couple of years back. Nor was the bodily pain the only thing. Mrs. Grayson had the greatest horror of her husband learning the thing she supposed herself to be suffering from. This fear the woman had held over her as a whip, extracting money and jewellery from her as a bribe to silence. As soon as Mrs. Grayson had recovered from her faint, had discovered that the young doctor knew her secret, and had heard his assurance of the causelessness of her terror, she poured out everything in a rush of confidence to him.

"I can measure what her fear of the woman was by her agitation when she was telling me," Sid said. "She could hardly believe that she was not the victim of a mortal and terrible disease. As for the husband, he was frantic when he discovered what his wife had suffered."

"You have not let her go?" asked Bab, breathing fire and fury equal to his own.

"I locked her in her own room while I came for Susan. But she was frightening my patient there. So I removed her to the cellar downstairs. It is a nice dry cellar, fortunately for her; but I didn't stop to make inquiries."

"She let you lock her up quietly?"

Bab remembered Southam's height and brawniness and the dark determination of her face.

Sid laughed grimly, then stroked his biceps fondly.

"Luckily, I keep up my training," he said. "You see, it is very rough about the hospital, and one has to be able to mind one's self."

"And defend others," said Phyllis, with the manner of an outburst. "He will never let me tell you, mamma, but——"

"Nonsense, nonsense!" said Sid almost sharply, and then with a sudden contrition lifted up Phyllis's hand and kissed it.

"What will you do with her?" asked Bab, effecting a diversion.

"The poor lady wants us to let her go, but I don't think we can do that. There ought to be some kind of a mark against her, so that she will be less likely to get another position of the same kind. However, there will be time enough to think of that in the morning. It is time for sleep, children, time for sleep."

So they went to bed an hour after midnight, and slept as well as excitement would permit them to do.

Dr. Le Mesurier paid his patient a very early visit next morning, and found her better than he had dared to hope. Indeed, she was quite blissfully at peace, being relieved of the fear which had overshadowed her life and eaten at the roots of it for some years past. Mr. Grayson was by his wife's bed when the doctor paid his early visit, and did not seem as though he could tear himself away. She was so engaged comforting him in his grief and remorse over what he persisted in regarding as his negligence that she could not think of anything else. Both were quite willing to agree to Sid's proposal that he should send for his indefatigable little Nurse Shaw.

"This," he said, indicating Mrs. Grayson's trouble, "will need care for some weeks, at the end of which time I expect it will be entirely healed. After that there must be no more playing at invalidism. There is nothing wrong with your wife's health, sir," he said to Mr. Grayson. 'There is happily no reason why, after a time, she should not bustle about like any other woman of her age. As soon as she is out of my hands and Nurse Shaw's, I would suggest that you should take her away for a time from where she has suffered so much. Break the association. I would suggest the Riviera, now, in February."

The couple looked at each other rather helplessly; but there was something of hope and joy in Mrs. Grayson's mild, faded blue eyes.

"My wife has not been beyond her own garden for I don't know how many years," said Mr. Grayson irresolutely.

"Then it is time for her to make the attempt," rejoined Sid, smiling down at them, so brave and strong that it was encouraging to see him.

"The spring will begin in February, John," said Mrs. Grayson, putting a thin hand over her husband's. "Perhaps we shall feel able to think of Dr. Le Mesurier's project in spring."

"Of course you will," said Sid. "Isn't there someone, someone of your kin, who would go with you?"

But they shook their heads. They were a very lonely old couple.

Afterwards there was a consultation between Mr. Grayson and Sid, and as a result they somewhat reluctantly decided to let Southam go unpunished. So Sid went down and set the prisoner of the cellar free, and, having forced her to disgorge the greater part of her ill-gotten gains, he

saw her out of the house, her black trunk being wheeled on the gardener's wheelbarrow to the inn, where she would find a conveyance to take her to the railway station. So she disappeared into the black world of London. She had, no doubt, feathered her nest well, even though she had had to give up the jewels; but it fretted Sid that she should have gone unpunished.

However, the people most concerned seemed to think very little about money, and to count it as a little thing that the woman should have gone off with so much spoil; and it was all important that the connection with Southam should cease as soon as possible for Mrs. Grayson's sake.

So she took her shadow off the threshold of Greystoke; and little Nurse Shaw came down in her pink-striped hospital dress, the incarnation of kindness and helpfulness, to take the patient in hand.

Then Sid called the women folk next door into consultation, for the house was found to be dirty and neglected, since Southam, for her own purposes, had strenuously resisted the introduction of other servants.

Fortunately Bab had just heard that Mrs. Patten's Kate and Ada, who had accompanied their mistress to Paris, had been sent back by her, since they seemed to suffer from home-sickness. So the pair were engaged for Greystoke; and a most admirable arrangement it seemed likely to prove, since they had been accustomed to serve a delicate mistress, as well as being competent servants.

There was now a great deal of communication between one house and the other. There was a cheerful bustle of cleaning going on in Greystoke, where the services of Mrs. Belson and her Bill were also in requisition. Sensational reports were constantly arriving of the dreadful state in which things were in the dark corners and places of the house, owing to Southam's neglect. The woman's ears must have been hot in those days, Susan remarked, "that is to say, if ears she has, which she haven't an 'eart."

So it came to the last day of Sid's holiday. Phyllis had a few days longer; and to look at her disconsolate face one would have thought the parting was to be for ever.

Sid had been to see his patient. It was now little more than a formality, as things were going on so well in Nurse Shaw's hands; and every day Mrs. Grayson grew brighter and prettier, so that it began to seem quite unfair to talk of her or think of her as an old lady.

The visit was rather a prolonged one. It was a wet morning, and Mrs. Williamson and her four girls were clustered about the drawing-room fire when he came in.

Phyllis turned her wonted smile of content and faith in him towards him as he came in. Her melancholies were not for Sid's eyes. She was the first to see that he was disturbed.

"Why, what is the matter, Sid?" she asked, making the others all look at him.

"Something very unexpected has happened," he said. "In fact, not to keep you in suspense, Mr. Grayson has asked me to go with them to Mentone in charge of Mrs. Grayson's health. They mean to stay till the end of May. He offers me something munificent—in fact, five hundred pounds for the time. I had no idea they were such rich people."

"And you have consented?" asked Mrs. Williamson.

"That depends on Phil. What do you say, child? I was wondering what I should do when my time at the hospital was up next month."

Phyllis had turned a little pale, but her eyes were bright.

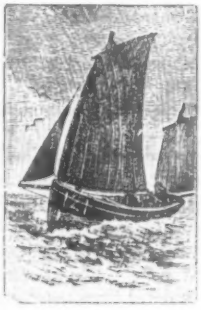
"You will say 'Yes,' of course," she said, smiling at him.

"And you'd better come home while I am away. I want to see if the country will do for you what it has done for Babbie. The money will not be needed now. Who would have thought of five hundred pounds? What a windfall! And I really think, mater, that when I return in June we may get married."

So it was arranged; and when all the beds were gay with crocuses amid a sprinkle of snow, and the blackbird was shouting all day long from the black trees, Sid and the old folk next door went after the summer.

CHAPTER XVII.

A NEW FRIEND.



MEANWHILE the friendship between The Lawns and the Manor House had thriven apace to all outward seeming. The Squire was always finding occasion to drop in for one reason or other, usually something connected with the children. It was in vain for Mrs. Williamson or Dolly, who were responsible persons, to protest that he was spoiling the children. His gifts of toys and fruit and sweetmeats came in a steady shower just the same, and his plans for the children's enjoyment were made and carried out as rapidly as ever.

The country in winter does not offer many opportunities of entertainment to little children, but it was astonishing how many Squire Chesilton found for his small friends. Was there a meet of hounds? Then the carriages from the Manor House must convey the children in a huge state of merriment and excitement to witness it. No grandfather could have been more pleased than the bachelor Squire when on one of these occasions little Douglas discovered him, where he sat, motionless in scarlet, on a fine bay hunter, in the midst of a lawnful of ladies and gentlemen waiting for the signal to start. The Squire was the Master; but he made the field wait while he responded to the child's ecstatic shriek of recognition, riding to the side of the barouche, and lifting his darling for a few seconds in front of him on Crusader.

Then there were entertainments of one kind or another at the county town four miles off, and none of these went unattended by the children.

It was at a bazaar in the Town Hall that Bab beheld for the first time, with a certain wistful interest, Lady Harriet Agnew, whose name gossip had connected with that of Miles Chesilton.

She was a very handsome girl, so tall that she made Bab feel little beside her. Hers was the long, tapering figure which seems to belong almost exclusively to the aristocracy, and her height and slenderness were accentuated by the dress of the day. She was brown-haired, with a warm complexion and velvety brown eyes; and she looked with kindness at Bab and the group of children who came in clinging to the wide skirts of the Squire's old-fashioned coat.

She had charge of a stall of toys, and the Squire was her best customer. Watching her as she strove patiently to find out what the children liked best, Bab thought she could love her. She threw upward humorous glances at Bab, as she knelt down ransacking the hidden stores of her table for something to please an exacting child. Bab could not but smile back, and give the amused sympathy that was asked for.

Presently they were all satisfied, and a move to the tea-room was suggested.

"You will come, Harriet?" asked the Squire; but Lady Harriet shook her head. She must not think of tea for hours yet, now that the business was just beginning.

Then she turned to Bab with a sudden delightful smile.

"Do stay with me," she said, "and help me to sell. They will send you a cup of tea here. See, here is a whole basket of violets to be made up into button-holes before the golden youth begin to come in. And my hands are full with the toys. *Please* may I have her?" to Mrs. Williamson. "*Do* intercede for me, Squire."

But Lady Harriet did not need Mr. Chesilton's intercession. Mrs. Williamson was as much fascinated by her as Bab.

"I daresay Babbie would like to," she said, turning to her daughter. "Wouldn't you, dear?"

Bab would; so the little party sailed away and left her. Business was really rather slack at this hour; so Lady Harriet had time to carry off Bab to a dressing-room and array her somewhat as she herself was arrayed, in a sort of dainty muslin overall, with capacious pockets and much looped and trimmed with ribbons. Bab, with a green knot in her hair and a smock of muslin patterned with autumn leaves, was excellently suited.

Lady Harriet pulled her about, pinched here, and pulled out there, till at last she was satisfied. Bab's mane, which of late she had been trying to flatten to sobriety, stood out round her head like a halo. Her bronze eyes, ever so many shades lighter than the other girl's, were aglow with pleasure.

"'My love in her attire doth show her wit,'" quoted Lady Harriet, drawing her before a glass, and then dropped a sigh because she had not her string of emeralds to put around Bab's creamy throat.

"But I'm not going to a fancy ball," said Bab, laughing.

"No, but you're going to coax all the money you can for the hospital out of the pockets of Brattisford. Stay, I have an inspiration!"

She lifted a great bunch of violets and held them by Bab's ear, against the masses of golden-red hair. It was audacity itself, but it was a stroke of genius. Bab, looking in the glass, remembered how Aimée had painted her with the iris, and did involuntary homage to genius. She would never have thought of purple herself. But, indeed, Bab was an unconscious little soul, and not much given to meditation on the subject of her toilet.

"It's for such a little while," she suggested, feeling that she would not mind how long she stayed with Lady Harriet.

"For all day," said Lady Harriet, "and till ten o'clock to-night. You'll stay, won't you? I shall have some other assistants, but I want you, too. Your mother? Oh, I think she will let me have my own way. And I'll see that you're properly fed, and leave you at home myself."

Of course, Lady Harriet had her own way,

and the Manor House barouche went home without Bab.

The afternoon was very quiet, only a few staid people coming in to make their purchases as in duty bound. Bab tied up all her violets in neat bunches, with a true-lover's knot of lavender ribbon, under Lady Harriet's instructions, and waited for the rush of business which was to come later, according to the charming stall-keeper.

During the afternoon the assistants Lady Harriet had spoken of arrived. There were four in all—beautifully dressed and more or less distinguished-looking girls, who had somehow the effect of making Bab feel rather dowdy, although their frocks were quite plain apart from the beautiful cut and style.

Lady Harriet introduced Bab, but Bab did not feel so much at home with the new-comers. They looked a little curiously at her; and then, having got into their bazaar costumes, were very busy, chattering a lot, with all their bright heads together, in a conversation which seemed to exclude Bab.

The talk was all of meets, and hunt breakfasts, and hunt balls, and garrison balls, and things that were to happen in town next season, with which Bab had no concern. She felt as far away from it all as Malplaquet Gardens was from Grosvenor Square.

She heard one of them—a tall, fair girl, whom Lady Harriet had named as Lady Muriel Langdale—ask who the little red-headed girl was. Lady Harriet said something too low for Bab to catch it, and then the other replied something about Lady Harriet being a pattern, and that Miles Chesilton must be very much obliged.

Bab turned red and white in the corner where she was pretending to be busy over her bouquets. She wished vainly that she had not stayed. All the shyness which was the result of her secluded life rushed over her in a positive anguish. Without being at all unkind or rude, Lady Harriet's helpers overlooked her as though she were not there. Lady Harriet herself made futile efforts to get Bab out of her corner, but Bab only got further in, like a little frightened squirrel in a cage. Oh, if only she were not too frightened to break away, and run home to her mother as fast as ever she could!

By-and-by a good many sleek-headed, well-groomed young men arrived and clustered about Lady Harriet's stall. Some of them looked at Bab with interest, and came and purchased bunches of her violets, paying her exorbitant prices. Bab grew shyer and shyer. She had never before known the agonies of shyness; but then she had lived in a little warm world of her own, where people knew all about her and were fond of her. She had not known what it was to be thrust out into a world of cold and curious eyes. She felt that she was "making strange" like the babies, and realised to the full what an agonising process that was. No wonder the little creatures screamed and cried at the unknown world. Bab felt almost capable of doing the same thing herself.

Presently there was some relief, for Lady Harriet, who had found time in the midst of all her business and pleasure to come now and again and pat her little friend reassuringly on the shoulder, spoke at Bab's ear.

"I want to introduce you to papa, Lord Wivelsham, who will take you to get some tea, if you would like it."

Bab looked up into the kind, rosy face, the blue eyes of which were looking at her with interest, and was comforted.

"She's dreadfully shy," said Lady Harriet, "and I've been keeping customers away from her so as not to overwhelm her. Take her away for a bit, and tell her that we're nothing to be afraid of."

Bab went gratefully. This tall, soldierly man, with the frank, kind expression like his daughter's, was another matter from the immaculately attired young men who had looked at her with interest and wonder, as though asking how she came there. While she was with Lord Wivelsham she quite forgot her fear, and it was only when they had finished tea, and it was time to go back, that the shadow fell upon her again.

"Are you going to be here all the evening?" she asked him eagerly.

"I am going to dine at the County Club," he said, "and call later on for you and my girl. I understand we are to have the pleasure of leaving you at home."

"Oh!" said Bab, with naïve disappointment. "I did hope you were going to stay."

Lord Wivelsham laughed.

"If I were a young fellow now," he began. He gave a ceremonious arm to Bab. The crowd was thick about the door of the tea-room. A good many people made way for him.

He led Bab back to Lady Harriet's stall.

"Make her enjoy herself, Hal," he said. "It ought to be easy enough. If I were a young fellow, now!"

"Oh, there are plenty of people willing to help her enjoy herself, but she's a mouse," said Lady Harriet, looking at Bab kindly. "I suppose we shan't see you till ten o'clock, dad?"

"The carriage will call for you at ten. Do you think I am going to trust myself back here to be

pillaged? Not that I've anything left that is worth taking. Muriel has emptied my purse, to say nothing of Constance and Emily and Dagmar. Only Miss Williamson has not asked me to buy anything."

"She is a bad business woman," laughed his daughter.

"Here's my last half-sovereign for a buttonhole. Come, find me a pretty one, Miss Williamson. If I were a young fellow, now!"

He was gone out into the frosty night, and Bab felt that a friend had been taken from her.

Lady Harriet stood over her, with laughing brown eyes that yet had a look of concern.

"What am I to do with you, Mouse?" she asked. "I am going to have some tea. Will you have run into your mousehole before I come back? Tell me, my dear, shall I hand over the violets to someone else?"

"I'm afraid I'm very little use," said Bab, with contrition. She had no fear at all of Lady Harriet.

Just then Lady Muriel touched her friend's shoulder. "At last, Hal," she said in a whisper, which Bab heard.

Looking up then, she saw the sudden rush of colour to Lady Harriet's cheeks, the sudden consciousness in eyes normally as frank as a pleasant boy's. Looking for the cause, she saw Miles Chesilton. There was somebody beside him, a slight, youthful-looking man, with his sword-arm in a sling. Bab hardly saw him. It was so great a relief to see a friend, even though he was going to be engrossed.

"You are to take care of her, Miles, while I go to have some tea," Lady Harriet said. "We have frightened her dreadfully here."

"I didn't know Miss Babbie could be frightened," replied Miles Chesilton, with a well-pleased face. "I assure you she puts me at a disadvantage."

Bab smiled. She did not mind banter, now a friend had come.

"Don't keep her idle," Lady Harriet went on, "but help her to sell her flowers. Else when I come back I shall put Captain Marsden in your place. But I forgot. Miss Williamson, may I introduce Captain Hugh Marsden?"

The man with the wounded arm bowed. He had a pleasant, plain face, and Bab liked him. He was pale under his bronze, and had a soldierly aspect, a little careworn for his years. Bab was not afraid of him as she was of those ultra-fashionable young men.

Lady Harriet looked exhilarated since Miles Chesilton had come. How kind it was, Bab thought, of her to hand him straight over to look after another girl, while she went off with the more insignificant Captain Marsden.

She enjoyed the respite amazingly. It was quite a different thing to sell violets for the hospital while Miles Chesilton stood by and assisted her. In fact, she did quite a roaring trade, and was so busy that she quite forgot her shy terror of the band of tall young women at the other end of the stall, who took gold for their pretty trifles with the utmost equanimity, and served their customers with the air of goddesses.

Presently Bab's flowers would all be gone, and then she felt she could retire into a quiet corner and leave Miles Chesilton to his proper allegiance. But Lady Harriet came back; and after a time, when there was not a single bunch of violets left, she told the young man with her air of one accustomed to obedience to take Miss Williamson away and get her some food and make her happy till it was time for the carriage.

As she issued this breezy command Bab was sure she saw a certain amazement on the brows of the goddesses, and felt immediately guilty. Was it possible that Lady Harriet was sacrificing her own pleasure to making her feel comfortable? Remembering Lady Harriet's flush of exhilaration, Bab felt contrite. Miles Chesilton did his best to amuse and interest her. There was a desultory sort of concert going on, and, after they had had a meal together, he found chairs for Bab and himself in an upper gallery, which other people seemed to have overlooked. The music was amateurish, and he made no attempt to listen. But after a time his efforts to draw Bab into conversation ceased. Baffled and disappointed, he leant back and stared at the ceiling. And when Bab suggested with a sinking heart that they should return to Lady Harriet, he went without demur.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THIN ICE.



FTER that the frank friendliness of Lady Harriet's conduct towards Bab grew and thrived.

She had taken a fancy to the little red-haired nobody, to the amazement of her more sophisticated friends. It displayed itself by her dropping in at The Lawns at all manner of odd moments, which might have been embarrassing if she had been a different sort of person. But anyone more absolutely simple and unpretentious could not well be imagined. Everyone soon became used to Lady Harriet, in her riding habit, with

her little hard black hat on the soft brown coils of her hair, and her riding whip held in her stout little gauntlets, standing on the threshold of a room and asking with her frank smile if she might come in.

That was a hard winter. The long frost, which had broken up for the one week in which Mr. and Mrs. Grayson, with Sidney Le Mesurier, had gone abroad, returned almost immediately, and held the ground in its iron grip till the very eve of April.

But it was January when Bab had attended the bazaar, and it was during the cold months that her friendship with Lady Harriet became an established thing.

Bab had paid several visits to Wivelsham, and had somewhat got over her alarm of the fine world. Sometimes she had been accompanied by her sisters, more often she went alone. Lady Harriet would come to fetch her, driving the high dog-cart, with the clever roan mare whom she handled so beautifully. The carriage would take her back in the afternoon or evening.

Miles Chesilton was nearly always there. His visits also had a way of synchronising with Lady Harriet's at The Lawns. That was quite to be expected, thought Bab and most of Bab's circle; and Bab had a way of effacing herself cheerfully, which made her conscience so happy that she had no leisure to think upon her heart. If she had temptations at times to feel dull and neglected, she promptly put them behind her. There was something too sound and sweet in her nature to allow its course to be checked or turned by any shadowy sentimental imaginings. She was grateful to those two because she never felt an undesired third with them. Indeed, Lady Harriet was most generous with her lover, handing him over to Bab as an escort, placing him by her at dinner, leaving them together in all manner of ways, and contenting herself with that pale, quiet Captain Marsden, who was nobody in particular, except just a hero, and as such a person of uncommon interest to Bab's small nephews.

For as time passed Captain Marsden, too, found his way to The Lawns, and drank afternoon tea there, while small boys hovered in the shadow of the screen by the door, and gazed at his plain face as though it were that of a god.

Bab was intensely loyal to her two friends, Lady Harriet and Miles Chesilton. He was her friend, although there had been a shadow of coldness between them, for Bab had sometimes smarted over Lady Harriet's generosity about her lover, and had resolved to show no selfish pleasure in his society, so that Lady Harriet should see that she was quite willing to try and amuse Captain Marsden.

Therefore she was annoyed with Pat, who said suddenly one day, in the midst of the family circle, that Captain Marsden was in love with Lady Harriet; and not only that, but added very deliberately, "and she is in love with him."

Bab turned a generous red. To be sure, Lady Harriet had never spoken her secret in Bab's ear; but Bab believed she knew it, for all that.

"It is not true, Paddy," she said indignantly. "Lady Harriet is——" And then she stopped, adding lamely, "Captain Marsden pleases Lord Wivelsham, who likes his company because, of course, they are both soldiers."

"You know nothing at all about it, Bab, nothing at all," Pat responded, with the chilliness which was a new feature in her since her return from Spain. Bab had a petulant impulse to reply that Pat knew nothing at all about it, but refrained with a start of the mind as though she had been on the point of saying something she ought not. What Pat did or did not know in those latter days was something of a mystery to Bab.

In February and March the lake in the Manor House woods was frozen over. It was Lady Harriet, who had so much joy in outdoor pursuits, that suggested the skating parties under the full winter moon which were such a great success. The lake ran nearly the length of the woods, and was very beautiful, with deep masses of trees going to its edge and climbing the steep sides of the ravine in which it was set. Here and there by the lakeside was a bare stretch of lawn, and on these great fires were lit. Some of the skaters skated with torches, and every evening while the skating lasted an immense moon rolled up in the steely sky and hung suspended above the lake. There was a tent where hot tea and coffee were served through the afternoons; and altogether those skating parties were voted delightful while they lasted. It was a pity that the moon should have waned so soon, putting a stop to them.

Lady Harriet skated, as she did most things of the sort, brilliantly well. She had learnt her skating during a winter spent in Canada with her father; and as she sped about on the ice in her scarlet gown with its trimming of sables many admiring eyes followed her.

Miles Chesilton skated well also, and Captain Marsden was a very fair performer.

Bab, who had never skated before, seemed to take to it naturally, doing very well indeed for a novice. Of course, Lady Harriet was always ready to coach her, and she had so many private lessons from her and from Miles Chesilton, in the mornings before the skaters arrived,

that quite soon she could be trusted to go by herself.

There was one thing that troubled Bab on those delightful afternoons, and that was that she found Mr. Chesilton so constantly by her side. He was ready to put on her skates as soon as she arrived by the lakeside. He was ready to fetch her a cup of tea or coffee. Would she venture on the lake beyond the lit and crowded portions, he was by her side to escort her. Bab liked it—liked it very much indeed—but it began to trouble her conscience.

It was true that Lady Harriet did not seem to mind, but that only troubled Bab the more. Because this friend of hers, who had become so dear to her, was frank and generous and trusting, it seemed all the worse to take advantage of her great-heartedness.

No girl, argued Bab, however generous, could really like to have her lover dancing attendance on another girl; and it was a kindness on Mr. Chesilton's part which Bab felt she must show him she could do without.

But, try as she would to get rid of him, he seemed always to come back. Bab tried very hard to be cold to him, to discourage him. Occasionally she succeeded in bringing a baffled and hurt look into his face; but then her contrition would be so great that she would undo what she had accomplished. Indeed, Miles Chesilton's air of happy, restored confidence after one of these occurrences was worse than what had gone before. Suddenly Bab came, at last, to have an inkling of the truth, or of part of it. How awful it would be, she cried out to herself, if Mr. Chesilton were really to like her better than Lady Harriet! She was standing before the glass in her own little bare room one wintry evening. She had run away home from the lake before anyone could miss her, and was now changing her bodice for dinner. She was glad to be alone for a few minutes, and she had stolen upstairs without going into the drawing-room where the others sat.

She caught sight of herself in the glass, and saw that her cheeks, usually so pale, were scarlet. She clapped her hands over them. They wore the very hue of guilt, she thought. What was it Miles Chesilton had said, had looked? She would not think of that. But, oh how hard it was to do right for him and for herself! She had tried that afternoon to keep with Lady Harriet and Captain Marsden, but they had not seemed to understand. "Take care of her, Miles," Lady Harriet had called back, skimming away from them. Was ever such faith, such trust? Oh, if she could betray it, if she could let him betray it, she would not be fit to live, she thought with youthful exaggeration.

Turning then, she had apologised to Miles Chesilton for her slowness which kept him behind. She was quite safe by herself, she suggested. He bent his head and looked into her face. "Come, let us follow them," he said, holding out his hand.

She put her own into it, and he quickened his pace. It was like skating in a dream, that endless flying which takes no heed of obstacles. They left the other skaters behind them, and the trees and the fires with their leaping lights and black shadows, and were out on the open part of the lake. Up there it was all silence and whiteness, and a swift wind went with them and sang in their ears.

Suddenly Miles Chesilton pulled up.

"Thin ice beyond, Miss Barbara," he said. "No one but myself would have dared to bring you so far, but I know every inch of the lake."

He laughed with the exhilaration of the hour and the strong exercise, and perhaps something else.

"I wish it might have gone on for ever," he said, leading her back more gently. "And see how far we have come! Did you imagine we had left the others so far behind?"

"They will wonder what has become of us," responded Bab, soberly.

"Not they," he laughed. "You don't suppose that anyone misses us? Not Lady Harriet, for instance, and Marsden."

"Lady Harriet is very kind," said Bab sedately. "You are all very kind in letting me be a drag on your pleasure."

It was then that Miles Chesilton turned and looked into her eyes.

"You are all so clever at skating," she faltered, "and I am slow. And, of course, you would naturally prefer to be with her."

"With whom?" asked Miles Chesilton in a tone of stupefaction. "Why should I prefer to be with anyone? And I don't. So long as you will give me the privilege of being with you. Miss Barbara—you must know! Bab, my dear, dearest——"

"Oh!" cried Bab, with so much trouble in her voice that it froze the hot words on the young fellow's lips, "you must never say such things again. I can never speak to you again if you say such things. I can't endure it. What must you think of me?"

"Think of you!" he answered slowly. "Why, my dear, I was trying to tell you."

She pulled her hand from his so suddenly that she would have fallen if he had not put out a hand to steady her. He was looking straight into her eyes, and the moon was full upon her face. What he saw there smote him

like a sword. That he should bring that look of terror into any woman's eyes, into the eyes of the girl he loved!

For a second or two he was silent as they sped on towards the fires and the flying figures which crossed and recrossed their brilliance.

Then he spoke, and there was something like a sob in his voice.

"I shall not frighten you again," he said; "you may be quite sure of that."

When they came opposite the tea-tent he turned towards the bank.

"I see the Squire and Lord Wivelsham walking up and down," he said, "there by the cedar. You can see the red tips of their cigars. I shall leave you with them while I fetch you some tea."

He took off her skates as carefully as ever, but Bab felt that his carefulness was a heaping of coals of fire on her head.

"I think I would rather go home," she said, "if you do not mind. Please tell Lady Harriet. No, please, do not trouble to come with me. It is only up this path to the gate."

But he went with her to the gate by which he had first seen her. Turning to look back as she crossed the field to the house, Bab had seen that he was still there.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DON.



THE next day Bab asked almost humbly for Pat's companionship when she went skating. She did not think of absenting herself, for that would only have brought her friend eager to know the cause. No, she must go, of course, and not betray herself; but she was quite determined that she would not find herself again alone with Miles Chesilton.

Pat refused her rather coldly. She had taken to long solitary walks, and when she was within doors she shut herself away just as persistently by the application with which she devoted herself to a book or to music. Even Lady Harriet had not been able to coax her out of her cell, though she had tried. "Let her alone," said Mrs. Williamson to Bab, when Bab fretted to her mother over the change in Pat; "she will come back to her own sweet self presently. We can do nothing for her."

The mother said it with a sigh for the old, exquisite days when the children had been really hers. Yet she was too wise a woman to force herself upon even her own child's soul when that soul would be lonely.

She had spoken once to Bab, and had then been silent.

"I saw the trouble in Pat's eyes as soon as I looked upon her," she said. "Let her keep her secret, Babbie! It is my consolation to know that, whatever it is, Pat has done nothing wrong. I am quite sure of that. My girl has done nothing wrong."

So they had let Pat take her own way, hoping that the hurt she had received—whatever it might be—would heal in the peace of home and love and the country. But to the eyes made watchful by love the months as they passed brought none of the childish roundness and softness back to the girl's face. Her eyes kept their tragic loneliness. Plainly, it was no common sentimental trouble which had befallen Pat.

Disappointed of Pat for a companion, Bab went to Phyllis. Phyllis was genuinely grieved to refuse Bab. She had her letter to write to Sid. Later on, perhaps, she would join Bab on the ice.

Dolly shivered, and leant forward with her hands to the blaze when Bab suggested that a spin on the ice would do her no end of good.

"It would mean pneumonia, child," she said, "and you would have to account for me to Jim."

The children were out of the question—this year. Next year, God willing, the boys would be ready for the hardy winter sports.

"I declare," said Bab, between laughing and the slightest suspicion of tears, "you remind me of the poor little boy who would go idling, and all the horrid things were too busy to play with him."

"You've done very well without us before," said Pat, with the touch of cynicism which was a new thing in one of Mrs. Williamson's daughters. "Why this sudden desire for our society?"

It was enough for Bab, who went off meekly without a word.

There was a frosty red sky of winter, and a light haze lay over the landscape. Every twig of the black boughs was visible against the rosy arch of heaven; and the moon was just rising through the haze, where already the star of evening glittered in trembling radiance.

The wood was still in the frost, save for the crackling of dead leaves and twigs under Bab's feet as she hurried on in perturbation of spirit. She could hear the laughter and voices ascending from the lake below. She took a round, crossing the tiny bridge between the lake and the overflow, from which she could see the barely lit expanse of

the ice. She leant a few minutes on the rail of the bridge, which was cut deeply with the initials and hearts and darts, and true lovers' knots of generations of rustic lovers. She waited there a little while to collect herself Ah, well! love was not everything, she said to herself, lifting up her heart to the heights. One could be cheerful and happy without love or marriage; and what would those be if honour and duty and faith were over-ridden to reach them?

A solitary skater sped towards her where she leant upon the bridge. She thought she recognised the figure; but then everything showed dimly and the moon hung round and red in the sky, whose roses were now obscured as though by thin columns of smoke ascending.

Anyhow, the imagination was enough. The skater would not have seen her. There was a dark background of woods behind her. She fled from the bridge, and up the steps on the other side that led to the path through the thicker portion of the wood, a path little frequented except by gamekeepers. So many were the paths and the arcades on that side of the wood that one had easily lost one's way without the clue afforded by the shouts of the skaters and the cheerful ringing of their skates, and by the lurid mass of the fires and braziers the other side of the lake.

When at last she had made the circuit she came out close by the tent where the tea and coffee were being served. She was carrying her skates on her arm, and as she went down to the edge of the ice where there was a row of chairs, she looked about her timidly, half expecting to see the tall figure of Miles Chesilton skating somewhere near at hand, waiting for her as usual.

But he was not there, and the stab of disappointment which came with the knowledge made her blush with shame in the darkness.

Then someone spoke to her close at hand. It was the Squire's voice.

"Do you want an old fellow to put on your skates for you, Miss Bab?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied Bab confusedly. "Perhaps—perhaps I shall not want to skate just yet—since you are here."

"Ah, quite right, quite right! Give a chance to the fogies. You will have some tea, child? I don't know where Miles has got to, nor Harriet and Marsden. They will come this way presently. Here is a beautiful skin rug to keep you warm. And here in this dark corner is Wivelsham. You haven't seen him, my dear. And may I introduce Don Alvarez Santillana, Miss Williamson?"

A tall figure stood up from a chair and bowed profoundly.

"Don Alvarez is an old friend of Wivelsham's. He shot the leopard whose skin is now making you so comfortable. He and Wivelsham have been a deal about the world together."

Bab bowed. The stranger remained standing, and asked in excellent English if he should fetch some tea for the señorita.

Bab thought she would go to the tent. She had seen Miles Chesilton pass by among the throng of skaters, and had wondered if he would see her sitting between his uncle and Lord Wivelsham and come to speak to her. Then she had discovered that Lady Harriet was with him, one hand lightly resting on his arm as they skated. Lady Harriet would surely see her the next time she passed, and would insist on her making a trio of the duet. And Bab was not ready for that, just yet.

Don Alvarez helped her from her chair, and the leopard-skin rug in which she was entangled, with a manner as though he led her out in the *pavane*. With the same courtly air of homage he assisted her up the frozen slope

Once in the tent, preoccupied as her thoughts were, she could not choose but look curiously at the man whose voice was so distinguished, whose bearing even in the darkness had a stateliness which was not insular. Don Alvarez was looking at her frankly, out of very bright eyes, with an air of grave good breeding that prevented his intent gaze being anything of an impertinence.

Bab looked away shyly. In one glance she had seen that the Spanish gentleman was very handsome, with clear dark skin and finely cut features. He had a little moustache and pointed beard, and the hair at his temples was grey. He was not a very young man, this Don Alvarez, but somehow he impressed Bab more than any young man she had ever seen. But was it his habit, she wondered, to be so tremendously interested in people at a first meeting? And yet there was something impersonal in his glance. If Bab had been the veriest coquette, instead of being the most simple and unconscious of creatures, she could not have ascribed that scrutiny of his to any reason very flattering to herself.

She drank her tea in silence. Presently she thought, when Don Alvarez had grown tired of looking at her, she would look at him again. He had a face like a picture. Bab's thoughts flew to Pat. How interested she would be in hearing of Don Alvarez! Or, at least, the old Pat would have been. Perhaps the new Pat would be coldly indifferent, as she had come to be about most things of late.

When he had replaced her cup, Don Alvarez touched lightly the skates hanging from her arm, which she had forgotten.

"Allow me?" he said, taking them from her; and then, when they turned to leave the tent, he added, "May I have the pleasure of putting on these, señorita? I have not skated, oh! not for

long; but I should like to skate once more, if the señorita would permit me."

Bab found herself assenting as though in a dream. She never thought of refusing Don Alvarez. Indeed, was it not the best thing that could happen, for could she not shelter behind his presence from that moment she dreaded when she must meet Miles Chesilton face to face? Yet that moment was something that must be reached and put behind her. They must both forget his brief folly of last night.

When they came back to the two older men they interrupted a speech of Lord Wivelsham's which showed that the subject of conversation had been Lady Harriet and Miles Chesilton.

"I don't see Marsden anywhere in sight," said the Squire, turning to Bab, "and that selfish couple seem engrossed in each other. We can't blame them, my dear, can we? But it is a pity you should lose your skating."

"The señorita will skate with me," said Don Alvarez, still keeping Bab's hand on his arm. "She will so honour me. I have not skated for some time, but I do not think I have forgotten."

"Ah! I remember. It is eight years ago now since we were at Vienna," said Lord Wivelsham. "The Danube was frozen over, and you were among the skaters. How you made them stare! Where did you learn your skating, by the way? The Tagus does not freeze."

"You forget I am a citizen of the world. I have spent many winters in Holland. I had my first lessons on the Neva. You will trust me, señorita?"

Bab sat down without a word to have her skates fastened on.

"Bear with me," she said, as they went towards the ice. "I am only a beginner. I am afraid you will find me very slow and awkward."

"I shall not find you so," he assured her seriously. "Believe me, it is impossible. There, if you will place your hand just so. I can guide you, direct you better. Ah! it is pretty ice."

They were off smoothly. The moon had risen now, and the ice was covered with skaters. Halfway down the lake a board had been put up with a warning upon it that the ice did not bear. The skaters avoided that portion of the lake. They kept near the cheerful lights of the fires, cutting figures of eight, enjoying themselves in company as is the way of pleasure seekers.

But out beyond where the ice was not very thick there were two dark figures which Bab was sure she recognised.

They were safe enough in venturing, since Miles Chesilton knew every inch of the ice. But Bab wanted to avoid those skaters; and the Don, as though he understood, never crossed their path, while he kept well away from the throng of skaters, along the strongest part of the ice in the shadow of the trees.

Bab wondered what had come to her skating. She went no longer over-conscious of inexpertness and afraid of herself. Up and down, round and round, they went as easily as though they flew. It was like the dreams in which one is suddenly expert in some manner of locomotion unknown hitherto and exhilarated beyond the exhilaration of every-day life.

"You are not tired?" Don Alvarez asked, presently.

"I do not feel as if I could ever tire," said Bab, simply. "How superbly you skate!"

"I learnt it among people who practise it six months of the year; not like here, where they skate once in a blue moon. But I am glad you are not tired. You feel as though you were resting? You can listen to me?"

The Don was holding her two hands now, and Bab began to wonder what was coming.

"I can listen," she said. "I had no idea skating could be so easy, so—luxurious."

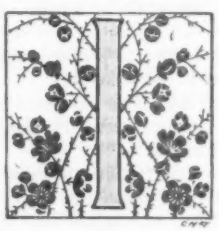
"Ah! that is well. I want to talk to you about something that most intimately concerns me."

A name formed itself on Bab's lips, but was not spoken. She had a sudden, wild idea that Don Alvarez was going to talk to her about Pat, that Pat's mystery was going to be explained.

"I am ready to listen," she said, in a low voice; and then a little pause fell between them, in which she thought she could hear the beating of her heart.

CHAPTER XX.

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.



"AM come to England, said Don Alvarez, "seeking one of your name. It is your sister whom I have sought with prayers for all these months."

Lady Harriet and Miles Chesilton passed them in the shadow of the trees. Some gay speech of Lady Harriet's reached them, blown after them as they sped on through the darkness. Bab had hardly eyes or ears for the couple.

"My sister—Pat!" she said. "What can you want with Pat, Don Alvarez?"

"Yes, Pat; it is her beautiful little name. We have Irish blood, we Santillanas. She went



"'Ah, Señorita Patricia,' said the Don, taking Pat's hand."—*p.* 215.

away from me; but I had faith that I should find her, and I am here."

"She does not know?"

"She does not know. If I were to present myself to her suddenly, she would spurn me perhaps. She has much to forgive."

"I know." A sudden resentment flamed in Bab's heart. "She went to your country full of joy and confidence and faith. She has come back hurt, not herself. Perhaps she will never again be her old happy, trusting self. What did you do to her, Don Alvarez?"

"I! I did nothing but love her. And she loved me. It was other people who were cruel to her. And yet not willingly. It is the code of manners in Spain that is to blame. Listen, and I shall tell you. The Marchioness de Santa Fé is my sister. Perhaps you know that?"

"I know nothing, Don Alvarez. Pat has been silent since she returned."

"Poor child! Well, it is so. But I have lived much out of Spain, and have ceased to be of the Middle Ages. The third time I saw your sister I loved her. I had loved before. I am forty years of age. But Donna Maria died before she was my wife. I thought never to love again, but my heart was not dead, as I had thought. The fires in it sprang up again. I loved your sister, and she loved me."

"You should have let her be," said Bab, with indignation that seemed to make her years older. "She was only the English governess; and your family is very proud, Don Alvarez."

"It is very proud." He spoke with a curious grave joy and pride. "There is not a page of the history of Spain which has not the name of Santillana written upon it. It was so the trouble arose, or in part. But I have lived much out of Spain. I never thought of asking if your sister were noble. I saw her, and I loved her, and it was enough. I asked her if she would become my wife. She honoured me by consenting. Then—I was called away. I know what Spain is—that my sister would never endure the marriage till perhaps it was done. I went to a lady—she is a lady-in-waiting to the Queen, but she is English, and a dear friend of mine. I asked her if she would receive the Señorita Pat till we could be married. She said yes, and I came back as fast as I could travel. She was gone. My sister wept on my neck, but she would not divulge the secret of her address. I left her without a word. I have sought your sister ever since. Now I have found her."

"But—I don't see what Pat has to forgive you, Don Alvarez."

"Ah, poor child! She has much to forgive my blood. You see, it is like this. The governess in Spain has charge of the young girls. No matter how young and beautiful she is, they expect impossible things of her. She is not to feel her youth and beauty: she is to be a duenna. They will be kind to her, oh! tenderly kind—you don't know how soft, how warm, our Spanish mothers are—but thoughts of love and marriage are as much forbidden her as though she had taken the veil. What happened was that our secret was discovered in my absence by a malicious elder woman, who carried the story to my sister. I had forbidden Pat to speak. She was so brave, so true, she would have confessed everything to my sister. Alas, poor child! as it was, before I could return they had sent her away, under a cloud. She did not know how it is forbidden in Spain, among the nobles, to love as you love here. What they said to her of me I know not. My sister is incapable of speaking anything but the truth. But Pat was gone. After I had left my sister's presence in anger I could find no trace of her. But I have found her. Now, will your sister see me, señorita?"

Bab looked straight before her. She hardly heard the last question. She was thinking of Pat's cold and stormy eyes when she thought no one was looking at her. She could understand now. It was more than an ordinary love trouble that had so altered Pat. She could not think of the word disgrace as applied to her sister, yet there was no other word. High-minded, high-spirited Pat had suffered unmerited disgrace, unmerited shame.

"Perhaps she will never forget it," she said in a low voice, and speaking her own thoughts rather than addressing the man by her side.

"She will forgive," he said simply, "because she loves me And in time she will forget. I would have gone to her at once, without preparation, if I had not met you. But—she will need preparation. What can she think of me that I have not found her before?"

"She has been most unhappy. She thinks you do not care. What else could she think?"

"I will go to her at once. She will forgive. I have been searching for her. Imagine, señorita, I came to this country seeking your sister. I knew no more than that her name was Pat. And her other name: that is not uncommon. There are many Williamsons."

"It is as common as Smith," said Bab, and her eyes danced for a second. "It does not stand out, shine out, like Santillana, Don Alvarez."

"Even in Spain there are few that do that. But now I have told you my story. Will you lead me to your sister? I am sure of her forgiveness. Destiny is on my side. It was the lightest of chances that I should have come to my old friend Wivelsham, and found —Pat. You will lead me to her."

"I had better let her know that you are here."

"Come then," he turned her for the shore. "Am I to come with you? She is close at hand, near, is she not? She need not suffer many minutes longer. And I—how I have suffered!"

The last words, spoken under his breath, altered the whole situation for Bab. Why, it had not been his fault, after all! As they came within the range of the fires she looked up at the grave, noble Spanish face. There was no deceit there, she thought, in her usual headlong fashion. It was a good face, a chivalrous face.

They did not return to the Squire and Lord Wivelsham, who were now pacing up and down by the lake-side. Bab hardly thought what she was going to do, how she was to announce to Pat that her lover had found her. So great was her preoccupation of mind that she never noticed Miles Chesilton standing in the shadows and watching her, with a heavy frown on his face. Lady Harriet was no longer with him. He started forward as Bab sat down to have her skates taken off; then repressed himself and stood watching. There was angry amazement in his face as he saw them pass side by side up the ascent to the path, the Spaniard carefully helping Bab over the steep places. His lips moved in the darkness, but no word came from them. Just then his uncle and Lord Wivelsham resumed their chairs close by him, and went on with their conversation in ignorance of his presence. Their first words told him that they had seen Bab and the Spaniard depart in company.

"Things seem to be going well for the Don," said the Squire.

"Excellently. He has my best wishes. He is the soul of honour; a fine gentleman, if ever there was one," replied Lord Wivelsham.

"A curious kind of romance," went on the Squire.

"If you'd told it to me, I'd have believed it a fairy tale. He comes of a fanatically proud stock. I doubt if the others ever will receive Miss Williamson. But he will go through with it, and never feel his pride compromised. With any but Santillana I should be dissatisfied; but, as I have said, he is the soul of honour, and as gentle as he is honourable. I hope the little girl is worthy of him."

"She will look her part as well as any Spaniard of them. You may trust her mother's daughter, so far as the heart goes, and the head too."

Miles Chesilton waited to hear no more, but skated off furiously along the ice. He passed Lady Harriet and Captain Marsden, and did not answer their merry hail. He skated away furiously towards the unfrequented portion of the lake. He looked black as thunder, if anyone could but have seen the expression of his face; and his mood was a reckless one. But presently he was brought to himself by hearing an ominous crackle in the ice under his feet. He smiled grimly as he skated away from it.

"If I had hesitated a second," he muttered to himself, "the old man would have been left alone, and that would never do."

He ate through his dinner rather silently. The Squire watched him from under his beetling brows, concluded things were wrong somehow with the lad, and refrained from worrying him till he should be ready to speak.

Speech came soon enough. After dinner they retired to the billiard room, as they usually did when alone. The Squire sat down in his chair by the side of the fire, and set about lighting his pipe. His nephew took a cue, and knocked the balls about in a desultory fashion.

Presently he came over and stood on the hearth-rug in front of the fire, looking down at the grey head in the chair with affection.

"I've only got you to please, sir," he blurted out, suddenly.

"Why, my dear lad, you always please me," responded the Squire, looking up at him with the fondest, proudest look.

"Not always, sir. I haven't asked Harriet yet, though I know your heart is set on it. I shall ask her to-morrow."

"You will, my boy? God bless you. I love Harriet, and I want to have your children about me before I die."

He held out a hand. His nephew took it and pressed it. Then he returned to the billiard table.



CHAPTER XXI.

HAPPY LOVERS.

MEANWHILE Bab and the Spaniard had arrived at the door of The Lawns. A rosy light shone cheerfully through the old-fashioned fanlight above the hall door. Looking up at it, Bab extended her hand towards the knocker, then drew it back and turned to her companion with a whisper.

"I shall have to smuggle you in, Don Alvarez. I do not want my sister to meet you unprepared!"

"I can wait here," he answered eagerly. "I have a cigar. I shall not find the time too long—that is, no longer than I should find it anywhere in the world while I waited for—your sister."

"With the thermometer at six degrees below freezing point! Besides, the maids might discover

you and take you for a burglar. No, we must do it some other way. Wait a minute. I will open the door to you myself."

She left him there, and in a few seconds the door was opened, and she was smiling at him through the opening. She preceded him down the hall to a little room at the back, which her mother had insisted should be hers exclusively as a token of her ownership of the house. Bab would never have thought of it for herself; she was always one to give away everything.

There was firelight in the room. Bab stirred the wood, which sent out a shower of rosy sparks. She lit her lamp, by which she was accustomed to read or write in the very few hours during which she chose to be solitary. Then she left him, smiling back at him as she went out and closed the door behind her.

In the drawing-room she found only her mother enjoying blind man's holiday, and looking into the heart of the fire. She was thinking of old days, and her eyes were wet in the firelight.

"Is it you, Dolly?" she asked. "Ah! no, it is Babbie. What brings you back so early, little one?"

"Something has happened," said Bab, coming forward from the shadows. "Where is Pat? It concerns Pat."

"She is in her room. She grows more and more solitary. What is it, Babbie?"

"There is a Spanish gentleman in my room—a little like Sir Walter Raleigh, who was no friend to the Spaniards—a little also like Don Quixote. He is in love with Pat. He says she is in love with him."

"Where has he come from? Where did you find him? Who is he?"

"He comes from Spain. I found him on the ice. He had come there with Lord Wivelsham, whose friend he is. He is Don Alvarez Santillana, the brother of the Marchioness de Santa Fé."

Mrs. Williamson looked at Bab startled.

"A Spaniard of such rank! What do we know about him? How do I know I ought to let him see Pat? Where has he been all this time? He has made her suffer, but she will live through it. What am I to do, Babbie?"

"You are as bad as Lady Caird. If he had an English title, you would not distrust him. I noticed that Lord Wivelsham's manner to him was more than friendly. He has been looking for Pat. Better let her know. It is her affair. She is twenty-four, and she knows the world. Trust Pat."

"I do trust her. Shall we call her down, Babbie? I think you are right. Girls are stronger, more self-reliant, than when I was a girl. I'm afraid Pat would not let me make her life for her, i I wanted to. You all take it out of my hands."

"You have me for ever."

Bab took up her mother's hand, with the worn wedding-ring upon it, and kissed it fondly.

"You have me for ever. You and the children are enough. I will run up and tell Pat. That poor Don must suffer while he waits."

She found Pat leaning on the window-sill, looking out on the frosty sky, which still had its rose-leaves. The room struck chill to Bab. She put her arm around her sister's shoulder.

"It is cold, Pat," she said. "Don't you find it bitterly cold, after Spain?"

Pat shivered a little.

"It is better than Spain, Babbie," she said dreamily. "I have been thinking. I am very glad to be at home. You are very good to have me, and I am often disagreeable. Presently I shall go out in the world and work again, but now I am glad to be at home, and grateful for all your love."

It was more like the old Pat than anything Bab had heard from her sister since her return.

"I knew you were unhappy," she answered softly, "but of course you love us. Do you think I couldn't understand that you were hurt, that if you were short with me you only spoke out of pain?"

Pat turned great eyes on her. They were full of the moonlight, and looked forlorn and strange.

"You can understand now, Babbie," she said, "because you care for someone yourself. But you will be happier than I am."

"I am going to be happy with mother and the children. I shall never leave them."

"Is it like that, Babbie? I thought you were sure to be so happy," said Pat wistfully. "You are sure you are not making a mistake?"

"I am going to be very happy, with mother and the children," Bab repeated steadily.

"I have thought all this time that it was only I was the one to be hurt," Pat went on, in the same dreamy voice. "All mother's girls have been so fortunate. You have only to listen to Dolly. What matter if she has to choose between Jim and the children? She is the happiest of women, as I have heard her say herself, even though she must leave those mites next April. And look at Phyllis and Sid! And your future looked just as rosy as theirs. I thought I was the one of mother's daughters cut out for unhappiness, only I."

"I never had any future of that kind. But, oh, Pat dear! supposing you were going to be the happiest, and not the unhappiest of girls?"

The little thrill in her voice passed by Pat unnoticed.

"Poor little Bab!" she said. "Poor little Bab!" She took Bab's cold hand and stroked it.

"You are quite, quite sure, Babbie? I am so sorry, and I have never been so deceived, except once—except once."

Bab sent a thought towards the patient watcher in her little room. She remembered him as she had seen him when she turned back to smile on him, so tall that his head touched an oak beam in the ceiling, so serious and dignified in his bearing.

"Perhaps you were not deceived," she said.

"About you? About myself?"

Suddenly the flood-gates were opened. The revelation of what she supposed to be Bab's unhappiness melted the chill in Pat's heart. She began to pour out her narrative, the words stumbling over each other, broken by sobs—how she had cared about someone who had seemed to care for her, and more than cared for him, set her young faith on him, reverenced him, idealised him with all her young passionate heart.

"He was forty, Babbie," she said, half laughing between her sobs. "Do you remember when we thought forty immensely old? Perhaps you do still. When we read our novels I could never bear the hero if he was over thirty and had a beard. He—who left me to bear all the suffering—he was forty—he had a beard—he looked a hero. You remember the Spanish pictures—there was a Velasquez—he was very like it. I felt when he stooped to me as though it was some hero-saint—too fine, too lofty for earth. And after all—he left me—a wretched girl—not knowing how I had sinned in ignorance against all their codes—to bear the brunt—to bear the brunt. It was not what the Marchioness said—it was her eyes: it was as though I had been wicked. Oh, the shame of it! I have never been able to feel self-respecting—like other girls—since."

She broke off because the sobs choked her.

"I think I should have trusted him—no matter how black things looked against him—with his face," said Bab.

"His face! What do you know about his face?"

Pat looked at her with a wild surmise in the moonlight.

"I might say I remembered the Velasquez," said Bab, between laughing and crying, as she strained her sister to her; "but I won't say it. I've seen him, Pat."

"You've seen him? Don Alvarez Santillana? You are jesting, Babbie. You have never seen him. He is at the Spanish Court."

"I left him about twenty minutes ago in my little room downstairs. He is there still, poor man, unless he is consumed with his own impatience. You would not let me tell you, you were so long-winded. How well you describe him, Pat! If you had told me before, I should have known him when I saw him. But sericus! My dear Pat! He will never enjoy a joke as long as he lives."

Bab was talking nonsense, and knew she was. The return of Pat's lover had excited her like wine.

"Oh! Babbie, you are not jesting, are you?" cried Pat, jumping to her feet.

"If I were, I should deserve to be beaten. Come now. Bathe your eyes, though I don't suppose he'll think them less beautiful because of your tears. I came up to dress you for the great occasion, and here I am consoling you for your sorrows."

"If he is here," said Pat, incredulously, "it must mean that he cares for me. I suppose he found out that he cared for me more than he thought."

"More than he thought! He has been walking England—like Thomas à Becket's mother, wasn't it?—with only one name for clue. He did not know where you had flown to. His sister refused your address."

"I wrote to him."

"He never had the letter."

Bab was dressing Pat, as she went on, in her simple dinner frock of lavender muslin and chiffon. The most elaborate garment could have done no more justice to her white skin and black hair, and to the purple-blue of her eyes.

The sisters went downstairs together when Bab too had changed her dress. Pat was trembling, as Bab felt when she touched her hand. When they reached the door of her little oak room Bab opened it, and they passed within.

"I have brought you my sister, Don Alvarez," she said.

"Ah, Señorita Patricia," said the Don, taking Pat's hand and bowing above it. "Ah, Pat!"

Then Bab left them alone in the warm little firelit room, and went to the drawing-room, where her mother yet sat in the firelight.

"We had better see if Rebecca can do anything extra in the way of dinner," she said. "Not that I suppose Don Alvarez will know what food is set before him. It will be a banquet of Paradise to him anyhow."

Her mother took her hand fondly.

"I ought to be used to these surprises from my daughters," she said. "Yet this of Pat's is almost too great a surprise. I wish there were not such inequality of rank, Babbie. But how cold your hands are!"

"It is very cold—outside this room where you are, little mother. Don't fret about Pat. When you see Don Alvarez you will trust him. I am not surprised Pat fell in love with him, though he is forty, and has no sense of humour, and wears a beard. But what will Lady Caird say?"

She laughed as she asked the question, but a sudden mist of tears swam into her eyes.

CHAPTER XXII.

DANGER.



LADY HARRIET, accompanied by Don Alvarez, came for Bab soon after breakfast.

"We are to lunch with the Squire," she said. "He made rather a point of it; and I thought it would be the kindest thing to our guest to leave him free to spend the morning with your sister. He is so courteous he would have waited for me if I had chosen to keep him late. So I just ordered the carriage for half-past ten. We shall get through the morning, you and I, on the ice till it is lunch-time."

"That will be nice," said Bab. "I hope mother won't be overwhelmed by the Don. He is rather a magnificent visitor to have in and out all hours of the day."

"He is simplicity itself. I hardly know anyone whom I should feel to be less of a burden. He is as simple as a child in many ways."

"I don't suppose Pat will let us feel him a burden. She will take him out walking now."

"I had no idea your sister was so beautiful," said Lady Harriet thoughtfully. "She always looked so cold. What a difference it makes. Babbie!"

"Pat was always the flower of the flock. Isn't it a strange happening?"

"I am glad to have had a share, however unimportant, in so romantic a story," Lady Harriet said. "Papa told me last night. It was odd that Don Alvarez should have come here, wasn't it? Papa knew him when he was an attaché at Madrid. He has an immense respect for him, and is as eager as any of us over his finding your sister, and so pleased that it was through us. Now, wasn't it strange, Babbie?"

"I suppose his faith guided him," Bab replied, laughing and yet serious. "Mother is rather overwhelmed by his rank. She had rather Pat had chosen a plain gentleman of no particular ancestry."

"What does it matter, Babbie? One cannot be more than a lady. Besides, the feeling is out of fashion. Everybody's blood is so mixed nowadays."

"Except the Santillanas."

"Except the Santillanas. I am glad Don Alvarez is going to break through the family traditions."

They went down to the lake, with only the terrier Rags for escort, and carrying their skates. Everything was quiet there, nothing living in sight, except the hungry birds who were picking up crumbs about the site of the tea tent. Bab stopped to feed them; she had carried a great paper of provisions. The crows whirled down in sooty black to dispute her benefactions with the little birds. From the far end of the lake, where the water was frozen about the tall spears of the reeds, came a loud quacking of the wild ducks who were frozen out of their usual habitation.

The air was very still. The frost was a white one, and every leaf, every spray, was outlined in frosted silver. The lake was a silver mirror.

Rags sat disconsolately at the edge of the ice while they donned their skates.

"It seems a shame to have brought him," said Lady Harriet, looking at the unhappiness of his face.

"He would follow us. Once we are on the ice he will amuse himself. Rags is not beyond such small game as birds, to say nothing of squirrels and rabbits and other inhabitants of the wood."

"By the way, Babbie, I was surprised at your intimacy with Don Alvarez last night. You see, I knew nothing about the romance. Papa knew, but said nothing. Men are better at keeping each other's secrets than we are."

"He did not leave me long in suspense," said Bab, laughing. "Don Alvarez, I mean. He told me the whole story before we had known each other a quarter of an hour."

"That explains your absorption, of course. It surprised me at the time. Miles and I almost brushed your elbow many times, but you neither felt nor saw us."

"I could think of nothing but Pat. We had been so unhappy about her."

"Do you suppose she will live in Spain?"

Bab became thoughtful.

"It is all too new for us to have considered Pat's future place of residence. He ought to live in Spain, I suppose. I am sure he will do what is best for her happiness."

"I should trust him, Babbie dear. Now, doesn't he look as if he could take care of a woman!"

"He is very courteous and careful; you need not be with him many minutes before discovering that. Yes, he certainly looks as if he might be trusted. I think mother feels that."

"I don't care for your young men, Babbie. I like someone grave and serious; someone who has known what trouble is, and is ripened by it, not soured; someone with knowledge in his eyes and patience on his lips. Silent, strong, quiet. I don't care for your golden youths, your debonair persons—not to marry. One has one's needs which they do not satisfy."

Bab looked at her curiously. Miles Chesilton was debonair, he was not the other thing. A memory

came back to her of how Pat had said that Lady Harriet was in love with Captain Marsden. Impossible, she thought. He was quiet and pale and insignificant. He had only his sword; his regiment was going to India in the early days of the new year. There would be something almost incongruous in his marrying Lord Wivelsham's only child and heiress. Whereas Miles Chesilton seemed her natural mate. And, marrying him, she would be near her father, who could not have borne to lose her.

Lady Harriet blushed brightly under Bab's wondering look.

"Miles was out of sorts yesterday evening," she said, irrelevantly. "He was very good to me. When is Miles not good to me? But I think he was almost relieved when Captain Marsden came on the scene and took charge of me. I wonder what was the matter with Miles? He was certainly out of sorts."

She glanced at Bab with a sideways glance as though she were shy about something. It was not like Lady Harriet to be shy.

"I wish I saw my way more clearly, Bab," she said. "I have half a mind to take your advice. I have been drifting the way other people wished me to go, because the other people were very dear, and I had no very distinct choice of ways in my own mind. Now I begin, all of a sudden, to have a strong inclination in quite another direction. What am I to do? I have drifted a long way without giving any sign that the direction did not tally with my inclinations. Even now the one who should help me to turn round will not give me a finger tip. What am I to do, Babbie?"

"We are going too far in this direction," said Bab. "See, there is the board right in front of us. Let us turn, and I shall think about what you ask me. If you were quite, quite sure——"

There was a sharp crackle of the ice under their feet. Both girls darted away from the danger, but one was too late. The ice was cracking in many directions. Bab had sped a yard or two before a piercing shriek told her that Lady Harriet was not by her side. She turned round horror-stricken, and saw that the ice had broken up under Lady Harriet's feet, and that she was entangled.

Bab flung herself on her face, hoping the ice would bear her light weight. Even as she did so the ice parted, and the other girl was in the water. Fortunately the ice was very thick, even here, though there were flaws in it, and, catching wildly at the edges, Lady Harriet prevented herself for a moment from being drawn under. But how long would her numbed hands keep their hold? How long would it be before the weight of her sodden clothes would drag her down?

As Bab crept nearer the ice cracked ominously, but it bore her. Never had she been so grateful for her slightness and little weight. She saw in a flash what she had to do. Lady Harriet had walked with a little cane, which was her constant companion out of doors. While they skated she had thrust it through her muff and carried it in front of her. Now cane and muff both lay a little distance off on the ice, whither she had flung them when she threw up her hands despairingly.

Bab reached after the cane and recovered it. She laid it across the break in the ice.

"It will hold, I think, for a while," she said. "Can you grasp it? It will be better than the ice."

Lying on her face, she released the benumbed fingers of one hand, and placed it about the cane. Then the other. Lady Harriet's eyes, full of terror, gazed into hers. Lady Harriet's face was already pinched and blue, her teeth chattered. She did not seem capable of supporting herself for much longer.

"I am going," she sobbed through her teeth. "I feel myself going, Babbie. Can you help me? Oh, must I die, Babbie? Just when life seems so sweet!"

"There is a ladder over there on the shore, and a coil of rope. If I could leave you for a few minutes!"

"Don't leave me. Don't let me die alone. Oh, if God would send help! I am frozen, Babbie. I cannot hold on much longer."

Bab crept nearer, and laid firm hold of the collar of Lady Harriet's coat. Lying as she was she had no power, and she was conscious that if Lady Harriet sank she would almost certainly draw her down with her; but she wanted to give her some confidence, and she never thought of refusing her the comfort of her nearness. With her face close to her friend's face, she shrieked, hoping the cry would bring help. She could not even look to see if help were coming, and Lady Harriet was fast becoming benumbed into unconsciousness. She had a vague sense of the babel of noise among the wild ducks, broken by the barking of Rags, as he ran frantically up and down the bank. She tried to think of God. Was not He up there, looking down at them out of the hard sky? Could not He send help still to save them, whose loss would mean the breaking of hearts?

With another effort she shrieked again, and was answered by the quacking of the wild ducks. She began to feel Lady Harriet sinking from her hold. She was going with her, she could not let her go alone. She heard the ripping of the ice. She felt the deadly chill of the water against her face. Her eyes closed.

Then there was another sound, and something brushed her shoulder. She opened her eyes languidly and saw the rungs of a ladder. She felt the heavy burden drawn from her arms. Then



"'Let us get her to a fire, and we may save her life yet.'"

she felt herself lifted, and life began to pour back into her veins.

"I shall have to leave you a second," said Miles Chesilton's voice at her ears, "while I get Lady Harriet to a place of safety. Can you help yourself? You are on the ladder. Can you work yourself forward along it?"

Without answering, Bab began to draw herself in the direction he had indicated. Even in those few minutes she had been half frozen, and the returning life was reluctant and painful.

Presently she had come to the end of the ladder, and found herself assisted to stand upright. Then she saw Lady Harriet lying on the bank.

"She is not dead!" she cried. There was no sign of life in the motionless figure.

"She is not dead," Miles Chesilton answered shortly, "but I don't know how long she will live if we cannot get her to warmth and a fire. Fortunately it is not far to a gamekeeper's cottage. I must carry her there. Come, let me assist you to the bank."

Then Bab remembered that her skates were on, but she was too numbed to use them. She let Miles Chesilton draw them off, and then cried to him to hasten: she could do very well. He assisted her to the bank, which was close at hand. She saw him stoop down and lift up the drowned girl, noticing for the first time consciously that he was without a coat. He had wrapped his about Lady Harriet.

"You will get your death," she said.

"There is no time to think of that," he replied, staggering under the weight of the tall girl with all her drenched clothing. "Let us get her to a fire, and we may save her life yet."

Bab never forgot that slow and painful progress up the sides of the ravine and then along the narrow path which led to the gamekeeper's cottage.

Fortunately Mrs. Vale, the gamekeeper's wife, who came out with her hands uplifted in horror as she saw young Mr. Chesilton and his burden, was a capable and housewifely person.

They watched her for a second, while she spread a mattress on the floor in front of the fire and laid a blanket upon it.

"We shall want cordial and hot-water bottles and all sorts of things," said Bab, collecting her senses. "Go now. Send a man for the doctor. And tell Mrs. Branscombe to have fires lit and blankets warmed."

"You are wet through yourself," he said anxiously.

"I shall run home as soon as I have seen her into the blankets."

Bab pushed him out of the little kitchen. She pulled off her own wet outer things as soon as she had seen Lady Harriet undressed and laid in front of the fire between the hot blankets. When Miles Chesilton returned with the housekeeper, Mrs. Branscombe, and the Squire, and bales of blankets and many other things, Bab was still there, wearing a chocolate-coloured loose wrapper with blue flowers on it belonging to Mrs. Vale, the gamekeeper's wife. And Lady Harriet was just opening her eyes.

Bab put a finger to her lip and signed for the cordial as they came in. Miles Chesilton poured some into a cup, and would have lifted Lady Harriet's head, but Bab did that herself with quiet dexterity, laying the head back softly on its pillow when she was done.

She had no time to think of the strange appearance she must present. As a matter of fact, she looked oddly brilliant, for two little fires had come into her usually pale cheeks, her eyes had fires in their soft depths, and her unmanageable hair flamed in the wildest of aureoles. The too ample gown accommodated itself to the soft curves of her slender figure in the most charming way.

They watched anxiously to see the medicine do its work. Lady Harriet opened her eyes again and smiled at them; then seemed to sink off asleep. Bab looked up triumphantly.

"How good it is to see her smile!" she said.

Mrs. Vale was heard to murmur to Mrs. Brans combe in the background that the young lady had the ways of a mother.

"I couldn't be handier myself," she said; "not though I reared eleven, and buried them too."

CHAPTER XXIII.

OLD FOLKS' PLANS.



HOWEVER, that was but the beginning of many weeks of anxiety, for while Bab and Miles Chesilton took no harm from their exposure, Lady Harriet's immersion in the icy water brought on pneumonia, and there was a long battle between life and death before they could be sure she was to be spared to them.

Once again Nurse Shaw's services were in requisition. She began to talk of setting up in Oakdene, since she had found so many patients there. Bab often wished that Sidney Le Mesurier too might have been with her. She could have wished for no more valiant fighters on the side of life than those two. But Sid was still abroad, and Dr. Vernon had the case in his hands.

When things had been at their very worst a great London specialist had come down for several days following each other. Nurse Shaw at that time shared the nursing with a very fine lady who had hardly ever nursed outside Park Lane. But the specialist had not been impressed by the results of her experience which she thought fit to impart to him. He had, on the other hand, looked kindly and shrewdly at the little grey-haired, brown-faced woman, who was so alert and so cheerful, and who had retired into the background saying nothing at all. He had made a point of asking for Nurse Shaw's address when he paid his last visit. That was when the patient had at long last turned into the right road.

Nurse Shaw was as much overwhelmed and surprised as Sister Priscilla was amazed and scornful.

"We shall have you with a Park Lane practice," said Bab, laughing, "and then we shall be sorry for your good luck, since you will never nurse any of us again."

"If Sir William remembers," answered the little woman, in an awe-struck tone, "it will be good luck. You don't know what it will mean to me, my dear."

Meanwhile, during that deadly danger to Lady Harriet, and afterwards while the result was in doubt, Miles Chesilton's demeanour had been something of a puzzle to Bab. He had done everything for Lady Harriet at the time; he waited, grave and quiet, while the issue of her terrible illness was in doubt; yet never, never did he seem like the man who sees his one ship going down before his eyes, never once did the final anguish look at Bab out of his face of grave and tender concern.

She had been thanked on all hands. Before Lady Harriet herself could give testimony, Miles Chesilton had told how he found Bab supporting her friend in such a position that she must certainly have died with her.

Lord Wivelsham had thanked her with tears in his eyes, which he tried in vain to blink away

"My one little girl," he said: "I couldn't have lived without her. A lifetime is not enough in which to thank you and Miles. And as for the dog, he shall have a golden collar. If he hadn't barked—the little beggar—so furiously that he drew Miles to the spot, then his help had come too late."

He turned away, choking.

The next person was the Squire. He took Bab in his arms and kissed her forehead.

"You don't know what it means to me," he said. "The boy's grief would be mine, and what would break him would break me. That very day he was to have asked Harriet to marry him. You have saved him his wife and me my daughter."

Bab kept this confidence to herself, but she marvelled more and more over Miles Chesilton's quiet gravity. It was not the demeanour of a lover. She was more in sympathy with Captain Marsden, who rode over from the barracks every day to ask for news, and looked as worn and pale as though his wound had reopened. Bab let him hold her two hands while he faltered his admiration of her courage. Her heart ached for him when the news was at its worst and she dared not soften it for him. When she could tell him, at last, that the illness had taken a favourable turn she looked away with compunction from the rush of joy to his face.

"I don't mind now how soon the route comes," he said, in an unsteady voice. "It would have been hard to go while her fate was in suspense."

May came in—the May of the poets that year. There was not a trace of the keen east wind, but soft breathings from the south, which brought all the gardens out in white and rosy beauty, and turned the country that heavenly green which is so fleeting. The young lambs bleated in their pastures. The nightingales sang against each other all night, and before the dawn silenced them thrush and blackbird were awake and ready for singing.

And at last Lady Harriet was well enough to lie on a sofa in the Manor House drawing-room, and to talk of the removal to Wivelsham, which presently was to come about.

When she was so well, Bab, who had hardly left the Manor House, even though Dolly's last days ran out and were done, even though preparations were a-making for Pat's wedding, began to absent herself, in spite of all the protests.

"I have my duty to my own folk," she said laughingly. "You are not my own folk. Why, I have hardly seen my babies since Christmas, and I am ceasing to be first with them."

It was on a morning of this May that Miles Chesilton sat with Lady Harriet, ready as ever to fetch and carry for her. They were likely to be undisturbed for a time. People seemed to take it for granted that they could spend any amount of time in each other's society.

Lady Harriet had been silent while the young man turned over the pages of an illustrated paper. At last she broke silence.

"Miles," she said, "I want to talk to you about something."

"Fire away, dear," he answered, looking up at her kindly.

"You know," she said, with a sudden blush, "that there has been an unspoken compact about us between the Squire and papa for a long time back?"

"Since we were babes and sucklings, to be correct, dear," he said.

"They never consulted us about it," she went on, "and you have never given me the opportunity of saying whether I agreed with the arrangement or not."

Miles Chesilton leant forward, and placed an affectionate hand on the soft lines of her loose gown.

"Time was," he said—"I beg your pardon, dear—when I was perfectly well satisfied with the arrangement. I did not think I should ever question it, in fact."

"Nor I," she answered demurely, "although it is very rude of you to suggest that your feelings have undergone a change."

"And yours. But it was too good of you ever to have been willing to take me. I am an unworthy fellow."

"You see, there is papa!" the girl went on.

"You would not have had to leave him? And the Squire. It would have made the Squire very happy."

Lady Harriet pretended offence.

"You are as good as telling me that you agreed because of your uncle."

"And you because of your father. We are quits, dear."

"Never mind. It is very rude of you, all the same."

Lady Harriet had taken on some of the pettishness and importance of the beloved invalid, and it did not make her less attractive in the young man's eyes.

"Never mind," he said. "You don't want me to break my heart over you, do you? And I should have been doing that only for——"

"Only for Bab," said Lady Harriet audaciously.

Miles Chesilton looked as though he might retaliate, but he did not.

"It's no use, Harriet," he said. "She won't look at me. She is kindness itself, but she keeps me off. She shelters herself from me behind you, behind those children—behind everybody."

"She misunderstands. She thinks that we are destined for each other, good, loyal little soul. Whereas you have passed me over for her."

"And you me for——"

"No, no," Lady Harriet exclaimed; "there is no one else, Miles."

"Isn't there, dear? Then there soon will be."

"I wanted to know because—because—the Squire told me that you had confessed to him your intention of asking me to marry you the very day the accident occurred."

She shivered a little as she spoke.

"I confess I told him as much. I should have been very fond of you."

She laughed, with a heightened colour.

"You must be very fond of Bab instead," she replied.

"I shall ask her this very day," he went on, standing up and walking about the room. "But how to reconcile the Squire and Lord Wivelsham?"

"I shall tell papa. He will not be angry with me; he cannot be angry with Bab. And he will reconcile the Squire. I don't think papa will be really sorry to know that he is going to keep his girl."

"How long, Harriet? Do you know that Marsden's regiment has got the route for India?"

Her face went red and pale.

"I did not know. Captain Marsden has not called. He would be busy, I suppose."

"He would be uncommonly busy. But I don't think that would keep him away. I should send for him, dear."

He walked up and down, while she sat with her gaze on the ground.

"I think I will take your advice," she said. "But first I must tell papa. I owe so much to papa."

"Make me useful. Let me take your message to Marsden," he pleaded. "He is frightfully in grim love with you, Harriet. If you could see his face these days! Give him a lead, dear girl."

"I think perhaps—if he does not come," she said, "that I shall ask you to help me, Miles. No brother was ever better or dearer. But I shall wait to see if he will come. And now, be off to Bab, since we are no longer even possible lovers. I shall do very well. Why, here is papa coming across the lawn. I shall not miss you, sir."

"Give me God-speed!" he whispered, stooping to kiss her hand while they were yet alone.

"God speed you!" she answered. "I am glad you did not want me, Miles. How could I have refused you, after you saving my life too, if you had wanted me? Ah, papa, dear, is it you?" as the door opened. "How lucky you should have come! Miles wants to go off guard."

"Then Miles is a dull fellow and an ungrateful fellow," he said, with tender gallantry, as the door closed behind Miles; and added, with sudden recollection: "But we must not talk of ingratitude where Miles is concerned, must we, darling? Why, no matter what Miles asked of us, we should have to give it him, shouldn't we?"

"Of course. And no matter what Bab asked."

"Why, yes: we are eternally grateful to the little girl, aren't we? What can we do for her, darling?"

"Supposing she wanted Miles?"

"Miles!" repeated Lord Wivelsham in stupefaction. "But she can't have Miles. Miles is——"

"No, he isn't. I can't say she wants Miles. It would be an impertinence till Miles has asked her. But I am quite sure that Miles wants her. You see, it was your arrangement, not ours at all—the other thing, I mean."

A shadow fell on Lord Wivelsham's face.

"I thought I was going to keep you near me for the rest of my days. But if you and Miles don't really care for each other, in that way, I must only be reconciled, I suppose."

"We look to you to reconcile the Squire."

"Chesilton? Oh! Chesilton will come round. He will always come round when he can't get his own way, if people only know how to treat him."

He stooped suddenly and kissed his daughter.

"There is no one else, Hal?" he asked fondly, averting his eyes from her face.

"Why, who should there be, except you? There never was a father like you."

She drew down the grey head to her, troubled at her own disingenuousness.

"And you don't mind about Miles's defection?"

She laughed a heart-whole laugh.

"It was never our arrangement—only yours, you dear old foolish persons."

"I have sometimes thought," he went on, blushing like a boy, "that you liked Marsden's society. Is that it, Hal?"

She rested her head against his shoulder.

"Captain Marsden has said nothing," she answered under her breath.

"If he were to say anything, dear, and you were ready to listen to him—I don't want to pry into your secrets—remember that you can trust your old father's love."

He stood up then, and, going away from her, petted a setter which lay stretched on the hearth-rug. His daughter's eyes looked after him through a sudden mist. Why, if she were to stay with him all her days, was that anything to grieve about? She remembered their old love, the days when she was a little child, and her father, very solitary for the young mother who had left him, haunted the nursery, to the mingled contempt and admiration of the nurses.

After a few minutes he came back to her side and talked about indifferent things, till the luncheon bell rang.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

A MESSAGE was sent across from The Lawns that Mr. Miles Chesilton would not be home for lunch, and prayed Lady Harriet and his uncle to excuse him.

"We had better break it to the Squire," Lady Harriet said, smiling wistfully at her father. "Couldn't you give him a hint as you ride together this afternoon? Something to let poor Miles down easy?"

"We shall see," answered Lord Wivelsham. "But, by the way, are you to be left alone because this rude fellow has deserted you? I have a great mind to keep you company, darling."

"Oh! no, you mustn't do that. What would Sir George Bainbridge say? How disappointed he would be if he had not you and the Squire to display his Shorthorns to before he sends them to the county show. No, papa dear, a promise is a promise. Besides, see my box from Mudie's, hardly glanced at! I believe I am tired of your company, and shall enjoy an afternoon all to myself."

"Why, I believe it *was* a promise to Bainbridge," Lord Wivelsham said simply. "Poor Bainbridge! He is infatuated over those cattle. Yet he never will be a really distinguished breeder. There's some coarse strain in that herd of his, and the colour——"

Lord Wivelsham was off into a technical discussion on the merits of Shorthorns, the breeding of which was one of the country pursuits that had comforted him for the loss of his sword; and the discussion was continued hotly during lunch between him and the Squire, who was thus distracted from his little resentment over Miles absenting himself from Lady Harriet's side.

After lunch the two horses were brought round, and Lady Harriet from her sofa by the window saw the two elderly men mount and ride away. They took off their hats to her as they were in the saddle, and she waved her hand, smiling, to them as long as she could see them.

Her heart was a little heavy because she could not have pleased them, as well as for the news Miles had told her that morning of Captain Marsden's regiment having been ordered abroad.

She selected a novel with apparent care out of the pile by her side and began cutting the pages; but her mind was not in her book, and while she mechanically fingered it her thoughts kept debating about Captain Marsden's movements. Would he come? Would he not come? Surely his pride would not make him go without speaking! That would be too cruel. He might have heard something about her and Miles to mislead him. When she was so very ill she knew the Squire had talked to any sympathetic ear ready to listen to him of the trouble to him and his.

And yet, and yet—she had surely given Captain Marsden as much encouragement as any modest girl might, considering that she knew he loved her, and that he was only silent because of the difference in their positions;

perhaps, too, because he believed she acquiesced in the Squire's and her father's plans for her future. Yet how could that be, seeing that she had so held him to her side; that often, when he would have kept away, she had called him back; that she had shown so plainly her pleasure, nay her delight, in his society; that she had put Miles aside for him as easily as though he were her own dear brother, and had let him—nay, invited him to absorb her to the exclusion of others?

Yet such things happened. Supposing already he were gone; supposing she should never see him any more; supposing he had placed himself beyond reach of her fascinations, holding them dangerous to honour. What should she do in that case? Would there be any use in trying to recall him? India was very far away, and the regiment would be there for some years. If she had the forlorn courage to write to him after he had gone without a word, would he come back?

She tortured herself with surmises. A footman came in and put coal on the fire, which was not oppressive in the great room, although the day was May's and lovely. Presently he brought a tray with her tea daintily set out on it. She looked with languid want of interest at the tiny delicacies which accompanied the tea to tempt her as yet poor appetite. Tea by one's self was not a very inspiriting meal.

Then she heard the tinkle of the hall door bell, and the rat-tat of the knocker, and her heart leaped up, although she said to herself that of course it was only an ordinary afternoon visitor. They had been coming in shoals lately to inquire about her health.

But it was not. It was Captain Marsden who was announced by the footman. As soon as she heard his name she acknowledged to herself that she had known all the time he would come.

She looked at him shyly and kindly. In his well-cut dark clothes he looked paler than ever. He was so quiet, so dark, so pale, as he sat there, holding his hat in his hands, who could have given him credit for the dashing courage which had won him his reputation? Lady Harriet winced a little as she noticed that he was thinner than of old. His lips had a set look. Unexpected lines had come out about the corners of his mouth and eyes, and surely the sprinkling of grey which was on his sleek, dark head since she had known him had become far more plentiful of late. Her heart began to ache over the change in him with a soft maternal ache of compassion.

"I am so glad, so rejoiced," he said, "that you are so much better. It is very good to see you back again in your place. The other things will follow."

She laughed and blushed. Now that he was here she felt unreasonably happy. The new lightness of heart made her bold.

"I know I have lost my good looks," she began.

"Hardly that," he put in, with a fervour that embarrassed her. "You are pale, of course."

"Till I can get out. I long for the air and the sun."

"You have all the summer before you to grow strong in."

She shivered.

"I wonder if I shall ever be quite the same?" she said. "I am still horribly nervous. I shall never see ice again without horror. That horrible sinking, the feeling of being dragged down, and the paralysis of the cold——"

"Don't!" he said, almost roughly. "I can't bear it."

She turned her soft cheek from him an instant.

"It is all over now," she went on; "and I am growing strong, thank God! What would my father have done without me?"

"Chesilton was a lucky fellow," he said, with energy, "to have been there. I shall envy him all my life. Of course—it was fitting—he had a right."

"He and Babbie together saved me. But for her I should have been under the ice. How glad I am that they will be happy together!"

"Together," he repeated stupidly. "What have they to do with each other?"

"I thought you must have known. It was obvious to the meanest intelligence that Miles was in love with Babbie."

"I have not the meanest intelligence."

A sudden smile broke over the sadness of his face, with the effect of the sun breaking over a cheerless winter landscape.

"I'm afraid my words are open to that interpretation"

Lady Harriet sent him a merry glance from those true brown eyes of hers, and then looked down, turning the rings about on her fingers.

"You have got the route," she said seriously.

"We sail from Tilbury on the 19th. How did you know?"

"Miles told me, only this morning. Do you know, before you came, I was thinking that perhaps you would forget to say good-bye to me? You were very good about calling when I was seriously ill. So they told me, and I must thank you for it. But since I have been convalescent you forgot."

"I did not forget," he said. "I confess I had it in my mind to go without seeing you."

"And I—I should have sent for you."

He started to his feet and walked away from her in great agitation. In a second he was back at her side.

"Why would you have sent for me, Lady Harriet?" he asked. "Why not let me go in peace?"

"I wanted to ask you to stay," she replied, putting her hand on his arm.

"Why, dear, why? Do you know what you are saying? what you are implying? Do you know what you are leading me to believe?"

"Everything," she said, throwing back her head, so that her face was uplifted to him; and never had she seemed so beautiful. "Give my words their full significance. You cannot imagine too much from them."

Then he stooped and kissed her with a quiet and sober rapture that had God knows how much of thanksgiving in it.

"If you have chosen me, Harriet, the least worthy of men," he whispered, "I must forget that you are Lord Wivelsham's daughter, and I a poor foot-soldier with nothing but a sword."

For a little while there was the broken talk of lovers which does not bear repeating. At last they could look their happiness in the face and believe in it.

"We must tell papa at once," she said. "You can stay for dinner, Hugh? I may take the liberty of asking you, I know. They will be back for dinner, papa and the Squire."

"I can stay, heart's delight. But will Lord Wivelsham welcome me?"

A spasm of misgiving crossed the immense happiness of his face, and she put up her hand and touched his cheek softly as though she would smooth it away.

"I can trust papa's love," she answered. "I could trust it in far more difficult circumstances than these. But, Hugh, need you go? Papa will want you to exchange into a better regiment, and stay at home."

"Why, so I should, dear. You can do with me what you will. But I am afraid you must let me go, beloved, for the present. There is fighting. I could not refuse to go. You would not ask me. Afterwards, in the mercy of God, I shall come back to you."

A sigh seemed to tremble through her being.

"I was afraid of it," she said, clinging to him, "but I am a soldier's daughter. I would not ask you to stay."

They were interrupted in their tender talk by the headlong entrance of Miles Chesilton, looking boyishly radiant.

"Wish me joy, Harriet!" he cried. "I wanted to bring Babbie, but she would stay with her mother. Oh, Marsden! I beg your pardon: I didn't see you."

"You have been in no hurry to bring me your news," said Lady Harriet, reaching a hand to him. "It is five hours since you left me."

"But you have not been lonely. So you are going off, Marsden; when?"

"He is off," said Lady Harriet "He will go, because there is fighting to be done. What obstinate notions of honour men have! But he is coming back, Miles—in the mercy of God, he is coming back."

"Why, Harriet! Marsden, old fellow! I am so glad. Not that you are going, of course. I don't know that I was ever so glad of anything in my life."

"It seems to be a very propitious day," said Lady Harriet, demurely.

The Squire and Lord Wivelsham came home punctually. As they rode beneath the window to the stable beyond they caught sight of Lady Harriet, and waved their hands to her. Presently Lord Wivelsham appeared alone.

"Ah, how d'ye do, Marsden?" he said. "Very glad to see you. You've been keeping this child company, I suppose? The Squire will be in directly. He's seeing a horse's foot poulticed. The poor beast got a nail in it."

Lady Harriet pulled the arm that rested on the back of her chair about her neck, and rubbed her soft cheek against her father's riding coat.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, looking down at the bronze head with an air of apprehension oddly mingled with resignation.

"You asked me a little while ago if there was anyone else," she whispered. "There is someone else now. There is Captain Marsden."

"I thought it would come to this," said Lord Wivelsham, holding out his hand. "You won't want to take her away from me, Marsden, not to the world's end? She is the only child I have."

"He goes alone," said Lady Harriet, "because there is fighting going on. He would not exchange now. Afterwards, when he comes back, in the mercy of God, he will place himself in your hands."

"My dear fellow," said Lord Wivelsham, "I should have been bitterly disappointed if you had come to any other decision. As it is, I think I may say that I don't know any man I would so willingly trust with my girl."

Then the Squire arrived, and had to be told.

"I'm angry with you, Harriet," he said, "really angry; and with Miles and that mim,

Babbie, as well. Weren't my plans good enough for you? Still, after all, I can't be a curmudgeon and not wish you joy, since you have taken it out of my hands."

And then he very handsomely kissed Lady Harriet and shook hands with Captain Marsden.

So now there was much ado making ready for the two weddings, for it was arranged that Bab and Pat were to be married on the same day.

Phyllis shook her head when Bab insisted that they might make three brides, and said wisely that a fine wedding would not suit her and Sid at all, since they were going to be a working couple, and after a year or two in a tiny flat on the Boulevard Miche, while Sid walked the Paris hospitals, would have nothing to come back to but a little house with a red lamp outside it, somewhere in a dingy London street.

Of course, Bab had a tremendous fuss made over her, being the favourite of fortune she always was, and Miss Patty Selwood and Lady Caird had quite a set to about who was to provide her trousseau. It was compromised in the end by Lady Caird's providing trousseaux for Pat and Phyllis, while a slice of her savings went in a very handsome *rivière* of diamonds for Bab, who would now be quite beyond any necessity for money.

No one was more interested in all these preparations, not even the children and the brides-elect, than Lady Harriet Agnew, who kept a proud and cheerful face, and would not let anyone try to console her because her lover was at the world's end, and fighting in that little but deadly war, which seemed to carry off so many and such brilliant young lives.

"I shall be happier than any of you," she said once to Bab, "when my turn comes. Bah! what do you smugly prosperous people know of happiness?"

And that was the only time she confessed indirectly to any fear.

Bab would have had all the world share her happiness. This May month had been timed ever since they had left Malplaquet Gardens for a visit from the little tutor, Mr. Short, and his wife and some of the younger children. It may be remembered that when Bab was four the little Shorts were even then turning the garden of their house at Malplaquet Gardens into what Susan called a "glory hole." Those little Shorts were now grown up, and out in the world, some of them; but there were still little Shorts, and it seemed as if there always would be. Even kindly Mrs. Williamson suggested putting off the Shorts till the flurry of the weddings was over, but Bab would not hear of it.

"As though I could make anyone sorry and disappointed because of *that*," she said, with rosy indignation.

So Mr. and Mrs. Short and five young Shorts came. The little tutor was as small and anxious-looking as ever, and still wore the surprised look in the presence of his offspring which he had worn sixteen years ago. And Mrs. Short was rather more monumental, and as undisturbed as ever by the wild pranks which brought everybody else's hearts into their mouths.

The Shorts were certainly very little trouble. They were in the fields all day, Mr. Short lying on the grass, Mrs. Short in a chair with a pad on her knee engaged in writing stories for the *Lady's Romancer* while the young Shorts did their best to plough up the field and leave not a sod unturned.

"For the first time," said Mrs. Short, "the dear innocents have *room*. Oh, my dear Miss Barbara, how shall I thank you for such joy? They are energetic children, and when they had dug all over the garden at Malplaquet Gardens—and that took them but a short time—they proceeded to dig so deeply that I often thought they must come out on the other side of the world. The landlord was so annoyed when they stripped the drains. Room, room—there is nothing so beautiful as room."

There had been a business arrangement by which Mrs. Williamson was to occupy The Lawns for her lifetime, after which it was to revert to Bab and Bab's children, so that the Squire's desire for Naboth's vineyard would be realised some day, when The Lawns should be restored to the Manor House estate.

So the children were not to be evicted, and the delightful homely old house was still to be home to Mrs. Williamson's daughters and their husbands and children. It was not likely ever to be empty for long. Yet the mother looked ahead.

"Some day, Babbie," she said, "when these children are all reared and have no need for it, I should like to have some little London children here, and do just the same for them as we have done for our own."

"So you shall, dear," answered Babbie. "So you shall. The house shall be your own to do what you will with it so long as you stay in it, and, God willing, that will be for ever and a day."

There had been something of a gap in their letters from Paris. Quite three months had passed since they had heard anything from Aimée or Mrs. Patten; and Bab was promising herself to write them a long letter with all the wonderful news, when one day, as she went

down the village street, she saw a lady and gentleman approaching her.

They were arm in arm. The lady was attired in the height of fashion, and even at a distance had a brilliant air, like a delightful grey bird with hints of peach-blossom on its head and wings. They came nearer, and the lady, without removing her arm from that of her companion, was displaying all her even white teeth in the most beaming smile. Why, it was Aimée, Aimée herself, though the old Aimée had worn a discontented expression, brilliant in flashes, but normally dissatisfied with herself and the world; and this Aimée looked so joyous. She was exquisitely attired and amazingly pretty, as she gazed at Monsieur with a pride impossible of description as she indicated him to Bab.

"We are here on our wedding journey, my friend," she cried out before she came up with Bab. "I would see you, and we are fascinated with your delightful inn. Gustave——"

Bab was holding both Aimée's hands, laughing with pleasure at seeing her.

"Gustave, M. de Courcel—you remember how I used to rave about his pictures. Well, I am Madame de Courcel since a fortnight last Friday. I am incredibly happy. Gustave, *mon ami*—you remember my picture of Mdlle. Babbie?"

"As though I could forget!" said Gustave, who had been bowing and smiling all the time, and staring hard at Bab.

"You will come back with us to the inn," Aimée went on. "Gustave is delighted with it. The unworldliness, the good temper, the plenty! The dear landlady, so fat and kindly. Gustave makes a picture of her for the Salon."

"I would paint Mademoiselle," said Gustave, speaking his English with difficulty, "if she will permit. She wears the colours of the spring. It is superb. Greuze would have loved her."

"*Maman?*" repeated Aimée, in reply to a question of Bab's. "She is dressing our little home for us in the forest of Fontainebleau. She is well. Has she not written? It is because of the disturbance of my marriage. It was *so* unexpected. I shall tell you some day, Babbie. It was romantic to the last degree. But you—you look radiant. What of the mother, the old woman who lived in the shoe, and the beautiful sisters? And how are Kate and Ada? *Maman* has charged me to see them."

Bab could not tell her own news under M. de Courcel's brilliant eyes; so she carried the two back to lunch, and found herself to her amazement consenting to sit to M. de Courcel while he remained at the inn.

Early in June—the marriages had been fixed for the fourteenth so as to include him—Sid came home. He and his charges arrived next door about eight o'clock of the summer evening, and the folk at The Lawns hardly knew that they were come before Sid was once more among them.

They—he and Phyllis—had Bab's little room to themselves for a while; but quite a long time before anyone looked to see them they presented themselves in the drawing-room.

Sid was looking sunburnt and comely, all the London pallor and shadows quite banished from his handsome face by the royal sun of the South.

"Wait till you see my patient," he said, laughing, when they talked about how well he looked. "I am really proud of my patient. She has lost twenty years off her age, and is as pretty as a picture."

"Mr. Grayson is satisfied?" asked Mrs. Williamson, smiling on her favourite, whom the other sons-in-law would never displace.

"More than satisfied." Sid laughed in an embarrassed way, and looked round the intimate circle, which was not yet supplemented by Don Alvarez and Miles Chesilton, who were attending a cricket match at some distance. "More than satisfied. In fact—it seems ridiculous for a grown man—they have adopted me. They would do it, and I believe they really care for me like a son. I could not refuse, not for wholly selfish reasons. They are the most lonely couple, and the world is full of people who would prey on them. I can save them from that——"

"But, my dear boy, what will you do? Live with them?" asked Mrs. Williamson when the buzz of surprise had subsided.

"They don't ask that. They treat me as though I were their own son whose place was in the world. I shall go and come, and they will not be unhappy, having each other. We are to go to Paris after our marriage, just as we had planned, but in very different circumstances. They are longing to see Phyllis. Of course, it's a fairy story, but it has been done with all the forms! If I had turned out a worthless fellow, after all, they would have had a good deal to undo to get rid of me. Can you come with me, Phyllis? I promised I would bring you back as soon as ever I could. They have forgotten to be timid now they have a son."

"Well," said Bab, when Sid and Phyllis had left them, "Lady Caird always says that I am a favourite of fortune. I know I am far happier than I deserve to be, thanks to the Giver of all good things! But it seems to me we Williamsons are all favourites of fortune."



FROM THE PAINTING BY W. H. MARGETSON.

"WE WOULD, IF NEED BE, GIVE OUR LIVES RATHER THAN FAIL."

(*"A Flame of Fire," p. 270.*)

XUM

XUM

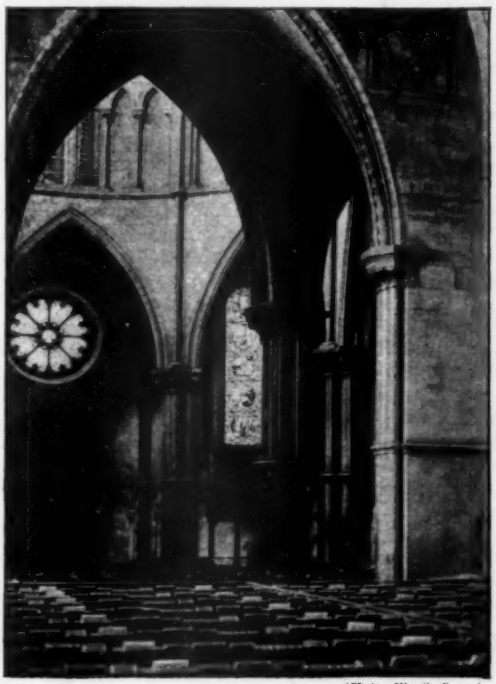
THE ROUND CHURCHES OF ENGLAND

By Gertrude Bacon.

AMONG the many beautiful and curious forms of ancient churches, still happily to be found in such abundance, scattered about our country, there are a few—a very few—of so remarkable and distinctive a character as to constitute a complete class by themselves. These are the round churches, built in circular shape in imitation of the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre on far-off Calvary, and carrying us back in memory to the wild days of the Crusades and the mighty brotherhoods of the Christian knights, once so great a power in the history of Christendom.

There are but four complete round churches at present existing in England: the well-known Temple Church in London, the almost equally famous example at Cambridge, St. Sepulchre's in Northampton, and the small church of Little Maplestead in Essex. Besides these there is the ruin of a fifth at Temple Bruer in Lincolnshire. Other specimens have no doubt at one time existed, and have since been entirely destroyed. Some short while ago when, in recent restoration, the crypt of St. John the Baptist's Church at Clerkenwell was opened out, the foundations of an ancient round structure were discovered. Another round church is also said to have stood in Ludlow Castle yard. Old writings tell us that Wilfred's church at Hexham and the old church of Wearmouth were built in circular plan; and it is evident that this enumeration by no means exhausts the list of round churches which England formerly possessed.

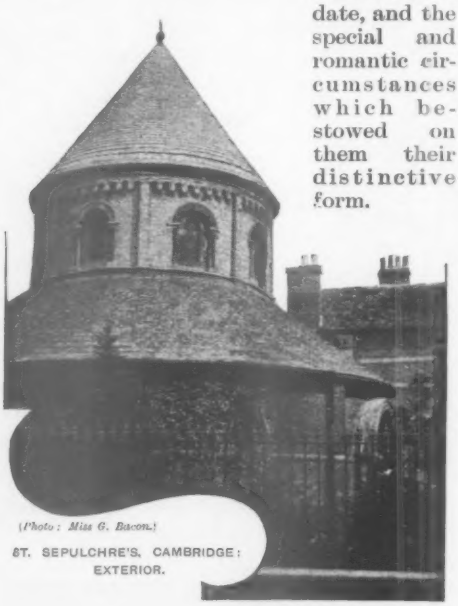
Before we examine in fuller detail the few precious relics yet remaining to us of



(Photo: Miss G. Bacon.)

INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH, LONDON.

this most interesting type of building, it might be well to recall to our minds the chief events of the period whence these churches date, and the special and romantic circumstances which bestowed on them their distinctive form.



(*Photo: Miss G. Bacon.*)

ST. SEPULCHRE'S, CAMBRIDGE: EXTERIOR.

In the year 289 the Empress Helena, a British princess, mother of Constantine the Great, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem for the purpose of identifying the sacred spots made precious to her by the new religion she had lately embraced. Since the awful days of the siege of Jerusalem havoc and ruin had laid waste the once fertile scenes of the world's great tragedy. Only a few wretched huts, inhabited by a miserable remnant of Jews and Christians, lay round the hill of Zion, and on Calvary itself a temple of Venus, erected some while before in scornful contempt of the new teaching, was mouldering to decay.

But, fired with zeal, the aged Empress—she was then seventy-nine years of age—set forward with the task of excavation; and, assisted as she believed by divine agency, discovered, as was then universally held, not only the Holy Sepulchre itself but the actual tree on which the Saviour expiated the sins of the world. Full of joy and thankfulness, Helena upon the holy spot erected a church large enough to contain not only the Sepulchre but the place of Crucifixion beside, enriching it with gold and marble and precious stones; while she herself returned rejoicing to her own land.

This was the beginning of the great pilgrimage. Hereafter, for many generations, an ever increasing stream of pilgrims, moved by every sort of motive, pious and selfish, swept eastward to the Holy Land from every corner of Christendom. Some made the journey because they believed that by so doing they could atone for a life of misdeeds; others purely for the sake of travel and adventure; but most for the love of the Master they humbly served and followed, to trace His footsteps when He lived on earth.

And as time went on and the pilgrim bands increased, the circumstances of their journey altered. Ferocious Turcomans conquered Jerusalem, massacred the Christians residing there, and oppressed the travellers with every form of indignity and extortion. Year by year the evil grew, till at last there came a day when, stirred to wild enthusiasm by the preaching of Peter the Hermit, the mighty armies of the Crusaders, rich nobles and proud knights, the very flower of Western chivalry, started for Jerusalem; and soon the holy city was surrounded and captured, and through the blood of the Turks the captors fought their way to the sacred Shrine. Jerusalem was now in the hands of the Christians, and, once within its walls, the pilgrims were secure. Nevertheless, the journey thither was yet fraught with many perils. The country round was overrun with wild, marauding bands of robbers and murderers, who fell upon the defenceless travellers and plundered and slew them with impunity.

Matters at length reached such a pitch that nine French knights in Jerusalem, all of whom had distinguished themselves in the capture, agreed to band themselves together to espouse the cause of the pilgrims, and guide and protect them on their way to the city. This was at the commencement of the twelfth century, and the little brotherhood, who called themselves "The Poor Fellow Soldiers of Jesus Christ," possessed at first no recognised home of their own. But as time went on, and the order grew in numbers, King Baldwin II. of Jerusalem granted them a special residence on Mount Moriah, actually within the enclosure of the "Temple of the Lord."

Henceforward the brotherhood adopted a new name, "The Poor Soldiers of the Temple of Solomon," soon abbreviated into the proud title of the "Knights Templars."

The rules drawn up by the knights, and in the early days, at least, strictly adhered to, were rigorous and simple. Laymen of noble birth, they were to be distinguished for their purity of mind, obedience, piety, humility and diligence; and, bound together for the protection of the Holy Sepulchre and the safeguarding of the pilgrims, were "not to fear the fight but be prepared for the crown." They were to live together, eating in a common hall in silence, speaking only by signs or softly when necessary. Religious observances and fastings formed part of the daily rule, and, since poverty and self-denial were to be chief characteristics of the order, rich clothing, gold and silver trappings on bridle or spur, and hunting and fowling were all forbidden, while white cloaks, emblematic of chastity, on which the red Maltese cross was later emblazoned, were the distinctive dress.

Later years saw important modification of this code of rules. Many strict observances were relaxed, and the boast of poverty lost all its meaning as the Templars began to obtain wealth and possessions beyond all imagining. From the very first the order achieved the greatest renown, and quickly grew into a mighty power throughout all the West. Before half a century had passed the annual income of the Templars in Europe was estimated at the enormous total (in those days) of six million sterling, while in addition, great privileges, such as exemption from paying tithe, added indirectly to their wealth and influence.

Naturally the formation of this vast military religious body was quickly followed by others of a like nature. The great rivals of the Templars were the Knights Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John, and it is to these famous orders of the age of chivalry, more especially to the Templars, that we owe our round churches; to which we now return. The Knights of the Temple had been established but a few years when Hugh de Payens, their head and founder, came to London to enlist support for the cause. In this he succeeded marvellously, and in a very short while Templar establishments sprang up all over England, the chief and earliest being that established in London by Payens himself. The site of this was originally at Holborn, but as the English knights increased in numbers and wealth they purchased the ground where now stands the Temple to this very day, and set about constructing their magnificent church and other buildings.

Who does not know the Temple Church, and has not been impressed by the solemn splendour of its tall encircling pillars, and the glamour of long ago typified in the cross-legged warriors, mail clad, shield on arm and sword in hand, sleeping calmly side by side as they have for so many generations. The



(Photo: Miss G. Bacon.)

ST. SEPULCHRE'S, CAMBRIDGE: INTERIOR.

very names of these grim Crusaders, keeping silent watch in the church in which they worshipped, are now forgotten and lost; but one is supposed to be Geoffrey de Magnaville, the bold bad son of a Norman baron who fought at Hastings. After a life of wickedness he died excommunicated by the Church, and forsaken by all save the Templars, who,



(Photo: W. Mark, Northampton.)

ST. SEPULCHRE'S, NORTHAMPTON: INTERIOR.

finding him repentant, put their habit on him and enrolled him in their order. Even then they dared not bury him in consecrated ground, but hung him in his leaden coffin on a tree in the gardens until, some years later, absolution was obtained for him. Another effigy is presumed to be that of Lord de Ros, one of the barons who wrested the Great Charter from the unwilling John. Another, the son of Protector Pembroke, represented in the act of drawing his sword, the gesture suggestive of great deeds intended but never executed, for this knight died of a fall from his horse on the eve of starting for the Holy Land. It may be here mentioned that when the bodies of these Crusaders were exhumed in the process of restoration they were found to be men of great stature, two at least of the skeletons measuring over six feet.

Great changes have taken place in the buildings of the Temple and of its church, and most of the old relics have been swept away. There still remains, however, the narrow penitential cell, built in the thickness of the church wall, of such dimensions that the unhappy prisoner could not stretch his limbs, and where disobedient knights were confined. Dark deeds have been enacted in this dreary prison if tradition tells truly. Within its cramping walls, we are told, a Grand Preceptor of Ireland who had incurred the wrath of the order was left lying in chains until he starved to death.

Next in interest to the Temple Church comes St. Sepulchre's at Cambridge. The peculiar dedication, which is shared by all the round churches, is explained when we remember that, as already stated, the idea of the round form is an imitation of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on the hill of Calvary. The Cambridge example was built in the preceding reign to the Temple Church, and is of smaller and more massive structure, with eight cylindrical pillars supporting the round-headed Norman arches.

The Northampton St. Sepulchre's has suffered greater vicissitudes perhaps than the rest. It has passed unscathed through a terrible fire which once destroyed the greater part of the town. Many alterations and restorations have changed its

original form, and only the "round" is now left as it was in the days when the Templars at Northampton erected it for their daily worship.

Last and smallest of our examples, but, perhaps, most interesting of all, comes the church at Little Maplestead, a remote parish near Halstead in Essex. This beautiful little structure is later than the rest, being built in the Decorated style, and it has the unique peculiarity, that it is believed to be the only one built by the Templars' great rival, the Knights of St. John. The Hospitallers had their headquarters at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, and with this Little Maplestead parish had connection. This sacred structure has also seen many changes, and at one time came into the hands of the Seventh Day Baptists.

A few words should be said of the ruined church at Temple Bruer, a most valuable old print of which, made in the year 1726, we are enabled to reproduce by the kindness of Mr. F. Godson in whose property the ruins now stand. Alas! time has wrought sad havoc with its already ravaged remains. The rounded portion, showing so clearly the old distinctive form, has almost completely disappeared, and only the tower now stands to mark the site of a once noble building. It is said that excavations made beneath the walls, in an absurd attempt to discover supposed hidden treasure, assisted in the downfall of the old structure.



(*Photo: W. Mark, Northampton.*)

ST. SEPULCHRE'S, NORTHAMPTON: EXTERIOR.

Temple Bruer was once a famous stronghold of the Templars, built and endowed by many noble families in the reign of the third Henry. It possessed ten thousand acres of land, and great was its power and renown. But there came a time when the proud order of the Temple of the Lord fell upon evil days. Its very greatness and riches became its own undoing. Enemies arose, jealous of its powers and envious of its vast possessions.

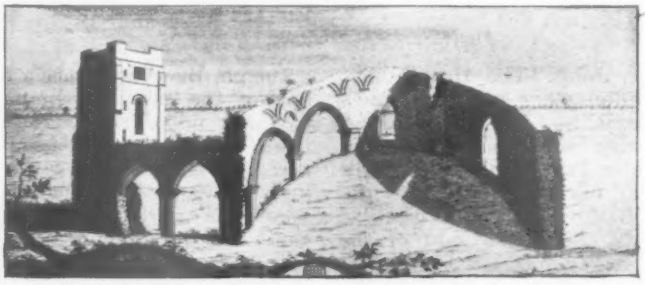


LITTLE MAPLESTEAD

It may be that the wealth, formerly eschewed, bred in the knights luxury and arrogance, and gave a handle to the accusations that presently were made against them. It may be that the sins of a few were visited on the whole body. Certain it is that a great revulsion of feeling set in toward the once popular brotherhood. On the Continent the King of France and the Pope seized their estates and imprisoned and most cruelly tortured the knights; while in England, by command of Edward II., the Templars were arrested and their lands forfeited to the Crown.

Among the rest fell Temple Bruer. Suddenly and unexpectedly the sheriff of Lincoln, aided by twelve knights of the shire, fell upon the brotherhood and bore them to the Claxgate prison at Lincoln; their Preceptor, and also the last Grand Prior of England, William de la More, among the number.

A little while longer and the whole order, now crushed and fallen from its high estate, was suppressed by command of the Council of Vienne, and its property transferred to the Knights of St. John. Thus perished the proud brotherhood, founded on a high ideal, fostered by mighty deeds of arms, and containing much that is lofty and grand in its history as well as too much that is violent and debased. Gone now are nearly all the outward signs of the famous Red Cross Knights; but yet there are left to us the few sacred structures, still holy houses of prayer, reminding us by their symbolic shape and their carven monuments of the mighty men of old who fought for their faith around the walls of Jerusalem.



TEMPLE BRUER IN 1726.



A FLAME OF FIRE



Being the History of the Adventures of Three Englishmen in Spain at the time of the Great Armada. Written by Rupert Hamstead, second son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, situated near Barnet in the County of Hertford, and now first set before the public by

JOSEPH HOCKING,

Author of "Lest We Forget," "The Purple Robe," "All Men Are Liars," "Mistress Nancy Molesworth," Etc. Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.–VI.

In the year 1587, the year before the coming of the Great Armada to English shores, Rupert Hamstead, son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, near Barnet town, having returned wounded from the wars, and having spent some time at his father's house, hears, through John Trenoweth, of Cornwall, that an old friend of his mother's is in the power of the Inquisitors of Spain. Being also desirous of finding out the Spanish plots concerning England, he determines to go to Spain with Mawgan Killigrew, of Cornwall, and John Trenoweth, in order to rescue the unfortunate lady, and to discover Spanish secrets. He therefore starts for Cornwall with John Trenoweth, and on his journey falls into the hands of Jesuit spies. Rupert Hamstead and John Trenoweth are accused by their fellow-travellers as Jesuit spies, but afterwards discover that they themselves are agents of Father Parsons. They at length reach Cornwall, where they are met by Mawgan Killigrew. Here they also come into contact with two Spaniards, whose behaviour is so suspicious that they decide to start for Spain secretly and without delay.

CHAPTER VII.

WHY MAWGAN KILLIGREW AND I HASTED TO LEAVE ENGLAND.

"MAWGAN KILLIGREW, we must go to Spain,' I said, as presently we walked back to Arwenack together.

"It seems to me, you would rather stay in Falmouth," said Mawgan, a little moodily, I thought to myself.

"You say that neither Señor Gomez nor his daughter knows aught of me?" I said.

"No," he replied in the same tone.

"Mawgan," I said, "it is expedient that both you and I keep out of the señorita's way."

"What mean you?" he asked sharply.

"I mean it is dangerous to both of us. First of all, you and I must be friends, and, if we are much with her, we shall grow jealous of each other."

He nodded his head quietly.

"Moreover, she will make fools of us both."

"How?"

"She will make us open our mouths when we should keep them shut."

He nodded his head again; then, after a few seconds' silence, he said:

"And why, Master Rupert Hamstead?

"For one thing, I believe that neither she nor her father is of our faith."

"Nay, man, there you are wrong. I myself have seen the proofs that they are.'

"What proofs?"

"The parchments, attested by the faithful in Toledo"

"Who are the faithful in Toledo, Master Mawgan Killigrew? If they be spies, documents may be obtained easily."

"Spies?"

"Aye, spies. Have either of them in your hearing declared that the Mass is blasphemy?"

"Nay, but——"

"It is this which the Spanish Protestant always does," I interrupted; "and yet did you note the

fact that when I asked her a question concerning this she looked towards her father, who said something in Spanish?"

"Aye, I noted that, but he appeared to speak to himself rather than to her."

"Aye, but do you know what he said?"

"Nay, I do not know their lingo."

"He said, 'Do not speak Arabic in a Moor's house!'"

Mawgan Killigrew was silent for a few seconds; then he said angrily, "I see, I see! By Cormoran's bones, but we have all been blind!"

"Nay," I replied, "it was because I know a little Spanish that my eyes were opened. Did you note that from that time they changed the topic?"

"Aye, I noted that."

"I may be mistaken," I went on, "I may have read meanings into his words which do but treat him wrongfully. But we must beware, Mawgan Killigrew. Señorita Gomez is very beautiful, and I could see that while we were with her we both forgot everything save the desire to win her smile. If either of us were with her half an hour alone, she would turn our heads, and make us tell her all we know."

"Ah! you feel that," he said; "but tell me, Rupert Hamstead, why, if they be spies, should they come here?"

"I know not," I said. "But think a minute. They come from Toledo, and Father Parsons is believed to be in Toledo; Señor Toledo is there also. Then again, is not your father governor of Pendennis Castle, which overlooks one of the best harbours in the land? May it not be the purpose of Philip that the Armada shall land in Falmouth rather than at Plymouth Hoe, where Drake and Grenville command a fleet of vessels? Thus would not Father Parsons and Philip believe that if they sent Señor Gomez and the señorita as believers in the Reformed religion, that they would be welcomed by Master Killigrew, as, in truth, hath been the case? Then would they not believe that in time they would win your father's confidence, and learn something of his plans, Señor Gomez dealing with the older men, and the señorita making fools of such as you and me? Father Parsons is deep as the sea, man, and he would move heaven and earth to carry out his cherished plans."

"Your invention runs away with your judgment, Master Hamstead," said Mawgan Killigrew, whereupon I told him of my experiences with Master Seyton and Master Belmont, which made him open his eyes wonderfully.

"Besides," I went on, "perchance Señor Gomez is only one of the many cards which Father Parsons is playing, for, as all the world knows, he is a man of many schemes, believing that where one fails another will succeed. Even to-night, Mawgan Killigrew, your heart grew bitter towards me, because you believed that the señorita smiled on me rather than on you; and such things must not be, if we are to fight together for our Queen and country."

"You be right, Rupert Hamstead," cried Mawgan, gripping my arm. "As I told you this night, I do not love this maid, and yet when I am with her I am not my own man. Tell me what you think we should do."

"We must have speech with your father straightway," I said, "and must learn whether he hath in aught told his mind to either of these Spaniards, and then we must act as necessity urges. Have you in your house a man, a watcher who can be vigilant and silent, who can see without being seen, and who is faithful?"

"John Trenoweth," cried Mawgan.

"Aye, John Trenoweth," I cried. "John Trenoweth will serve. Señor Gomez and his daughter, if she be his daughter, must be watched, Mawgan Killigrew. So far, we only suspect him, and we cannot act on bare suspicion. Then we must not give up our Spanish mission. Whether or no Sir John Tremayne's daughter hath forsaken her faith, we cannot accept it as gospel because this Spaniard hath so declared it. It may be that even now——"

"Aye, aye, I see," cried Killigrew; "but look you, man. If they be what you suspect, they will note our every movement, and if we sail for Spain they will send word before us, so that when we get there we shall be but as lambs in the jaws of hungry wolves."

"All the more reason for silence, Mawgan Killigrew," I cried, "and all the more reason for acting promptly and discreetly."

"Let us right away to my father," cried Mawgan. "Let us seek his counsel."

"If he be not a-bed——"

"No, he will not be a-bed yet," cried Mawgan; "he will want speech with you, and it is barely midnight. But you must be weary, man. You have been in the saddle since early morn."

"I know naught of weariness now," I cried. "Let us go straight to Master Killigrew"—which we did, and ere long found him seated with a cup of sack before him, and a pipe of tobacco in his mouth, which he smoked with evident enjoyment.

"Aye, lad," he cried with a laugh, "thou art like the rest. Even a long day's ride is not enough to keep thee from walking with a pretty maid. And a Spanish maid, too. But I do not blame thee. I should do the same, were I twenty-four, for she is beautiful beyond ordinary,

and, although a Spaniard, a good Christian maid into the bargain. But see to it that you and Mawgan come to no broken heads over the business," and he laughed again in high good humour.

"As to that, Master Killigrew," I said, "both Master Mawgan and I have forsworn her company."

"Aye, and why?" he cried.

"First because she's not English," I said, "and second because I have a shrewd suspicion that she is not what she makes out to be."

"Go to, lad, go to. Do not, because she is a Spaniard, close your heart. All Spaniards are not bad."

"Not one Spaniard in a million loves anything English," I cried, whereupon I told him of what had come into my mind, which, when I had finished, made him silent for some time.

"It may be thou art right," he said, "but a Cornishman never suspects foul play without reason."

"I only ask for caution," I replied. "If Señor Gomez is what I suspect, he will have allies, to whom he will report. For this reason he should be watched, and John Trenoweth is the man to do it."

"He will never play the spy. A good open fight John loves, but——"

"He will watch them, because they have said his sweetheart hath forsworn her faith," I replied; "but pardon me, Master Killigrew, have you in any way revealed to Señor Gomez aught of your thoughts? Have you told him anything that will lead him to think anyone will go to Spain?"

Master Killigrew shook his head. "As to that, I am afraid I have been foolish," he said; "but when the man spoke as he did, when he spoke of his own sorrows, and the sorrows of others, when he told of what the Spaniards intended to do with England, I am afraid I did say more than was wise. But be of good cheer. I mentioned no name; I did not even say that Mawgan here would——"

"That will avail but little," I said. "If he is here as a spy, he will have found out more than you think, and he will have informed those who communicate direct with Spain. It makes our mission harder, but we go with our eyes open."

"Thou art a a sharp lad, Rupert," said Master Killigrew, "but we must not rush at things. Let us not judge before we hear evidence. But if you be right in your fears, what are your plans?"

In answer to this I walked quietly to the door and looked carefully into the hall, also I saw to it that the windows were closed.

"What would you, man?" cried Master Killigrew. "Do you think that I have listeners and tale-bearers in Arwenack?"

"Walter Raleigh hath this saying," I said: "'Where dogs lie down there are fleas, and where a Spaniard hath been there are spies. He may be right, or he may be wrong, but it is well to be careful. Besides, I remember that Master Seyton and Master Belmont could well be eight hours ahead of us in coming here; and it may be that they have already had audience with Señor Gomez."



"He got no word of their speech, for they spoke in low tones."—*p.* 266

"What! those fellows who accused thee and John Trenoweth of being Jesuits?" cried Master Killigrew, for I had told him of my experiences with these men. "I had not thought of that."

"It may be all foolishness on my part," I said, "but, as my father often says, a man never loses aught by taking precautions. This is what I planned after leaving Willacombe, and even now I cannot see how we can improve on it. Whether we find aught against Señor Gomez or no, we go to Spain. Even though Señora de Valencia and Esther Truscott have renounced their faith, we must still go. First, because if the report of Gomez be true, they have renounced it in fear of torture, and second because we have still our Queen and country to serve. Then comes this question: how can we get into Spain, and, what is of more importance still, how can we enter Toledo?"

"Easy, lad, easy," said Master Killigrew lightly, who had evidently given no thought to the matter.

"Not so easy," I answered. "Every port is guarded, and every English Protestant who tries to land on Spanish soil is taken and dragged before the Inquisitors. And, to be truthful, I do not wish to become acquainted with the Inquisitors, neither do I desire to be roasted for the glory of God."

'Well, what have you planned?" he asked.

"At present France is in many respects a neutral country," I replied. "We must therefore, as it seems to me, set sail for Bordeaux, and on arriving there buy horses, by means of which we must travel southward."

"Aye, but what about that great range of mountains?"

"That will be in our favour. From all I can learn, the mountains which divide Spain from France are bare and rugged. Moreover, the country is but thinly peopled for many miles."

"May God preserve you all!" said Master Killigrew fervently, after a few moments' deliberation.

"We must then ride southward until we reach Toledo," I said, "whereupon, after having gained entrance into the city, we must trust to God, and our own good wits."

"And you say Father Parsons is in Toledo?" he said.

"Aye, and Señor Toledo into the bargain. But then so is Sir John Tremayne's daughter, together with Esther Truscott. Moreover Toledo is governed by priests. Indeed, it is said that even Philip, ardent Catholic as he is, hath removed his Court from Toledo, because the priests make him do their bidding."

"May God preserve you!" said Master Killigrew, again sighing deeply. "This is not like ordinary fighting, my lad. It is not sword against sword, and pike against pike, or even one sword against three or four. If it were, I should have no fear. But it is three straightforward Englishmen against a set of Papist flesh-roasters."

"And what of that, Master Killigrew! We have still the mercy of God and our own good swords to trust in."

After this, late as it was, we stayed talking over our plans till far into the morning, after which I went to bed, and slept soundly. The following day I was aroused by a loud noise at the door, and the sound of Mawgan Killigrew's deep voice.

"God's grace be with you, Rupert Hamstead. It's nearly midday, a cloudless sky, and great news stirring."

"Ah!" I cried, "midday! Great news!"

"Open the door quick, man!"

A minute later Mawgan entered the room, his usually calm face flushed, his eyes burning with excitement.

"Rub the sleep out of your eyes, and listen," he said, for he saw that I was but half awake.

For answer I plunged my head into a basin of cold water, and then, having well rubbed myself, was ready for anything.

"You sleep well," said Mawgan.

"Fourteen hours in the saddle, with what followed, is enough to tire any man," I replied. "But your news, man, your news!"

"Directly you went to bed last night," said Mawgan, "John Trenoweth came to me, and wanted to fight me. The news that Esther had changed her religion had so wrought upon him that he could not contain himself. He must fight or go mad, he said. So, not feeling like either fencing or wrestling, I told him of Señor Gomez, and what we wanted him to do. The effect was wonderful; all his desire to fight died away, and he became as eager as a boy. He grasped the situation in a moment, and, without telling me his plans, rushed off to Falmouth as though the furies were behind him."

"Well!" I cried.

"Well, while it was yet dark this morning he saw Señor Gomez leave the Queen's Head, and make his way towards Pendennick woods, where he met your two old friends of Willacombe."

"What, Seyton and Belmont?"

"The very same. Still, he got no word of their speech, for they spoke in low tones, even to the very end of the time they were together, or nearly so."

"But did they see him? Did the Spaniard get wind of the fact that John Trenoweth was at his heels?"

"Trenoweth says no. Besides, he heard a few words at the end."

"Aye," I cried, all alert. "What?"

Mawgan Killigrew hesitated a second, and looked on the floor like one in doubt.

"You said you would not speak to the Spanish maid again?" he said.

"As to that I have no remembrance, but what said he?"

"The man Seyton told Gomez that you were a gay young spark, and that if the Lady Gomez were alone with you she could get all your plans from you."

"Was that all?"

"Trenoweth said they planned together how you might meet, and how the señorita was to learn what was in your heart."

By this time I was fully dressed.

"But you will not meet?" said Mawgan Killigrew, half pleadingly. "You know what we said last night; and look here, Rupert, the thought of that maid fairly makes me mad. Even though I know you—you will never—that is——" and the poor fellow stammered greatly, while his face became as red as the face of a turkey cock.

"Let us go to your father," I said.

"Nay, nay, he is of opinion that you should meet her. He says that you will get more out of her than she will get out of you. But he is mightily angered at being befooled so."

"Look here, Mawgan," I said; "I was not so carried away by this Spanish maid last night but that I saw through both her and her designs, and——"

"But let us be off, Rupert—let us be off. I know she cannot care for me, and, even if she did, I should be afraid to trust myself with her."

"Remember this," I said: "it is my belief that they have knowledge of what is going on in Spain; therefore it is wise that we should find out what is in their minds. Still, that is your father's business. He is not influenced by the black eyes and fair face of this beauty. Mayhap there is but little to learn from her that will advantage us. We will leave her with your father, to deal with as he thinks best, and we will away. For, by my faith, in spite of my brave words, I be afraid of her. 'If ever you do go upon a venture, never speak to a woman,' Drake saith. Besides, it seems to me that if we do not go at once, Belmont will devise some means to keep us here."

"Ah! think you so?" he cried, "think you so? Then let us away! I tell you, man, I long even now to rush to that maid's side."

"Let us to your father first," I said, which we did, and such was our speech with him that on that same night we put to sea in a small vessel which belonged to Master Killigrew, but which he never intended to be used for the purpose to which we devoted it.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST SIGHT OF SPAIN.

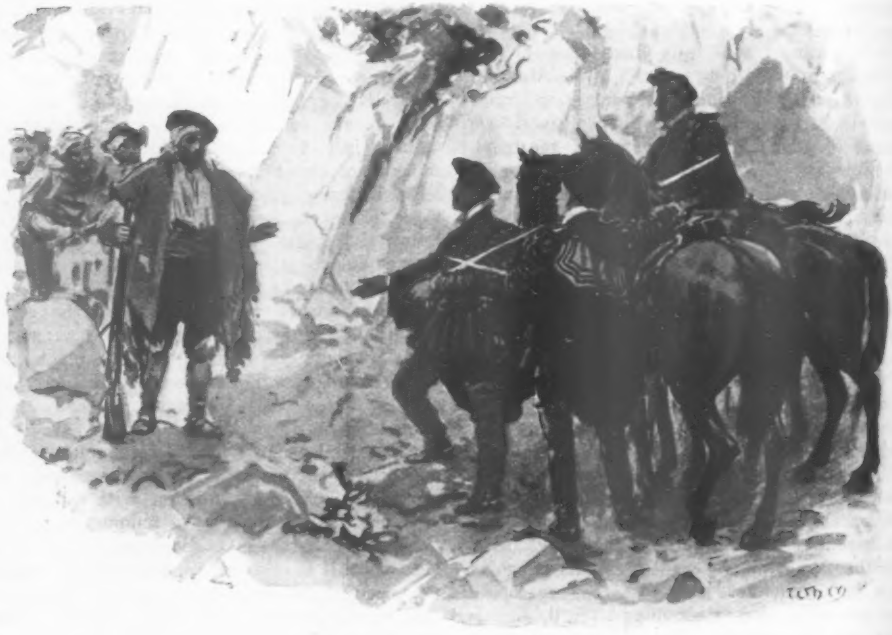
I HAVE set down these things, not because they have much to do with my story, but because they tell of the state of the country at the time of which I am writing. Besides, the doings of such as Masters Belmont and Seyton, as well as those of Señor Gomez and his daughter, tell of the means that were used to thwart those of the Protestant faith and to forward the plans of Father Parsons, who had hundreds of agents all over England ever waiting to do his will. Moreover, I say it advisedly that, although hitherto I had not been given to much speech with women, neither had I completely lost my head, the thought of the Señorita Gomez set my heart all a-fluttering, and made me forgetful of the work I had in hand. For not only was she beautiful beyond the common, but she had a strange charm, which even at our first meeting was like to make a fool of me. Even now I ask myself what would have been the result had I allowed myself to wait at Arwenack a few days and been induced to spend much time in her company. For although I felt sure that she was but a tool of Parsons, she had a way of making me forget everything but a desire to win her smile. In truth, I believe it was the memory of my mother's words which made me decide to go on my mission with all speed, and so be out of the way of temptation.

Now of our voyage to Bordeaux there is no need that I should write. Nothing of import happened on the way, neither did our landing at that French harbour cause much attention. The men whom Master Killigrew had sent with us returned to England without spending any time in France, leaving us to continue our journey by land, as God should guide us. And I may say here that while we were in France we fared right royally, and that for several reasons. For one thing, we found that the French people were exceedingly friendly. They asked no troublesome questions, neither did they inquire very closely into our business. Moreover, both Mawgan Killigrew and I knew their language, and spoke it without difficulty. The reason for this can be quickly told. As my father, Sir Richard Hamstead, hath related in the history of his life, during the reign of Mary both he and Master Killigrew fled to the town of Rouen in France, where, with others, they remained

many months in hiding from Stephen Gardiner and his minions. Here they learnt the French language, and, as was natural, both of them taught it to their children as soon as they were old enough to learn. This stood us in good stead now; for, although neither of us had ever before stood on French soil, we were able to make known our wants, and understand the answers of the people. It is true that John Trenoweth knew not a word outside his own tongue, but that did not trouble us at all, seeing he had neither to buy nor sell; neither was it his business to seek information.

about that while our horses carried us well enough during our journey across that wide and dreary plain between Bordeaux and the foot of the Pyrenees mountains, I was not long in discovering that, when climbing was expected of them, they were next to useless. In truth, we should have done much better had we bought some stout mules, and been content to make a less brave show. Still, experience had to be paid for, not only in this but in other matters, as we found to our cost before many weeks had passed away.

In spite of our good horses, moreover, it was



"'Then we be friends.'"—*p.* 272.

Our first business was to buy three horses, the which, after some trouble, we did, and good horses they were, too, although of French breed; nevertheless, we made a mistake in buying them, because they were too slender of limb for the work required of them. For no one of us could be called light men. Both Mawgan Killigrew and myself, though barely twenty-four years of age, weighed nearly ten score pounds, and this without carrying an ounce too much of flesh, while John Trenoweth, though not above the average height of Englishmen, was, as I have said, a man of tremendous depth of chest and largeness of limb. Thus it came

but a weary journey across this tremendous plain. At times we caught a glimpse of the sea, but mostly we rode mile after mile without seeing anything but endless pine trees and thick brushwood. We were a silent party, too, I remember, for, although no man spoke of fear, we knew that when we once crossed the Spanish border our lives would scarcely be worth a silver groat a-piece. Besides, I think that while men can be brave enough when they are actually in the midst of danger, they are not without fear when they think of the nearness of its approach. Anyhow, I speak for myself in this matter. When my sword is drawn

and my enemy before me, I can fight as bravely as another, and never feel a single qualm of fear; but when I am alone, thinking of what danger may be near, and never knowing what form it may take, I am always ready to think the worst. Whether the others felt as I did I know not; but, at any rate, we were not a gay trio as we travelled towards the Spanish mountains. John Trenoweth looked troubled and apprehensive. In his large grey eyes was an expression of haunting fear, while often I saw his teeth set and his arms grow rigid, as though some great dread were upon him. And this was not because he was not a brave man, but rather, I think, because the fate of the woman he had loved for more than twenty long years was enshrouded in mystery, and because he did not know what might happen to her before he was able to strike a blow in her defence.

As for Mawgan Killigrew, I believe that his mind was much back in Arwenack. For I discovered that the Spanish maid had fascinated him more than he was willing to confess, and that, in spite of the fact that she was doubtless a tool of the Jesuits, he could not free himself from the spell she cast over him.

"What think you?" he said to me one day. "Will my father take these Spaniards, and put them in prison?"

"It is for him to decide," I replied; "but methinks, if he is wise, he will."

"If I thought that, I would go back and——" And then he stopped short, and swore a great oath.

I spoke no further to him, for I saw that the devil had got hold of him, and that it would be best for him to fight him in silence. For I knew his temptation. The mission on which we were engaged was desperate. We had to go to Toledo, where a Protestant's life was not valued at a pin's head, and where our chances of rescuing Sir John Tremayne's daughter were as slender as a gossamer thread, and where, in trying to discover what plans the Spaniard had made in order to conquer England, we placed ourselves in the direst peril.

And yet we hesitated not, for we were Englishmen. We knew that the Señora de Valencia was in dire danger, and that, only because of her late husband, had time been given to her to yield to the demands of the Church. This I had been assured of through my conversation with Master Killigrew, together with many other matters which I need not write down. To the report of Señor Gomez that both she and Esther Truscott had renounced the Reformed faith, we paid not a jot of attention, for his conversation with Seyton and Belmont showed that he was but a tool in the hands of the Jesuits. Moreover, the attention that they had bestowed on us assured me that they were deeply interested in our plans, and that more might depend on our efforts than we could well understand. Besides, a great desire possessed me to know what preparations the Spaniard had made to attack England, and my heart grew large at the thought that God might use me as an instrument to discover their purposes, and arouse our beloved Queen to a true sense of our danger.

And so we journeyed on until we came to the town of Bayonne, where we stayed for the night, and then the following morning, while it was yet dark, we started again, feeling that we were now nearing the land over which Philip reigned, and where such as ourselves were regarded as children of Belial.

We were riding, I remember, through a valley as the day broke, and so we could not see the country before us; but presently, when we reached the summit of a hill, the great mountain range burst upon our view as it were in a moment.

"Look!" cried Mawgan, "there is Spain, man, there is Spain!"

"Yes," said John Trenoweth, "and somewhere beyond those mountains my Esther is perhaps in prison, perhaps tortured. Let us on, my masters!"

Nevertheless, none of us moved. I think the great mountain range awed us by its wild yet solemn grandeur, for never had we seen the like before. To me they were enshrouded in mystery. The light clouds which hid some of their summits seemed to suggest the secrets which lay beyond, and in spite of myself I shuddered.

"In a few hours every man we meet will be an enemy," said Mawgan, with a laugh. Now that he was nearing the danger we had dreaded his spirits rose. "We shall have to fight in the dark, too," he continued; "only one of us can speak their tongue, while their cunning ways will baffle us at every step."

"Aye," said John Trenoweth, "and had we not better form some plan of action? For days we have hardly spoken, and thus no one of us knows what is in the mind of the other. Not that I care," he added, hastily. "It is for me to go to Toledo, where Esther is, and when there to save her. And I will, too, by God I will!" and, standing in his stirrups, he shook his fist at the great towering peaks in the distance. "But have a plan," he continued; "let us not go like three wild colts that have never been broken to saddle or bridle. Are you going as Frenchmen or Englishmen? Both of

you speak the French lingo, while, as for me, it is not necessary that I shall open my mouth. It is said that Frenchmen can go without fear into Spain."

"No," cried Mawgan, "never will I pretend to be a Frenchman. It shall never be said that a Killigrew was willing to appear a Frenchman even to save his skin. No, by my grandfather's bones, no!"

To this we all agreed, as was natural we should, for who could dream of three Englishmen pretending to be of another country?

"Neither will I pretend to believe in their Popery," said John Trenoweth. "Even to save Esther I would not do that!"

Again we agreed, because we could not do otherwise, for although there was no need to tell the people in every town or village that we had given up their abominations, we could not, as those whose fathers had suffered perils and hardships in order to be free, deny our faith that Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ alone, could save men from their sins.

"But," said Mawgan presently, "shall we seek to outwit the Spaniards? Shall we match our wits with theirs? Remember we be but three in an enemy's country, and that the Spaniard knows not the meaning of mercy."

"Aye," I cried, "but if we try to match cunning with cunning they will beat us. We be not fools; but if it comes to plotting, we shall be but children to them. We must fight with our own weapons. We will either speak the truth or hold our peace. If we fight, we will fight as Englishmen, if needs be to the very death, but we will fight fairly. And this we must do. We must stand or fall together. If one be taken prisoner, then we must know no rest till the rest be taken prisoners also or our comrade set free."

"Amen to that!" said Mawgan; "that has been the pride of our fathers."

"And more," I went on; "we must never doubt each other's loyalty, no matter how black the evidence may be."

"Right again," said John Trenoweth, although I thought Mawgan cast his eyes on the ground.

"Then let us take an oath here and now that neither of us, either by word or deed, prove false to each other," I said. "That we will never, no matter what may happen, allow jealousy, or envy, or anger to keep us from standing by each other even to death."

Upon that we each dismounted, and we swore by Christ, who died for our sins, never to act unworthily to each other or to our cause, and, because we had sworn to do this, never to doubt each other, but to trust in one another's honour, although a thousand voices might be raised to prove otherwise.

I shall never forget that time, even though I live five times the age ordinary to man. There we stood, three men, one almost past mid-age, and the other two only on the threshold of our full manhood. Not a soul was near. Above was the great dome of God's blue sky, while in the east the sun rose, dispelling the white mists, and revealing more and more clearly the great silent tract of country, while there, right in front of us stood those giant mountains which hid the land beyond. Never, but once, do I remember a greater silence, for no birds sang. Perhaps this was because autumn was creeping on apace, or perhaps it was because birds were rare in that land where a man dared not pray save in the way appointed by the priests.

My heart I know grew hot within me, and a great joy, the joy which comes to every strong man in the face of danger, filled me.

"Let us think again of what we have to do, and the way we mean to do it," I said, for, although I was the youngest man there, I had seen service, and they looked to me as their leader. So there and then we sketched our plans anew, and not one of us hesitated or showed fear because of the danger that grew nearer and nearer. And this was how we made it out.

That we three, Rupert Hamstead, Mawgan Killigrew, and John Trenoweth, were by the grace of God going to Spain to rescue the daughter of Sir John Tremayne, now called the Señora de Valencia, and her waiting woman and friend, named Esther Truscott, from the terrors of the Inquisition; and that we would not give up our endeavours to do this while there remained any possibility of accomplishing our work. That no danger, difficulty, or hardship should hinder us, and that we would, if needs be, give our lives rather than fail.

Moreover, that we would seek to find out the plans and purposes of King Philip concerning the great fleet he was supposed to be sending to England, the strength of this fleet in ships, in guns, and in men, both from Spain and from other nations, and that we would find means to make known our discovery to our Queen, and so give her councillors additional grounds for persuading her to be liberal both of men, ammunition, and money, in order to meet the enemy.

That, remembering the greatness of our work, we would always bear in mind certain things:

First, that we were Christians, believing only in Christ for salvation, and having discarded all those errors which were not found in the

Word of God, and which caused so much misery during the reign of Queen Mary. Moreover, that we would be true to our faith, both by word and deed, under every circumstance.

Second, that we were Englishmen, and loyal subjects of the Virgin Queen Elizabeth, and that we must never do aught unworthy of our Queen and country.

Third, that therefore we must never strike an unfair blow; nevertheless, we must fight, as occasion arose, in Christ's name, and in Christ's strength; that we must never tell a lie, but always act straightforwardly and honestly as became our faith and country; that we must be loyal to each other, and that each must stand by his comrades even unto death; that we must never doubt each other, and never believe a stranger's word which attested a comrade's guilt or unfaithfulness.

And all this, besides many other things, we vowed to do, as God gave us grace, and then each of us fell on his knees, and, while the morning sun shone upon our uncovered heads, we prayed to God in Christ's name to make us faithful to our promises, and to help us to finish the work He had given us to do.

After that we mounted our horses again, and rode towards the great mountain range, no man speaking a word, but each one gazing earnestly towards the land to which we went, and each man praying in silence for strength and grace. And presently, as I watched the faces of Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth, I had no fear that any one of us would be faithless to the other, neither should we be easily turned aside from our purposes, for each man's eyes were lit up with the light of God, and on each man's face was a look which would defy St. Thomas himself to doubt, so full was it of courage and resolution.

No man met us, for we took good care not to keep too close to the sea where villages had grown up around the harbours, and strongly as we were tempted to stay at San Sebastian, the place so beguiling us by its beauteous bays and lovely surroundings, we kept straight on. For we had no time to bestow on beautiful places; all the same, we wondered why God had given so much loveliness to a people who were cruel as death, and who, in the name of Christ, had broken His commandments.

All around us hill and valley rose and fell, while scattered here and there were the houses of the people; poor and ill kept they seemed to us, so much so that they went far to make us think that the Spaniard's boasted wealth was a dream. But at that time we had only just entered the Spaniard's land, and knew nothing of what lay beyond the mountains.

We settled to go straight to Toledo, not so much as approaching Madrid, and for this reason we had no sooner passed the bay of San Sebastian than we turned somewhat westward. For had we taken a straight course we should have to pass straight through Madrid, which we not only considered unwise, but dangerous. And here our difficulties commenced, for we quickly reached the mountains, which were so steep and rough that our horses scarcely benefited us at all. In truth, we had not gone far into the mountainous country before two out of three were so badly lame that they could scarce hobble along.

"Here's a pretty mess," said Mawgan ruefully. "Here we be in as desolate a land as the sun ever shone upon; not a soul is near to wish us God speed, or give us aught to eat or drink, and, what is worse, night is coming on fast."

"As to that," said I, "we are thankful that no one is near, for while we are alone we are safe. As to getting food and drink, we have both. We can easily sleep beneath the rocks, for winter is not yet here, while a night's rest may set the horses right."

"You speak too fast about no one being near," said John Trenoweth, looking along the path which lay before us, and then we saw to our dismay that only a short distance away were a number of people whose appearance was so strange that we began to prepare for combat without more ado.

CHAPTER IX.

"LOS GITANOS."

"SPANISH soldiers!" said Mawgan quietly, as he saw whether his sword was loose in its scabbard.

"Seyton hath outwitted us and outtravelled us, after all,'" I cried impatiently.

"Nay, master," said John Trenoweth, "this cannot be. No ship could leave Falmouth harbour without my master's knowledge and consent; thus we could not be out-travelled so soon, even if Seyton and Gomez surmised what road we should take. Besides, they be not behind, but before us."

"That is true," I replied; nevertheless I was much disturbed at the ferocious aspect of the people we saw in our way.

"Besides, they cannot be Spanish soldiers," went on John Trenoweth, "unless they take their women folk with them."

"True, there are women," I said, "but the men carry swords, and every one of them looks a fighter."

"It may be they are peacefully inclined," said Mawgan; "but we had better go on slowly. That valley yonder will be a better place to spend the night than this."

While he spoke, I looked steadily towards the people who had so disturbed us, and as I saw the wild, unkempt appearance of the women I felt sure we had not to deal with enemies. These people were in danger like ourselves, for I believed them to be a party of vagrants, which the Spaniards called *gitanos*.

"Let us go towards them," I said; "I believe they be gipsies, and, if I am right, they are under the ban of the Spanish law. They are regarded as heretics, even as we are, and look upon the Spanish soldier as an enemy."

"There is sense in that," said Mawgan. "If they be Spaniards, we can fare no worse if we go to them, seeing they are watching us now, and if they are gipsies we need fear nothing."

"Except that they may steal our horses," said John Trenoweth.

Whereupon we went towards them as rapidly as the condition of our horses and the nature of the pathway would allow us. I noticed as we drew near that they looked upon us with some apprehension, and I thought I saw on the part of the women a desire to hasten away. As we came up to them a man spoke to us in a language which I could not understand, upon which I shook my head. He then turned to his companions and spoke to them with great rapidity, but in low tones. As far as I could judge they seemed relieved at his words, and I noticed that the women drew nearer to him as he parleyed further with us.

"*Es usted Español?*"

"No," I replied.

"*Habla usted Español,*" he continued, keeping his eyes fixed steadily on me.

"Only a little," I replied.

My words gave him still more confidence, for he came up close to us, and said in Spanish:

"What would your honours, and where go my lords?"

"We go into Spain on our affairs," I replied.

"Do you know you are in great danger?"

"We are always in danger," I replied, "but we are not afraid."

"The Spaniards are very great and very cruel," he replied.

"But you are not Spaniards," I answered.

"The great spirits be praised, no."

"Then we be friends," I said.

"What would my lord?" he asked.

"I would that a wise farrier like you look at our horses' legs, for two are lame; I would also find safe shelter for the night, for although the winter is not yet come, it is cold among these mountains."

"As to the horses, I can cure them quickly," he replied, "but as to telling you where you may find shelter, that lies not in my power. There is a village five miles southward where is an inn; but a señor from another land will do well not to put his head under the thatch thereof."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because a traveller is ever compelled to swear by the Mass, and that my lord cannot do."

"How do you know?"

"Because I am the son of a wise mother, and watch the stars at night."

As I translated this into English, Mawgan became grave, but I noticed that John Trenoweth nodded his head solemnly as though he believed in the gipsy's wisdom.

"My lords come from over the seas, from a land which the great King desires," continued the gipsy. "And my lords go into great danger. Forward there is danger, and behind is danger."

At this I heard John Trenoweth say something about his mother, who, as Mawgan Killigrew had told me, was reported to understand the mysterious things of life and read the future.

"You think I will not swear by the Mass, because you will not swear by the Mass."

"My lord speaks truly," replied the gipsy; "therefore, if my lords will, they shall be lodged in safety, in a place not a mile from here towards the setting sun."

"And our horses?" I said questioningly.

"If the señors desire to travel through the Spaniard's land, they will do well to sell their horses, and obtain others thicker of body and stouter of limb. The señors be not slender maidens."

After this I asked other questions which the gipsy answered readily, his companions standing silently around the while.

Whether we should have accepted their invitation to pass the night with them but for John Trenoweth I know not, for they were, in truth, a motley crew, and as lawless as the wild beasts; but John pleaded so earnestly that we yielded.

"They be wise people, and they will not betray us," he said; "thieves they may be, but they will not steal from us."

"Why not from us?" I asked.

"Because I have a token which my mother gave me," he said. "Twice have I shown it to the gipsies who camped at Goonhilly Downs, near the Lizard, and twice have they fallen before me, pleading that they might be allowed



"The very sound of her voice held us spellbound."—*p.* 275.

to do me a service. I speak not of it, but I have gipsy blood in my veins, and my mother knew their secrets."

"Let us see," I said, and thereupon I told the gipsy what John Trenoweth said.

"If your serving man hath our blood in his veins, and can show me the token, let him," said he.

Then John Trenoweth took from a pouch under his doublet a curiously shaped bit of ivory, on which were traced many characters which I could not understand, but which the gipsy scanned eagerly, and then, having spoken to his companions, came towards John, and showed him many signs of affection.

"We be your friends and servants," he said; "we will serve the señors faithfully, and may our fingers rot from our hands if we in aught do them harm. My lords can spend the night with us in warmth and safety, and to-morrow morn, at break of day, they will find their horses healed ready for their journey."

Although we followed them, it was with many misgivings on my part, for I cared not for their sudden friendship; but Mawgan Killigrew, who believed in what the old friend and servitor of the family had said, joined in his persuasions, and I could do nothing but yield.

A little later we came to a curiously formed place between two mountains. It was completely hidden from view, and could be only entered, as far as I could see, by the narrow gorge through which we passed. All around the mountains rose almost perpendicularly, and were to all appearances impassable either by man or beast.

"We have placed ourselves in a trap now," I said angrily. "There is no chance of going out save by that gap, which is no wider than a castle moat, and, if they will, they can rob us and murder us without any man being the wiser."

"But they will not," said John Trenoweth, confidently, while Mawgan Killigrew walked by his horse's head, gaily humming an old Cornish song.

"Here my lords be safe," said the gipsy who had done all the speaking. "There be but few who know of this place, and those who do avoid it after nightfall."

I looked around, and saw two tents, in addition to some caves which had evidently been dug out of the mountain side. Here, moreover, we were met by others of their party, but they were all old, and, save for one white-haired old man, women. At first these regarded us with peculiar looks, but after the others had spoken to them they treated us with much courtesy.

In a shorter time than it takes me to tell, our horses were placed beneath some overhanging rocks, which formed a complete shelter, and were provided with provender, while we with the others sat round a huge crock, which was placed over a fire, and from which our supper was taken. Wine also was provided, together with many luxuries which I thought not to find.

"Have my lords finished their suppers?" said the gipsy presently, and when we had nodded assent he gave orders that songs and dances should be given in our honour.

"The serving man of my lords is of our race," he explained, "and possesses that which we may not treat lightly."

I was about to thank him, when there emerged from a cave a gipsy maiden about eighteen years of age. She was younger than he by several years, who, as far as I could judge, was twenty-eight or thirty years of age, but she bore some slight resemblance to him. What drew my attention to her, however, was not only her youth and beauty, but the tastefulness and richness of her attire. All the other women, although attired in some gaily coloured costume, were ill kempt and dirty; but this maid evidently bestowed much attention on the cleanliness and beauty of her person. Her hair, instead of hanging down her shoulders in long, tangled locks, was arranged around her head in the shape of a crown, and fastened by quaint ornaments, while on her feet were daintily shaped slippers.

"By Tre, Pol, and Pen," I heard Mawgan say, "but she is a beauty."

"Is she your sister?" I asked.

"Yes, señor," he replied; "she was born after my mother had given up hopes of having another child."

"She might be a queen," I said.

"She is a queen," he replied, "or she will be when my mother departs to the great spaces."

"And you are the king?" I asked.

"I shall be when my father goes to the unknown," he replied. "Yonder old man is my father."

"And do many of you speak the Spanish tongue?"

"Only my sister and myself and two others," he replied. "We love neither the Spaniards nor their language. We speak our own tongue, and live our own lives. But my sister hath rare gifts, taught by an old man who once lived in England; she knows also many words used by those who live in the land which the Spaniard hath sworn to conquer."

"What is that?" asked Mawgan, who sat near.

"He saith that the gipsy maid yonder knows something of English," I replied.

"Good," said Mawgan again, but neither of us spoke further, for she began to sing, playing all the time upon a stringed instrument the like of which I had never seen before. I could not understand a word she said, and yet the very sound of her voice held us spell-bound. And this was not to be wondered at, for not only was it rich and sweet, but it was wild and plaintive. Sometimes she seemed to be pleading with passionate earnestness, and again her voice melted into sadness, so sad that she made me think of a mother crooning over a sick child.

"She is like the Señorita Gomez," said Mawgan presently; "only more beautiful."

When she had finished her song, four other gipsy maidens came forward. They were gaily attired, but looked squalid and dirty compared with the young queen. Each of them carried little pieces of wood, hollowed in the shape of a nut, and fastened together by means of gaily coloured string. Then another maiden took the stringed instrument and began to play, while the four beat time with the wooden things. These I afterwards learned were called *castanets*, a kind of musical instrument brought into Spain by the Moors. At first neither the music of the stringed instrument nor the castanets called forth our admiration, but presently it acted upon us as a charm. And this was scarcely to be wondered at, for the sound thereof seemed to fill the great amphitheatre in which we sat. Echo woke echo, and answered it back again in such a way that a thousand instruments might have been played, instead of five. Moreover, when presently the gipsy queen stepped into the circle and began to dance, I for one forgot where I was. For the time I ceased to think either of our work or our danger, so entranced was I by the grace of the young maid's movements. Moreover, the scene doubtless added to the charm of it all. Above the harvest moon sailed in a cloudless sky, while all around the giant mountains lifted their peaks heavenward. The strange look on the faces of the gipsies, too, made the scene more memorable.

For they did not seem like men and women at all. It is true that the ruddy glow of the fire, mingling with the rays of the moon, revealed their features in a strange light, but that was not all. Their eyes had an unearthly gleam, while on their faces was a look I had never seen before. Each one nodded his head as if to keep time to the music, while each one swayed his body as if to harmonise with the dancing of the gipsy maid.

Presently the music changed, and a different dance was commenced. Then it was that Mawgan, who had been watching in silence, burst forth with a glad cry.

"Good!" he shouted. "I know that dance."

"What saith my lord?" asked the gipsy of me.

"He says that he knows the dance," I replied.

"Will he do my sister the honour of dancing with her?" he asked.

I told Mawgan what he said, whereupon the young Cornishman sprang to his feet.

At a sign from our friend the music stopped, and then, having been told of what had been said, the young gipsy maid bowed to Mawgan, and when the music again commenced they began to dance together. A great silence fell upon the encampment as we watched, and presently when they saw that the dance was also a love story the interest grew. And this was no wonder, for a nobler couple would be difficult to find. Mawgan, strong and straight of limb, moved upon the grass with perfect ease, while the gipsy maid quickly told us that she was an actor as well as a singer.

This was the story that they told, while the sound of the stringed instrument echoed through the rocky ravine, and the motley crew watched with wild, gleaming eyes:

A gipsy maiden all forlorn, filled with strange longings and wild hopes, is wandering in the glades. Suddenly there comes to her a knight from a far-off land, who, fascinated by her beauty, seeks to gain speech with her. They fall in love with each other, and he pleads with her to fly with him. For a time she seems to yield, but presently remembers that her life is different from his; that she can never be happy away from the associations of her life. Thus the knight pleads in vain, and the gipsy, although longing to yield to his desires, elects to remain among her own people.

And this story they told, although they spoke no word. But their gestures were sufficient. You could see the love in the young maid's eyes; you could see her passion in the way she pointed to stars and mountains, and in the graceful gestures of her body. Mawgan, too, caught the spirit of the scene, and as he knelt before her it seemed as though he were not acting at all, but pleading with all the earnestness of his life.

"Where did my lord learn that dance?" asked the gipsy.

"Some of his people in Cornwall taught it me," replied Mawgan, when I put the question to him.

"It was well done," replied the gipsy, "and now my lords will desire to rest."

I was about to assent to this when the gipsy maid came to us, and asked, in broken English, if she should tell our fortunes.

"Aye," replied Mawgan, fairly carried away by the feelings of the moment.

The maid took his hand, and looked steadily at it for some seconds, then she dropped it with a sigh.

"I will not read my lord's fortune," she said.

"Why?" asked Mawgan.

"Because it is better he should not know. But my lord need not fear. He will never disgrace his name."

"As to that, I trust not," replied Mawgan, with a laugh. "But I pray you to tell me all my hand tells you."

"That I may not," she replied; "but will my lord remember one thing. When dangers overpower him, and all hope seems gone, will he utter one name?"

"Aye," said Mawgan, "if you will tell me the name."

At this she whispered a word in his ear, and if ever a man saw love in a woman's eye I saw love in the gipsy maid's eyes that night.

After this she looked at my hand, and at John Trenoweth's, but I could see that she was but playing at fortune-telling. She spoke not in the same tones as she spoke to Mawgan, neither did her eyes have the same look. Rather she told us a hackneyed story, and she laughed as she told it, as though she wanted us to see that she spoke in jest.

"My lords be safe," said the gipsy who had first spoken to us, and who led us to a cave in which lay a great heap of grass. "Watchful eyes will be open all the night, and hands will be ready at every moment to defend you."

"We be indeed grateful," I replied; "I shall ever speak well of the gipsies in the days to come."

"We cannot but show kindness to those who have with them one who has our blood and carries our token," he replied.

"But if we had neither of these things," I said curiously; "what would have happened to us?"

At this he laughed, but he made no other answer.

"What is your sister's name?" I asked.

"Inez," he replied in a low voice. As he spoke it sounded like *Eeneth*, but I had once before met a Spanish woman who bore the name, and so I recognised his pronunciation.

"And your name?" I asked.

"Gaspar," he replied.

"No other name?" I asked.

"No, Gaspar lo Gitano, solamente And yours, my lord?"

"Rupert Hamstead."

"Ruperto," he repeated, "I will remember. And the name of your friend, and serving man?"

When I had told him, he repeated our Christian names several times, as though he would impress them on his memory. "'Ruperto, Mawgan, Juan,'" he said, again and again. "I will remember, my lords, and whenever you hear the name 'Gaspar lo Gitano' you will remember that you have a friend near."

After this, and after again assuring us that we might lie in safety, he left us in the cave.

"This night hath been worth coming to Spain for," said Mawgan to me presently.

"Aye," I replied, and then I tried to go to sleep, but I could not, although John Trenoweth encouraged us in this by snoring loudly.

"Asleep, Rupert?" It was Mawgan who spoke.

"No, I cannot sleep."

"Neither can I. I wonder if I shall ever see her again?"

"Nay," I replied, "why should you?"

"I know not," he answered; then, after some minutes' silence, "I would I knew the meaning of the word she spoke to me."

"What was it?" I asked.

"Eeneth," he said, and then I knew that the gipsy maid had told him her own name.

For a long time we lay, and presently when I was falling asleep I heard the noise of voices outside.

I lifted my head and listened.

"We seek to do you no harm, neither will we unless you play us false," said a voice, "but if you do you shall suffer even as they do."

"Who sent you?" and I knew it was Gaspar who spoke.

"We seek three English spies," was the reply. "We have tracked them here, so tell us where we may find them."

At this I drew my sword, for I had not taken off my clothes, and listened again.

[END OF CHAPTER NINE.]

SUNDAY SCHOOL ENTERPRISE.

A TALK WITH THE REV. CAREY BONNER.



(Photo. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE REV. CAREY BONNER.

MY primary object in seeking an interview with Mr. Carey Bonner, the General Secretary of the Sunday School Union, was to obtain from him both information and suggestions which, because of his experience and position, would be of practical value to the tens of thousands of readers of THE QUIVER who are deeply concerned to promote the well-being and to extend the usefulness of the Sunday Schools of this country. But in view of the fact that the great organisation with which Mr. Bonner is associated will celebrate its Centenary in 1903, and that he is already preparing for the coming anniversary, which it is hoped to mark by the extension of the work of the Union in all directions, he naturally, at the outset of our interview, alluded to the event.

"Of course," he continued, "the roots of the Union are in the past, and date from the 13th of July, 1803, when about a dozen men, anxious to strengthen Sunday Schools, met in the vestry of Surrey Chapel. It was not a ministers' movement. Of the originators, only one, the Rev. Henry Althans, was a minister. This year's president, Mr. Meyer, is the first clerical president. The Sunday School Union was fundamentally a lay movement. Among the lay founders were Mr. James Nisbet, the publisher; Mr. W. H. Watson, Mr. William Groser, Mr. William Gover, Mr. Brodie Gurney, and Mr. Thomas Thompson, the father of the author of 'I think when I read that sweet story,' and they represented various religious bodies, including the Church of England. It was a point of the first importance with the founders that the Union should be inter-denominational, and that the co-operation of all Evangelical Churches should be sought."

"How did they, at the outset, propose to carry out their purpose?"

"The primary principle was to stimulate

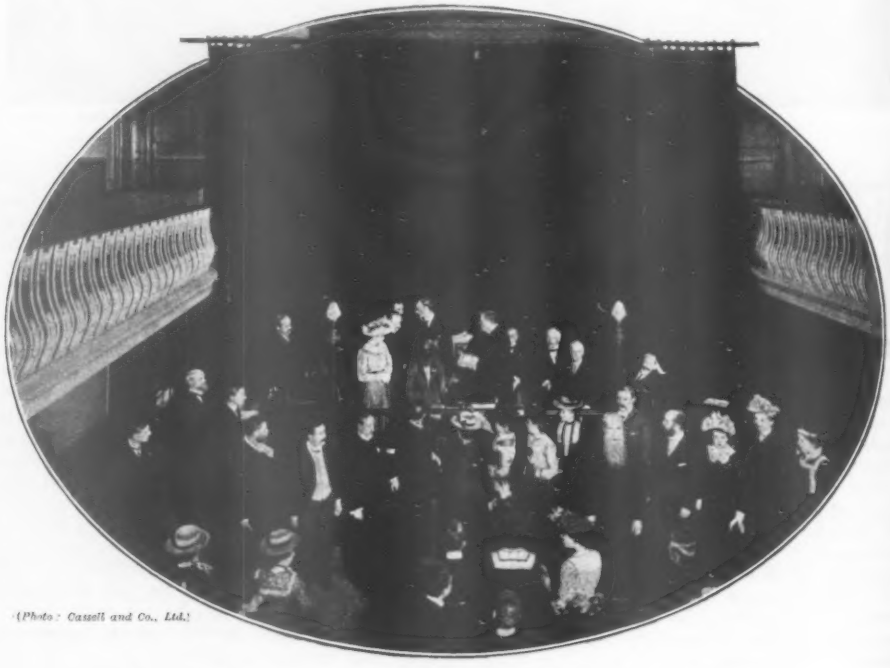
and encourage each other in the religious instruction of children and youths. Then it was resolved to aim at bettering the methods of instruction, and to promote the opening of new schools by personal influence and other means, including the publication of helpful literature."

"When was the Teachers' Training College set on foot?"

"About 1841 a training class for teachers, taught by men of experience in the best methods and institutions, was started, and that was the foundation of the college, the curriculum of which now embraces a very thorough course of Old and New Testament study, Evidences and Ethics, and a course in the Art of Teaching. If a teacher can pass an examination in each of those, he gets a diploma, and we think that he is well equipped as far as training is concerned."

"Was the personal influence exerted in a definite manner?"

"Yes, we had a Sunday School missionary, who went all through the country addressing meetings for the encouragement of teachers, and with the view of bringing about the general improvement of Sunday School work. In another way we afforded assistance in making grants of books on greatly reduced terms for libraries. I may say that all the profits on the sale of our books have always been devoted to the general extension of Sunday School work. Our output in one year was twelve million publications. These, and also separate examinations for teachers, have been invaluable aids in spreading Christian knowledge for many years. About 700,000 scholars and over 30,000 teachers have taken part in these examinations up to now. Our method of helping teachers connected with the Union is to supply them with the best Biblical books and books on teaching. As to building, we grant loans, free of interest, in cases where it is desired to build new Sunday Schools. During the last few years we have distributed upwards of £31,000 for this purpose to between three and four hundred schools. We employ an evangelist, who goes about conducting special services for the young. Conferences, which are held every week in different places, are very valuable. We have a staff of speakers who attend them, free of all expense, and deliver addresses on Sunday School work and methods. Attaching considerable importance to the improvement of singing, we have a choir meeting in our Union Lecture Hall week by week, and the members give help wherever they can, with the object of promoting better singing among schools."



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION: A PRESENTATION OF PRIZES IN THE LECTURE HALL.

"You have also strongly encouraged Bible reading?"

"Probably the best reply to that question is to mention that the number of members of the International Bible Reading Association, which had its birthplace here, has gradually increased until it now reaches 750,000 a year. Out of the halfpenny subscriptions of the scholars we support Sunday School missionaries in India and give frequent donations to various religious movements connected with Sunday School work.

"Perhaps you would like to know what we are doing on the Continent and in Greater Britain. We have twenty-one missionaries on the Continent, whose sole duty it is to establish and strengthen Sunday Schools. There are nearly two million scholars in Europe, and 99,000 teachers. We aim at instituting schools in all the Papist countries.

"In the British Empire beyond the seas we are also working hard. There is an Indian Sunday School Union, of which, until his resignation of the see of Calcutta, Bishop Welldon was president, our own missionary is the general secretary, and we are about to appoint a second secretary. The Union in India is subdivided into provinces, and it seeks to bring about the establishment of Sunday Schools wherever a religious work is carried on. It has its literature, and, generally speaking, is managed on similar lines to the Union in this country. There has been a steady increase in the number and the efficiency of schools in India during recent years.

"We have, too, branches in Australia, New Zealand, Queensland, and Victoria; also in South Africa. But there are a great many Unions in the colonies which are not affiliated to ours. If we could only afford a man to travel about and get in touch with them, we could strengthen them. There are new publications issued in the colonies in connection with us, and the publication department at home is already represented by an agent who supplies our literature."

"Reverting again to the work at home, it would be interesting to know how you consider the Evening Continuation Schools help the Sunday Schools."

"It is of vital consequence that religion should touch all sides of the being of the children, and we think that the Continuation Schools are an instrument in that direction. We are just developing, on the lines of the Boys' Life Brigade, a branch for the girls, to give them an interest in the same way. I may say that the whole of the sum of £100,000 which it was lately decided to endeavour to raise in commemoration of the Centenary is to be returned to the Sunday Schools of the country.'

"By what means will this be done?"

"First of all, it is intended to improve the educational advantages of teachers by means of travelling lecturers, who will give instruction on the most advanced methods of teaching; and by the formation, in the great towns, of evening classes to be held during the winter months, at which regular courses will be followed. While the spiritual side of the work will always be regarded as supreme, we think that the educational side is of the utmost importance. As essential to the development of the Sunday School, we propose to set apart a lecturer who will go through the colleges, wherever we can obtain admission, so that the ministers of the future shall be able to apprehend more clearly the needs of the work. The lecturer will be a University man, and a man who will be listened to as a professor, his subjects being the methods of study and teaching. The principals of all the Theological Colleges have already been approached on the subject, and most of the responses have been sympathetic. Another point we shall aim at is to render assistance to village schools by special grants of school requisites and up-to-date literature, and by prosecuting the systematic visitation of village schools, which hitherto have been so much left alone."

"What proportion of money is it in contemplation to spend in this direction?"

"We hope to set apart about £15,000 to increase our loan fund. Speaking of visitations, I maintain that a Sunday School ought to be aggressive, and we propose to promote a great systematic canvass of the country by means of the carefully arranged visitation of families in order to secure a million more scholars for the Sunday Schools of Great Britain. In many cases the schools are overcrowded, but, taking them as a whole, there is ample room for more scholars. I believe that if the Churches of the country can be brought face to face with the fact that a million boys and girls are waiting to be taught, both the necessary means and the necessary teachers would be forthcoming."

"Are you looking to the few or to the many for the sinews of war in your new project?"

"A few large sums have been promised to start with, but we look to Sunday School teachers and scholars to do the chief work: we want to raise a million shillings through the shillings of the teachers and the pennies of the scholars. On behalf of the extension movement we shall also hold special meetings and demonstrations, and advance the formation of local committees."

"Before we refer to the defects of existing Sunday Schools, you may care to say how far you think superintendents are responsible for them?"



UNDER A BAD SUPERINTENDENT.

"Certainly, the importance of the superintendent's duties and influence cannot be exaggerated. At our last Conference we organised, at my suggestion, a school of methods for superintendents, and men of great experience spoke on discipline, the minor duties, and the relations of the School to the Church. The discussion excited great interest, and orders for 5,000 copies of the papers read upon the occasion were received. This is a subject which we shall follow up in future conferences. As to how far I think the superintendent is responsible for existing defects, my answer is that he can make or he can mar a school. If the superintendent possesses education, tact, and enthusiasm, the school is sure to prosper; but if he be lacking in ability, and has no power of attracting, the school inevitably goes down. I am satisfied that when the Churches—using the word Churches in the widest sense—arrive at a true conception of the greatness of Sunday School work, their primary aim will be to get the best type of man as superintendent.

"What do you consider the principal defects of the schools?"

"Lack of discipline is a great defect. Nothing can be done in a school unless, or until, there is the sense of authority felt among the scholars. Lack of organisation is another serious defect. The scholars are not followed up as they should be, and the records are not kept up properly. A superintendent whom I know has a record of 1,300 scholars, with the birthday of each marked, and he sends a birthday card and message to each one of them. He tells me that this is one of his most valuable helps. As to the importance of following up the scholars and of the most careful attention to registration, I am sure that many hundreds are lost to us every year because superintendents and teachers *do not take the trouble to go after them.* We supply forms which one superintendent can send to another concerning a scholar who may have removed to his or her neighbourhood. A little trouble of this kind is greatly appreciated by the scholar and parents, and strengthens the bond which will hold the young life to the Church. A great need of to-day is the point of making the most of little things."

"You think that the little things are so much neglected?"

"Quite so. For example, want of punc-

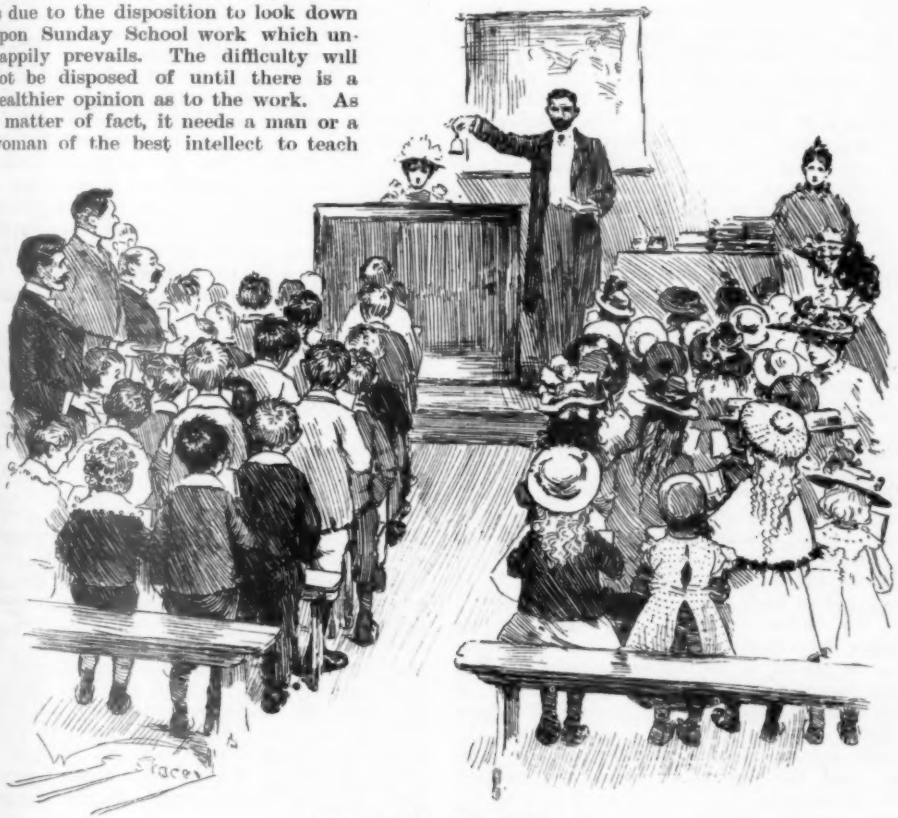
tuality in the teacher is one of the little things too often neglected. If the teacher does not come to time, the scholars will not. Then there is the lack of method in teaching. The child is taught Scripture on the week-day in an interesting manner. On Sunday the lesson is uninteresting, and it loses its power. This, however, is not a little matter, but a very great point indeed. So, also, is the want of close sympathy between the Church and the School. The ministers, as I have indicated, are not sufficiently in touch with the Schools. They set us a good example in America in this respect. At the American colleges special lectures are given on religious education, Sunday School teaching and management, so that the student goes out to his work thoroughly equipped and able to deal with the Sunday School problems which meet him. This is what we want to do here."

"Is it your experience that there is much difficulty in obtaining competent teachers?"

"There is a difficulty in obtaining educated teachers of both sexes. This is due to the disposition to look down upon Sunday School work which unhappily prevails. The difficulty will not be disposed of until there is a healthier opinion as to the work. As a matter of fact, it needs a man or a woman of the best intellect to teach successfully, and to make the teaching a force in the child's life."

"How, then, are Sunday School methods to be brought up to date on a line with those of day schools? You have, I know, adumbrated some which the Union has in view. But are there not others?"

"My belief is that each Church will ultimately have to train its own teachers, the clergyman or minister giving lectures on the lessons and courses on the principles and art of teaching. That local training is practicable I can vouch for, because I know of a school in Birmingham where the minister and superintendent co-operate, and induce some of the most capable educationalists in the district to give lectures to the teachers. Moreover, in the school a trained teacher takes a class of those who are willing to become teachers, and gives them practical instruction in the art of religious teaching Sunday by Sunday. Well, what is done in one case in Birmingham could also be done in other town churches.



UNDER A GOOD SUPERINTENDENT.

"Another interesting development which many have found useful is that of the 'larger class scheme,' the idea being that in a given church it may be possible to find only six or eight really efficient teachers. The plan is to use these teachers, giving them each classes of, say, forty or fifty, and getting younger or inexperienced teachers to act as their assistants. In this way a practical training and preparation for better work is given to teachers who otherwise might blunder on month after month without having any example of better methods. I am strongly of opinion that considerable improvement might be made in the opening and closing services of the school. They are far too stereotyped, and often lack any reverence. With a little care on the part of ministers and superintendents very much more variety could be introduced.

"Then there is the question of the building, to which I think much greater attention should be paid. Efficient teaching in a dull, underground room is impossible. You must brighten the surroundings, if you would awaken the interest and retain your hold of its scholars. The ideal school, in addition to being thoroughly sanitary and well ventilated, should have plenty of light and be as beautiful as possible. The educative influence of good pictures can hardly be over-estimated. Very fine Scripture cartoons are issued at low cost, which would almost transform any ordinary local schoolroom. Wherever it is practicable, each class should have its separate room. Otherwise the personal influence of the teacher, which is the great factor, is considerably hindered."

"As to the children themselves, can you offer any suggestions?"

"We have found that wherever the 'Star' class chart has been adopted it has resulted in a quickening of school life. Briefly, the method is this. The chart has spaces for the number of the class and the name of the teacher. In addition there are columns headed, respectively, Attendance, Bibles, Offerings, New Members, and Study. If the teacher and all members of the class are present—or only absent through illness—a red star is placed in the Attendance column. If the teacher and each member of the class bring their Bibles with them, a blue star is placed in the Bibles column. If each member makes an offering, however small, a silver star is placed in the Offerings column. If a new member is secured by any member of the class, a pink star goes in the Members' column; and a gilt star is secured for the Study column if each member of the class has read the lesson at home and written out the golden text. In connection with the chart are ten 'shields of honour,' which are awarded to the girls' and boys' classes that can show the greatest number of stars during the quarter."

"Do you think that, socially speaking, the class who attend the Sunday Schools is the same as it was some years ago?"

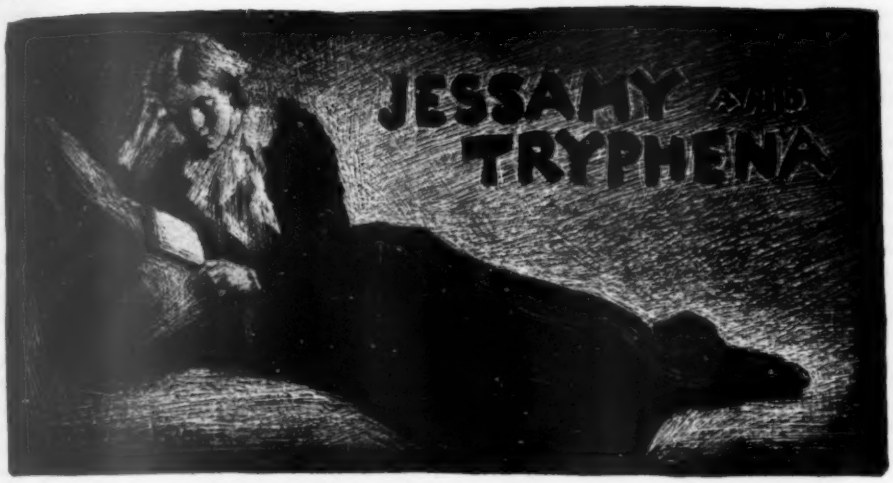
"The class of children attending school depends upon the locality. In some places the better class of children socially do not go to school at all. In such neighbourhoods we advise the formation of home classes, which should meet the objections of the public school boy, who almost invariably declines to go to the Sunday School. We have a home department in connection with the Union, and we reckon that all boys and girls who, whether because they are ill, lame, or for other reasons, go through the lesson with their parents at home are members. But, when all is said and done, it is true that the Sunday Schools have not kept pace with the growth of population. This, however, is only a conclusive proof of the need for the work and extension of the Union."

"Can you, in brief, outline the duty that lies before your Union?"

"Yes, broadly, it is concerned, first, with the Churches to urge upon their leaders that no church can afford to be half-hearted in its attitude towards the young, but must seriously address itself to the solution of a problem so vast and far-reaching in importance. Further, that the brightest intellect as well as the most zealous devotion of Christian people must be given to this work, and that the Churches have no finer investment for their wealth than is found in the better equipment of teachers of youth by means of higher training, more up-to-date machinery, and more suitable buildings.

"Then," concluded Mr. Bonner, "I would emphasise the fact that our work is also concerned with the schools. Perhaps the most immediate need is to bring about a crusade of conscience. I mean so to impress the teachers and workers with the supreme aim of their task that they shall be moved to covet earnestly the best gifts. Next, by literature and apparatus, I would enable them to apply the most advanced principles and methods of secular education to their religious instructions. I would urge also the grading of a school, dividing it into a junior department, a normal department, and an institute for young men and women; the teachers and the teaching being adapted to each department. Beyond all this, there is the need to realise responsibility for souls, and to see that these things are but means to an end—that end being the winning of the scholars to a definite dedication of powers and life to Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord."

ALFRED WILCOX.



A Complete Story by Katharine Tynan.

THE name Jessamy Truelove, above the little shop, had a suggestion of romance and the country, like the coster's "All a-blowin' and a-growin'," and the cry of "Sweet Lavender" that came along the hideous street in the summer of the year.

The shop was the tiniest possible, wedged between a prosperous pork-butcher's and a fried-fish shop. It had been a grief to Jessamy when the fried-fish became their neighbour, not so much on her own account as because it worried her delicate sister Tryphena, who presided over the millinery. You could not very well keep the smell of the fish out; not though you had wall-flowers in a jug on the counter, in which to bury your nose, and carried violets in your bosom, as Tryphena always did.

The perfume has not been invented which shall live down the fried-fish smell, the peculiar aroma of London's mean streets.

Jessamy had the baby-linen and haberdashery side of the shop; Tryphena the bonnets and hats and caps. The windows were the merest slits; the door could be blocked by a small child. When two little mother-girls of the slums, each carrying a wizened baby, stood outside to discuss the baby-clothes in Jessamy's window, there was no room for a third.

Tryphena's window was not so much in favour. She did not so very often sell a hat or a bonnet. Her taste was severe, too severe for the class she designed to please. Jessamy sometimes wished that Tryphena would put more colour and gaiety into her millinery. The things might be as pretty as a picture, and very often were; but they were not pictures suited to the taste of Islington Street. Jessamy had seen girls toss their heads and giggle as they turned away from Tryphena's window and went on to Wallaker's across the street, which looked a perfect flower bed from the distance. But she was too loyal to her sister, and too sure of Tryphena's taste, to ask her to lower her standard for those ignorant girls.

Tryphena had been crossed in love, and this fact gave a peculiar tenderness to her more robust sister's feeling for her. It was such a long time ago, long enough for anyone but Tryphena to have forgotten. But her faithfulness to the memory of Willie Draycott, who had given up Tryphena for another woman, was the one bit of romance in Jessamy's life.

It had been the reason for the transplantation to Islington Street from the country village where they had been born. Jessamy would never cease to be hungry for the little village, full of homeliness and fragrances, among its woods, with the church midway up the street, and the churchyard, whose stones bore the names of many Trueloves.

But at the moment of leaving her little shop in Knoll, Jessamy had not been conscious of the tearing up of the roots which the change really was to her. She was too much concerned about Tryphena for that.

Whatever had come over Willie Draycott, he had chosen a black-eyed, insolently handsome girl before Tryphena, who was languishing and delicate. Nancy was the very one to triumph over her dejected rival. Why, the joy-bells for Nancy's marriage would clang right into Tryphena's window in the gable above the shop. The sights and sounds of the festivities could not but reach her eyes and ears. Even the sympathy of the neighbours would be intolerable, although it was sympathy, and many reported that Willie Draycott looked like a man going to be hanged rather than a bridegroom. The condolences would kill Tryphena.

In Knoll they took a year to think over a journey into the next parish. Imagine their surprise, then, when the wedding-morning of Willie Draycott and Nancy Miller saw the shutters of Jessamy's shop up, and the rumour spread that the two sisters had gone. Jessamy's interest had been disposed of to a woman outside Knoll who was stone-deaf, and offered the curious neighbours tapes and sewing-cotton when they came for information. The sisters had buried themselves in London; and even the Vicar, to his grief, did not know their new address. Jessamy had done her wiping-out whole-heartedly for Tryphena's sake, since Tryphena took her jilting like a shame.

Twenty years had passed since they had left Knoll, although to Jessamy the wound of her separation from her old home seemed as fresh, nay, fresher than it had been the first day. Twenty years they had been shut up in Islington Street.

The comely brown and red of Jessamy's cheek was a bit withered, not from age, but from airlessness, and perhaps from the inward ache which she never said anything about, which she scarcely permitted herself to acknowledge. Certainly she did nothing to encourage it.

She did not talk of Knoll with her sister; for that would be to recall bitter memories. But she thought on it a good deal in the intervals of selling babies' pinafores and feeders, and tapes, and buttons, and braids across the counter. She suspected that Tryphena amid her slacker business thought also upon Knoll, and occasionally she would steal a wistful glance at her between the petticoats and overalls that fluttered from the ceiling.

Tryphena kept a delicate, old-maidish prettiness. She had her pale hair in bunches of ringlets behind her ears as she had been used to have it twenty years ago. She had never had a suitor since, nor had Jessamy. A greengrocer's manager had indeed once shown amorous tendencies with regard to Jessamy herself, but his aspirations had been quickly nipped in the bud. Tryphena had shrunk before a jest of his not in the best of taste. It was enough for Jessamy to show him the door.

Now and again in the hot summer the sisters had gone on the half-holiday to Richmond Park and Kew Gardens, or on a penny steamboat. But the outings were not many. Trams and 'buses cost money, and the sisters were very poor. More often they spent the half-holiday when the weather was fine in their little garden.

The houses in Islington Street had gardens stretching down to meet those of their more fortunate neighbours on the slope of the hill. All that quarter had once been a place of consideration. The dry-rot of decay had crept over one row of fine important-looking houses after another. The decay had crept quite up the hill from Islington Street at the foot to the Square at the top. But there was a good deal of open space to remind one of what the neighbourhood had once been.

Some previous tenant of the Islington Street shop had fenced the strip of garden in with a trellis. Over this Jessamy had induced creepers to grow, and in summer, when they were in leaf, it was possible to sit within the little square of greenery and see only the sky. It was not so easy to shut away the sounds of the cocks and hens in the next enclosure, or the children on the other side enjoying a dust-bath with equal zest; but after all cocks and hens are country creatures, and the shrill laughter of the children was bearable, and from the stable-yard a few gardens off there came a sound of horses' feet, and the friendly converse of the men with their horses, which, with a little make-believe and closed eyes, recalled a farmyard to Jessamy.

In these snatches of leisure Tryphena always read novels, while Jessamy made the tea, and prepared small dainties for the supper, and found a hundred things to do for which the daily life gave no room. Without her novels Tryphena would hardly have found life tolerable. In those imaginary lives she could forget the dreariness of life in Islington Street, the dull drab days with—what?—at the further end.

Tryphena was a creature of dreams. She dreamed over her novels. She dreamed as she made up her airy hats, and bonnets, and caps out of scraps of ribbon and chiffon and flowers left over from the big shops. She dreamed as she looked out between her stock at the squalid street outside and the vulgar



"Turning it round about while he uttered sounds of admiration."—*p.* 286.

faces that often enough grinned at her through the pane. Tryphena had no thoughts for them. The poppies had been shaken over her eyes. The life around her had little power to distress and disturb her, except in a negative way.

But with Jessamy it was different. Jessamy was the one who considered ways and means. Jessamy looked beyond the long years of pinchings and contrivings and saw at the end—what but the poor-house? That was something to make even the stout heart of the little spinster contract with fear. If Tryphena had married, Jessamy would have been able to fend for herself. She need never have left the village where she was among friends. The delicate sister had always been a tie and a burden on her like a child: like a child, the burden was exquisite, not to be given up for any lonely freedom. If only Jessamy could see far down the dwindling years that she should be able to provide for Tryphena, to keep her from the harsh realities of life that would kill her!

Jessamy was four years older than Tryphena, and as strong as a little pony. Tryphena had her four years to the good, and was delicate, but on the other hand had learned to take care as the hardier Jessamy never would. There were nights when Jessamy lay awake and prayed that, if one of them were taken, it should be the beloved young sister who could not face the world alone. What matter if she, Jessamy, were to be desolate! She could not, could not think of a world in which Tryphena would have no one to love and protect her. That was something to make her heart beat, and the perspiration come in great beads on her brow, the thought of leaving Tryphena alone. God was too merciful, she said to herself in a panic-stricken way. He would never permit it.

One morning—it was a morning of June, and Islington Street had just been watered; it was Saturday morning, and so the street market was in full swing, and there was a stack of wall-flowers opposite the shop-door. The scent and the freshness were even in Islington Street this morning: and it made Jessamy more cheerful, while her heart ached for her unforgotten country: and it seemed to have clouded over Tryphena's eyes with more mists of unreality than usual.

Tryphena had just lost a customer. A girl, a servant apparently from one of the big houses, had taken a fancy to a hat with foamy twirls of white chiffon upon it, and a single white rose, with pink at the heart laid among the chiffon.

The girl wanted a little more gaiety, a greater lavishness as to roses, a fancy buckle, a couple of pearl pins. But Tryphena was immovable—"You would spoil it completely," she said. The end of it was that the girl in a pique flung herself out of the shop and across to Wallaker's.

"Oh, Tryphena!" Jessamy had said. "Couldn't you have pleased her? She would have brought other girls. You know the Grove generally takes them all. But they would have appreciated your pretty things better than the working-men's wives about here: and you might have made quite a little circle of customers."

"I am sorry," said Tryphena, with the hurt mouth of a child. "But the hat is so pretty as it is."

Jessamy sighed. It might rest in the window till all its beauty and freshness were gone, a fate which had overtaken so many of Tryphena's pretty creations.

Just then a shadow darkened the door. Looking through her window Jessamy caught sight of a great market-waggon with a tilt and a pair of large, placid horses, in front of her door.

It was the driver who entered; a large, placid man, not so unlike his horses, with a country freshness on his cheeks and in his blue eyes, and a rose in his coat.

He stared at Jessamy, but it was to Tryphena's counter he turned.

"What price is that?" he asked, pointing a huge index-finger towards the pretty hat.

His voice seemed to fill the little shop as his presence did. The horses rattled their harness outside, and he said 'woa' to them: it was a big deep sound, as full of soothing as of command, and Jessamy noticed that the great creatures turned their faces the way of the sound as though they liked it.

Tryphena named the price.

"'Tis for a little lass what's deaf and dumb," he said. "But bless you, she's as fond of a bit of finery as any woman."

Tryphena poised the hat on her hand for him to look at, turning it round about while he uttered sounds of admiration in a deep, quiet thunder.

He had his back to Jessamy, but she could see her sister's face. Two little withered roses of pleasure had come into Tryphena's cheeks, and a smile brightened on her soft, faded red mouth. It was the joy of the artist in having his work appreciated.

"Six-and-six," said Tryphena.

"Six-and-six, lass," he repeated—"Well, I wouldn't do it for twelve-and-six."

Then he laughed with a great musical bellow, and one of his horses whinnied outside.

He counted the money from a deep chamois bag he took out of his pocket, and having received the hat lifted it in his arms in a gingerly way as though he might crush the

box. As he passed out of the little door he turned and lifted his wide straw hat. His gaze, as he steered his way carefully through the narrow door, was turned ever so slightly on Jessamy.

Afterwards the two sisters discussed him. Tryphena found him like the characters in her novels. She thought of this one and that. Finally she fixed on Mr. Van Brunt, in the ever fresh "Wide Wide World."

"He is plainly not a common person," she said. "Did you see how he lifted his hat? I shouldn't be surprised if the horses and the waggon are his own."

"I shouldn't either," said Jessamy. "They looked as though they had the master's hand over them. Great shining creatures, the horses. I should think you'd require a ladder to get on to their backs."

"How odd that he should have fancied that hat," said Tryphena. "That also proves him to be a superior person. And the child! I wonder who the child is."

"I daresay he has a houseful of them," said Jessamy.

The thing gave a little fillip to their thoughts that lasted throughout the day. Indeed, in the evening, as they sat in their arbour, while the last light died off the sky—nine o'clock was ordinary closing time in Islington Street, twelve on Saturdays—Tryphena found that the visit of the messenger from the country had stirred strange longings and desires in her heart.

"Couldn't we leave Islington Street, Jessamy?" she asked, "and go into the suburbs if we couldn't to a country town? And start a new kind of shop? Supposing you sold fresh butter and eggs at one side, and I had a circulating library at the other, with newspapers and cheap books and fancy stationery."

Jessamy shook her head. They were fast-bound in Islington Street. A ten-pound note might free them: but a ten-pound note was as much outside Jessamy's reach as the Koh-i-noor.

She shook her head again.

"There are free libraries everywhere now," she said, "and rent in the suburbs is high. To-morrow is the half day: let us go out on Hampstead Heath, and take the tea and the teapot, and bread and butter, and the spirit lamp and kettle."

She tried to distract Tryphena as she would a child, but Tryphena was not to be distracted. After her twenty years of Islington Street—she had seemed to notice the squalor less than Jessamy, being so taken up with dreams—something was stirring in her that called her back to the country.

If it had been Knoll now, Jessamy might have sold out her little interest and gone back. Knoll had been so friendly, and there must still be many of the old friends left, even if many had joined the quiet company of sleepers in the churchyard. It would not be the same thing to start newly in Knoll as in a strange place. There would be so many to help them, to give them custom at the start.

But she did not dare to speak of Knoll to Tryphena. She had no idea of how much or how little Tryphena remembered of Willie Draycott, and the old trouble that had gone near to killing her. For one second her heart leaped up at the thought of going back to Knoll, then fell again. Even now she could not think of Nancy Draycott's black eyes in their insolent triumph over Tryphena.

A few days later the waggoner again came into the shop. This time he took one of the flimsy little chairs which creaked and groaned beneath him alarmingly. He had put the nose-bags on the horses, and they were enjoying their oats.

He reported that the deaf and dumb child had been delighted with the hat.

"You should ha' seen her eyes," he said: and Tryphena blushed with the artist's pleasure.

"She sent you a posy," he went on, producing suddenly a cartwheel of flowers, which had been in paper on his knee. "And the old mother, she'd like a cap,—leastways I'd like to give her one. 'Tis to be a surprise."

Tryphena blushed with pleasure as she took the flowers, and Jessamy came from behind her side of the counter and smelt them, and the waggoner smiled at her.

There was a consultation over the cap, a consultation to which Tryphena listened absently, and then collected her materials and held them together as though the others had never spoken. Soft greyish white chiffon, and a peach-coloured bow.

"That's it, my girl," said the waggoner, delightedly; "the ribbon's the colour of the old mother's cheeks. You couldn't have matched her better, not if you knew her."

He called for the cap a few days later, and brought a couple of bouquets.

After that he seemed to call every time he passed, and that was about twice a week. It was surprising how many things his mother wanted from the little shop in Islington Street. Every time he brought flowers; presently a basket of fruit or a golden slab of honeycomb came with the flowers. Once the deaf and dumb child—they knew by this time that she was his niece, and that he had never been married—sent a shabby little bunch of field flowers. Jessamy pounced on them and drew out a bit of ground ivy.

"It brings the fields," she said, greedily. "I don't suppose love nor money can buy a bit of ground ivy in London."

The man looked at her sympathetically.

"I never can understand," he said, "how folks country born can live in a town."

The next time he came Jessamy led him out to the little garden to show him where she had planted the bit of ground ivy, which she had discovered possessed a root.

"You've made it real pretty," he said, looking admiringly at the trellis covered with scarlet runners. "But you ought to be in real country; that's what you ought to be."

Whitsuntide was late that year. The Wednesday before Whit-Sunday the waggoner—they knew him now as Mr. Vance—John Vance, a good, honest name Jessamy thought—came in with a startling proposal. It was no less than that Jessamy and Tryphena should spend the Whitsun holidays with his mother in Kent.

"She'd have come herself," he said, "but she's an old body. And she bids me say you'll be as welcome as flowers in May. Seems she knew some of your people in Knoll long ago. Her uncle, Samuel Witten, he had the Windmill Farm in Knoll. Many a pleasant day she had there; and thinks 'tis your mother she remembers."

Jessamy fairly gasped at the thought of a country holiday. Yet, as women who have lived so narrowly as she had will do, she was frightened and indeterminate. It was Tryphena who made up her mind for her.

"Why, we shall be delighted, Mr. Vance," said Tryphena. "Our compliments to your mother, and we shall be delighted. But how to get to Greenways, will you kindly advise us?"

"I thought upon that," replied John Vance, with something like a blush. "I thought if you would not mind for once shutting up on a Saturday afternoon, I'd fetch you in my waggon, and make you as comfortable as comfortable. You'd enjoy the drive maybe if the weather holds."

"But Saturday!" said Jessamy, "and Whit-Saturday."

"We often don't sell a shillingsworth," put in Tryphena, with that strange, new determination of hers. "We shall be delighted, Mr. Vance."

So it was settled; and through the hot nights of the week that followed Jessamy could not sleep for excitement.

Tryphena was much the calmer of the two. It was Tryphena who did wild, extravagant things, going off to one of the big shops in the Grove, and coming back with a pink print which Jessamy thought was for herself, but which Tryphena presently announced was for Jessamy.

Jessamy protested. Where was Tryphena's frock to come from? Tryphena had a blue muslin which was going to be clear-starched, and she would run herself up a hat for Saturday in no time.

Saturday afternoon came at last. The errand-boy who lived next door, who usually performed the duty for them, put up their shutters to the amazement of Islington Street, or as much of it as observed the strange fact in the babel of noise and hurry which Islington Street was on Saturday.

About four o'clock John Vance's waggon came slowly along through the costers' barrows and the booths. The horses had a flower at each ear. The driver had a flower in his coat, and was dressed in his best. There was not much delay in getting off. At the very last Jessamy ran back to give the bit of ground ivy enough water to last it till they returned on Tuesday. Then she climbed into the waggon after Tryphena, who was already up, and the company moved off.

The floor of the waggon was covered with clean straw. Placed quite far back were two old-fashioned wicker chairs covered in flowered chintz. Tryphena already occupied one, Jessamy took the other. John Vance walked by his horses' heads till they were clear of the crowded streets.

Jessamy felt like a lady in an opera-box who sees everything, yet leaning back behind her curtains has a delightful sense of privacy.

"I had no idea I could be so glad about anything," she said to Tryphena.

"You look very well," said Tryphena critically. "That pink is the very thing for your eyes, and hair, and complexion. And the brown hat with the pink lining. After all, you are not forty, Jessamy, and you don't look your age."

"I'm sure you're as pretty as a picture," said Jessamy, blushing like a girl.

Then John Vance joined them, and they drove faster, getting into the better streets and again plunging into the slums, and passing villas and suburban shops, and so on till at last they reached a fine, wide common, with only a house here and there tucked away among the trees.

"We're quit of the town now," John Vance announced to the two delighted faces that had peered out from the tilt of the waggon for the last hour and a half without showing the slightest sign of weariness. "After this we've nought but country."

True enough, henceforth the road wound by the side of one sloping valley after another, with hills on the further side, and the valleys filled in with trees.

"Hereabouts the nightingales call finely from hill to hill," said John Vance.

"And shall we hear them?" asked Jessamy.

"Oh, yes, you'll hear them, if you wake at nights," the man said, tolerantly. "I don't hear them myself unless I make an early start for the market. 'Tis bed-time before they begin."

After two or three miles of the green valleys, the waggon suddenly pulled up before a towering hedge with a little gateway cut in it, and a couple of steps leading up to a little iron gate. The gate was held open by a child, an angelic-looking child, with flaxen hair drooping about an oval face, and great blue eyes. She was beaming her welcome. Jessamy thought she had never seen anything so expressive as her face.

"That's our Lucy," said John Vance. "She'll ha' been waiting an hour, maybe. And there's Mother at the door."

Inside the iron gate was a perfect wilderness of flowers, stocks, pansies, clove-pinks, roses, all crowded together and exhaling the most delightful perfume. And beyond the flowers was a little house with a trellised porch, and a very old dog was standing in the middle of the path wagging his tail, and a rosy-cheeked old woman, wearing Tryphena's cap, was nodding and smiling her welcome.

After the travellers had washed their hands and faces in a little room in the roof, the lattice windows of which opened on fields of sainfoin and clover, they went down the steep stairs to the little boarded room below, where a delightful country tea was spread. Cold ham and eggs, crisp green lettuce, and honey, and home-made bread, and yellow butter, and cream, and raspberry jam. Jessamy had not dreamt of such a meal for nearly twenty years.

After tea they sat out among the flowers and talked, and Mrs Vance unpacked her old memories of Knoll, and the deaf and dumb child sat between Tryphena and Jessamy and stroked a hand of each. And the dog lay and looked at them with friendly eyes. And John Vance sat smoking and saying nothing, but seeming to diffuse an atmosphere of general benevolence and well-being all about him.

The next day they went to church across the fields of sainfoin and clover, and through a park, and found the church hidden in an oak-wood in the depths of a valley, where



"Beaming her welcome."

no one would ever look for it. And John Vance walking ahead with Tryphena seemed about two inches taller to Jessamy's eyes as she walked behind with Mrs. Vance and Lucy.

As they came home from church the mother's talk was all of her son, and it was significant beyond the common fond talk of mothers.

"The woman who gets my John will be happy," she said, "and there'll be no cause

to be jealous of me, for I'll never be jealous of John's wife, but will ask only a seat in the chimney corner, and to look on at the happiness of my boy."

Jessamy listened and thought she understood. What a happy thing it would be for Tryphena! Surely, Tryphena would be glad to accept this amazing, unexpected happiness which had come her way. Of course, she, Jessamy, would henceforth be alone. Well, she must bear that. After all, the terror of what was to become of Tryphena if she were taken first would be removed. The sudden consternation which filled her heart at the thought of life without Tryphena she turned her back upon. What was Mrs. Vance saying? That John had never been one for fancies; but now he had taken one his old mother wasn't going to stand in his way. And how odd that he should have found country girls in Islington Street, and from Knoll too. Nay, not odd, the old soul went on, talking to herself. Wasn't the finger of the Lord plainly in it? All the time the deaf and dumb child, smiling like a pale sunbeam, kept stroking Jessamy's hand, and making a way into her heart.

Another day of the exquisite country joys, and the last night was come. They were to be up early in the morning to go back to town with John Vance in the waggon.

It was no night for sleep, with the moonlight in the room and the air drenched with perfume. The nightingales were calling from hill to hill. Below their music you heard the sawing of the corncrake. Jessamy lying, staring at the moonlight, suddenly was aware of Tryphena's eyes upon her.

"You are heart-broken at going back," said Tryphena.

"Not that, my girl," answered Jessamy, "but I was ever one for the country."

"I should never have taken you from Knoll," said Tryphena penitently. "But now you can come back. . . here. . . don't you see it, Jessamy?"

So it had come so soon.

"Nay, nay," said Jessamy, pressing Tryphena's arm to her in love and gratitude. "I couldn't think of that, dearie; I shall do as I am."

"Why, I wasn't proposing to you!" said Tryphena with a laugh; and then turned over on the pillow and fell asleep.

The ride back was a silent one. They had promised to come again to Greenways very soon. The old mother had sent them off with significant looks, and kisses, and loaded with good things to eat and to look at. The waggon was a bower as they drove down Islington Street in the fresh morning, while all the shops were still shuttered, and there was no one to see them but the milkman.

Jessamy was glad to return so quietly. She wanted to slip back into the old work-aday Jessamy with the sober brown frock before any of the neighbours saw her. John Vance had said something of coming up on Thursday, and Jessamy was troubled. Why, what was going to happen if she were to feel that Thursday was a day full of bewildering joy because John Vance was coming? John Vance, who would marry Tryphena and take her out of the life she was so little fitted for. Tryphena watched her sister in wonder. She seemed to have put off the country happiness with the pink frock, and went about with lips tightly set, and a sternness in eyes that were usually only soft and kindly.

Thursday came. The hour for the waggoner's arrival was generally about eleven o'clock. Jessamy that morning had a great longing to get away somewhere and not look on at John Vance's meeting with Tryphena. Something would be said to-day, Jessamy was sure of it. There had been a significance in John Vance's manner when he spoke of coming that had made Jessamy's heart beat. As though she were anything to John Vance except Tryphena's elder sister. As though she would be anything else if she could, seeing that Tryphena had found the road to happiness.

At breakfast, which they took together, before opening the shop, Tryphena commented on her sister's looks. Tryphena had come out of her dreams lately, and had become uncomfortably observant.

"I should put on the pink frock if I were you," she said, "since we are expecting a visitor."

"He will not notice what I wear," answered Jessamy, with an attempt at lightness, which only succeeded in being rather grim.

"You are very sure about him," said Tryphena, looking at her in an odd way, Jessamy thought.

However, when the two were once more behind their respective counters, Tryphena, who had been rummaging in a box which contained her millinery snippets, came round to Jessamy's side.

"You shall wear this," she said, with determination, fixing on as she spoke a bow of the most dainty figured ribbon, pretty enough to make the fortune of any hat it adorned.

"You will have me do honour to the occasion," said Jessamy, with the oddest little flash of temper. But Tryphena did not seem to discover temper in the speech. She would hardly have recognised such a thing in Jessamy, who had petted her all her life.

"To do honour to the occasion," she repeated, and then kissed Jessamy.

Jessamy was ill at ease. She did not want even Tryphena's gaze on her between the moreen petticoats and servants' aprons which dangled above Tryphena's counter; and Tryphena would keep looking at her. Suddenly she remembered the ground ivy. Why, she had forgotten to water it since they came back from Greenways. Perhaps it was dead by this time, since the soil of the place was mainly dust.

With a hasty word to Tryphena, she went into the little parlour and closed the door behind her. She took a jug of water from the table, and went out into their little enclosure. The ground ivy was still alive, though rather dusty and depressed.

She soaked it with water, root and leaves. Then, having composed her face in the minute's respite she went back to the shop.

Or, at least, she went as far as the half-glass door with its spotted muslin blind, which opened upon the shop. Then she stood still, paralysed. She had seen Tryphena lean across the counter, over the boxes of ribbons and flowers, and clasp her arms about the neck of a somewhat melancholy-looking man who stood the other side of the counter. Why, half the street might have seen it; and at any moment John Vance might arrive. Had Tryphena gone stark, staring mad?

After the first shock Jessamy opened the door and went into the shop. Tryphena still leant over the counter. The stranger was holding her hand: He seemed to have a good deal to say to her.

"Who is this . . . ?" Jessamy began.

She had come in view of the stranger's face now, and felt some memory stirring in her of the amiable, indeterminate mouth, and blue eyes that looked at her with a half-ashamed air.

"Why, it's Willie," said Tryphena. "Don't you see it's Willie, Jessamy? He's been a widower these many years, and has only heard of us now through Mrs. Vance. I am going to marry him, Jessamy; he hasn't been very happy."

"Marry him!" repeated Jessamy. "And what about . . . ?"

"About you? Oh, I needn't trouble about you."

"I'm better off than ever I was," said Willie, who looked badly as though he needed a woman's care. "I won't deny that my marriage was a mistake, though I blame nobody but myself. Tryphena's going to make it up to me."

To think that Tryphena should choose Willie Draycott before John Vance! Jessamy gasped. The ways of women were past finding out. And Tryphena was gazing at Willie's week-old beard and disordered hair as though he were the sun-god.

There was a sudden rattle of harness and thudding of great hoofs outside. Jessamy turned and saw John Vance dismounting from the waggon.

"You'd better tell him yourself, Tryphena," she said, "for I shan't."

It was her second little flash of temper that day; and saying it she turned and went back the way she had come.

She was standing looking down at the ground ivy when a great hand covered hers. Looking up with a start, she met the gaze of John Vance's honest blue eyes.

"Well, Jessamy, lass," he said. "That pair inside seem to be enough for each other. Your sister just told me where I should find you. You know what I've come to ask, my girl?"

"I know," replied Jessamy, despondently.

"And it is yes, isn't it? Your eyes didn't deceive me?"

The lover looked a little bit ashamed, yet his arm was around Jessamy's waist

"Me?" she said, with sudden comprehension. "Is it me you want?"

"Who else? I never wanted anyone but thee."

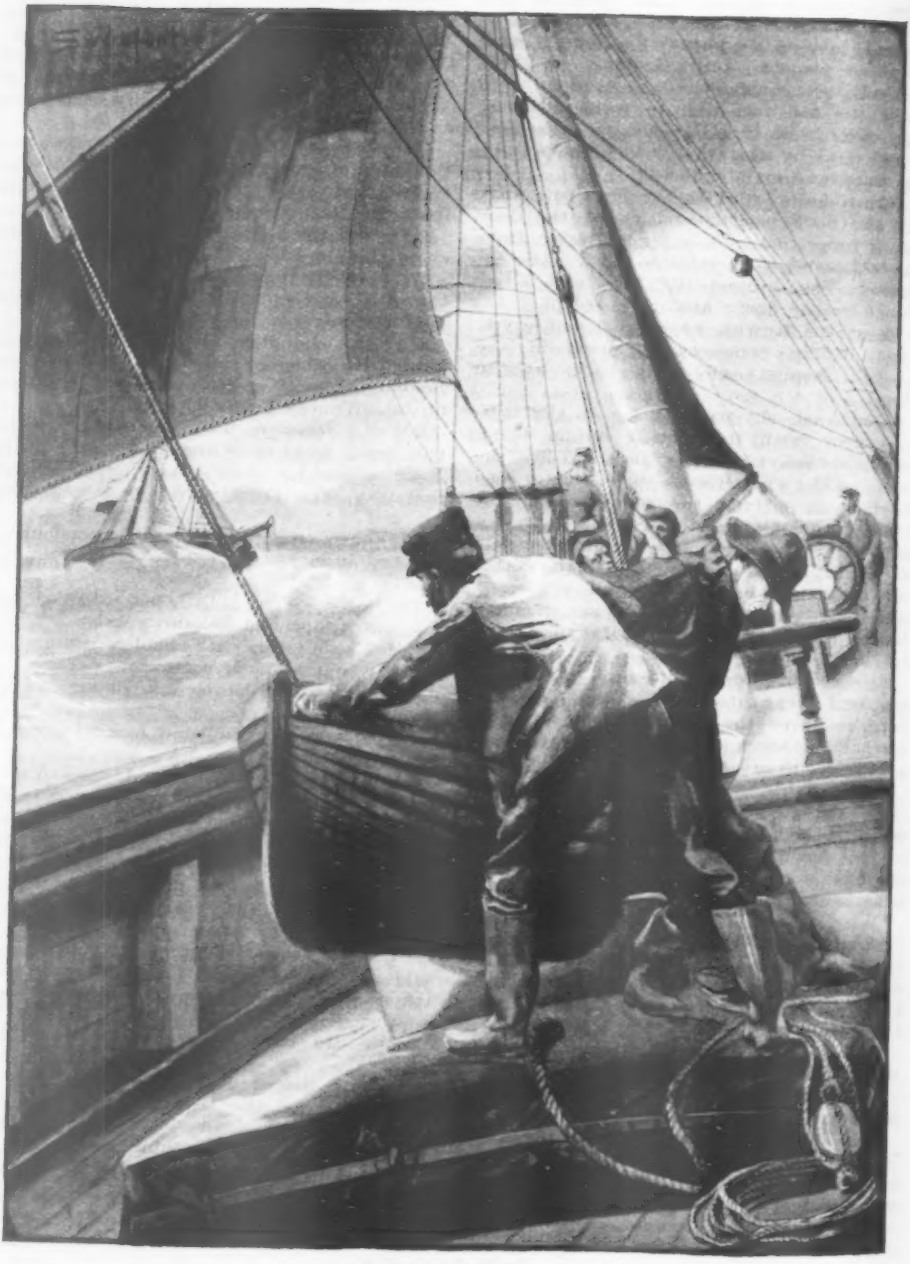
They stood hand in hand looking down at the ground ivy.

"You were like that," said John Vance, with unexpected poetry, pointing to the dusty leaves with the little spike of purple blossom swathed in gray. "You were like that, but your place is in fields. And when will you come home? The old mother is ready for you. Lucy is ready for you; I am waiting. The house and all are yours."

"Let us take the ground ivy with us," said Jessamy. "Look, I do believe it has taken root. I wonder if it would bear another journey."

"We can but try, dear heart," said the man.

Jessamy looked around her with sudden, sharp pity for the scarlet-runners and the grass that she must leave behind. She wondered now how anything could bear to live in Islington Street, seeing there were such paradises in the world.



TO THE RESCUE.

CURRENT IRRELIGION.

NEGLECT OF SUNDAY.

By the Venerable W. M. Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London.

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."—REVELATION i. 10.

THERE can be no doubt that there is a wave of unbelief and indifference passing over this country. It is shown in four distinct ways: neglect of family prayer, neglect of the observance of the day of rest, neglect of Holy Scripture, and neglect of duty of parents to their children. With regard to this wave of indifference, it is, I think, owing to several causes: (1) the enormous spread of moderate wealth, and the consequent taste for luxury and self-indulgence; (2) the creation of a prodigious mass of newly rich people, who have no family traditions of religious influence behind them; (3) the unsettlement of men's minds from the wide spread of German views as to the authority and authorship of the Old Testament—people have thought that if the books were not by the traditional authors, then they had lost all truth and interest, which of course is not the case; (4) the utter weariness in men's minds as to all religion in consequence of the ceaseless public disputes during the last fifty years on questions of faith and practice; and (5) the natural reaction which always follows when any particular religious movement, whatever its character may be and in whatever direction it may be turned, is strongly pushed. All these causes have combined to lessen the influence of religion at the present moment in this country.

I wish now to appeal to you on the subject of the day of rest.

Very serious inroads are being made on its character as such in many ways. I preached on this subject nine years ago, and quoted the warning of Bishop Thorold. The facts of which he spoke are much more noticeable to-day. Among fashionable people Sunday gives no break or respite to the gaieties of the week. Large parties for luncheon and dinner are becoming common in great houses, in utter disregard of the servants. Sunday driving, which twenty years ago was almost unknown, is becoming frequent. The River Thames on Sunday is as crowded as a fair—you have only to look at the well-known picture of "Boulter's Lock on a Sunday Afternoon." Sunday is a favourite day with fashionable people for starting on long journeys; railway travelling has greatly increased, to the distress of the railway servants. Clubs meet every Sunday evening for dancing, others for a performance of operatic music. Forty-one thousand postal employees have to work on Sunday, and facilities for postal deliveries on the day of rest are widely advertised. There is a general rush on the part of speculators for the public amusement to get what gain they can out of the day when none are supposed to work. Vast Sunday excursions disturb the peace of hundreds of quiet villages. At sixty-seven theatres and halls in the metropolitan area the holiday of thousands of persons is destroyed by having to provide concerts and amusements. Cricket matches are being encouraged. All this means a combined attack on the day of rest as a national institution, and the growth of a spirit which, if it receives no check, will spread more and more widely, till that inestimable heritage of the English people has disappeared as completely as it has on the Continent.

It is indeed an invaluable boon that the Church has given to the world.

Why do we Christians consecrate one day in the week, and that the first?

The principle of one day in seven being devoted to rest and worship was one of the cardinal parts of God's revelation to the chosen people. So conspicuous was it in the Jewish system, it came so high in the table of the Ten Commandments, that, although it was long before the Gentile Christians had any opportunity of maintaining it in its first aspect as a day of rest, from the beginning they observed the first day of the week as a day of special worship. As soon as they were free to do it, they began to observe it also as a day of rest.

The intention of our Lord's teaching was that the Gospel should be the spiritual development of the Law. He came not to destroy the Law, but to fulfil it; to crown and complete its provisions by giving them their true spiritual meaning. Judaising is, of course, contrary to His spirit; but the Judaising temper, as opposed to the mind of the Gospel, is shown, not by recognising that the various points of the Christian revelation were prefigured by the Law and the Prophets, but by foolishly insisting on retaining some Hebrew enactment in literal fact, instead of in spiritual interpretation. So important and predominant an institution as the Jewish rest day was absolutely certain to have its spiritual representation in the Christian system.

Now we must remember that the establishment of the spiritual representation of the rest day was a gradual growth. There was never any formal transference of the severe rules of the one day to the natural and spontaneous happiness of the other. In primitive apostolical times two things are abundantly clear. On the one hand, among the Christians who had been Jews there continued a lingering and legitimate devotion to the memories and associations of their childhood at the very time when, in consequence of the Resurrection of our Lord, they were beginning to have peculiar affection for the first day of the week. On the other hand, the Christians who had been Gentiles never thought of observing the seventh day at all, but in the times of their obscurity and oppression found all that they wanted in the religious meetings, the meeting for the breaking of bread, the meeting for edification, on the Lord's day.

It was at the time when the Church was first recognised by the State, in the year 321, that the growing practice of all Christians of observing the first day of the week as a day of rest as well as a day of worship received formal and legal sanction. The idea of labour was formally dissociated from the Lord's day in that year by the famous Edict of Constantine. You may like to hear its memorable words once more, for we cannot be too thankful for its initiative: "On the venerable Day of the Sun let the magistrates and people residing in cities rest, and let all workshops be closed. In the country, however, persons engaged in the work of cultivation may freely and lawfully continue their pursuits; because it often happens that another day is not so fitted for grain-sowing or for vine-planting; lest by neglecting the proper moment for such operations the bounty of Heaven should be lost."

So at last the spiritual importance of the Fourth Commandment in securing to Christian people a day of rest and a day of worship was, by the practice of the Church and the law of the Emperor, enshrined in the economy of Christendom. It had come gradually, but it came surely. Just as the Christian ministry are chosen out, not on account of their own special merits, but because all the Lord's people are holy, and some must minister to them in holy things; so the first day of the week was adopted, not because all the days of our lives are not dedicated to God, but because by hallowing one day more we may hallow the others better and more perfectly. We cannot but rejoice that, by analogy, something of the ancient Hebrew day of rest grew slowly in the conscience of the Christian Church as the Hebrew day receded. The Christians in early days had not been able to make regulations about work, for a very large proportion of the whole population, especially of the Christian population, were slaves. We need not be surprised to find that the early spirit of the Lord's day was not so much one of abstinence from work as a readiness for spiritual activity; but the consciousness which gradually assimilated what was best in the Hebrew obedience to the Fourth Commandment recognised a truth of universal importance for Christians.

And it is an entire mistake to sneer at the observance of Sunday as a Puritan invention. The language of the Fathers shows that this was the way in which they looked at it. Sunday is styled by them "a solemn and venerable day," "the first and chief of days," "the first-fruits of the week," "better than all the festivals, new moons, or sabbaths of the Mosaic Law," "higher than the highest, and to be held in admiration above all other days"; "the queen," "the princess," or (as an old translator quaintly expresses it) "the lady paramount of days, clearly and pre-eminently the first"; "the day which the Lord hath made that we

may be glad and rejoice in it, and which" (to use the strong words of St. Augustine) "if we are Christians we shall observe.'

Now, we in this country have the extraordinary privilege, which we do not sufficiently value because we are so accustomed to it, of living under laws the principles of which were settled when Secularism was unknown, and when all the nation was united in, at any rate outward, respect for the Christian faith. Amongst these principles we find that the observance of the first day of the week as a time for rest and worship is protected by the ancient law of the land. King Alfred himself enrolled the Ten Commandments at the head of his "Book of Dooms," and they have remained part of the statute law ever since. On the first day of the week no place of public amusement may be open for payment; against all trading on the first day of the week that is not absolutely necessary there are public enactments. The consequent quiet calm, over both town and country, must be recognised even by Secularists as an indisputable boon both to the minds and bodies of the people, in contrast to the busy and pressing operations of other days.

And this has been strongly felt by some of the greatest men of the age. Let me give you a picture of the English Sunday by one of the most eloquent modern French preachers, the Abbé Loyson, Père Hyacinthe. He is lecturing to a French audience on the education of working men:

"I have had the pleasure of visiting London. I never shall forget the emotion which filled me at the sight of that city. Like the ancient metropolis of which the prophet speaks, there she sat, the great empress of the seas, giving law to isles and continents, stretching afar over kings and peoples, not like those of old, the rod of oppression, but the beneficent sceptre of her riches and her liberty. And I heard the hum of her vast industry, and through the streets there poured the living sea of men and vehicles; then, by-and-by, there dawned a day which was like the days of my childhood—a day such as public life in my own land has not now to show—a day which was not like other days; no noisy waggons now in the streets, no throngs hurrying to business; the giant machine that had been roaring and thundering the day before had suddenly stood still as if before the vision of God. The great movement of British industry was hushed, and in the streets I saw naught but families going their way, calm and cheerful, to the place of prayer; I heard naught but the sweet chiming of Protestant bells. I look across the ocean, and there again I find this same Anglo-Saxon race clad in like grandeur under forms the most unlike. This time there is neither mediævalism nor aristocracy. It is, I love to think, the people chosen of God to renew the face of the earth, and to prepare for those old truths and institutions which cannot pass away newer and more enduring garments. Now the United States keeps holy the Lord's day, just the same as England, and sends back to us across the ocean that same answer of God's silence to man's profanations."

That is a beautiful and memorable tribute. And now hear what Mr. Gladstone thought of it:

In 1869, in reply to a deputation, Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, said:

"The religious observance of Sunday is a main prop to the religious character of the country; from a moral, social, and physical point of view the observance of Sunday is a duty of absolute consequence."

In a letter in 1876 he clearly expressed his views as follows:

"Believing in the authority of the Lord's day as a religious institution, I must, as a matter of course, desire the recognition of that authority by others. But over and above this, I have myself, in the course of a laborious life, signally experienced both its mental and its physical benefits. I can hardly overstate its value in this view, and for the interest of the working men of this country, alike in these and in other yet higher respects, there is nothing I more anxiously desire than that they should more and more highly appreciate the Christian day of rest."

And so late as 1897 he wrote:

"I adhere with ever-growing strength to the opinions I have many times expressed on the subject of the Lord's day rest."

Lord Beaconsfield held the same view. When opposing the opening of museums on Sundays, on May 5, 1879, he uttered the following words:

"Of all Divine institutions the most Divine is that which secures a day of rest for man. I hold it to be the most valuable blessing ever conceded to man. It is the corner-stone of civilisation, and its removal might even affect the health of the people. It (the Sunday opening of museums) is a great change, and those who suppose for a moment that it could be limited to museums will find they are mistaken."

If we turn to science, we get the same answer.

Most interesting experiments have been made by scientific men in France, showing how the strength of a workman gradually fell day by day for six days, and how his energies were restored by the rest of the seventh day.

The late Mr. Frank Buckland, the distinguished naturalist, puts his view of the Sunday question very clearly. Writing in March, 1886, he said:—

"I am now working from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., and then a bit in the evening, fourteen hours a day; but, thank God, it does not hurt me. I should, however, collapse if it were not for Sunday. The machinery has time to cool. The mill-wheel ceases to patter the water, the mill-head is ponded up, and the superfluous water let off by an easy, quiet current which leads to things above."

If we turn to the leaders of labour we get the same strong evidence.

Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., in his able speech on this question from his seat in Parliament, spoke as follows in 1882:

"To those who lead a ceaseless life of toil this Sunday is that which the cooling stream in the desert is to the weary travellers. The thoughtful workman regards his ever and sure recurring Sunday as the symbol of his future, as it is the blessed day of his present rest. In these twenty-four hours of each week he seems to have the foretaste of that future in which he shall share with all mortals the advantages and the results of a life of labour. You rich men have your recess—your periods of relaxation. The workmen have nothing except this day. This is their autumn, as it is their springtime and summer. I ask Parliament, who did not confer the boon, not for a moment to think of taking it from the people. The gift was anterior to Parliament—it is a greater gift than Parliament ever made. I ask you, in the interests of those who toil, to retain this boon for them, and not to play fast and loose with such a sacred—with such a priceless—gift as this which they enjoy, but to hand down to them and to those who come after them this pearl beyond price, this joy without description, this day of rest."

Another leader, Mr. John Jenkins, J.P., secretary of the Shipwrights' Associated Society and president of the 1895 Trades Union Congress, said in 1896:

"I do not hesitate to say that, of the many privileges enjoyed by our country, no single one is more cherished, more dear to the hearts, consciences, and bodies of working men and working women, than the weekly day of rest. The association, by preserving, protecting, and extending this privilege, is doing a noble work for thousands of the industrial classes, and also, I firmly believe, for the maintenance of Britain's industrial supremacy among the nations of the world. I know from my own personal experience, and from the testimony of my fellow workmen, that Sunday's rest is the sweetest, most refreshing break in the monotony of manual labour. To me Sunday ever seems a bright recurring oasis in 'time's desert of toil,' to which I look longingly forward. It is a sheltering haven wherein, after six days of hard buffeting with life's storms, I can anchor in peace and safety, and there recuperate my strength and refit myself the better to renew life's arduous voyage on the morrow. Apart from its blessed religious uses, I have ever found that a 'Sunday well spent' strengthens me in mind and body, gives vigour to the intellect and muscles, and hardens my moral fibre, the better to resist evil influences and to absorb what is purest and best."

Mr. Benjamin Pickard, M.P., the leader and president of the great Miners' Federation, said:

"As far as the working man is concerned, I believe it would be a serious matter for him if the days of labour were increased to seven. The seventh day is a day set apart by no human being, but by the great God, the Creator and Preserver of men, given to us wherein to rest. One of the speakers put it that it was a mere physical question. It is a great physical question, and a great sanitary question as well. But to the working man, as to all, it implies considerations not merely of a physical nature, but of a social, a mental, and a moral also."

Lastly, I will set before you the evidence of the dramatic profession. Upwards of 500,000 persons are employed in the amusement industry. Between 700 and 800 of them, many leaders of the profession included, signed the declaration I am about to quote:

"We, the undersigned members of the dramatic and musical professions, and managers of halls, theatres, entertainments, concerts, etc., desire to express the hope that the law which prohibits the opening of places of amusement and entertainment for money payment on the Sunday may be upheld, so that the 500,000 persons employed in the amusement industry may be protected from the burden of Sunday labour."

An actor accompanied his signature with the following significant letter:

"I now take the opportunity of thanking you for your kindness in looking after the interests of members of one of the most hard-worked and tiring professions there possibly is. I notice with fear how every year our only day of rest is gradually being encroached upon, and can only suggest that if tip-top artists would refuse to take less than their ordinary fees the evil would soon be stopped. If it were not for Sundays we should have no day of rest at all, as, when other people are enjoying and resting themselves on an

occasional bank holiday, we are always as a rule, unless out of an engagement, more hardly worked, sometimes having two rehearsals before the evening performances, and if not, a matinée in the afternoon."

Now, what we say is that just in proportion as Sunday is made a day of amusement so, as on the Continent, it will become a day of labour. The caterers, the railway men, the steamboat men, the carmen and drivers, the attendants on music-halls, galleries, and museums, the domestic servants who have to provide for the parties, are already a vast army. But other labour is absolutely certain to follow, and already the building trade is seen, in the hurry of the contractors, encroaching on the privilege of the workmen. We appeal to the Secularists to realise that if the character of Sunday is altered the guarantee of that absence of labour which they cannot help valuing is removed.

We appeal to the men and women of pleasure to respect, at any rate, a great characteristic national institution, and to have some pity on those who have to minister to their selfishness. The broad principle of the whole people in this critical matter should be not to employ any single person unnecessarily on the day of rest. Each encroachment seems small in itself, but it is an encouragement to others to follow on, and the aggregate soon becomes startling and revolutionary.

We implore them not to give up the habit of worshipping God, at any rate once, on the Lord's day, whether in town or country.

We implore them not to encourage amusements in their homes, which cause scandal to the serious and impel the irreligious to greater and more general invasion of the rest day.

If they have their friends to see them on Sundays, as is very natural, we implore them, for the sake of their servants, to have plain and simple fare, few courses, and as little trouble as possible. We are told that our late beloved and revered Queen grieved that Sunday was now so much less carefully observed than in early Victorian days, and would gladly have issued, were she able, a condemnation of Sunday dinner-parties.

We entreat them to give up the practice of using Sunday for starting on their journeys. Let them have some consideration for that admirable class of men the railway servants.

The hundreds of thousands of cyclists we urge, for the sake of their own souls, to worship God, at any rate, once in the day, if possible in their own church, or at least in some church which they may be passing. If they neglect the day altogether, they will soon lose all sense of religion.

And to all who are Christians not in name only, but in reality, I commend the words of St. John, "*I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.*" I ask you to make the most of this happy opportunity of rest, meditation, worship, and self-recollection. Let no Sunday go by without receiving some distinct refreshment and help to your souls. Do not merely think what you *may* do, but what is *best* for you to do for your spiritual health. I can hardly conclude better than in the words of George Herbert:—

"O Day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of Time, Care's balm and bay:
The week were dark but for thy light:
Thy torch doth show the way.

"The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on one string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

"Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to Heaven!"

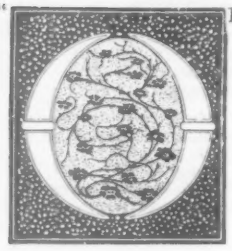




A Christmas Sketch by Amy Le Feuvre.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS CRAY'S CHRISTMAS.



"OH, mother, don't ask cousin Jessie to come. She's such a miserable old thing, ugly and shabby and always whining over her poverty. I'm sure she'll cast a shadow over it all, and I do want my wedding to be as bright as ever it can be. I am so happy. I don't believe there could be a happier girl in the world!"

It would have been difficult to find a brighter, prettier bride than Dorothy Cray. She stood on this June morning in her mother's dainty boudoir overlooking the sunny flower garden. In the distance the old park of Sunnycroft Hall stretched away down to the river, with its grassy glades and avenues of elms and beeches. Roses tapped against the window panes, and scented the room with their fragrance, bowls of heliotrope and rare hot-house flowers filled the room; but Dorothy with her laughing eyes, her bewitching dimples and smiles, and her curly golden head, was surely the fairest flower of all.

Mrs. Cray looked at her radiant young daughter, and sighed.

"My darling," she said, "I sometimes wonder whether prosperity has spoiled you. Your father and I have shielded you from every trouble or care, you have had a sunny girlhood, and every wish of your heart gratified. Do not let it make you indifferent and careless to the sorrows of others. Can you not let a little sunshine fall on your poor little cousin who has so few pleasures now?"

"She's such an old maid, mother! And I can't bear old maids, they're always so snappy and cross. I think I should die if I were Cousin Jessie. What is the good of her? She does no good to anyone, except snap their heads off when they go to see her. I won't be selfish; you can ask her to come, but I shall try to keep out of her way!"

Dorothy danced off, and her mother, with another smile and sigh, turned to her letters. How little she thought that she had seen her daughter for the last time in all the joyousness and thoughtless gaiety of youth.

But so it was. The girl had run off to invade her father's study, and to coax him to leave his business papers that had been so engrossing him lately, and come for a ride with her. She found him leaning forward

on his writing-table, and when she touched him, her terrified scream brought her mother and servants in alarm to her side.

Mr. Cray was dead, owing to failure of his heart, and his death was due to the news he had received that morning. A gold mine in which he had foolishly invested most of his income had collapsed, and Mrs. Cray and her daughter were left practically penniless.

Dorothy was stunned at first. Her marriage was postponed, and she had to devote herself to her mother, who never got over the shock, but became a paralysed invalid. But the girl bore up bravely. Youth and health was hers, and she felt secure in the love of her *fiancé*.

When he failed her, and she learnt that her money and not herself was his chief attraction, she lost her trust in God and man. The sudden sharp blows of misfortune crushed her, and Dorothy Cray lived her life in bitter discontent and misery. She moved into lodgings with her mother, and for ten years nursed and cared for her with gloomy fortitude. Then she found herself alone in the world, with just enough money to keep off starvation, but little for comfort and luxuries. She moved up to London, and after many fruitless efforts, at length got taken on a staff of writers for some cheap and popular magazine. Year after year found her in the same groove, making no friends, for she was entirely self-centred, and drifting into the once-despised spinster's lot.

Sometimes as she looked at her faded features, and shabby attire in her glass, she wondered if her youth with all its beauty and gladness was but a dream. This Christmas season was indeed mockery to her. She sat in her room and tried to shut out all sounds and reminders that it had come round again.

"I hate to see the joyful faces about the streets. It is only the children that can be happy. Their time will come as they grow older, to see everything turned into dust and ashes before their eyes. Oh, what a pretence it all is! What a ridiculous farce to set apart a season when everyone is supposed to rejoice!"

She paced her room in impatience and scorn.

And then a strange impulse moved her to take out of her writing-desk some old letters, letters that had been returned to her by her faithless lover, and which letters from sheer indifference had remained untouched in the packet in which they arrived there many years.

She looked at the girlish writing with pathetic interest. Then slowly and deliberately she sat down by her fire and read them steadily through.

They struck her now as very crude and childish, very self-absorbed, and indifferent to anyone's likes and dislikes but her own.

"I was a spoilt child," she mused. "Spoilt by indulgence and prosperity for the first twenty years of my life, and spoiled by cruel adversity for the last thirty years. Well, I have tasted of the two extremes. I am now living an aimless, monotonous life, and don't think I have any feeling left, for possible chances or changes. Time will drag on as it has dragged, until I go the way of most men and women, and my non-existence will affect no human being, any more than my present existence does."

Then she began to cry softly over her own fate. The happy girlish letters in her hand had touched and softened her.

"How little I thought when I wrote these what the future held for me. I wonder if things had gone differently, whether my marriage would have been a happy one. I hardly think it could have been. He broke his wife's heart years ago, people say, by his treatment of her, and she was another poor dupe—married for her money. I was saved that misery. I wonder if there is anything on earth that will make a woman happy, independent of a husband and a home! I despise myself for thinking them necessary, but a single woman's lot is not enviable when she has no one belonging to her. I can't conceive of any possible gift in life that would bring me happiness now. Money, influence, position would not—I have proved their hollowness."

These thoughts kept her awake most of the night, and when Christmas Day dawned, she rose unrefreshed by quiet slumber.

"Now how shall I get through this horrid day? A blank day, indeed, for me—almost like a Sunday. What can I do? Where can I go? I hate the sound of church bells. How sick I am of myself and my surroundings! I don't want to be reminded that this is a joyful day. What happiness, what joy can it bring to me?" She started. Who was that outside her door? She watched the envelope being pushed underneath, and picked it up with uneasy curiosity.

"The Christmas Angels' Message," she read with a short laugh. "Now has anyone been sending me a Christmas Card, or is it a tract in disguise?"

She opened it.

"*I bring you . . . great joy.*
For unto you this day is born . . .
a Saviour!"

Here was the answer to her unspoken question. "What joy can this day bring to me?"

She was struck with the coincidence. Could "Great Joy" ever come to such as she?

She gazed at the little card in wonder.

Womanlike, her first thought was, who had sent it to her! "It looks like a child's doing. Can it be that little boy downstairs who has picked up my glasses for me more than once? And yet I have hardly spoken to him, he would never take any interest in me! I must find out from Jennie when she brings me in my breakfast. The words are peculiarly appropriate to my frame of mind, but what a mockery to talk about 'great joy' to me. I must look the words up in my Bible, if I can find it. I believe I have one somewhere. It will give me something to do after breakfast."

Jennie came in rosy and smiling.

"'Appy Christmas, mum!"

Miss Cray smiled, and was conscious that smiling was an unusual experience.

"Someone else has been trying to wish me that in a different way, Jennie. Did you push an envelope under my bedroom door just now?"

"Oh no, mum," said Jennie breathlessly, "but Master Maurice did. He were up afore 'twas light, and he giv' me a card 'e did 'isself, it ain't got much on but words, but 'twas the angels' message he said! But bless 'is 'eart, I says to misses 'tis the thought one likes, not so much the gift!"

Miss Cray said no more. She ate her solitary breakfast with the card lying before her, and her eyes rested upon it with wistful perplexity. She got her unused Bible out of a top shelf in her bookcase, and sat down to study the Christmas story for herself. And as she read on into the Gospels she dimly began to perceive that the sad and sorrowful ones on earth were the ones for whom the Saviour came, that they were specially the objects of His love and care.

Great joy did not flood her soul all at once, but a gleam of sunshine stole in that morning and sent her to church wondering why she had never seen that Christmas joy was not meant to be confined to the young and lighthearted, but to the old and lonely and friendless ones.

"Unto you this day is born . . . a Saviour."

The words never left her, and when the clergyman took them for his text she was not a bit surprised. She listened as she had never listened before, and the old, old story quickened and stirred to life her sleeping, apathetic soul.

As she walked home she raised her face to the wintry sky.

"I did not think," were her unspoken words, "that there could be a good time coming for me. If the Saviour was born to bring it to me, I do not see why I should not have it in this life as well as in the next. Our vicar says it is all wrapped up in Him, and that His hands are stretching out to save and bless. I wish——" here a little choke came in her throat—"I think I must try and get within reach of Him!"

CHAPTER V.

MRS. CALMEON'S CHRISTMAS.

"NOW, Barton, you needn't talk to me of Christmas cheer and goodwill, and all the rest of that jargon! If you are dying to go and enjoy yourself, I'll give you the day off, and you can hunt up that extravagant sister-in-law of yours who has brought your brother into the Bankruptcy Court. Leave me alone, that is all I ask of you, and if a letter comes to me from Calmeon Court, put it straight into the fire. Don't dare to bring it to me!"

Mrs. Calmeon settled herself back in her easy chair with an angry jerk. She was a stout, pleasant-faced woman, but a pair of flashing black eyes showed that within her placid frame there dwelt an evil temper.

Mrs. Calmeon's fiery temper had been her curse through life. She had never learnt to control it, and it was the cause of perpetual discord in her family. She had two married sisters, with whom she was not on speaking terms, and two years previously had quarrelled so violently with her husband that she had left him; and taking her confidential maid with her, had travelled through the Riviera, declaring that she would never go back to her home.

Admiral Calmeon had only enjoyed his wife's society at rare and short intervals for many years. He was necessarily away at sea for the greater part of the time, and perhaps he was content to be so; for Mrs. Calmeon's temper did not improve with age. When he at length retired from the service and settled down in his family place, he found that his wife expected still to be the ruling spirit there. He was not a man who would submit to this, and then began a long and bitter struggle between two arbitrary and self-willed people. It ended in Mrs. Calmeon packing up her belongings and taking her departure. The admiral made the best of it, and informed his friends that her health required a long sojourn in a warm climate, but when he heard she had returned to London, he began to think it would be best to make peace, and he accordingly wrote to her. Mrs. Calmeon by this time was heartily tired of travelling. She had spent a great deal more money than she had expected to do, and she was longing to be in her own home again.

But her husband's letter did not improve matters. He was a thoroughly good-hearted,

high-principled man, but singularly devoid of tact, and he wrote as he might to one of his junior officers in the service who had committed a breach of discipline. Mrs. Calmeon's hot temper rose again, and she wrote more unwisely than she had ever spoken. He retaliated in the same spirit, and then she wrote to him that she would never communicate with him or see him again. The next letter that came from him she burnt; the next she returned unopened. And now on this Christmas morning she found herself sadly crippled in means, and miserable in spirit, established in a quiet, unpretentious lodging-house.

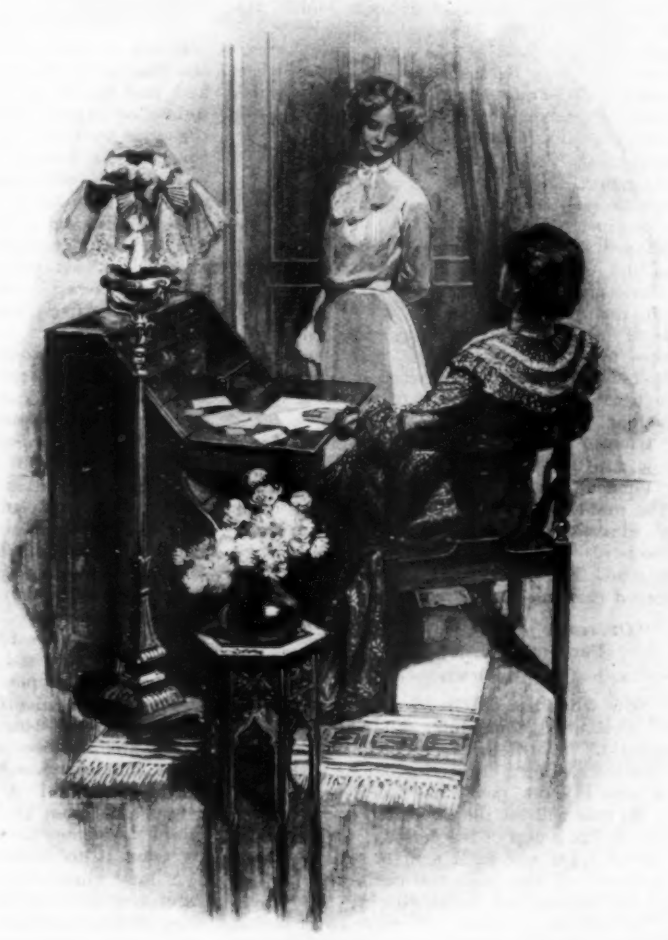
Barton looked at her mistress rather wistfully. She was a good, faithful servant, and desired nothing better than to see her master and mistress reconciled.

"I don't want to go away from you, ma'am," she said straightening herself for a last effort, and speaking fast and nervously. "And there won't be any letters from Calmeon Court, ma'am, for the Admiral is very ill, ma'am. I heard last night from Jane to tell me so."

"Bring up my breakfast, Barton, and hold your tongue!"

Barton sighed and left the room. Mrs. Calmeon settled herself afresh in her chair, and toasted her feet at the blazing fire.

"It's a miserable day," she said with an impatient little shiver. "I always did dislike Christmas. I wish it was over. As soon as I can I shall leave London; it is too noisy. I think I shall try Malvern. I hardly had any sleep last night, and everyone in the house seems to have been stirring since daybreak. I have heard that child racing up and down stairs for hours. His mother ought to keep him quiet. I'm thankful he keeps away from my passage. It reminds me of when I spent a Christmas with Maria. How boisterous her boys were! But they used to be very fond of me. If it had not been for Maria's temper I would have liked to have adopted one of them. They always liked visiting me. And Rudolf was a fine little fellow. I suppose he must be quite a young man now. Ah! if I had only had a son, I would not be now so friendless and forlorn! All my life long I have



"'Can you not let a little sunshine fall on your poor little cousin?'"—*p.* 298.

had to go without affection. I should have been a better, a happier woman if I had had children. And that is the want in our home. Henry would never have dared to treat me so if I had had children to stand up and defend me. I don't wish him ill. I wonder what is the matter with him—touch of gout, perhaps; that is what makes his temper so unbearable. Shouldn't be surprised if Caroline has gone to him. She was always so infatuated over her 'darling brother.' I hate to think of her there, and what must she think of me? Everything evil, I suppose. Henry told me once he would rather have me nurse him than anyone else. That was long ago, but I know I am a good hand at it. If he is very seriously ill, there is no competent doctor. Old Forster is a fool! He kills more patients than he cures. I should think Henry must feel sorry now that he has driven me away by his cruelty. I wonder he doesn't write and beg me to come to him; perhaps that last letter of his was to express sorrow for his behaviour. Now I come to think of it, the writing looked very queer and shaky. But I won't go to him till he entreats me to do so. I couldn't; it would be placing myself in a false position. He always was *such* a helpless man when he was ill. Well, he will be having as miserable a Christmas as I am having—it is his own fault, not mine."

Mrs. Calmeon brushed away some glittering drops from her eyelashes. She began to pity herself extremely. Barton came in with her breakfast, and on the tray was a white envelope.

"I found it outside the door, ma'am. I don't know who left it, but it is addressed to you."

"I'll send for you when I want you, Barton."

The maid withdrew. Mrs. Calmeon adjusted her glasses, and looked at the envelope curiously. "The Christmas Angels' Message," she read. She opened it. A red and white lettered card met her eyes.

"*On earth peace.*
For unto you is born this day . . . a Saviour."

"Now what has this been sent to me for?" she exclaimed, pushing it from her impatiently. "A message, indeed! I think it is an exceedingly impertinent one! Peace! I'm sure I want peace as much as anyone, but no one will let me have it."

She drank a cup of tea hastily, then pushed it away from her with a little sob. Leaning her elbows on the table she put down her face into her hands, and began to cry.

"I'm getting a soured, miserable old woman. Everyone has quarrelled with me, and even my husband turns me out of doors. Peace! It is a mockery. No one has any right to send me such a card! I'm sure I'd give worlds to live at peace with my husband. I used to look forward to the time when he would retire and come home for good. I thought that we should be so happy together. He used to be fond of me. But it all turned out a miserable failure. He has lost all affection for me; I care much more for him, in spite of all his overbearing ways. If he would try to be different, I would go to him to-morrow. I may have been to blame. I wish I could control my quick temper. I am willing to make peace with him, I am sure I am!"

She dried her tears and tried to continue her breakfast. But her eyes, in spite of herself, kept wandering to the card.

"For unto you this day is born . . . a Saviour."

She mused over the words. Mrs. Calmeon was not an irreligious woman. At one time she had very earnestly sought the Saviour, and had found Him; but after a time her unbridled temper, like the thorns, had choked the good seed, and her life had been unfruitful for many a year. The verse brought back to her all the old sweetness and rest associated with the One Who had laid His hands upon her sin-burdened soul, and bid her go in peace.

"It is my temper," she sobbed. "Even Christ has cast me off. I have driven God and man away from me!"

She rose from the table and paced the room.

"'This day a Saviour . . . on earth peace.'"

And the words ran through her heart and brain with persistent force.

"I don't know who sent me this card," she said to herself at length, "but I believe the hand of God is in it. I am longing to be at peace with my husband, and Christmas is the time for it. I shall go straight back to Calmeon Court this afternoon and Barton shall pack our things. I shall try and never say an angry word again. I will let Henry do and say what he likes. A man ought to be master in his own house. I always felt it, though I fought hard against it. I should despise him if he could not get the better of me, I know I should! And, oh, I wonder if Christ will receive me back again and forgive me! I wonder if He will come into my heart and take charge of me and my temper! A Saviour! 'He shall save His people from their sins!' I do believe He could save me from my temper, if I were to trust it to Him!"

A long time elapsed before Mrs. Calmeon rang her bell for Barton. She was having a very important and close interview with the only One who could give her Christmas "peace." It was an interview that altered her whole life from that day forward.

When Barton came in, her mistress had moved her chair to the window, and was looking out above the tiled and slated roofs into the grey sky.

Barton looked out too.

"I think it will be a fine day, ma'am. Will you be going to church?"

"I don't think so. Have you a Bradshaw? Do you know how the trains are running to-day?"

Barton looked as surprised as if her mistress had proposed travelling on Sunday.

"I can find out, ma'am, if you wish."

"Do so. Did you hear, Barton, what was the matter with the Admiral?"

Barton's dismayed face brightened at once.

"It was a very bad cold, ma'am, Jane said. Jane said he hadn't been well for a long time, and didn't seem to wish to take any care of himself. She said he seemed to be failing—and, excuse me, ma'am, Jane said before he took to his bed, he said to her that he would like her to write to you acquainting you with his state."

"'If your mistress's health is better, she may be coming home,' he said. 'I've written once or twice to ask her how soon I may expect her.' And Jane said, ma'am, he just lies quiet, eating nothing, and only looking towards the door as if he's expecting you!"

"Go and find out about the trains, Barton."

Mrs. Calmeon's quiet manner hid an anxious heart. She was touched by her husband's loyalty to her. He never by word or sign allowed his servants to think that there had been any serious breach between them. And he was sick and lonely, and he was expecting her! She could not wait for her maid's return, but went to her bedroom, and with feverish, eager haste, began to stow away her possessions in her travelling trunks.

When Barton appeared, all she said was:

"We must be as quick as we can, Barton, or we shall not reach Calmeon Court to-night."

And twelve hours later the Admiral's grey head was pillowed on his wife's shoulder, and she was whispering in his ear:

"You must get well, Henry, for I can't live without you, and I mean to be a better wife in future. This Christmas will be the beginning of happier times, I am sure."



"'I found it outside the door, ma'am.'"

CHAPTER VI.

MAURICE'S CHRISTMAS.

"A HAPPY Christmas, mummie! I've been as quiet as ever I could, but it's Christmas Day, and I really think it is quite time for you to get up."

This was the little voice that roused Mrs. Dacombe from her dreams.

She drew her boy close to her.

"Dressed already, darling? I have overslept myself. It will be nice to have a real holiday to-day."

"Yes, it has stopped raining, mummie, and Jenny has given me a beautiful piece of holly for my buttonhole. And I've slipped my Christmas cards under all the doors. Isn't it fun?

Do you think they will like them when they open them, mummie?"

"I'm sure they will, my boy. Now run away, and stay quietly in the next room till breakfast comes."

Away scampered Maurice. He had quite changed his mind about Christmas—so many nice things had happened during the past twenty-four hours that he began to look at life quite differently. The day before his mother had heard from an old friend who had lately returned from India. He was a widower with one little girl, and he had written asking her to bring her boy and dine with them at a private hotel in town.

Maurice had never seen his mother look happier than when she told him this.

"This Mr. Gordon used to spend his holidays with us when I was a little girl. We grew up together, and then he went abroad, and I heard of his marriage afterwards. He was like a brother to me, and he has been staying with your Aunt Lettice in India."

"The Aunt Lettice who won't write to you, mummie?"

"Hush, dear, it was a misunderstanding. Mr. Gordon has made it clear to me, and she has written, Maurice. I have heard from her, too: it makes me very glad."

"I shall be very glad to dine at an hotel," said Maurice thoughtfully, "because they always look like the King's palace, the stairs are so big and wide. And I shall have a little girl to play with, too. Why, mummie, we shall have a lovely Christmas—quite as nice as when you were a little girl, don't you think so?"

That was one of the surprises that Christmas Eve brought him; but a parcel brought in by smiling Jenny was another, and when it proved to be a book of fairy stories, a gift from the landlady, Mrs. Trelawney, Maurice's joy overflowed.

"It's *such* a lovely book," he assured the landlady, with radiant eyes. "I always think fairies come next to angels, don't you? I love them next best. And I didn't think I would ever have a Christmas present from anybody!"

The afternoon of Christmas Eve was a very happy one. His mother seemed to rouse herself from her weary apathy and took him out to see the shops. She even invested in one or two trifles that seemed to the boy the height of extravagance. A packet of almonds and raisins, a pair of kid gloves, and a new tie for him, and a collar and pair of white muslin cuffs for herself.

"We must smarten ourselves up for our dinner, Maurice," she said, and she laughed as he had not heard her laugh before.

The boy stood at the window looking out and thinking over these things. When his mother came in, he sprang into her arms.

"Mummie, I want to tell you something. You won't laugh, will you, because it was really true?"

"I promise not to laugh, dear."

"Well, mummie, I woke up in the middle of the night, quite wide awake I was, and I was thinking about the Christmas Angels and wondering if they would really come down from the sky and sing about Jesus, when I heard them—I really did. It was lovely! I never heard any music like it before."

Mrs. Dacombe smiled. She had been awakened by some waits—a church choir close by—and had listened with pleasure to their trained voices, but she did not know that her little boy had been awake, too. She had not the heart to dispel this child's fancy.

"What did they sing?" she asked.

"They sang one very pretty song. I heard 'Glory to God in the highest,' but Mother there was only one song they could sing—the one in the Bible."

He paused, then added with kindling eyes: "Mummie, I think it was so very kind of God to send them to me. Because you see I'm the only one that hasn't got an Angels' message this morning. I mean a written one. I sent one to everybody in the house, but I couldn't send one to myself, could I? And I got the best of all."

"You did, indeed, darling."

There were tears in Mrs. Dacombe's eyes as she kissed her boy.

"And now," said Maurice, throwing back his golden head with a happy laugh, Christmas Day has begun, and I think it will be the very best day in my life!"

But Maurice never knew how busy his "Christmas angels" had been, how many hearts had heard and rejoiced in their message, and how the music that came down from heaven to earth so many years ago was sounding afresh in the ears of those who had forgotten the true meaning of Christmas.

"FRUIT—AN HUNDREDFOLD."

AMONG THE LEPERS.



LEPERS' TEMPORARY HUTS AT NASIK.

AT Tarn Taran, in the Punjab, there is a large sacred tank, credited with healing properties, round which enormous crowds gather at the time of the annual festival. The legend connected with these supposed-to-be miraculous waters runs as follows.

Once upon a time a poor leper wandered here with his wife. She left him, resting by a pool, while she went to beg for bread in the neighbouring town, and during her absence the hopeless misery of his condition so oppressed the man that he determined to end his life and his sufferings together.

No sooner, however, had he cast himself into the waters than renewed strength and health thrilled in every vein, and, instead of being drowned, he became "perfectly whole." The poor, weary wife did not at first recognise him on her return, but inquired of the noble-looking youth who sat by the pool what had become of her miserable husband. When she learned the truth, it was speedily "noised abroad," and others quickly came to partake of the same benefits.

This legend is itself a type of the blessing conveyed to lepers by the special Mission which seeks their bodily and spiritual welfare,* and which has for many years carried on Christian work at Tarn Taran.

The outcast leper—than whom there is no more miserable being on God's fair earth—comes to one of the Homes maintained by the Mission, often in fear and trembling, but, instead of the painful death anticipated, finds in them the water of life—the "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."

Although no ultimate cure for the terrible disease itself has yet been found, proper treatment allows many of the afflicted ones to pass years of comparative comfort, and once and again they have been heard to thank God for the suffering without which they would probably never have learned to know the Saviour.

No pressure of any kind as regards their

* The Mission to Lepers in India and the East, 17, Greenhill Place, Edinburgh.

religion is brought to bear upon the lepers admitted to such asylums; but, as darkness cannot co-exist with light, so does heathenism vanish when brought into hourly contact with Christianity displayed in the loving-kindness of those who minister to their unhappy fellow-creatures, dressing their loathsome sores, comforting their misery, cheering their dark hours of agonising pain.

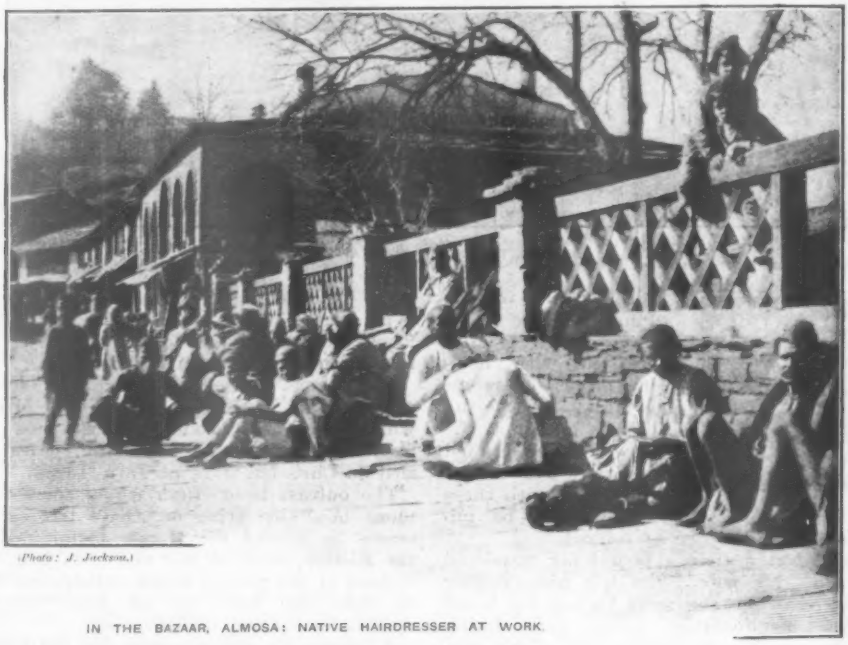
The Mission to Lepers is an object-lesson which cannot be ignored. "We don't mind what you say, but we must mind what you do," was the observation of a Hindoo gentleman to one of the workers. No mission is so fruitful in its results, both as regards the alleviation of suffering and the conversion of souls. These utterly hopeless ones turn thankfully to Him Who "brought life and immortality to light."

One of the most remarkable of recently published missionary books is "In Leper Land," * an account of twenty weeks spent by its author—Mr. John Jackson—in India, and of his visits to twenty-seven asylums and settlements of lepers.

Works on India and its missions are common enough, but this touches on a side of life seldom brought before the notice of the reading public, and is of unique interest; the many illustrations from photographs make us realise the shadow and sunshine of a leper's existence better than any words can do, although Mr. Jackson's pen-pictures are also very graphic.

Here, at Saharanpur, are ten women, inmates of a small home, a careful inspection of whose hands shows that they do not possess one whole finger among them. One is poor Nagree, who has been a leper for thirty years; her toes are all gone, so that she has great difficulty in moving, but is very happy when her son pays her a visit. Three men in the asylum for males cannot walk at all, but drag themselves painfully forward in a sitting posture. In another place terrible sores are the result of some poor sufferer having thrust his stumps of feet into the fire for warmth, not feeling that they were being burned—so utterly is sensation lost in anæsthetic leprosy.

But if bodily nerves are dead, spiritual perceptions grow more keen when the leper is led into the light of God. Reuben, a young man who inhabits Parulia Asylum, has been a victim to the disease since his eighth year. "Despised and mocked by everyone, I had much sorrow and heart's distress," he says; "but now (within the home) I have long ago forgotten all my trials, and am happy. Here I have learned to know the Lord."



(Photo: J. Jackson.)

IN THE BAZAAR, ALMOSA: NATIVE HAIRDRESSER AT WORK.

* Marshall Brothers, London.



(Photo: J. Jackson.)

GROUP OF LEPERS AT CHANDAG HEIGHTS, HIMALAYAS.

Rupwa, who suffers much, and is nearly deaf, when asked for a message for his supporters in England, replies—"I send many thanks; I am happy in my heart, and very grateful."

Ilahi Bakhsh lived for twenty years in the Ambala Asylum. Leprosy deprived him of sight, and gradually of almost all that makes life bearable; his whole body was a tomb of corruption, in which the immortal soul was imprisoned — but victorious. "No, sahib, no," were some of his words when pity was expressed for his terrible condition; "since I trusted Christ nineteen years ago I have known neither pain of body nor pain of mind."

We might multiply such records indefinitely, but perhaps enough has been said to show the power of life over death, of love over despair, in the Christian leper. Many are definitely supported by friends at home—their adopted "fathers and mothers"—and surely the sum of five pounds yearly could not be better spent.



(Photo: J. Jackson.)

COMPOUNDER GIVING MEDICINE TO LEPERS, BHAGALPUR ASYLUM.

The largest asylum provided for by the mission is that at Parulia, inhabited by about five hundred lepers. "Many of the faces here were bright and happy," Mr. Jackson tells us, "though several were already sadly affected and prematurely aged, looking more like the faces of women of fifty than girls of ten or fifteen." This home has lately lost its beloved superintendent, Mr. Uffmann.

The numbers of healthy children now owing their safety to the fourteen homes for untainted offspring of the leprous parents are a living witness to the fact that the disease is not hereditary. If these little ones remain with their parents, the result is often fatal, so that the need of rescuing them from an awful fate is very urgent.

At Chandag, in the Himalayas, the asylum is superintended by Miss Mary Reed, herself a victim to the same disease as those to whom she unweariedly ministers. Her pathetic story has already been told by Mr. Jackson in a little biography, which has now reached its fourth edition, and is probably known to many of our readers.

We trust this more important work, "In Leper Land," will be equally popular. It can hardly fail to awaken sympathy and interest in these "most miserable of all human beings," and to stir the hearts of many who "sit at home at ease" to take some practical share in the work carried on for their relief.

One of the buildings at Asansol is the result of a wonderful quilt, wrought by a bedridden invalid in Canada, which realised £80 when finally sold after being often exhibited. A well at Sholapur was "dug by knitting needles." Mrs. Gates, having laboured with her hands when laid aside from active work, succeeded in earning sufficient money to provide this very necessary comfort for the asylum. So the loving toil of the lepers' friends "blesseth him that gives, and him that takes," and will surely earn the Master's assurance, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of one of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."



VIEW FROM ASYLUM GROUND, CHANDAG.

GEORGE VICKERS' MINISTRY.

A Complete Story by Bryant Ray.

I.

I KNEW George Vickers well. He was a native of one of the many little villages on the western coast which, of late years, have become prosperous towns and popular resorts. The place was obscure enough when he was born, some ninety-odd years ago. In the days of our first acquaintance he was worn and feeble. An accident in childhood had made him permanently lame, and a painful internal complaint had rendered him prematurely old. His face was drawn, his teeth few, his hair white and thin, and, except for his piercing dark-brown eyes, which all but proclaimed him a gipsy, he had few attractions for a stranger. But those wonderful eyes arrested me at once; and many and many an hour did I afterwards fall under their strange magnetic force.

I am not quite sure, but I fancy his parents were poor and illiterate, for George carried the marks of it. Some would have it that he had been taught the art of bootmaking, but I very much question it; this, however, I will vouch for — he could cobble and mend. Yet, poor and uneducated, and unskilled in the higher mysteries of the craft of St. Crispin as he was, there could be no doubt of this: that, for an unlettered man, he had a grand grip of the saving verities of Scripture; that, for at least thirty years, he had been in lowly ways "cultivating the presence of God"; and that he knew for himself the omnipotence of prayer.

This wizened cobbler, it seemed to me, could actually see God. The soul and inner man that looked out of those eyes taught me that the blessed Master did not intend the sixth beatitude to apply exclusively to the future: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." George Vickers saw God here and now, even while his whole frame trembled with ecstasy as he talked of that further vision of "the King in His beauty" in "the land that is very far off."

For a long time this man was a beautiful mystery to me. He had not, so far as I could learn, one earthly relative. His spirit, although by no means "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," found its true home entirely in the invisible. His weakness of body and precariousness of livelihood never seemed to dim his outlook or damp his joy. Prayer about everything and anxiety about nothing brought most surely to him the peace "which passeth all understanding," and which "garrisoned" his heart. His was the most blessed hand-to-mouth existence I have ever seen, and sufficient for the *hour* was the evil thereof. As a motherless child will leave his toys and run to his father—now for a loving talk when his heart is full; now for a slice of bread when hungry, and now for a draught of water when thirsty; and now for the strong embrace which shall carry him in his weariness: so did George Vickers appear literally to live with God. I once ventured to ask him whether he actually prayed about every pair of shoes he mended? His reply — after a moment's thought, and with a smile which he never intended, but which I received as a rebuke —was simply this; "Yes, indeed, I should be sorry to miss the blessing it means. God loves me to speak to Him about all the work He pleases to send me. Why, He and I goes share and share over every bit on't. The Christmas time before this last He seemed to say to me, 'George, ask what I shall gi'e thee.' I thought a bit. Now, there was a good work goin' on that I knew abaat; and if He'd only give me a thousan' pair during the year to mend, and I gave to that work a thousan' farthings, that would be grand! Maybe, you think it wor a bold thing to do, but I went on my knees there and then, and asked Him to help my faith; and I says, 'Lord, give me next year a thousan' pair o' shoes to mend, and I'll give Thee for this good work a farthing a pair.' The year is just up, and here's the book where I set all down. A friend has counted it over, and he says it's all right. The Lord gave me a thousan' and three. *And three*, you mind; for, depend upon't, in some way or other, our Heavenly Father is allus better than our prayers."

This saintly old man, somehow, never could see any difficulties in the way of prayers being answered. He might have been one of the eleven of the Upper Room, to whom Jesus said: "If a man love Me he will keep My words; and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him. If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it." He lived so nearly to the unseen Presence, and submitted himself so absolutely to the supreme Will, as to know instinctively what to pray for, and how. At least so it appeared to me.

One illustration of this I should like to put

down. It occurred some thirty years ago, and although the younger of the actors in it has probably passed to the better land as well as George, the dew of its freshness remains. There are parents whose hearts are breaking over wayward, wandering children; there are Sabbath school teachers sighing over the triflers in their classes; there are toilers in missions of philanthropy and rescue work tempted to pessimism; there are thousands of earnest men and women under their "juniper trees" in the desert, and in "doleful dumps" by the wayside, during seasons of reaction. Why, then, should this incident be unrecorded? "A cup of cold water given in the name of *this* disciple shall not lose its reward."

II.

GEORGE had been, for years before I knew him, a pillar of strength to his pastor. No prayer-meeting was dull or profitless where he lifted up his voice; a voice which often reminded me of that memorable harvest-day at Mizpeh, where the piercing cry of Samuel led to God's answering thunder and the rearing of the pillar of Ebenezer. If the history of that pastor's pulpit were written, the record of its power would not be complete, unless something of its inspiration were traced to the shoe-maker's bench, where the two often held converse on things "touching the Kingdom." To that pastor I am indebted for some of the details of the story about to be recounted; for the modest reserve of George left blanks scarcely to be tolerated, not only in this episode but in many others. He shrank from giving prominence to self. "The glitter of a poor glow-worm," he used to say, "must never take off our eyes from the glory of its Maker."

The place of worship George attended was a somewhat large mission hall, large, that is, for the village then emerging into a town. As seasons came and went, an increasing number of visitors served to augment the number of the worshippers, to the intense delight of the poor cobbler, whose seat was near the left-hand gangway, a few paces from the lobby door. That seat, as I can testify, was one of the earliest filled, and many a strong, silent petition went up to the throne from its occupant for blessing, specially for the unsaved.

It was a lovely Sunday evening, late in August, when there swept by that seat a fair young lady of some nineteen summers, attired in the height of the prevailing fashion. Her dress of rustling silk, her slim, tall, graceful figure and carriage would have rendered her conspicuous in any circle; in the midst of the quietly dressed audience familiar to George, she became at once an object of interest to his sharp eyes. Conducted to a seat where the line of vision was clear, she stirred his soul to the depths. Her mobile face from the beginning of the service to the very end revealed but too clearly her want of sympathy with the proceedings. She took no pains whatever, as George divined, to conceal the sense of the mistake she had made in being there at all. The prayers, the lessons, the solemn address, the interspersed hymns seemed to be to her an utter waste of weariness, and no sooner was the benediction given than she rose and hurried down the aisle as one glad to escape.

There was at least one—the farthest, surely, from her thoughts—whom she could not escape. An all but uncontrollable feeling of pity and Christian solicitude burned as a fire within him. During that service of little more than an hour, ejaculatory intercession, after his manner, burst from his heart of hearts for her salvation; but it was not until he had reached home, nor until a day or so had passed, that her welfare became the centre of a consuming passion; and he found himself praying for some special opportunity to be given him for a personal appeal.

This man, be it noted, was the very soul of modesty. There was, moreover, a courtesy beyond the teaching of art that disarmed those who listened to the outpourings of his simple, unaffected faithfulness. In this case, that modesty and courtesy took the form of an importunate cry of this kind:—

"Lord Jesus, I mind myself, and I now mind Thee of Thy own blessed words: 'All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth'; and Thou knows Thou tellt Thy disciples to speak of Thy gospel to every creature; and, lest they should be frightened, Thou did say: 'Lo I am with you all the days to the very end.' I do want to speak to this young leddy somehow; dear Lord, bring her to this quiet little place of mine, and if I tell her how Thou saved me, she will hear Thy gospel so, and won't tak offence."

With George Vickers, as with many of the godly, whose annals have never yet been written, there were, as I have already said, no difficulties in the way of prayers being answered. Such questions as, "Where was this maiden? Had she visited the town only for the week-end, or was she a visitor for the season? What possible circumstances would permit on the one hand, or absolutely prevent on the other hand, the prayed-for interview?" never once crossed Vickers' brain. "It was borne in upon my mind," he would have said, "that it was to be."

III.

COOL reasoners by the score—ay, and professed Christians by the church-roll—looking carefully at the antecedent circumstances, would have declared this to be absurdly impossible. The town, to begin with, consisted of two distinct parts built on two far different levels. The upper portion of the town was almost cut off from the lower; and George lived almost in utter obscurity at an extreme end of the latter. It is true that a tiny strip of board, bearing his name and that of his business in small, ill-shaped letters, was visible from the road to keen eyes looking for it; but it is certain that none reading that board would have surmised that the owner could be found only by their passing down a long, narrow passage at the side of the house where the board was affixed to a yard behind, and then to an outhouse of two stories, in the upper of which was his loft reached by wooden steps and entered by a trap-door! If one may speak for others, that loft was discovered with very much difficulty when I first made his acquaintance.

"That cobbler," it would be averred, "is a visionary indeed"—not a few would think it somewhat smart to call him "'a cobbler *not* sticking to his last.' Here, on the one hand, is a sprightly child of fashion, one of the butterflies of society, with at best a short, temporary residence in the upper part of the town, near to houses of tradesmen far more likely to please her fastidious taste, if she needs their skill; on the other hand, far out of the way, among cottages of the poor and in a neighbourhood of unsavoury slums, lives this old man, evidently in his second childhood, sighing day after day for an opportunity to intrude upon her the story of his past; the thing is beyond discussion."

Possibly, it *is* beyond discussion. George most certainly would have said so, discussion being rarely an experience with him. The days, and even the weeks, passed by. No second visit did the young stranger pay to that place of worship, so far as he knew. Not a sight of her was afforded him in rambles made short by his lameness. The month of September was drawing to a close; but George still prayed on, mingling with his petitions the clear-cut assurances: "With God all things are possible." "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?" For many years now he had prayed over issues far more unlikely from the human standpoint, and God had not despised his importunity. Would he fail him now? He couldn't believe in failure, or bate one jot of hope.

Two hours or so before noon, after a bright, warm season and an almost rainless harvest, the old cobbler was working at his little bench. He never forgot the day; it was the last Monday before October set in. For some little time there had been a rapping, he thought, which had not sufficiently aroused him; and then a sharp, impatient tattoo sounded up from his outhouse door. His opportunity had come. Lifting the trap-door, his heart gave a bound, for his eyes were gazing on the very maiden of his prayers!

"Is your name Vickers?" was her question.

"Yes, madam," was his quick reply.

"Can you mend these shoes for me to-day?" she continued, as George, striving to suppress his agitation, slowly descended to the opening where she stood, and tremblingly received them from her hands.

"Yes, madam, and most gladly, for my Heavenly Father sent you to me"; and after a hasty glance at the repairs needed, the cobbler placed the shoes beside him as if at once to show her that they held a secondary place in his thoughts. The young lady flushed and was silent, as if for an explanation.

"For several weeks, now, my leddy, if I may tell you so without offence, I've been praying for you, many and many a time since the evenin' you paid a visit to our mission room where I worships," said the old man, his face lit up with keen interest.

A look of utter bewilderment on her part and further silence loosened his tongue a little more. At first—so the sharp eyes of George led him to think—she was on the point of keenly resenting the great liberty he was taking with a stranger; but her darkening brow grew lighter as he threw the entire responsibility upon himself and quietly added: "I have been asking the dear Lord for this, my leddy, that He would in some way lead you to my door, and give me an opportunity of tellin' you what He has done for my soul; and He has seemed to say to me over and over again that you wouldn't be offended."

What exactly was said on that day before midday cannot be set down here. Let it suffice, that George was somehow permitted to tell that story to his fashionably dressed visitor; he, sitting down on one of the broad steps of his ladder, and she, on a small bench he had dusted for her near the open door; so adroitly had he succeeded in making an extension of the interview endurable if not acceptable.

The story, as I can testify—for he favoured me with it in the after days—was no common one, and, told with a rustic eloquence palpitating with the strength of a personality strong and intense such as his, it proved a subduing one. He told her of his youth of

carelessness, his arrest, his conviction, his conversion, as heaven-born in his own eyes as that of Saul of Tarsus. He told her of his opened mind, and opened heart, and opened future till he could dare to say what that Saul said when he became Paul: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."



"'He loved me, and gave Himself for me.'"

"Think of that, my dear leddy," said George again and again, as of a mystery that he would never be able to clear up: "'He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me!*'"

The natural winsomeness of the man, when dilating on that crisis of his being, told upon the listener; till her silence was broken by a question here and a question there: and then, at a fitting moment, the poor cobbler with streaming face cried out:

"And do you think it possible, my leddy, that George Vickers can help praying in his little loft for others; that they, too, may know his blessed Saviour, and have his hope which is an anchor to the soul sure and steadfast?

That interview ended with a keen interest on both sides. It led also to other interviews at her special request, under far other circumstances, with interchanges of thought and prayer equally sacred to them. I know not that lady's name. I know not for a certainty whether she has passed into the unseen land whither her faithful monitor has gone. Her eyes may or may not rest on this feeble attempt to record—with as much accuracy as the intervening years have allowed—her conversion to God through this unique and strange instrumentality. But of this I am perfectly sure: she would be the last to deem the sight of that narrow board announcing the name of George Vickers "a coincidence." It was something infinitely more. It was nothing less and nothing other than the "Finger of the Most High"; a leading, if ever there was one, of that Divine Spirit "Who bloweth where He listeth," and all of Whose ways "are past finding out!"

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day:
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?"

READY FOR THE LORD.

By the Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A., Carr's Lane, Birmingham.

"The end of all things is at hand."—1 Peter iv. 7—11.



HAT is a momentous conviction which is expressed in these words: "The end of all things is at hand." What kind of conduct will it determine? And to what kind of counsel will it lead? Here is an apostle, deeply possessed by the solemn conviction that the great Consummation is approaching, that the glorified Christ is returning, that the judgment is impending, and that "the end of all things is at hand." In the looming presence of so urgent and so commanding an event, how will the apostle shape his message? What kind of counsel will he give to his readers? What manner of preparation will he constrain them to make? It matters little or nothing to my purpose that the apostle's anticipations of the second advent were premature, and that the stupendous consummation was delayed. For you and for me the instructive and all-absorbing conjunction remains the same. Here is the Apostle Peter, sharing with his fellow-Christians the expectation of an immediate end. The Judge is at the door! What will be the manner of their behaviour? If we knew that within a year or two the Master would reappear as the august and sovereign Judge, how ought we to pass the intervening days? We know from the letters of the Apostle Paul, how the urgent expectancy influenced some of the early Christians. Some were thrown into panic. Others were despoiled of their spiritual collectedness by the invasion of unreasonable excitement. Others abandoned their ordinary employment, and lapsed into an indolence in which they might find more leisure to wait and watch for the King's appearing. And we know with what severity the apostle denounced these perilous and irrational excesses. "Study to be quiet and do your own business." "Be not shaken in mind." "We command that with quietness ye work and eat your own bread." "Let us watch and be sober." All this dangerous sensationalism was combated and subdued by the cool self-possession of this man's healthy and imperial mind.

And now here is the Apostle Peter confronted by the same prevailing and insidious inclinations. What will be the character of his message? Let us make the matter directly pertinent to our own condition that we may appreciate the strong, cooling, controlling influence of the apostle's counsel. For us, too, "the end" may be at hand. Death looms on the not-distant horizon. The King is at the gate! What shall be the nature of our preparations and the character of our behaviour?

"The end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore of sound mind." Sound mind! Life is to be characterised by reasonableness and sanity. There is to be nothing morbid about our mental state, nothing melancholy or diseased. We are to be mentally "sound," emancipated from distraction and panic. We may enter into the content of the descriptive

word by watching its usage in our common speech. We are familiar with the phrase, "as sound as a bell," and the usage will act as part-interpreter of the apostle's thought. "Sound as a bell!" There is no break in the metal, no severance in the elements; it holds together in compact and undivided unity. "Sound mind," as sound as a bell; no break in the mind, no division, no distraction, but a wonderful collectedness, issuing in the definite tone of clear and decisive purpose. We are also familiar with another application of the word, as in the usage, "sound" and "unsound" meat, where the significance is indicative of health and disease. And this too may guide us into the content of the apostle's thought, for when he counsels "sound-mindedness" he unquestionably refers to a mental condition which is freed from all morbidity, defilement, taint and disease. "The end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore of sound mind," delivered on the one hand from the mental distraction that destroys life's music, and on the other hand from the morbid depression which so frequently opens the gate for the invasion of death.

"And be sober." That is the second note of the apostle's counsel. "And be sober." It is a warning against all kinds of intoxication, but especially against the intoxication of excited and tumultuous emotion. There are stimulants other than those of intoxicating drinks; and there is a sensationalism to be found elsewhere than in carnal gratification. Excessive stimulants may be found in the revival meeting, and men may revel in intoxicated emotionalism even in the sanctuary. Men may "lose their heads" in many more ways than by the excessive imbibing of strong drink. "Be sober." Do not give way to any excitement which will make life grotesque and foolish! Beware of the sensationalism which is so often the minister of sin. "Be sober." It is an appeal for the culture and discipline of emotion. "Be sober unto prayer"; preserve that calmness of life which is consistent with steady aspiration and fruitful supplication; maintain a quiet "watching unto prayer." Here, then, are two of the features which characterise a life possessed by a healthy expectancy of the Lord's appearing—sound-mindedness and sobriety. We are to await the coming of the King with mind and heart delivered from the distractions of panic, from the taint of corruption, and from a feverish sensationalism which is destructive of the higher ministries of fellowship and prayer.

And now the apostle proceeds to add a third element to those already mentioned. "Above all things being fervent in your love among yourselves." To "sound-mindedness" and "sobriety" he adds the ministry of "love." Now the apostle is at some pains to make it clear to us what is the quality of this love which should characterise the life that expects the King's appearing. In the first place, it is to be "fervent." Now the significance of our English word "fervour" scarcely unveils to us the contents of the apostle's mind. He did not so much suggest a love that is ardent as a love that is tense. This very word "tense" is almost the original word. The love has to be "tense," stretched out, extended to the utmost limit of a grand comprehensiveness. The New Testament recognises different types and qualities of love, and there is no counsel in which it is more abounding than just in this counsel to push back the boundaries of a circumscribed affection so that it be characterised by a more spacious inclusiveness. There is love whose measure is that of an umbrella. There is love whose inclusiveness is that of a great marquee. And there is love whose comprehension is that of the immeasurable sky. The aim of the New Testament is the conversion of the umbrella into a tent, and the merging of a tent into the glorious canopy of the all-enfolding heavens. Therefore does the writer of this very letter, in a second letter which he has written, give this very suggestive counsel, "Add to brotherly love, love." Which just means this, make your love more tense; push back the walls of family love until they include the neighbour; again push back the walls until they include the stranger; again push back the walls until they comprehend the foe. The quality of our love is determined by its inclusiveness. At the one extreme there is self-love, at the other extreme there is philanthropy! What is the "tense," the stretch, of my love? What is its covering power? I do not wonder that the apostle proceeds to indicate the magnificent "cover" afforded by a magnificent love. "Love

covereth a multitude of sins." Not the sins of the lover, but the sins of the loved! Love is willing to forget as well as to forgive! Love does not keep hinting at past failures and past revolts. Love is willing to hide them, to bury them in a nameless grave. When a man whose life has been strained and blackened by "a multitude of sins" turns over a new leaf, love will never hint at the old leaf, but will rather seek to cover in deep and healing oblivion. Love is so busy unveiling the promises and allurements of the morrow that she has little time and still less desire to stir up the choking dust on the blasted and desolate fields of yesterday. "Then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners." There's a cover for you! "And behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew . . . stood at His feet behind Him weeping!" There's a cover for you! "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." There's a cover for you! I do not wonder that the great evangelical prophet of the Old Testament, in heralding the event of the Saviour, should proclaim Him as "an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." "Love covereth all things."

But we have not yet done with the apostle's characterisation of the qualities of love He adds a third word which confirms and enriches the other two. True love, "stretched-out" love, all-sheltering love, "*uses hospitality without grudging*." True love is a splendid host, a veritable Gaius in the lavish entertainment which it offers to weary and footsore pilgrims. In the primitive Christian day, the apostolic days, love opened the door and gave hospitality to the itinerant preachers as they went from place to place proclaiming the message of the Cross. Love opened the door to the persecuted refugees, driven from their homesteads because of their devotion to the Lord. There were many of them about, and the love-children were to keep an open door and a sharp look-out, and offer them welcome entertainment. Love is the very genius of hospitality: it opens the "hospice" on the stormy and perilous heights, and provides a travellers' rest. Wherever love is, the hospice may be found. "Love never faileth." And the gracious ministry is all discharged so graciously, "without murmuring!" There is no frown upon the face, no sense of "put-out-ness" in the attention. It is all done, as Matthew Henry says, "in a kind, easy, handsome manner," as though the host had been almost impatiently waiting for the privilege, and yearning for its speedy approach.

Now, the King is at the gate! Soon His hand will be upon the latch! How shall we prepare for Him? In sound-mindedness, in spiritual sobriety, and in a love which is ever straining after more and more spacious breadth of gracious and generous hospitality. How shall these dispositions express themselves? What shall be the medium of affection? What shall be the line of our ministry? The apostle provides the answer: "According as each hath received a gift." We must work through what we have received, "What hast thou that thou hast not received?" Our members, our senses, our mental aptitudes, our spiritual endowments! They are all gifts of the King! We must use them all in the ministry of love. But beyond all these there is the mysterious and indescribable gift of our own individuality. We are each as unique in personality as we are each as distinctive in face. Individuality is a unique gift and is divinely purposed for unique service. We must reverently consecrate our individuality to the King's use, that it may become the minister of His own "manifold grace" and "strength." In this subordination the individuality is preserved intact and unimpaired. Working through us, the Holy Ghost will, shall I say, impinge upon the world in a somewhat different form than from the life of any of our fellows. If an electric current be led through a series of several different materials, its appearance in the outer world will vary with each wire. "In a platinum wire it may appear as light, in an iron one as heat, round a bar of soft iron as magnetic energy, led into a solution as a power that decomposes and recombines." So in many individualities are there "diversities of operations, but one spirit." What we have to do is to take our individualities, "according as each hath received the gift," and so reverently consecrate it that "the manifold grace" may work a unique ministry, and by "the strength which God supplieth," we may manifest

a daily salvation which shall be to the glory of God.

Here, then, I conclude. I think that no one can be made to stumble by any narrowness and irrelevancy in the apostle's counsel. His commandment is exceeding broad. How shall we prepare for the coming of the King? What can be more reasonable than the response I have attempted to expound? In sound-mindedness, in spiritual sobriety, in an affection which is ever seeking greater inclusiveness, and working through the distinctive gifts of the consecrated individual life. I tell you, if this be my condition, I shall not be afraid "at His coming." He may come in a moment, and very suddenly, in the noontide, or the midnight, or at the cock-crow; come when He may, I shall "love His appearing." Living calmly, in the atmosphere of affection, and in the mystic strength of consecration, I shall know him as my friend. The present Bishop of Durham has told us of a beloved friend of his who narrated to him a strangely vivid dream which he had long, long years ago. Let me tell it in the Bishop's words: "Through the bed-chamber seemed to shine in a sudden an indescribable light, the dreamer seemed to run, to look, and there, in the depths above, were beheld three forms. One was unknown, one, the Archangel, one the Lord Jesus Christ. And at this most sudden sight that soul, the soul of one whom, to my knowledge, the unutterable solemnities of the unseen are wont to brood with almost painful power, was instantaneously thrilled with a rapturous joy, unspeakable and full of glory: 'My Saviour, O my Saviour!'"

I pray that when that light breaks upon us, not in the ministry of a dream, but in the veritable coming of the Lord, when for you and for me "the end of all things is at hand," may we so have brooded on "the solemnities," and so laboured in the gracious ministry of affection, that we, too, "when He cometh," shall be "instantaneously thrilled with rapturous joy, unspeakable and full of glory: 'My Saviour, O my Saviour!'"





SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—VIII.

Basil Pierpoint, curate-in-charge of Lynton St. Maurice, visiting his church one evening with a friend, discovers a girl, a stranger, writing in the parvise chamber. His peremptory manner of requesting her departure rouses her wrath. The girl, Evelyn Retallack, a high school mistress, out on a holiday with two friends, is engaged in writing a story. She now resolves to pillory Pierpoint therein. As all Lynton St. Maurice is Retallack property, the girl's name rouses interest in Pierpoint and others. Claude Winwood, his friend, visiting Lyntonstowe, meets Snell, the old librarian. From him he learns that Colonel Retallack had two sons: John, who, by refusal to obey his father's wishes, had been disinherited, and Arthur, who had obeyed, had married the heiress of the neighbouring parish of Lynton St. Mary, and died, leaving one daughter, Elinor. Almost immediately afterwards, Colonel Retallack was killed in a carriage accident, and the property devolved on Elinor. Evelyn's refusal to visit Lyntonstowe (the Retallacks' place), as well as some other incidents, incline Winwood to suspect her near relationship to Colonel Retallack. Meanwhile Evelyn, the Mistress of the Second Form, pursues her study of Pierpoint's character, with a view to her story and his place therein.

CHAPTER IX.

"MISS RETALLACK."

EVELYN RETALLACK walked slowly along the village street where it turned towards the church. Her head was bent, and she was thinking deeply. She had come to a crisis in her story and it took some thought. From meditating on her literary efforts her mind went on to dwell on the two young men recently added to her acquaintance. If the truth were told, Evelyn's knowledge of the male sex was extremely limited. This, added to the fact that she had a conscientious desire to transcribe life into her pages as close to the original as possible, impelled her in her own words to study the living specimen. Biology, she told Judith, not palæontology, was her forte.

Winwood pleased her. This especially she liked in him: he never treated her under his manner, so to speak. She, living in this haphazard, if not Bohemian, way with two other young women, felt herself approached by him as punctiliously as if she were surrounded by chaperones and all the fences which society raises between men and maidens. She would enjoy his acquaintance, she concluded. He generally lit on something interesting in their conversation. As for Pierpoint—well, of him she would make her own use. She could not quite understand him yet; which rendered him more interesting, but kept him longer under the microscope.

Her story was increasing in volume. Every time she met Pierpoint, and it was not seldom, she gained a little fresh material. The earlier plan of a melodramatic tale with a villain and the appurtenances thereof had been discarded and consigned to her manuscript strong-box. Now she had an ambition to attain to something better. A close study of the curate set against a background of village life, that was her present aim; and after every meeting with her unconscious

hero the little manuscript pile received an addition. The moral aspect of her action, it must be owned, had never struck her. She could not, however, as yet quite wrap a story round him. A heroine had to be found, of course, and a love-story evolved. Evelyn was rather contemptuous of love, whether in fiction or otherwise; but, as she put it, she was not yet strong enough to correct the taste of the age.

Pierpoint's impatience, his tactlessness, his faults of domineering, of interfering—these were the qualities his amiable biographer writ large in her presentation of his character.

"I must bring him to a bad end," she said to herself serenely, as she turned down the lane that led by the church. "He is just the kind of man to want to marry for money and to push himself on in the world. Yes, I'll bring *him* in the rich lady, to whom he will pay his addresses for the sake of her rank and wealth, while all the time he really prefers some quite, poor girl—a girl like Alice, good and gentle. Being so fond of his own way he will, of course, like best a cushiony kind of woman. It wouldn't be a bad plan to make both the girls good and nice, so that all sympathy will be with them. He is a wretch," she went on, quite forgetting that her mind was not now dwelling on the real Basil Pierpoint, but on the figure her imagination had conjured up; "a wretch. However, I must be careful not to make him *too* bad. I must turn my attention to his good qualities. I suppose he has some."

"How do you do, Miss Retallack?" broke in on her musing. She turned to see Winwood, and greeted him with a sudden smile. "You were so deep in thought I hardly dared to interrupt you," he continued.

"Yes; I was thinking, and my thoughts——" she paused.

"Were worth, no doubt, much more than the customary sum?"

"That is for you to decide. I was thinking of Mr. Pierpoint's good qualities, cataloguing them, in fact."

Winwood's eyebrows went up a moment, but he answered gaily, "I could offer a silver penny to hear that list."

"It is difficult," she replied in a meditative tone; "of course he must have *some*——"

"Yes."

"Only, I don't know what they are exactly."

"A good way to find out," said Winwood, falling in with her mood, "is to enumerate first the bad qualities. If any vice is conspicuous by its absence you can deduce the corresponding virtue."

"Take a kind of spectrum analysis of his character? That is a good idea. All vices are, I suppose, the back of virtues, so to speak."

"Their opposites, at all events. Psychological problems interest you, Miss Retallack?"

But Evelyn had not done with the curate yet. To discuss him frankly with his friend seemed to her a most natural thing to do.

"Mr. Pierpoint interests me," she replied, calmly.

"He would be flattered if he knew."

"Oh, no; he wouldn't. One can be interested in various ways. I don't think Mr. Pierpoint would be best pleased if he knew how he interests me."

The meaning of her smile remained elusive to her companion's attentive gaze.

"Are you a detective?" he asked at last, lightly. "Has my friend committed a crime?"

"No; not that I know of, at least. In fact, I am sure he will never do anything so interesting as that. His character is all on small lines, punctilios, proprieties, love of self——"

"Oh, come," cried Winwood, who began not to like the seriousness of her tone. "You certainly know very little about Basil Pierpoint. Love of self is *not* one of his characteristics. I know him for many years and very well; for he is such a transparent sort of fellow, all he is comes out quite easily. He magnifies his office, perhaps, but that, if rightly viewed, is often a generous fault, a merging of the individual in the order, if it have not, as in his case, a much deeper and worthier origin. But of himself, *as* himself, Basil Pierpoint thinks very little."

Winwood spoke gravely. Evelyn felt rebuked but not convinced.

"Well!" she returned lightly, "our friends always see us at our best, of course. But have I not taken you a long way out of your course, Mr. Winwood?"

"Am I dismissed?" he asked, his usual look of quiet amusement meeting hers. "Thy servant went no whither when we met. Only, I did mean to find you somewhere soon to tell you that I have discovered an interesting work on brasses amongst the books in the church, and I thought you might like to come and see it. Rubbing these things for another makes one take a fictitious interest in them, I find. Will you come? See, here is the church stile inviting ascent."

"Thank you; I shall like to see it. But where is the book?"

"In the parvise chamber."

"Oh!"—she withdrew her foot from the stile—"but you know I am not sure if I dare enter that parvise chamber."

"Why not? I can bring you the book, of course, if you prefer it; but it is a huge tome, and I think it is that kind of book which requires surroundings to make it appreciated. Small, leaded lattice-panes form just the proper kind of window to throw

light on its pages. Do come! And," he added, nodding his head as to a child, "there are pictures, and some of them are *coloured!*"

"Oh!" she drew in her breath, "*do* I dare?"

"You do!"

He held out his hand to aid her over the stile.

"But your friend's—ah—good qualities?"

"I will protect you."

They had laughingly wandered to other topics by the time the narrow stair leading to the parvise chamber was reached.

Winwood threw open the door of the room, and Evelyn entered, then stopped short on the threshold, just as Pierpoint had done some weeks before. Winwood looked over her shoulder. Standing at the window were Pierpoint and a lady. Winwood knew her: Elinor Retallack.

A moment of embarrassment for all, except the last-named lady. Then Pierpoint on the one hand extricated himself by advancing to greet Evelyn, while Winwood for his part went up to Elinor Retallack.

The latter entered at once into an animated conversation with the lady of the Manor about the church, its architecture, age, etc. The girl smiled a little and answered in a hesitating way.

Pierpoint meanwhile was saying to Evelyn, "I am so glad to see you here again. I—you have not been here lately."

The maladroitness of his unfortunate remark struck him immediately. But she gave him no room for repentance.

"You could scarcely have expected me to intrude again, Mr. Pierpoint, after ordering me out of the room. And, indeed, I feel I owe you an apology for my presence now. I do not want to throw the blame on Mr. Winwood, but I fear I allowed him to tempt me."

"Oh! you came together."

For the first time a feeling, to which he had hitherto been quite a stranger, surged up in Basil's mind. It gave him a sensation as if he had eaten dust.

"Yes; we have come together. That is obvious, I think."

On her part she perceived his evident embarrassment, attributed it to entirely wrong motives—as was her custom—and grew frigid as an icicle, dropping little shots on him, while her real attention was directed to the other two.

A moment's pause fell on all four. Winwood glanced at Pierpoint, who returned his gaze blankly. The elder man thereupon stepped into the breach and at the same time made a bold shot. Looking at Evelyn, he said easily:

"Miss Retallack, may I introduce to you Miss Elinor Retallack?"

"Right!" He almost cried the word aloud. The quick glance Evelyn bestowed on him was so bright, so grateful, so full for him of meaning, that in a moment he knew his reading of her past history was the true one. Neither of the other two noted the little punctilio, the point of precedence conceded.

Elinor started at the name, then timidly, yet with a certain eagerness, extended her hand, to withdraw it again in some confusion; for Evelyn merely bowed.

"I feared, for the moment," continued the Master of the Ceremonies, "that, perhaps, I had made a mistake, and that you ladies had met before. These things are so awkward, are they not? And they do happen sometimes to helpless man, when the normally errant is drawn into a fixed orbit."

Evelyn smiled again. She knew he addressed her when he couched his remarks in this fantastic vein.

"Of course you hold that we poor women are doomed everlastingly to move in ellipses!"

"Thank you for that word. I had so dreaded 'circles.'"

"Surely," cried Pierpoint, recovering and entering the fray, "surely some women move in parabolas, shoot like meteors into our lives and out again, leaving us nothing to do for the rest of existence but sweep the heavens for their return?"

"That is pretty," nodded Evelyn. "May I have that idea?"

He flushed.

"Yes, if you mean it; no, if you don't."

"That reminds me of a naughty nursery saying," she laughed. "But I accept, and you shall have it back cut into anapæsts when you give me that Pilgrim's——"

She stopped abruptly, and, as suddenly, both men, remembering their manners, turned to the pale silent girl, who gazed from one to the other.

"Would you like to see the other parvise chamber, Miss Retallack?" Pierpoint hastened to ask, and, as if explanatory to the general public, "It is very good of you to interest yourself in the few reforms—charing, perhaps I should rather say—that I have been able to institute."

"He has cleaned places that never were cleaned before, Miss Retallack," added Winwood. "For my part I doubt his right to do so. When cobwebs have lain in undisturbed possession of corners and ledges for generations, don't you think they have a prescriptive right to remain there? Why should a handful of militant dust dispel dust quiescent, if not triumphant?"

"I don't know. Dust is so dirty, is it not?" Her sweet, hesitating voice had an appeal in it.

Evelyn threw back her proud little head, but her eyes were still troubled.



"She had her whole life to think over."

Winwood made a mental note that the two Misses Retallack should be addressed in different tongues; but the appealing note in Elinor's voice struck him. He remembered her mother, and pitied her.

"You are right," he replied, smiling, adding as his eyes fell on her pretty, dainty attire, "and indeed even after all the 'chores' I cannot advise the second parvise chamber. The mortar has a trick of falling which is unpleasant."

"Thank you. Perhaps, Mr. Pierpoint, I had better rejoin my mother. She does not like waiting so long in the carriage. Good-bye, Mr. Winwood." She turned from him to Evelyn, looked at the haughty little face and felt her courage ooze; but, with a great effort, said, "I am so glad to meet you—Miss Retallack. It is so interesting, our names being the same. I—I am sure I should like to know you, if you will let me. I know someone—someone like you."

A quick change passed over Evelyn's face. Her lips trembled. But she steadied herself, and, looking into the appealing eyes bent on her, said quickly:

"And I—should like it too."

The pressure of Evelyn's warm little hand was firm on the slender fingers placed in hers.

CHAPTER X.

HER FURTHER ADVENTURES.

EVELYN turned to the window as Pierpoint and Elinor left the parvise chamber to join Mrs. Retallack, who sat passively impatient in the carriage at the church gate.

There was silence for a little space. Winwood spent it apparently looking for the book on brasses, really to give his companion time to recover herself, for he saw she was struggling with some emotion.

"Here it is," he exclaimed at last, and brought the book to the desk in the window. "Shall I show you the plain pictures first or the coloured ones?"

Looking round for an answer, he was startled to see her eyes were brimming with tears. She looked at him through them as a child might.

"Do you mind, Mr. Winwood? I am afraid I don't care for any pictures now."

"I understand," he said gravely, forgetting she had not yet verified his theories concerning her. "It—such meetings are trying. Of course, I did not know she was here."

"Is she not sweet? But I suppose it is easy to be sweet when life is smooth for one. I know I am all moods and prickles and disagreeablenesses. Don't you think so?"

Winwood did not answer. But the question was merely rhetorical, as indeed he knew.

Evelyn wiped away the tears, turned to look at him, and said simply:

"Elinor Retallack is my first cousin."

"I know," he answered quietly.

She felt his sympathy, and did not stay to ask him how he knew.

"And you were right; I *am* Miss Retallack. Oh, it was sweet of you: it helped so much."

She put her two hands impulsively in his, and he held them firmly.

"I am glad," he said in a low voice, "very glad, if I can help you in any way."

"Yes; and don't please think it silly. I know I should say it of another girl; but we never really understand things until we have been through them ourselves, do we?"

The trite remark sounded unlike her, but Winwood only thought of that afterwards. Still holding her hands, his mind was busy with her fate. Why should he, a man, lead a life of careless ease, and she, so sensitive, so girlish, have to work so hard?

With a little sigh, Evelyn withdrew her hands. He let them go.

"Do you mind leaving me alone here, Mr. Winwood? I should like to think a little."

He acquiesced, smiling gravely at her. Later he would annul some of his thoughts. For the moment all he felt for her was an immense pity, rendered more vivid by the contrast between the lot of the two girls so closely connected, a pity that was like a caress.

At the door he turned back with the practical intention of reminding her to leave the church before locking-up time.

Secure at his departure, she had thrown herself into a chair and hidden her face on her arms outstretched on the table.

Winwood went out silently and closed the door.

Evelyn remained in that posture longer than she had any account of. She had her whole life to think over. First she remembered the house where she as a baby played with another baby, her little brother, and then a sad day when the little boy disappeared and came no more to play. Of her father she had many recollections, but all of them in the early, happy days. The house was small, she remembered now, and the means always straitened, but things were still more straitened when her father died. Nevertheless, chiefly by her mother's self-denying efforts, it had been possible to give her a good education, culminating in a London degree. At the beginning Evelyn's grandfather, Dr. Meredith, had helped his daughter and her somewhat visionary husband, At his death he left Mrs. Retallack a little money, enough to give her bread, if not butter. A year or two more and Evelyn's father, worn out by the hard life he had chosen as editor of a Socialist newspaper, died and left widow

and child nothing but his library and his writings. Mrs. Retallack struggled on, and her brother helped her to the goal she had set herself—to make Evelyn self-supporting.

This end was now gained, Evelyn remembered, and yet it seemed but a beginning. Giving rein to her fancy, she reminded herself how all ends are but beginnings of a future, all beginnings but ends of a past. Was it worth while to struggle so hard for so little?

Then she recalled more about her father. From reading his essays she had made out something of his thoughts, and her mother had told her a little more. Colonel Retallack's son's "dreadful" opinions were found, when coherently defined, to be first a wild and afterwards a misty Socialism, ending at last in fervent but vague desires for the amelioration of mankind. His ethical studies were brilliant and widely read; they brought him a ready welcome into those circles which were all in all to him. A soldier? A dull country squire? Perish the thought! This life, where wit struck wit, where brains grew keener and the mental vision strained to see before and after, this was the life that Evelyn John Retallack delighted in. His wife, too, was in close touch with many of his beliefs and ambitions, and a tolerant sympathy hid the rest from him; where her more practical mind refused to adopt his sweeping theories, she was too good a wife and too wise a woman to let him know. His life was neither long nor successful, as the world counts success; but it was happy, for he ever followed his ideals, and fate added the final grace in that he died before the ideals faded in the night of age.

From thinking of her father the girl passed on to think of herself and the newly found cousin. In a few minutes she had built up all Elinor Retallack's history. A word, a look was enough for Evelyn as foundation for a whole story. Soon she had built up a past for her cousin which would have greatly astonished that young lady. Thence Elinor Retallack wandered on in her cousin's thoughts, until she became transmuted into the heroine of Evelyn's story, and got mixed up in the scenes with Pierpoint, which gradually became more and more extravagant, and further removed from ordinary life.

A sudden glare flashed upon Evelyn's eyes and woke her.

She started up.

A roll of thunder explained the flash of light. Evelyn glanced hurriedly round. It had grown quite dusk. With a sudden horror she saw what had befallen her: she had dropped asleep there, with her head on the table, shut into the church!

A cry broke from her, and she darted to the door, only to shrink back in yet more shuddering dread. Swift footsteps sounded on the winding stair.

Grasping the edge of the table, she waited that moment, breathless, numb with fear.

The door was flung open and—oh joy! no sheeted ghost, no church robber—Basil Pierpoint stood before her.

So great was the revulsion of feeling, so overwhelming the relief, that she ran forward and seized his arm.

"Oh, don't go, Mr. Pierpoint! Don't leave me here——Oh!" as another blinding flash lit up his pale face looking down on her.

"Leave you, Miss Retallack? Why, I have been waiting for you for ever so long."

"Have you? Where? What has happened to me?"

Was she still dreaming about him.

"Downstairs, in the church. I did not like to disturb you."

"And—how long have I been here?"

"More than an hour, I should say."

Evelyn turned crimson. She was suddenly aware that her hand still grasped his arm. The lightning flashed again and the thunder rolled round the church.

"How good of you to wait—oh, that dreadful lightning! I am not afraid, you know, only—only I hate it!"

"Do you? I should have thought that you would have exulted in it."

"No, no. Let us come away. It is so late, is it not? But," drawing back, "I dare not go out in that storm."

"Shall we come downstairs?" he said gently. "It seems more vivid, perhaps, in a small room. We can leave the church the moment you wish."

She consented, and they descended the steep stairs into the church.

Pierpoint found a dark corner at the far west end, and they sat down side, by side, in the shadow of the font.

CHAPTER XI.

WHILE THE LIGHTNING FLASHED.

THE storm seemed to draw nearer and nearer, one of those sudden, devastating Devonshire storms. The lightning flashes were more incessant, the thunder louder and sharper. One terrible peal rattled over the church like a Maxim gun; the rain fell in sheets, and the wind howled with the thunder. At every flash Evelyn started, even while she held her hand over her eyes.

Her companion watched her, now vivid in the glare of the lightning, now sunk in the gloom that succeeded.

He sat back a little, silent for a time,

until it struck him he ought to say something consoling to his charge. His remark was commonplace.

"I think it is getting lighter—passing away, I mean."

"Do you?" She glanced up. "Oh, look!"

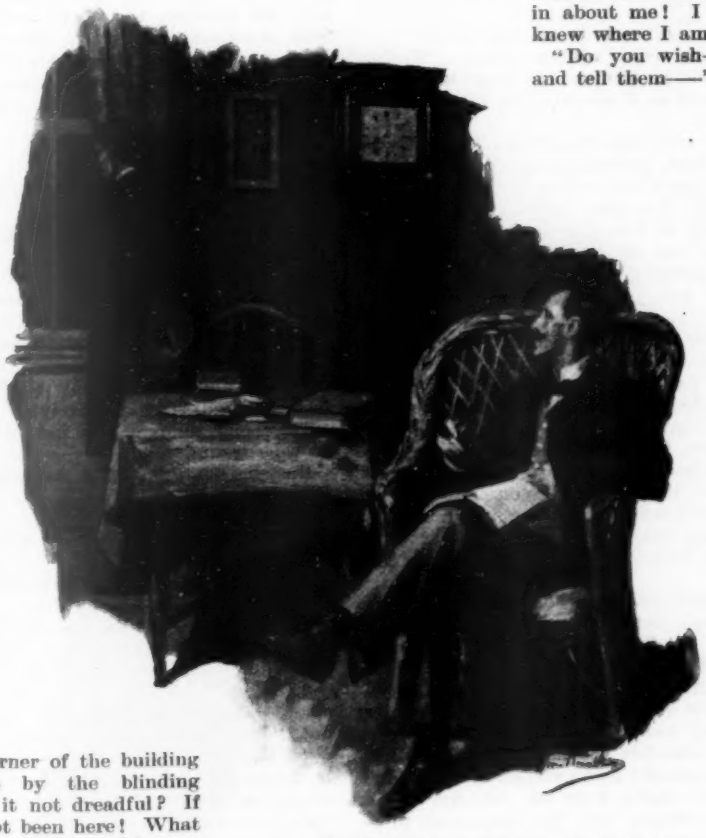
"I could not wake you, Miss Retallack, could I?"

"I—oh dear—how deafening! Will it ever be over, Mr. Pierpoint?"

"The storms here are very sudden, I believe, but pass away as quickly."

"Alice and Judith! What a state of mind they will be in about me! I wish they knew where I am."

"Do you wish—I can go and tell them——"



"Basil was at the window now."—*p.* 325.

as every corner of the building was swept by the blinding light. "Is it not dreadful? If you had not been here! What made you wait for me?"

Her voice was almost lost in the echoing thunder peal.

"When Winwood left the church, he told me you were here. I feared Mrs. Hill might lock you in, and so I came to see."

"And why did you not tell me?"

Simple wonderment was in her tone, though the inquiry seemed magisterial.

"I did—I went up to the room, but——" He paused. "You were asleep," he went on, desperately.

She coloured again. By what fatality did he always discover her doing what she ought not to do?

As she did not reply, he spoke again, deprecatingly.

"Mr. Pierpoint!"

A gleam of the lightning showed him the nervous hand again on his coat sleeve. Their eyes met a moment in the unearthly light. He laid his fingers softly on hers. The touch reassured her, even while she withdrew her hand.

But he said nothing for a moment. He had gained a sudden knowledge, and it was very hard to remember and answer in an ordinary way.

She laughed nervously.

"Do you think I should dare stay here by myself? Please don't laugh at me. I know

I am idiotic and—I do not always mind lightning like this—only—to-day——"

"It is quite natural," he returned, as her voice fell. His tones sounded cold and far away to her. "But—laugh at you! I never could do so. How could you think it?"

"I don't know," she said, penitently. "I'm afraid I—sometimes—am given to mockery of others."

"But you will not do so any more."

The storm was rolling away. Evelyn bristled a little, though his tone was new, for he seemed as if speaking to himself.

"Why?"

"Forgive me, Miss Retallack; I fear I was thinking aloud, perhaps uttering a desire. I—oh! you must forgive me. I cannot talk here—I mean I cannot explain myself——"

She looked at him in wonder. His voice was pained, but she could not see his face.

"I have nothing to forgive," she answered gently. "I feel you have been very kind in taking such care of me."

"Kind! to take care of you!"

He stood up and moved down the aisle. The storm had diminished, though its echoes still resounded from the hills, and the rain still fell in torrents.

She waited, in a little wonder.

He came back.

"Do you think—would you like to go now? It is much lighter," he began.

She sprang up.

"I am so sorry to have detained you, Mr. Pierpoint."

The thunder had gone deep into the hills. Her courage returned. She bit her lip. How could she have been so foolish as to get herself into this situation? What would not Alice and Judith say! And, then, she was now decidedly in his debt. He must be so bored, too.

Suddenly she felt her hands caught in his.

"Miss Retallack! Don't you *know* I shouldn't care if that storm went on *for ever?*" A momentary pause, and his vehement tones fell. "I cannot help it. I suppose you will always misunderstand me." The depression in his voice hurt her. It was almost a sob that rose in her throat, instead of a laugh, when he said next, "Where is your hat?"

"My hat?" Her hand went up to her head. "I am afraid—it must have fallen off, upstairs."

"May I go for it?"

"Please do. I will wait in the porch."

Each spoke now in a studiously quiet way. Evelyn meditated while Pierpoint ran up to the parvise chamber. Soon he came down, bearing the missing hat.

"Oh, thank you. But—where are my hat-pins?"

"Hat-pins," he answered vaguely. "I didn't know——"

He turned to go up again.

"Don't—don't mind," she went on, in that matter-of-fact voice. "I'll keep it on somehow."

"We must leave by the vestry," he said. "I have only the key of that door."

At length they were out in the churchyard. The lightning now came but seldom, and the thunder was faint and far away. Still it rained as it can in Devonshire alone. It was so dark too, though only a little after eight o'clock, that Evelyn stumbled as she walked. Basil proffered his arm, and they made better progress.

"You will be wet through," he said, in anxious tones.

"It doesn't matter. They will cosset me directly I get in, I am sure. The strayed lamb, you know, has always the best of it in the flock!"

He did not reply immediately.

Not much else passed between them on the short homeward journey.

As Mrs. Hill's door was thrown open, all the inmates of the house were discovered in the hall, and exclamations of delight burst from each at sight of Evelyn.

They had thought her lost—dead—as they crowded round her.

But she put them off a moment to turn to Pierpoint.

"Good-night. I——"

"Don't say 'Thank you!' Good-night."

And he was gone.

Winwood, hearing Pierpoint enter the house, opened the library door and stood on the threshold. As he beheld his dripping friend he removed his pipe to remark coolly:

"Where have you been? You seem wet."

"Soaked!" Then, as he ran upstairs to change his sodden garments, Pierpoint called out, "Don't wait dinner for me."

"I didn't," returned Winwood, turning back into the library and to Mistral's "Mireio," which he continued to read until, sometime later, a clean, dry, nourished Pierpoint entered upon his peace. Winwood looked up.

"Been to see a parishioner?" he asked.

"No."

"Oh—constitutional. Nice storm, that."

It would have to come out some time, at least. Pierpoint was not the man to keep such events untold. He stated the argument briefly:

"I have been in the church, with Miss Retallack. She fell asleep. I had to wait until she woke. The storm burst on us. She was too frightened to leave the church until it passed off. I have just now seen her safe home."

Winwood laid down his book and took out his pipe to look at the speaker, who stood at the mantelpiece fingering some ornament.

"Well!" was all he said.

Pierpoint went on playing with his bit of Benares ware and made no remark. After a moment Winwood began again.

"Do you know who she is?"

"Miss Retallack?"

"She *is* Miss Retallack, as it happens. Evelyn Retallack is first cousin to the other, the pale one."

Pierpoint looked round in surprise.

"First cousin?"

"Fathers were brothers. Evelyn's father was the eldest son." And Winwood proceeded to relate all he had learnt from Miss Baird, all Evelyn said, and his own summing up of the case.

Pierpoint walked up and down the room. Suddenly he stopped.

"Why, then, she is the proper owner of Lyntonstowe?"

"So she should be, but for her father, as I told you. It is hard on her. Poor little girl, I am sorry for her."

Basil was at the window now, looking out into the black night.

"Do you like her?" he asked abruptly.

"Like her? Of course I do. She is excellent company, very responsive."



"'I found them this morning,' he explained."—*p.* 327.

Silence from Pierpoint.

"I know you don't find her so," continued Winwood with an involuntary smile as he remembered his conversation with Evelyn that afternoon. "But never mind. I hope you will be good friends someday."

A pause, and Winwood resumed his book.

"I meant—do you care for her," came Basil's level voice, relentlessly.

Winwood, deep again in "Mireio," lifted his head a moment and looked round, but he could see Pierpoint's back only.

"If you mean," he began slowly and judicially, "do I like her: I do, enormously. If

you mean am I in love with her: I think not. My ideal is more the domestic hearth than a small pocket Etna."

Pierpoint laughed. Sitting down to the table, he took up yesterday's paper, and read the advertisements diligently. Winwood returned to "Mireio."

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE MORROW.

ON the morrow, Evelyn, most becomingly attired and with all the air of a good child going down for dessert about her, sat in the little sitting-room at Mrs. Hill's, and contemplated her friends. She had been scolded and petted, and had endured and welcomed each treatment.

"There is nothing in the world more satisfactory," she remarked in a final voice, "than to be scolded well—*slated*, in fact, if you will pardon the slang—when one has done what one shouldn't; for then one at once begins to exonerate oneself. Now had *you*, Judith, resisted your innate desire to improve the occasion, *I* at this moment might have been repenting in dust and ashes. Since, on the contrary, you have pointed out to me how reprehensible my conduct was in yielding to sleep, I naturally take the other side, count up the losses incurred—which I find to be one silver hat-pin, value one shilling, item two black-headed ones price one farthing each, and stand on the defence."

"You are a goose," said Judith shortly.

"Alice! as chairwoman of this committee, I beg to call your attention to this breach of order."

"What is the motion before the meeting?" laughed Alice.

"Why, *me*."

"Oh! and am I to put you to the vote?"

"Please. And I propose that I be passed as I am. Judith is bringing forward amendments to me."

"I do—and many."

"You cannot apply the closure like that. I may remark, Madam Chairwoman, that there being no one here to second these proposals, except the sofa cushion and the poker, we will take it that the sofa cushion, being comforting, represents Mr. Winwood and the poker, for equally obvious reasons, Mr. Pierpoint. The former will, I know, second the resolution to pass me as I am. I make no doubt the latter will outdo Judith in amendments."

"Poor man!" muttered Judith.

"Yes, poor fellow," murmured Alice, "he must have been wet through."

"I don't blame you," the more incisive voice maintained, "for waiting in church until the storm grew less—that was only sensible; but how you could have been afraid of the lightning——"

Evelyn started up. Her brow clouded.

"I must get my work," she said, and left the room.

"She does feel that," Alice said. "Don't you think we had better say no more about it?"

Not long afterwards Mrs. Hill toiled, panting, into Evelyn's room to summon her down. A visitor had arrived for her: no less a person than Miss Retallack of Lyntonstowe.

Evelyn started.

Mrs. Hill, much impressed, exclaimed, "There, now, miss! See that now! An' they folk so proud-like!"

Could Mrs. Hill have read character, she would have seen that the bright-cheeked Miss Retallack who descended the stairs was much more "proud-like" than the pale-faced one who awaited her below.

Elinor rose as Evelyn entered the little room, and hastened towards her.

"I am—so glad to see you," she began, in her hesitating way. "I have only just heard. I—told my mother all about meeting you in the church yesterday, and how much I would like to know you, and she let me come this afternoon and see you. But I did not know until just now, when I chanced to meet Miss Baird, and—and she told me all about you."

"Won't you sit down?" Evelyn said with outward composure. "And—may I introduce my friends?" Then to them, "Miss Retallack and I—are cousins."

The deep colour burned in her cheek.

The friends received the communication after their manner: Judith in frigid silence and with a stiff bow. Alice sympathetically and cordially.

"How very interesting! We did not know you were cousins."

"Yes; is it not? I am so glad to have found my cousin—very glad."

"Cousin" is an elastic relationship and, though Alice inwardly desired to further unravel the Retallack connection, she instinctively felt that Evelyn wished to avoid the subject. She began at once, therefore, a conversation on ordinary topics. The Thursday class she had been teaching was a good one to start on. But for Alice, indeed, the interview would have been distinctly difficult. Judith was absolutely silent; Evelyn alternately expansive and on her guard; Elinor always shy, with little trills of impulsiveness. The strictest commonplaces prevailed.

Evelyn had time to observe her new cousin now. She was tall and slight, pale and dark-haired; not pretty, but possessed of beautiful,. wistful grey eyes, a sweet

expression, and a very gentle voice which came out in little hesitating nothings.

"Do you like Devonshire?"

"Yes; we like it much."

"It is very hilly, is it not?"

"Very," and so on.

Alice, indeed, tried to make capital out of each subject started, but not with much success. In the midst of this, the door opened, and Mrs. Hill's voice observed—she never could be said to announce visitors—"Mr. Pierpoint, miss, yes, now."

He looked troubled and ill-at-ease as he greeted the four ladies present. If he was surprised at seeing Elinor Retallack there, it did not appear; perhaps he was too much preoccupied.

"I have come," he said to Alice, "for—several things. One is to ask you if you can go and see Bessie Carew. She is very ill, I fear, and she has asked if you would go and see her. It is nothing infectious," he hastened to add, as he saw Judith rise in protest.

"But Alice cannot stand much fatigue."

"It will not fatigue Miss Kenyon, I know," he answered, his glance meeting Alice's. These two understood each other from the first. "It is a sad case."

"What has happened to her?" asked Elinor, wide-eyed. "She—was in my class."

"Yes. It is a case of shock. Her father"—Pierpoint turned his back directly to Evelyn—"her father was killed by lightning last night."

"How dreadful! Where did it happen?"

"On the moors. They found him a few hours ago. The Carews are very poor——"

"But one can do something for them, can one not?" cried Elinor, in a distressed way.

"I will go at once," said Alice.

"No, not just at once, please. Miss Baird is there. Give her time to get away."

Here a pony carriage drew up before the house, and Elinor rose to leave.

"I—you will tell me if I can do anything?"

"Yes; if there is anything."

His tone was cold. Elinor shrank back a little.

Evelyn accompanied her visitor to the door. At the threshold Elinor turned impulsively.

"I hope you will come and see us. Mother—I think she would like to see you, too. Will you come to-morrow? We can send the carriage, if you like."

Evelyn hesitated.

"Do come," Elinor urged again. "I have so wished to know you."

"How did you come to know I was—your cousin?" asked Evelyn gravely.

"From Miss Baird. I met her just at the little bridge, and she came some way with me in the carriage and—told me everything."

"How did she know? Who told her?"

"I am not quite sure, but I think she said it was that gentleman who is staying at the Rectory."

"Mr. Winwood?"

"Yes; that was the name. And do come to-morrow—cousin Evelyn."

Evelyn smiled, then accepted quietly.

As she closed the door she was aware of Judith in the hall. Miss Kyle turned and went up the staircase. Evelyn, after a second's hesitation, went out into the garden.

In the sitting-room Pierpoint threw himself into a chair beside Alice and pushed back his hair.

"You are troubled," she said gently.

"Yes. That poor man! He was a dreadful sight."

"I am so sorry." Her eyes were full of sympathy.

"It is so strange to think of the different things that go on at the same time in the world. I know," he added ruefully, "it is a commonplace. I should not dare to say it to Miss Retallack, for instance; but you understand. What were you doing about eight o'clock last night?"

"Nothing grander, I fear, than looking out anxiously for Evelyn."

"And I was with her." He leant his chin on his hand and looked on the floor. "I suppose the realities of life are mercifully shrouded from us—clothed in flesh, as it were, for our touch. But while we—I was thinking only of myself in that church, poor Carew—I knew him well: I spoke to him only yesterday afternoon—met with that terrible death."

"I don't believe you were thinking only of yourself. You forget your care for Evelyn."

"You mistake. Death, when we really feel it, makes all things seem so small, even the greatest thing that may happen to a man."

At this moment Evelyn re-entered the room. She had said to herself, after a few turns in the garden, "That curate must have gone by now." So she named him even to herself; but at the back of her mind she knew she wanted to see him again, and that for reasons she could not even define to herself. Perhaps to brave it out would best express them.

"That curate" rose as she entered and approached her gravely, producing from somewhere—three hat-pins.

"I found them this morning," he explained. "You said you wanted them."

Evelyn flushed. She had intended a graceful speech of thanks for his care of the evening before. This blunt action of his irritated

her. She wished herself to be the one to approach the subject. She took the pins.

"Thank you."

"I hope you did not leave anything else in the parvise chamber."

"I sincerely trust not," she replied, throwing back her head. "I also apologise for being there at all. It was unwarrantable, I acknowledge."

In a moment her quick temper had suggested what right had he to wait in the porch for her, as he had done, and make her ridiculous.

"Not unwarrantable, surely—only unwise."

"I accept the correction."

"Unwise, I mean, to have fallen asleep."

Alice noticed Evelyn's anger rising, and once again, as so often before, regretted Pierpoint's unfortunate speeches.

"Evelyn is really very grateful to you——" she began.

"Thank you, Alice, for reminding me of my debt. I am under a deep obligation to you, Mr. Pierpoint, for having taken care of me last night. I was, as you are pleased to remark, extremely foolish to fall asleep, and still more foolish to detain you in the church because I was — afraid — of the lightning."

"I *never* said you were foolish," he cried, hotly, his colour as high as her own. "I did not even think it. It is not generous of you, Miss Retallack, to—to—— And as for obligation"—his voice took a sudden and deeper tone—"that is all on my side. It is I who must thank you."

She clasped her fingers and said nothing, her lashes resting on her cheek. He looked again at the haughty little face. Evelyn had remained standing all the time and so, naturally, had he. It flashed into his mind now that perhaps she desired his departure. He turned to go.

"Just wait for me one moment, Mr. Pierpoint," said Alice, rising quickly, "and you can take me to poor Bessie."

Evelyn looked up as if to follow her as the door closed, then, with a kind of determination, turned to Pierpoint.

"I really mean to thank you, Mr. Pierpoint."

"I asked you not to do so," he interposed.

"Why?"

She looked straight at him. His eyes met her fully. He drew a deep breath.

"I—we never thank our friends."

"Oh!" She raised her brows with a comic expression that saved the situation. "Well, if ever we *are* friends, Mr. Pierpoint, I hope you will understand I expect to be thanked for anything I may do for you."

"That is different," he said quickly. "I am in your debt for more than——"

Alice's entrance brought him suddenly back to Lynton St. Maurice.

Nothing remained but to say good-bye and go. The hand he held for a moment was cold, but the eyes that met his had regained a kindly expression.

[END OF CHAPTER TWELVE.]



"Lord, from Whom all Blessings Flow."

Words by CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

Music by the REV. W. J. FOXELL, M.A., B.Mus.
(*Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral.*)



2. Move and actuate and guide;
Divers gifts to each divide;
Placed according to Thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil:
Never from our office move;
Needful to each other prove;
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God.

3. Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy;
There is neither bond nor free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in Thee.
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void;
Names and sects and parties fall—
Thou, O Christ, art All in all!

SCRIPTURE Illustrations & Anecdotes

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

JANUARY 18TH.—**St. Paul at Thessalonica and Berea.**

Passage for reading—*Acts xvii.* 1—12.

POINTS. 1. Christ to be preached to men.
2. Christians to be prepared for persecution.
3. The Scriptures to be studied.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Christ must be God.** The commencement of Christian work in Japan happened thus. An American lady named Prince interested herself in the country, and five missionaries were sent out, who at first only occupied themselves in the translation of the Scriptures. After some time this lady offered to teach English to a young Japanese, and gave him the Gospel of St. John to translate. Shortly afterwards it was noticed that he became very restless and agitated, walking constantly up and down the room. At last he could contain himself no longer, and burst out with the question, "Who is this Man about Whom I am reading—this Jesus? You call Him a man, but He must be God! Thus the simple Word of God had forced on him the conviction that Jesus of Nazareth was indeed God.

Persecution a Stimulus. A certain amount of persecution arouses a man's defiance, stirs his blood for magnificent battle, and makes him fifty times more a man than he would have been without it. So it was with a great reformer when he said, "I will not be put down: I will be heard." And so it was with Millard, the great preacher in the time of Louis XI. When the King sent word to him that unless he stopped preaching in that style he would throw him into the river, he replied, "Tell the King that I will reach heaven sooner by water than he will reach it by fast horses." We must through much tribulation enter into the Kingdom of God.

Reverence for the Bible. It is told of Sir Walter Scott, poet and novelist, that in the feebleness of his last hours, when the pen had dropped from his nerveless fingers, and his mind had felt the shock of exhausting labours, he asked his son-in-law to read to him. "What shall I read?" he asked. "Need you ask?" said Sir Walter. "There is but one book." Surrounded by a vast library of books in many languages, he yet felt in his dying hours that there was but one book worth listening to. The fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel was read to him, and he was comforted.

JANUARY 25TH.—**St. Paul's Counsel to the Thessalonians.**

Passage for reading—*1 Thessalonians v.* 14—28.

POINTS. CHRISTIAN PERFECTION. 1. Sympathy and help to those in need.
2. Prayer and praise without ceasing.
3. Personal sanctification.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **A French Story.** A boy of thirteen, with a milk-can in his hand and a basket on his head full of eggs and butter, was coming back from market when a dog ran against him and made him stumble. The basket rolled into the gutter, while the butter mixing with the eggs and mud made a huge omelette on the pavement. The poor boy was struck dumb with dismay, and tears ran down his cheeks, for he expected to be scolded, beaten, and perhaps dismissed, by his master, and anyhow he must make the loss good. A gardener had seen the accident, and, putting a franc (tenpence) into the boy's hand, said to the crowd which had assembled, "If everyone would give a small sum, the mischief would soon be remedied. We are not worthy to be men if we are not willing to help each other." His example and words had a good effect. Coins fell quickly into the boy's lap, and when he reckoned them up there were twenty-five francs (over £1). They expected he would thank them and go away quite happy. But they were mistaken. He took out of his pocket the bill of what he had bought, and found it amounted to thirteen francs. Putting that sum carefully aside, he went up to a very poor-looking woman in the crowd with a child in her arms, and gave her the other twelve francs, saying, "I am sure you want it more than I do." He then hurried away amid the cheers of the crowd. Actions speak louder than words.

Coldness in Praise. "Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice." It is the gloomy Christians who do so much harm to religion. A melancholy spirit is ungrateful to God. I would rather

dance and sing like David than keep still like some professing Christians. I remember being once in a church in America. The church certainly was warm, and that was pleasant; but in one sense it was a fine ice-house, for nobody seemed to feel any joy. When we came out I was asked what I thought of the service. I said that if some negro had come in and shouted out an "Hallelujah!" it would have been a joy; but nobody had shown anything but conceit. It was a service for the intellect, but not the heart.—*George Dawson.*

The Perfect Man. There are two classes of excellence. There are men whose lives are full of moral principle, and there are others whose feelings are strongly devotional. Strange to say, each of these is at times disjointed from the other—men of almost spotless earthly honour who scarcely seem to know what reverence towards things heavenly and devout aspirations towards God mean; men who have the religious instinct, pray with fervour, kindle with spiritual raptures, and yet are impure in their feelings, and fail in matters of common truth and honesty. Each of these is but a half-man; his whole spirit, soul, and body are not sanctified. The perfect man, who has grown to the "measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ," is he who has united these two things—who to the high Roman virtues which adorn this earth has added the sublimer feelings which are the investiture of heaven; in whom "justice, mercy, truth" are but the body, of which the soul is faith and love.—*F. W. Robertson.*

FEBRUARY 1ST.—**St. Paul at Athens.**

Passage for reading—*Acts xvii.* 22—31.

POINTS. 1. God the Creator calls all to worship.
2. God the Upholder calls all to prayer.
3. God the Judge calls all to repent.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Reverence for the Divine.** The celebrated French preacher Massillon, at the beginning of an address, wishing to get his audience into a right frame of mind for appreciating what he was going to say, told them to imagine the roof of the lofty cathedral in which they were seated to be removed, and that in the depths of the sky above they saw all the countless hosts of the stars, and high above these the great white throne of God, while an angel song rang in their ears, "Glory to God in the highest!" and then, with the hush of awe upon their minds which such a vision was fitted to bring, to listen to what he had to say. It is with such reverence, and in such a spirit, that we ought to treat every footprint of God, every revelation of His nature, every instinct of intuition which speaks unmistakably of the Divine.

A Battle Prayer. Sir Jacob Astley was present at the battle of Edgehill, 1642, and his name has been handed down to posterity as having uttered this prayer before the fight began: "O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me." And then, advancing with the men to the charge, he cried out in cheerful tones, "Come on, boys!"—which they did, and with an enthusiasm which their opponents severely felt.

Repentance or Change of Mind. "Burn the bridge behind you," was the command of a general once, when his soldiers had marched over a bridge beneath which a deep and swift river rushed. Then he pointed to the foe. "Yonder," he said "is the enemy. Behind you is death; there is no retreat—you must either conquer or die." And so to those who desire to give their lives to Christ I say: "Burn the bridge behind you. Do something to break with your past. Do something definite, commit yourself in some way; give up that bad habit or that bad friend. Show to others that you are really changed, and leave no way of retreat open."

FEBRUARY 8TH.—**The Church at Corinth Founded.**

Passage for reading—*Acts viii.* 1—11.

POINTS. ST. PAUL AN EXAMPLE TO CHRISTIANS OF—
1. Diligence in work.
2. Earnestness in preaching Christ.
3. Success in bringing in unbelievers.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Action.** It is a good policy to strike while the iron is hot; it is still better to adopt Cromwell's plan, and make the iron hot by striking. The master spirit who can rule the storm is great, but he is much greater who can both raise and rule it. To attain that great power we must possess the brave and indomitable soul of activity which prompted Edmund Burke to exclaim to his supporters in his famous speech at Bristol, "Applaud us when we run, console us when we fall, cheer us when we recover; but let us pass on—for God's sake, let us pass on!" St. Paul spoke of the motive power when he wrote in the midst of his extraordinarily active life, "I can do *all* things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

Subjects for Preaching. An eminent preacher in New York said to another minister not long ago, "I have a large audience, but they are all Christians. I can't get the worldly people to come in and listen to me. I hear that a good many worldly people do come to hear you. You must preach some very strange things. What did you preach about yesterday?" "Well," said the other, "I preached in the morning on, 'I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me,' and in the evening on, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'" "Was that all?" said he. "Yes, brother, that was all, and quite enough too."

Livingstone's Success. Sir Henry Stanley, who found Livingstone, once told this story of his conversion. "In 1871 I went to Africa as prejudiced against religion as the worst infidel in London. To a reporter like myself, who had only to deal with wars, mass meetings, and political gatherings, sentimental matters were quite out of my province. But there came to me a long time for reflection. I was out there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and I asked myself, 'Why does he stop here? What is it that inspires him?' For months after we met I found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man carrying out the words 'Leave all, and follow Me.' But little by little, seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it."



LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

TIME, passing from the pool of dreams,
Has cast his robe around him;
Of new-spun day his vesture gleams,
With gold the East has crowned him.
And I am here to see the light
Make every dewdrop pearly,
For—"Where the heart has spent the night
The feet will travel early!"*

A moment past, a little life
By every leaf-bough slumbered,
But now the merry air is rife
With notes untaught, unnumbered;
A thousand birds are on their flight,
A thousand bees are humming,
And where their hearts have spent the night
Themselves are surely coming.

The world to all its joyous ways,
And I to wistful pleasure;
For singing birds their songs of praise,
But mine a softer measure.
Ah! drooping head of my delight,
Ah! voice too sweet for speaking,
You know where it has spent the night—
That heart that I am seeking!

EVA CHADWICK.

* Uganda proverb.

GOD'S BEAUTIFUL CREATURES.

SOME BEAUTIFUL FISHES OF THE BRITISH SEAS.

By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

(Illustrated from Photographs by R. Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane, W.C.)

"SO is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts"; so sang the Psalmist in extolling the power and goodness of God as displayed in the works of Nature. But it was a very small portion of the mighty waters covering the earth that was known to him; and of the creatures that inhabited these waters he had only the most meagre ideas. Since his days our knowledge of the grandeur of the seas, and of their marvellous fulness of life, has been vastly extended. The discovery of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans made the Mediterranean, that seemed to him a "great and wide sea," a little inland lake. Modern science has explored all the waters of the earth, and revealed to us the wonderful forms that exist even at the most enormous depths in the sunless abysses. The last great *Challenger* Expedition round the globe brought home treasures of knowledge, and opened up new fields of speculation, which have engaged the profound interest of naturalists ever since. Recent years have made us almost as familiar with the productions of the deep as with those of the dry land, and have taught us that there is no field so rich in illustrations of the Divine wisdom and power as the "great and wide sea."

The sea is the home of all kinds of creatures—"creeping things innumerable, both small and great beasts." It possesses some of the most uncouth, and also many of the most elegant forms of life. Indeed, it has a far larger variety of beautiful creatures than the dry land. I need hardly mention the sea anemones that make the pools on the rocky coast like gardens of flowers, the corals and madrepores that transform the ocean flood into fairy bowers, the star-fishes and sea urchins (see illustration) that are washed ashore by the waves, and fill the mind of the youthful finder with strange imaginings. It is

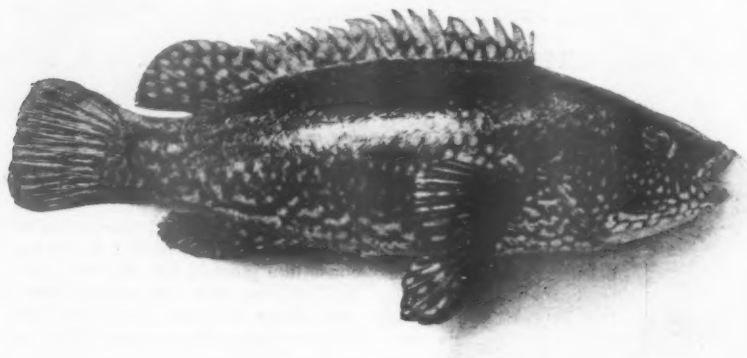


PURPLE SEA URCHIN.

a most interesting thought that everywhere God's world has been growing during the ages in beauty and fitness for use. Just as on the dry land the monstrous primeval reptiles and beasts of prey have, by slow succession of higher forms, given place to the mild-mannered sheep and cattle which are the objects of the shepherd's and the

husbandman's care; so in the seas the fierce gigantic dragons of the prime passed away, leaving their places to be occupied by shoals of graceful fishes of the latest geological periods, not only harmless, but excellent for food. How much more beautiful, for instance, are the salmon and the mackerel, with their shapely forms and graceful tails, introduced for the first time in the tertiary era, than the shark and the dog-fish, whose deformed mouths and tails speak of the

They share the flowing lines and the easy motions of its own currents and ripples. The sea-weed and the fresh-water alga are shaped by the transparent element in which they grow, and yield to its slightest impulse. In the hand the sea anemone is a shapeless lump of jelly; but in the lustrous water it puts forth its bright-rayed tentacles like the petals of a flower; while the green gleet, that seems a mere mass of ugly slime when exposed on a dry surface, floats from



BALAN WRASSE.

primitive type upon which they are constructed, and still remain with us as survivors of an old chaotic state of things when the sea was first inhabited. God, on sea and land, made a magnificent Nature contemporaneous with human nature. The dressing and keeping of the Garden of Eden on dry land made man a gardener and tiller of the ground; the harvests of the sea greatly enriched and enlarged his stores of food and made him a fisherman, and thus prepared the way in later ages, in the wonderful cycle of Divine Providence, for that toilful and precarious craft, from the members of which our Lord chose His Apostles—that they might go to the ends of the earth, and proclaim to every creature the blessed Gospel which is the bread of life to perishing souls.

My subject is a boundless one; but I have only to survey a very small corner of it. I might speak of the beauty of the dolphin, whose unfortunately fugitive colours have ever been a subject of greatest admiration. I might draw attention to the scales of fishes, which, under the microscope, exhibit the most marvellous forms of loveliness. I might show the wonderful harmony between the shapes of fishes and the element in which they live. Indeed, the quality which characterises all the productions of water is gracefulness.

the stone to which it adheres, in the bed of a stream, with the crystal wavelets that form folds of liquid drapery, like the luxuriant hair of the Nereids and water nymphs. Fishes as a class partake of the grace of the waters. They are adapted to its motions. They are moulded by its requirements. A ship is built to suit the conditions of its home on the mighty deep, and is therefore the most compact and well-ordered of man's works. There is nothing useless or superfluous about it. And so a fish has the same exquisite adaptation and concentration. Fishes are in the sea what birds are in the air, amongst the most elegant of God's creatures. They have similar beauty of colour and shape, and exhibit the same wonderful provisions and contrivances of Divine skill. I might go on in the same strain to describe the radiant beauties of the translucent waters around the coral islands of the South Seas, over which the boatman rows and gazes down into an inverted world of indescribable witchery—rainbow hues and crystal bowers—and snow-white groves through which fishes of strangest forms and brightest colours flash in and out like jewels. But it will better serve my purpose if, in this paper, I forego all the foreign romance of the subject, and speak only of a few of the beautiful fishes which frequent our own seas.

In the British waters there are some fishes remarkable for their brilliant hues. Among them may be mentioned the different species of the Wrasse family. The Balan Wrasse, of which our illustration (p. 334) is an example, is of a bright red colour, shading to a pale orange on the underside. The body has bluish-green oval spots, which contrast harmoniously with the red, while the fins and tail are green mixed with red. Though this is the typical arrangement of colouring, the fish is liable to great variations of hue, but in every case the red, green, and orange tints are predominant. The kind inhabiting the northern waters, such as Orkney, Denmark, and Norway, has more of the orange-red than the variety from the south of England, and the hues are always brightest when newly taken out of the sea, fading considerably in the course of a few hours' exposure. The size of the fish is generally from a foot to eighteen inches in length, and it weighs between two and four pounds. It is often called the rock-fish, because it is found principally in deep gullies, among the seaweed-covered rocks round our coasts, and spawns in the late spring or early summer, its colours coming out in the highest perfection at this season, as a brighter crimson comes upon the robin's breast during the nesting time. It has an elegant shape as well as brilliant colours, but its value as a food-fish is not in proportion to the beauty of its appearance, for its flesh is soft and tasteless, and fishermen do not hold it in much estimation, although it takes the bait freely, and is often caught in great numbers. When fishing for it only a few are brought up at first, generally of large size; but after a few days the angler who tries the same water manages to secure a much larger number of smaller size; and from this circumstance the fishermen have a theory that the older fish hold exclusive sway over a region within which the younger are kept in a subordinate position.

Another very beautiful species of the Labrus or Wrasse family is the Rainbow Wrasse. It has long been one of the familiar fishes of the Mediterranean, but it has been occasionally caught off the Cornish coast. It is not more than seven or eight inches long, of a slender, elongated form, but it has a most brilliant appearance. The back is greenish-blue, with a broad orange stripe extending along its side from the head almost to the tail, underneath which are lilac-coloured bands on a silvery ground. The head is adorned with a mixture of brown, yellow, blue, and silvery colours, and the dorsal fin is orange with a purple spot on the membrane. The general effect of this rainbow radiance is singularly beautiful and harmonious. When seen among the large brown sea-weeds on the rocks it is one of the loveliest objects upon which the eye can rest. Unfortunately, like many of the gorgeous fishes of the tropics, its flesh is poisonous.

Another species of this beautiful family is not uncommon on the southern coast of England, and occasionally puts in an appearance in the London market. It is called the Cook Wrasse, *Labrus coquus* (below), and is always conspicuous by its brilliant hues, though it is liable to considerable variation in its markings. Its general tint is orange-red, darkest on the back and lightest on the belly, while the sides are marked with fine stripes of blue and orange. It seeks shelter among the larger sea-weeds that fringe the rocks near the shore, and migrates in autumn and winter into deeper water. Fishermen do not use it as food, but they employ it as bait for other fish—which seems a very sorry use for a creature so resplendent.

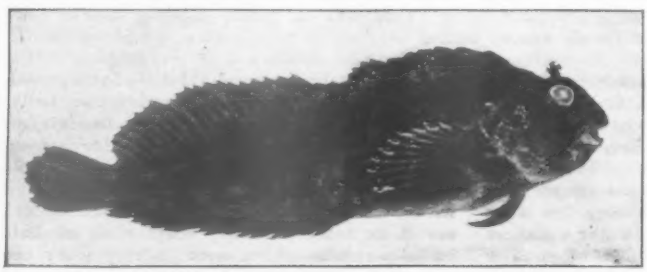


COOK WRASSE

The picture given of the Gattorugine below in the text does not strike one as either graceful in form or beautiful in colour, but it must have been taken from a preserved specimen; for the fish, when fresh and newly taken out of the water, is both elegantly shaped and has a rich dark purple hue clouded with a reddish-brown which is exceedingly striking, and fairly entitles it to be enrolled among beautiful fishes. This fish is common in the Mediterranean, and is often seen in the Adriatic around Venice. It is a rare visitant of our shores, being almost entirely confined to Devonshire and Cornwall, where it rarely exceeds half a foot in length. It is usually caught in spring and summer in the crab-pots that are then employed, and is known to the Cornish fishermen as the Tompot. This curious species is a Blenny, and belongs to a very interesting class of fishes. The British species of the genus are destitute of the peculiar tufted appendage which appears on the head of the Gattorugine, although this is a characteristic trait of foreign species. The genus comprehends such remarkable forms as the Shanny which is so tenacious of life that it may be kept in a damp place or in moist grass for several days, and when restored to water swims about as if nothing had happened; the Greenbone, so called because its bones when boiled become green, which brings forth its young alive, whose vitality is such that they are able to provide for themselves immediately after they are excluded; and the Wolf-fish or Sea-cat, which is often six or seven feet long, and has the appearance of a ferocious cat armed with most formidable teeth, which inflict severe wounds, and often tear the nets in which it is caught.

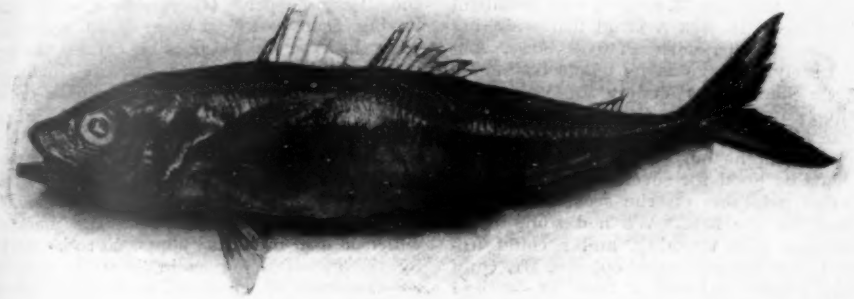
The Gattorugine is allied to a very lovely fish which Linnæus called *Callionymus*, which signifies "beautiful name." Its common name is Gemmeous Dragonet, derived from its brilliant gem-like colours. In Scotland it is called the Gowdie, from *goud*, which means golden, owing to its rich golden-yellow colour, spotted and striped with blue. This most charming species reminds us of the flying-fishes of the tropics, by its remarkably long wing-like pectoral and ventral fins which give it a look somewhat like the dragon-fly. These extraordinary fins must serve some useful purpose in its own economy, but it does not utilise them to flee from its enemies, above the surface of the water, like the tropical flying-fishes, and it very frequently becomes the prey of other fishes. The Gattorugine is also allied to a still more singular fish, the Angler or Fishing Frog, which is not uncommon in all the seas of Europe, and is a frequent inhabitant of the deep Scottish salt-water lochs. It is a striking example of Nature's compensations, for being a slow swimmer, and having a voracious appetite, it is furnished with the capacity to catch its prey by artifice. It confines itself to the bottom, and by its ventral and pectoral fins it stirs up the mud, so as to make a cloud, within which it hides its head and body, only elevating two curious long appendages above it, one of which terminates in a knob with a shining silvery appearance, and looking exactly like the bait at the end of a line. These shafts are delicate organs of touch, and are waved backwards and forwards by the concealed angler, so as to attract the curiosity of the small fish swimming near, which approach closely to examine the baited line, and are immediately seized by the huge mouth and devoured. The cunning displayed by the angler in this singular habit raises it above the level of the class to which it belongs, and makes it in the sea what the spider is on dry land, catching the insects on which it feeds by means of its web.

Another of the illustrations (p. 337) represents the Scad or Horse Mackerel, so called on account of its coarseness and inferiority as a food-fish in comparison with the true Mackerel. It is about the same size, and has an even finer appearance, its colour being a dark olive on the back, changing to a lustrous green with a bluish wavy gloss on the sides, while the head is silvery with waved reflections. It is a very elegant fish, and its movements are graceful and swift. Its forked tail resembles that of the swallow, and makes the fish to be in the water what the swallow is in the sky—distinguished for its rapid powers of flight; and, like the swallow, it is almost cosmopolitan within the temperate and tropical zones of the northern and southern hemispheres. On our own coasts it often appears in



GATTORUGINE.

large schools, and is so keen in pursuit of the herring, which is usually its prey, that by its impetus it often thrusts its companions in heaps on the sand. Off the shores of Norway the waters are sometimes in a state of seething foam with the vast multitudes of Scad. It is possible to stand on a rock that juts into the sea and jerk up three or four of them at a time upon the dry land with the hand. I have seen them coming so near the shore that there was no difficulty in catching any number of them in this easy manner.



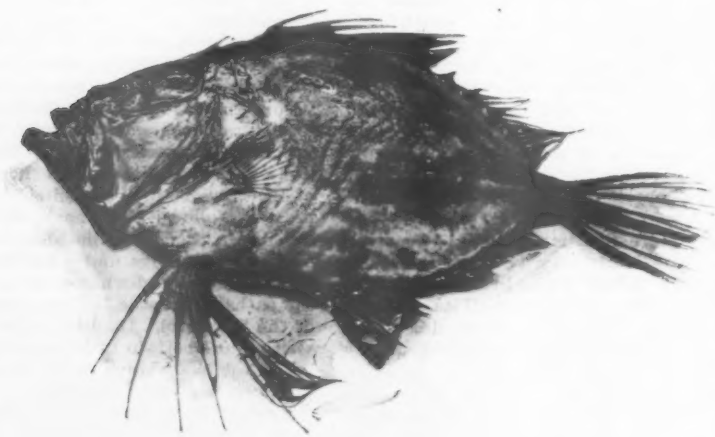
SCAD, OR HORSE MACKEREL.

Closely allied to the Scad is the well-known Pilot Fish, which is marked by fine dark blue transverse bands passing round the whole of its mackerel-like body, which contrasts finely with the general silvery greyish-blue colour of its sides. This beautiful fish, belonging to temperate and tropical seas, has been often seen and occasionally taken on our southern coasts. It is supposed to guide the shark to its prey, though probably the true motive for the strange association is that the Pilot obtains its food from the parasitic crustaceans with which the shark, in common with other large fish, is infested. Another reason for the habit may be that the Pilot feels in greater safety when in company with the shark, which scares away all its enemies, and is not active enough to catch itself. It has also a curious instinct to follow a ship sometimes for weeks and months together during its course at sea. The ancients held the belief that it pointed the way to sailors in unknown seas, and indicated the neighbourhood of land by its sudden disappearance. They therefore regarded it as a sacred fish under the protection of Castor and Pollux, the divinities of mariners. In summer, when the temperature of the water is warmer, Pilot Fish have not infrequently followed ships from the Mediterranean to harbours on the south coast of England, and been afterwards caught. Two Pilots made their appearance on one occasion alongside a ship at Alexandria, and were constantly seen for eighty-two days during the homeward voyage, until she arrived at Plymouth, when they were both taken and dressed for food. The fish is never longer than a foot, but its flesh is said to be excellent eating.

The true Mackerel is well known for the beauty and brilliancy of its colours, the elegance of its form, and its excellence as food. It is one of the most useful fishes to man, and is at the same time one of the most lovely. It seems to belong to a higher type of life, and to approximate to the condition of mammals on land, having, like them, blood-vessels and nerves of a red colour, and a greater supply of them than other fishes, and a temperature of blood several degrees higher. Owing to this peculiar physiology and its forked tail, this "swallow of the sea," as it is called, is ceaselessly active and exceedingly rapid in its motions, and it has great powers of endurance in swimming. As a fish of prey it follows the shoals of pilchards and herring in their periodical migrations. "Thou hast put all things under his feet . . . the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas." This is particularly true of the Mackerel. It obeys a law of Nature in visiting at a certain time each year the shallow water of the shore, and thus by a wise providence a fish that might otherwise by its swift movements roam over the whole surface of the sea, or frequent deep, inaccessible waters only, is placed in immense shoals within easy reach of man as food. The Mackerel should be eaten soon after being taken out of the water, for it very quickly decomposes and becomes unfit for food. Indeed, many cases of poisoning have occurred on account of this dangerous peculiarity of

rapid perishableness. At one time, owing to this circumstance, it was the only fish that could be sold and cried in the streets on Sunday; the strictness of the Sabbath law having been relaxed in its favour.

I remember, when sailing in a yacht between the Island of Arran and Skye, the seamen on board, trying their luck one afternoon at fishing, catching a large specimen of a fish which I had never seen before, the John Dory (below). When it appeared above water varying tints of blue and gold and white passed over its body like shot-silk in different lights, and it seemed a very brilliant creature; and when landed on deck its whole surface settled down into an olive brown, tinged with yellow, very beautiful and striking. It was a large fish weighing about nine pounds, with an oval body, and a head nearly as large as its whole body. Its dorsal fin had spines ending in very long filaments. Living near the bottom of the sea, the John Dory takes a long time to die when brought out of the water, and its flesh remains good for several days. Indeed, it is more palatable on the second or third day than on the first. We had some of it at breakfast next morning, and I could understand how the celebrated epicure, Mr. Quin of Bath, greatly enjoyed a feast of it, and brought it into high general estimation. So greatly valued as a food-fish was the John Dory considered by the ancients that they gave it the great name of Jupiter, the chief of the gods, and the genus to which it belongs is called by marine zoologists by the name of Zeus. Its common English name is supposed to be a corruption of the French *dorée*, or *jaune dorée*, derived from its peculiar golden-yellow colour; while others, again, regard it as a modification of the Gascon "*jan*," which means cock, and *dorée* the French word meaning "golden," so that the whole word signifies "golden cock." In some parts of the Mediterranean it is known as the Gallo or cock, and in the Adriatic as the "gate-keeper" (*Il janitore*), this name having been bestowed upon it in connection with the Apostle Peter, who carries the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. A fond and foolish tradition says that he took the tribute money out of the mouth of this fish at the Saviour's command, and left upon its body on that miraculous occasion the impression of his finger and thumb, as still shown by the characteristic black round spot on its side. In this respect it contends with the haddock, which is also fancifully supposed to be marked by the apostle's fingers in the same way, for the reverence of fishermen in Roman Catholic countries.



JOHN DORY

TALKS TO MEN.

By the Rev. H. B. Freeman, M.A., Vicar of Burton-on-Trent.

1.—AS MEN OF BUSINESS.

"Be ye like approved money changers."—*Traditional Saying of Our Lord.*

DURING Mr. Spurgeon's later years at the Metropolitan Tabernacle the great preacher, then in failing health, would occasionally accept help from his officials in the conduct of the services. One evening, when he was crippled with rheumatism, I heard him ask a deacon to pray before the sermon. This venerable supplicator, every inch a man of commerce, used a phrase which I have never forgotten. The petition rang not quite sympathetically upon unaccustomed ears, but it evidently had a meaning, true and solemn, for many of its hearers. "Grant, O Lord," prayed the speaker, "that to-night each one of us may *do business* with his God." The quaint words certainly expressed the concern of the human soul with its Creator as no namby-pamby sentiment, but as a real live thing. To this practical deacon of South London, I take it, his daily business was the most important matter outside his religion, and he therefore alluded to the one, quite naturally, in the terms of the other. To him it did not seem incongruous to use the language of the counting-house in his communings with the Eternal. To many business men, who yet desire, with more or less earnestness, to live as Christians, such incongruity would be painfully manifest. They are scared by the chasm which yawns, as they fancy, between the precepts of the Gospel and the demands of the work by which their bread is earned. So, as they honourably decline to be hypocrites, they are content with a negative attitude towards Christianity. They prefer to be vicariously religious through their wives and children. They would never "do business" with their God.

Such honest waverers confuse the needful and legitimate pursuit of money with the unessential and illegitimate methods imported into it by the customs of each evil generation. The distinction is often difficult, but it is just the power of making it which is the unique opportunity and glory of the man of business who is absolutely determined to live to God. In simple commerce there can be nothing inherently wicked. Because they were largely addressed to business men, many of Christ's parables and aphorisms deal with business transactions. In that Galilean gallery of imperishable pictures we see the patient pearl merchant securing the one prize of his life at the fishery. From the curious story of the unjust steward we gather the lesson that, if we would be live Christians, we should be wise to emulate the energy and the thoroughness which the children of the world put into their earthly aims. It is scarcely straining a point to say that there is a suggestion of certain prominent business virtues in well-known expressions of our Lord. Promptitude and punctuality are commercial pivots. "Agree with thine adversary quickly"—*i.e.* if merely from prudential motives. Industry is more needed in this age than ever it was. "Work while it is day." Caution is wanted. The man who means to get on is careful how he reveals a trade secret to the first comer. "Be ye therefore wise as serpents." The maxim that "nothing succeeds like success" is being continually proved. "To him that hath shall be given." No slighting word is ever recorded as spoken against commerce in itself, and the race from which He came (according to the flesh) has always been supreme for its business capacities among the nations of the world.

But if we have assured ourselves that there is nothing in the teaching of our Master which conflicts with our belief that the career of business may be the path of righteousness, there is abundant reason that we should go on to show how easily a lofty ideal may be marred. To allow that there is one standard of conduct for private and another for public life—one method of dealing for the family at the fireside, and another for the customer in the counting-house—is surely to give the lie to Christianity. It may be sound naval science to build some vessels in watertight compartments, but that man will make shipwreck of his voyage of life who regulates his business transactions by an absolutely separate code of morality. There are persons, unhappily for every country and century, who are such rogues in grain that they would do their utmost to effect a mean advantage in any human relationship. It is not with the iniquity of such that we are concerned, but with the strange moral obliquity of men and women who are often

irreproachable in their domestic and friendly relations. We speak of that we do know. One of the most kind-hearted men I ever came across, a devoted husband, a fond father, a beloved citizen, was suddenly discovered to have been in the habit of appropriating moneys entrusted to him, of robbing one client to pay another; and it was only by a legal quibble that he escaped penal servitude. It is an emphatic tribute to his local popularity to add that, by a sort of perverted sentiment, it partially persisted after the discovery of his crimes.

Let us notice another paradox. In this era of company flotation men are continually guilty, as companies, of sins of commission and omission from which they would often shrink as individuals. It has become a proverb of the market place that a company has no conscience. The individual may consider that he has some responsibilities in the way of alms-giving. He is not deaf to all calls of charity. But he "goes into" a company, and he joins quite cheerfully with his co-directors in cutting off the firm's subscriptions right and left, nor do subsidies from his private purse take their place. As an individual employer, a man would have some hesitation in turning off a clerk at a fortnight's notice after years of service simply on the score of retrenchment or rearrangement. Many companies have no such scruples, and the thing is being done every day. The policy which regards humanity as a mere money-making machine is indefensible, though a hundred pairs of shoulders bear the guilt.

We are told that we must be content with a standard lower for public than for private life. "Allow for friction" is a favourite phrase. This sophism sounds much like saying that it needs a certain amount of rascality to make the wheels of God's universe go round. Nasty things are called by nice names. Cant terms, such as "the custom of this house," are used to cover questionable methods.

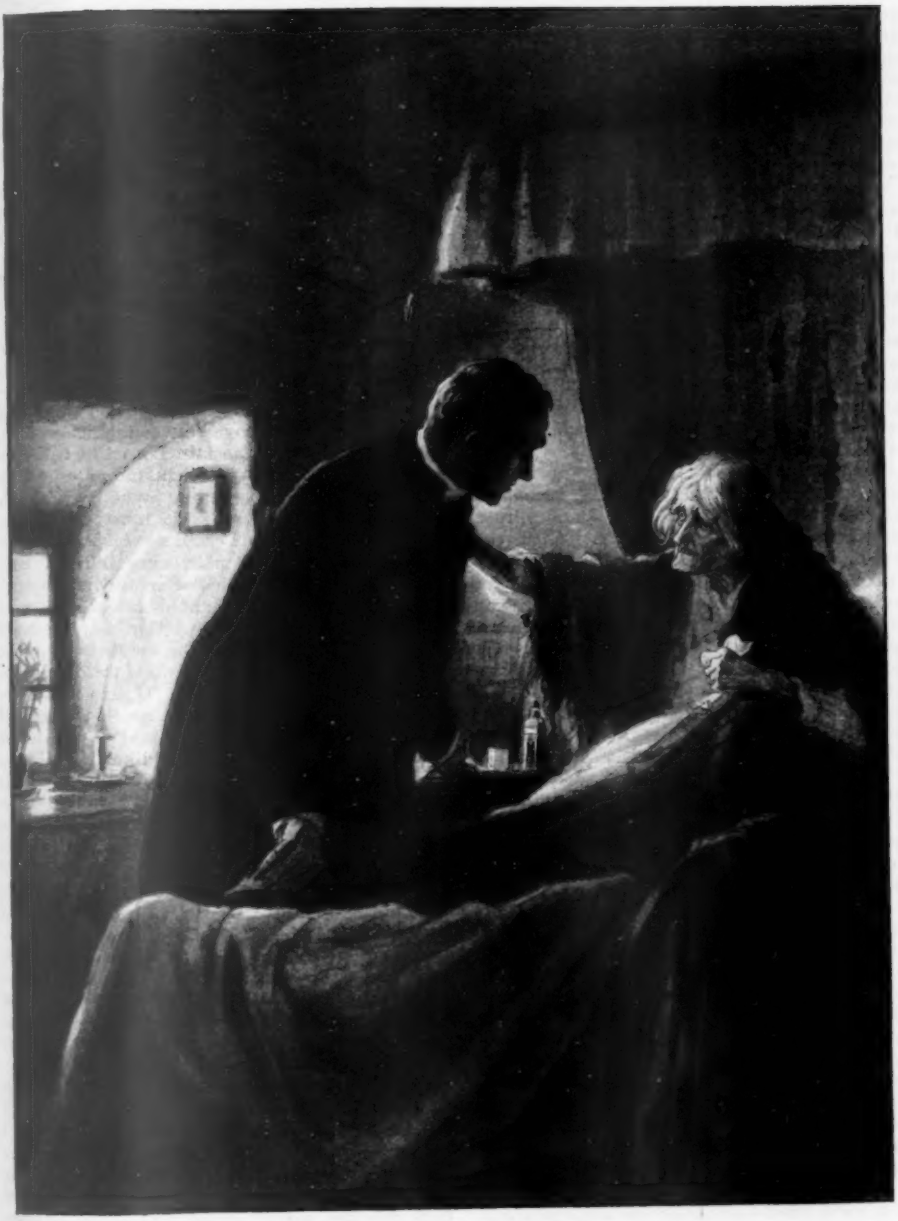
We willingly allow that, in most trades and professions, there are practices which lie on a well-nigh indefinable borderland between honesty and dishonesty, and with regard to which each Christian must be his own judge.

Take, among a score of examples which could readily be adduced, the single question of adulteration. When you want an extra big stick of chocolate for your penny, you are foolish if you do not expect a proportion of harmless farina, but how obviously wicked is the dangerous deterioration of food and drink. "I do my best business in lemonade and ginger pop when yon public-house closes," said an old lady to me in a certain Midland village. "The publican puts so much salt or summat in his beer." The disguise is usually thin which greed spreads over the stern face of the eighth commandment.

There is one broad and unmistakable distinction to be drawn between business which Christ might approve and the reverse. Whether Dr. Johnson was right or not when he said that a man was never more usefully occupied than in making money, it is a fact of experience that, in the case of money won without labour, there is usually something wrong. It is not within our present province to do more than lament the degradation, through the betting ring, of more than one noble British sport; but it is our opinion that the Christian must fight shy of those gamblings in stocks and shares, those dabblings in doubtful enterprises, which are begotten of a horrid haste to grow rich lazily at the expense of somebody else. If men would confine their profits to money which they had honestly worked for, and the acquisition of which involved no unfair advantage, all difficulty of squaring a business life with genuine religious professions would disappear.

The constant drip, drip of the dream of gold upon the heart has the effect, in the gradual ossification of the finer feelings, of a petrifying spring. I knew a young man with whom the desire of speedy and easy wealth was a craze. Despising the modest returns of a slowly increasing business, he plunged into speculation, and netted several hundreds on his first venture. But he never won again. Drunk with success, he gambled wildly, and within a few months he had brought himself, and some who had trusted him, to penury. Few realise how inherently ugly is the lust for gold. I saw its foulness once in a humble, but horrible, way. I was standing by the bedside of a very old woman, who was almost at her last gasp. I tried to minister to her, but she only raved to me again and again of five pounds which she feared to lose, and she died with the bank-note clutched desperately within her withered hand.

Business men, especially young business men, will say things to a parson whom they like and trust which sometimes set him pondering. "A kind-hearted master is no good for business nowadays—he will never do more than pay his way," a rising tradesman remarked to me. The assertion at first gave me a sort of shudder: one had a faithless, haunting dread lest it might be true. But I remembered that at least my friend's practice must be better than his theory, for I had previously heard of him as being considerate to those whom he employed. But his dictum does suggest another doubtful question. We have spoken of conscienceless companies; but



"'I tried to minister to her, but she would only rave.'"

in business relationships, what should be the Christian man's treatment of irregularity or of incompetency? Is he to filch the bread remorselessly, and at the first offence, from a poor and a dependent mouth, or is he to forgive until seventy times seven? No simple answer can be stated, but the truth, as usual, will probably lie between the extremes. A distracted widow calls upon her clergyman and tells him that her only son, who was a clerk, with twenty others, under the manager of a counting-house, has just been dismissed. The boy "borrowed" five shillings from the till early one Saturday morning, meaning to replace it at noon out of his week's salary, but the accounts chanced to be made up three-quarters of an hour sooner than usual that day, and the pitiful deficit was discovered. The manager says he has his firm to think about, and the lad has been flighty before. Given certain conditions, it is impossible to say that the severity is unwarranted. The clergyman watches the autocrat in his pew next Sunday, and is thankful that his was not the burden of decision. "Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all." When mercy can be reconciled with duty, the Christian will, at any rate, lean towards the side of mercy. With this proviso, we fail to see that the conscientious man of business is bound, in a strenuous and competitive century, to put up with slackness and incompetency. If we read the ethics of Christianity correctly, they have a rigorous side. Everywhere our Lord lays tremendous stress upon every sort of efficiency. The unprofitable servant in the parable had committed no sin, save that he had been too indifferent and idle to increase the money put into his hands. And yet few words from the lips of Him Who said, "Blessed are the merciful," ring more austère than those which announce this *fainéant's* doom. It was a case of firing out the worst sort of fool.

Some departments of business life are more severely competitive than others, and in them there will be the keenest conflict between honesty and dishonesty, between justice and mercy. This tremendous competition on so many sides was lately described to me, by one who knew what he was talking about, as being pre-eminently the special curse of the commerce of the new century. "It begets," said my informant, "a constant feeling of suspicion and unrest; each party to a bargain is too apt to believe that the one is endeavouring financially to cut the other's throat." He told me how he had been invited to tender for a certain contract, which he knew could not honestly be fulfilled for less than the sum he mentioned —£100. The successful competitor consented to carry the contract through for £75, and it chanced that within twelve months the identical work came into my friend's hands for repair, and he could see its rottenness and inadequacy. In times so perilous and so full of temptation there is, as we have said, at least all the greater honour in behaving as a Christian. Men of business have now occasions to "hold fast their profession" hardly afforded to those of us whose lot lies along the safer and more guarded ways of life. The Christian, according to the light given him, will always take his own line.

The same solution applies to the question of harshness *versus* kindness. "In journalism," a responsible writer has stated, "the competition now is too keen for philanthropy." The conditions, for aught I know to the contrary, may be grimmer in journalism than anywhere else, but they must never be hard enough to kill the love between man and man.

An utterance of the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge has always struck me as especially weighty. We may agree wholly with it, or not, as we please. "It must be remembered that all trade is, and must be, in a sense selfish. Trade not being infinite, nay, the trade of a particular place or district being possibly very limited, what one man gains another loses. In the hand-to-hand war of commerce, as in the conflicts of public life, whether at the bar, in Parliament, in medicine, in engineering (I give examples only), man fights on without much thought of others, except a desire to excel or to defeat them. Very lofty minds, like Sir Philip Sidney's, with his cup of water, will not stoop to take an advantage if they think another wants it more. Our age, in spite of high authority to the contrary, is not without its Sir Philip Sidneys; but these are counsels of perfection which it would be silly indeed to make the measure of the rough business of the world."

The religious life and the life of commerce, then, need not be incompatibles, if the man of business will be content to keep one sacred code of morality, to forego unjust and unkind profits, to live like the "approved money changers" who were perhaps described by Christ. "Thank God," said that selfless statesman and stainless gentleman, Lord Iddesleigh, to his wife before he died, "I have left no arrears." And it is the man who has ordered his business most fruitfully and faithfully in this world as God's steward who has the surest stake in the eternal treasures of God's Kingdom which is to come.



A Story for the Little Ones.

KING FIRLA really did a very unwise thing when he decided to invite only ordinary, every-day mortals to the birthday party of his daughter, the little Princess Nerpont, and to leave the fairies out of the festive gathering altogether. Of course, he hurt their feelings dreadfully; for, though he did not believe it, they had done a great deal for him during his reign, and it was entirely owing to their influence that Her Royal Highness was growing up such a nice, well-behaved child. Indeed, if you did not ruffle her curls and discover the tiny gold crown that was beginning to grow on her head, you would never suspect she had royal blood in her veins, or was different in any way from the many children you can see about—no matter where you live. But His Majesty was mean. That was the truth, and that, therefore, began all the trouble. He was afraid, if he asked one fairy, he would have to ask all of them, which would mean putting an extra leaf in the dining-room table, buying a great deal more food, and perhaps giving extra help to the cook; and, if there was one thing the King disliked more than the other, it was making the work any easier for the cook, or indeed for anyone who served him.

"Pooh!" he would say, if one of the over-worked domestics ventured to grumble, "I had no help when I was your age. I never heard of such a request. Go away, and don't let it be mentioned in my presence again," and he would look so aggrieved that nothing more was said about it.

All the fairies were convinced they would receive their invitations in due course, so they daily watched for the postman as he drove to the fairy palace in his cart drawn by a white mouse; but though he delivered

many letters to them, there never came a line concerning the big party they heard so much about. Some of these little people began to look out their best wings and dresses, so as to be quite ready when the invitations arrived, and one or two of the most venturesome appeared in court with their hair in curl papers, until the Fairy Queen objected to it, as being both unnecessary and untidy.

But not a sign from His Majesty did they receive, and when they realised it was too late their wrath was terrifying to see. They tore up the beautiful flowers and trampled beneath their feet the innocent ferns that grew in the royal forests, and would have done a great deal more harm had not the Fairy Queen interfered and stopped it. And then one naughty little fairy, still anxious for her revenge, thought out a splendid way by which she could make the King suffer for the slight he had shown them. She went to the Well of Gloom, and as she lowered her bucket she stooped over and called out what she wanted sent up in it.

"Witch, Witch," she cried, "let me have a fine black Frown, please—the best you have."

"What size is it to be?" queried the Witch, as she reclined on her couch of grumbles.

"It is to fit the brow of a royal Princess," said the spiteful fairy; and as she remembered the sunshine which generally surrounds only children, she bent her head lower. "Let it be very strong," she cried, "and quite, quite black."

And then she turned the handle of the windlass and wound it round and round until the bucket came slowly to the surface once more, and there fell out what she required.

The fairy raised the Frown in her hand, and looked at it critically to see what she thought of it. She noted with approval that it was black and heavy, and from its shape and size she was sure it would answer its purpose. So she trudged away towards the King's residence, and when she caught sight of the Royal Family sitting in the garden she tossed the Frown high into the air, and then wickedly blew a kiss after it.

"Good-bye, Frown," she cried. "Remember, I bid you fly until you find a resting place. Good-bye."

So the Frown flew across the garden, and when he drew near the tea-party he hovered in the air, feeling most uncertain whom to select, as everybody he inspected looked so happy and content that there was no room on their faces for even a tiny wee frown. Of course, the Frown was quite invisible while he was in the air, but the odd part about him was that directly he settled upon a brow he could easily be seen by anybody who cared to look.

The Frown tried the King's brow at first, but he could not stop there a second, as His Majesty was in such a good temper that he was laughing and smiling to everybody, and on a smiling face no respectable Frown cares to venture.

"That won't do," sighed the Frown as he flew off again. "However, I will try this old man." But the Lord Chamberlain, though very busy, had never been known to look cross, so, of course, he was quite hopeless. Again he flew away, and this time tried to settle upon the brows of all the maids-of-honour, but they were all too happy to find a place for him, and so it was with all the busy, hard-worked people he tested. But just as he was about to go away in despair, he caught sight of the little Princess, who was sitting in her high chair close to the tea-table and making a very big meal.

As the Frown approached, Her Royal Highness was demanding her third plate of strawberries and cream, and when her nurse, in her endeavours to do her duty by looking after her charge, firmly shook her head at such a request, the Frown saw his opportunity. In a minute he was perched on the brow of the little Princess, and directly he found there was room for him he began to settle down, and so well did he succeed that in a short time he was quite at home and began to make his presence felt. What an uproar there was in the royal garden! The little Princess ceased to be good and tractable; she struck her father and tried to bite her nurse, and when the ladies-in-waiting attempted to soothe her she made savage grabs at their hair until they rushed away in consternation, for not even people in high life enjoy having their hair pulled out by the roots.

But the most terrible thing of all was that Her Royal Highness was never seen without the Frown upon her face, and while it remained there nothing was right. When she awoke in the morning she would greet her nurse with an expression of ill-temper which gradually became worse as the day advanced. The King was most unhappy about the change in his daughter, and was really seriously considering whether he had not better postpone his party until her temper improved, when he suddenly remembered that the fairies were reported to be always ready to help distressed mortals. But for an instant His Majesty hesitated, as he recollected how ungraciously he had treated them in the past. "I don't expect they have heard of my party at all," he muttered. "How could they know anything of the doings of the court?" he foolishly argued to himself. "Anyhow, I will risk it."

The Queen of the Fairies, however, received him very coldly, and showed at once that she was not inclined to do anything to assist

him, until, in describing the change that had come over his child, he happened to mention the ugly Frown she always appeared with. And then Her Majesty blushed and looked most abashed, for she realised that one of her subjects had let the Frown loose in the palace grounds without her permission; therefore she felt the only thing she could do was to help him get rid of it again.

"I will come up to the palace this afternoon," she declared, "to cure your daughter. Don't tell her the motive of my visit, but let me meet her accidentally in the grounds. I shall be accompanied by some of my suite, who will carry with them the means I intend to employ. No, it will not hurt Her Royal Highness, and it will be a very speedy method. Good-morning."

So His Majesty led his small daughter into the garden as soon as she had eaten her dinner, and then patiently tried to keep her amused until the Fairy Queen arrived. But Princess Nerpont was really crosser than ever. She kicked and screamed and frowned at everybody so darkly that there was no bearing with her, and when her parent caught a glimpse of the fairies arriving he felt more inclined to ask them to remove Her Royal Highness altogether, as he was beginning to feel he never wished to see her again.

The Queen of the Fairies looked seriously at the ill-tempered child, and then she signed to one of her attendants to advance and open the golden casket she carried.

"Ah!" said the Queen, after a careful search, "here it is at last"; and then, as His Majesty exclaimed at the beautiful thing she produced from the box, she began to explain. "It is a sweet-tempered Smile," she told him, "and one of the rarest things in the world. That is why I keep them locked up in this golden casket. They are too precious to be lost. See. I throw it into the air, and it will fly on to the Princess's forehead, where it will fight the Frown that is so snugly settled there, and let us hope it will be victorious. Watch Her Royal Highness's face, and you will soon tell by the expression of it which has won."

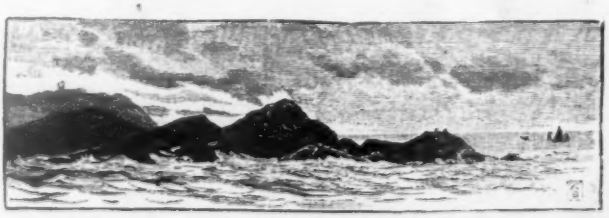
For a few minutes there was not a sound in the garden, and the King grew pale with anxiety, and placed his hand over his eyes in case he should see the Frown was still remaining. But at last a merry laugh startled him considerably, and when he looked up there was his little daughter as pretty and bright as she had ever been.

His Majesty was so grateful that for a second he wavered in his determination not to ask the Queen of the Fairies and all her subjects to come to his big party the following day, when he suddenly remembered he had already invited enough guests to make it very expensive, so he decided not to bother. Besides, the Queen was preparing to go, so there was no time to say anything about it.

But the mean King had forgotten his little daughter, who, as she saw the Queen was leaving them so soon, rushed after her, and, using her new smile to its best advantage, held up her face to beg a kiss.

"Good-bye, dear Queen," she said. "I will never let the Frown come to me again. I did not like having it at all, really. It made me feel so bad." And then she hurried to His Majesty, who stood near. "Dear papa, won't you ask the Queen and all her fairies to come to our party to-morrow? I want them to be here so very much, and I am sure you do also. So please ask them now."

And as the King stepped forward to speak he realised how rudely he had behaved, and he was so pressing in his invitation that the Queen, being of a very kind, forgiving nature, accepted for herself and her subjects, who, when the party was over, said it had been the most delightful one they had ever been to. They discussed it for days, and soon began to hope that His Majesty would speedily invite them to another—as, indeed, he did, for the King realised, as many had done before him, that no party was complete without the presence of those who could bring with them a winning smile.





WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

Dust and Ashes.

WHAT could be more suggestive of the end of all things perishable than the words "dust and ashes"? But on visiting the dust sifters in South London we find that the odds and ends of our discarded rubbish are the beginnings of new and great things. The fine ash which is sifted carefully helps to make bricks for our new buildings. Our roads are repaired and hardened with the fragments of china and tin which the women carefully sort into baskets. New glass and iron rise phœnix-like out of the molten remains of the old. Our fields are enriched with the manure separated from these. All that is left over is cast into the fire of the great destructor, and the cinders are again used in the furnace for baking the bricks. And so the work goes on, day in, day out. The women sort and sift the dust, whilst the men unload the carts and fill the baskets. The former are repaid for their daily toil in the open air in all weathers by a grand physique, by immunity from illness, and the unconscious picturesqueness of coloured handkerchief and looped-up skirt, enhanced by the smoke and vapour of the two great purifiers, fire and water. Treasures in the dust are sometimes found and become in time, if unclaimed, the property of the finder; but the treasure of health and a cheerful spirit seems theirs by right of the diligence with which they work. Smiling faces and cheerful repartee are the order of the day, for there is no time for boredom in the dustyard.

"The Least of These."

IN days when the privations of the East End of London were not as well known as they are now we have heard a clergyman, who laboured before the era of Model Dwellings and People's Palaces,



(Photo: V. Jensen.)

WOMEN ON DUST HEAPS.

tell of an old woman whom he used to visit, who was helpless in her entire body, save for one thumb, of which she, curiously, still retained the use. With this small remnant of vitality, she was incredibly ingenious in performing small offices of comfort for herself. "Ah, sir," she would say, "you, who have got the full use of your limbs, little know how thankful I am to the Almighty for sparing me the use of this one thumb." It was not long before her death that her pastor called upon her one Good Friday afternoon, and read to her, out of the Gospels, the story of the Passion. "And to think," she sighed, pointing to the cup of cold water (her only luxury), which stood by her side, "He had not even that!"

"Dare to be a Daniel."

A BOY of our acquaintance, between five and six years of age, was missing from breakfast one morning last summer. His father called him, but received no reply. "I believe the child is in the garden," said the mother; "he must have heard you through the open door." The father went out, and greeted his son with a degree of asperity as he saw him, oblivious of the parental summons, walking up and down the path with his hands clasped, and with a very serious face. "Oh, father," exclaimed the little lad, "mother was reading to me yesterday, how Daniel prayed to God three times a day with his face towards Jerusalem. I want to be like him, and I have been looking towards the church while I said my prayers. Don't be cross with me, as the cruel men were with poor Daniel!"

Some New Books.

UNDER the title of "His Majesty Baby, and some Common People," Ian Maclaren has collected two-and-twenty of his charming sketches into a volume, which is published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in time to serve as a welcome Christmas or New Year's gift in many a home. We have been much struck by what the well-known author and lecturer says in a chapter headed "Upon the Lecture Platform." Speaking of that platform, he says it "does many good things for a lecturer; for one thing, it strengthens his voice, it brings him into contact with large bodies of his fellow-men, and it inspires him with humanity. Upon the platform he learns to command himself, to take disappointments like a man; and, above all, he gains a new conviction of the kindness and goodwill of large bodies of people whom he has never seen before and may never see again, and of whom he will ever think with a grateful heart."—Mr. Elliot Stock has just published "An Officer's Letters to his Wife during the Crimean War," the officer being the late General Sir R. D. Kelly, K.C.B., and the interest of the letters to the general reader lying in their revelation of the fact that all the complaints which were made by critics of those in authority during the recent war seem to have been anticipated half a century ago by the men at the front in the Crimea.—Messrs. Morgan and Scott send us a little volume of thoughtful and pleasant "Five-Minute Talks with Young People," under the general title of "In School and Playground," by Mr. G. E. Morgan.—From Messrs. Marshall Brothers we have to acknowledge the receipt of a useful book by the Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas, B.D., on "Methods of Bible Study"; and from the Church Missionary Society, "Sea-girt Yezo," a book of glimpses of missionary work in North Japan, by the Rev. John Batchelor.—Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster send us two more volumes of sermons by the late C. H. Spurgeon, "Twelve Sermons on the Doctrines of Grace" and "Twelve Sermons on Precious Promises."

A Life of Dr. Parker.

THE death of Dr. Joseph Parker, for nearly thirty years pastor of the City Temple, London, has not only removed a strong individuality from the ranks of Protestant preachers of the day, but has deprived THE QUIVER of one who was a frequent and valued contributor to its pages. Such a life as his is not lost. His voice is, indeed, stilled; but his words remain with us, and will, we believe, be a power for good in countless lives and hearts for many years to come. The largest congregation ever addressed by mortal preacher is nothing by the side of the vast multitudes who may be, and are, reached through the press, and no man knew the value of the press to present-day Christianity better than Joseph Parker. During recent weeks the main incidents in his career of useful and strenuous service have been recounted in nearly every newspaper, but many readers demand a fuller and more intimate sketch of his life, and this is to be found in the new edition of "The Life of Dr. Parker," by the Rev. William Adamson, D.D., which is published in London by Messrs. Cassell, and in Glasgow by Messrs. Inglis Ker and Co. Even the last sad "closing scenes" are dealt with in this new edition; and Dr. Adamson writes with authority, for he not only knew Dr. Parker well, but was, we believe, a connection of his by marriage.

Mr. Tinworth's New Work.

A BEAUTIFUL panel in terra-cotta, representing the entrance of the Apostle Paul into Rome, has recently been executed by Mr. George Tinworth, the well-known artist in clay. The Apostle is portrayed standing in a cart hauled by patient oxen, and is outstretching his hands to his friends who have come to greet him. Chains depend from his wrists, for, of course, he is a prisoner, while the boughs of leafy horse-chestnuts hang overhead. On the left of the panel stands a statue of Mercury, and, as the god was supposed to benefit flocks and herds, the artist has modelled a shepherd bowing before the statue with a dead lamb in his hands. In the background are seen Roman temples, and also a Roman funeral proceeding to the catacombs hard by. Mr. Tinworth saw a bust of the Apostle Paul in these catacombs, and in modelling his figure in the panel he has borne that bust in mind. He has certainly produced a noble representation of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, and has given him a fine head, the head of a strong man. Mr. Tinworth was visiting Rome some three or four



MR. TINWORTH'S NEW WORK.

(By permission of Messrs. Doulton and Co., Ltd.)

years ago, and the thought of designing the panel came to him as he was proceeding along the Appian Way. His first thought was to name his work "The Two Messengers," Mercury being the messenger of the gods, and St. Paul the messenger of Christianity; and in the panel on the outside, yet near the statue, the artist has depicted a balance in which the old heathen gods are weighed and found wanting. On the other side of the panel—which extends to some nine feet in length—on the outer edge of the work Mr. Tinworth has etched his monogram and a little picture of himself as a boy in the wheelwright's shop. The panel has occupied the artist a considerable time in execution, and the result is very dignified and striking, and the piece is likely to rank with the noblest of the artist's works.

Only Tied to the Stick.

A FRIEND sent us a pot of tulips in flower from a florist's. Three blooms were in the pot. Each flower rose on its smooth stem from its grey-green pointed leaves, and was tied neatly to a stick. Next day, however, one of the three flowers drooped and withered, while the other two were full of freshness and beauty. It was only a close examination which revealed the reason. The withered flower was not vitally on the root. Its stem was broken across, though it rose from amongst its leaves and was skilfully supported by the stick. We could do nothing with it but throw it away, while the other two made day after day a warm bit of red colour in the room. Christians need to be on the Root, Christ. The ordinances of the Church are admirable for the outward support and ordering of the life, but it must draw its real support

from the Root Himself. Nor must the link with Christ be a slight attachment, but a union of will and affection, so that His life may go full and without hindrance to the believing soul. The link of a small riband of the stem-skin had not helped the withered tulip at all.

Small Traits of a Great Character.

"Do not cut that fine piece of cord." The speaker was Sir James Paget, who one evening during the closing years of his useful life came into Holy Trinity School, Marylebone, to distribute the Sunday scholars' prizes. He arrived early enough to be at the opening of the parcels of books, and at once offered his help in untying the knots, and in the practical work of unpacking and arranging them. After distributing the rewards, he closed with some encouraging words of fatherly advice to all the children. He told them of nobler prizes, in this world and the next, that were within their grasp, and asked if they would resolve to gain them. "I do not want you to answer me 'I will, if I can,'" he continued kindly; "say, 'I can, if I will,'" and he tried to make all understand how much lay within their own power. After a long life of service to humanity, the eminent surgeon could look back and see from his own experience that almost unlimited possibilities are hidden in strong will and brave purpose. With the addition of habits of punctuality and attention to details, evident in the small affairs of life, a strong character possesses the chief elements of success.

"The Quiver" Waifs' Fund.

A YOUNG reader, seeing the reference in the November number of THE QUIVER to THE QUIVER Waifs' Fund, sent two of her own dolls, with which, at fifteen, she was palpably reluctant to part, for our little girl *protegée*. Here is a copy of the letter which Rosie Heelis sent to the Editor to be forwarded to her friend:—

"Orphans' Home,
Upper Grosvenor Road,
Tunbridge Wells,
November 24, 1902.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Thank you very much for the two lovely dolls you sent me; it was so kind of you. I will take great care of them. I shall take them out with me when I go for a walk; we go for such lovely runs on the common, and I am sure my dollies will enjoy it. I have got a little mail-cart, so that when Rosie and Reenie—those are my dollies' names—get tired, I can give them a ride. I must say good-bye now. Thank you very, very much. From your loving little friend,

"(Signed) ROSIE HEELIS."

The Divine Love of Beauty.

HAVE you ever seen a case arranged to exhibit the crystalline sponges? What is called Venus's Watering Pot is not uncommon even in drawing-rooms. Have you ever seen the new glass models to illustrate the structure of these sponges, the microscopic structure of their skeletons, their zooids, or organised points of clustered animal life, which are arranged on the crystalline skeleton, of their spicules or crystal defences and extra supports? The beauty of all these far surpasses that of the finest Venetian glass. No one knew this or saw it until comparatively lately. So it is with the myriads of Foraminifera which are found in every sea, the lovely houses or supports of animals for the most part every minute. So it is with the Diatoms, which are the flinty supports of microscopic vegetable life. It requires the highest powers of the best microscope to make out the detail of the sculpture of a Diatom frustule. So it is with Topaza Pella, a semi-nocturnal hummingbird in Surinam. And when we remember that the beauty which man has as yet seen is but a small part of that which still remains, and which has never been seen, and never will be seen, by mortal eye, we cannot resist the conclusion that God loves beauty for its own sake. Grace is infinitely higher than Nature, high and wonderful as Nature is. God has done far more to secure the beauty of



SORTING REFUSE. (*Photo: V. Jensen.*)

(*See "Dust and Ashes," p. 346.*)

the human soul than the beauty of the most perfect of His works. The gift of His Son to save the lost, and in saving them to make them like Himself, was the gift of Love, and God loves the image of His heart far more than the image of His intellect. Let us take courage, then, and use patience. God will have His way, and perfect that which concerneth us. We shall not always be what we are. Only let us see to it that we care intensely for that for which God cares.

Ebal and Gerizim.

THERE are glorious sunsets to be witnessed, on occasion, even in London. Have you ever stood on Westminster Bridge when the air is luminous, and the very horizon seems aflame, and the western heaven is like a tender rose leaf melting into gold? In the forefront of the picture, more sombre, colossal and forbidding, by reason of the very radiancy of the background stands the great clock tower of the Houses of Parliament, the home of the Legislature of the vast Anglo-Saxon race. It is thus sombre and forbidding, that Law, even God's Law, looks, unless the eye of faith can pierce beyond it, to the vision of unspeakable glory, to the land of eternal calm. "Do the thing which is right; for that shall bring a man peace at the last."

The Power of Gentleness.

ON the south coast there is a small deep bay, with a precipitous pebbly beach. The water is deep up to the shingle, and there is a tremendous "under tow," as it is called, a current which would carry the body of anyone sucked down by it miles out to sea. An escape has hardly ever been known from this weird pool of danger and of death. But in the early part of the last century two ladies were walking along the shifting, slippery beach, and one of them fell into the water. For an instant she floated, before the awful "under tow" began its suction, and the corner of her Paisley shawl, which was fastened, in the early Victorian fashion, by a brooch, drifted towards the shore. Her companion could just reach the corner of the shawl. Had she pulled sharply, all must have been lost. Very gently, with a woman's life depending upon whether or no a fragile brooch pin would hold, she drew her friend to shore. The "under tow" was baulked of its victim. It is often thus in life. Not the most violent measures have the surest and swiftest result. In quietness and in confidence shines forth the hero's true strength.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from November 1st up to and including November 29th, 1902. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For *"The Quiver" Waifs' Fund:* A CONSTANT READER of THE QUIVER, Brighton, 3s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* An Irish Girl, £1 1s., &c.; L. R., Newcastle, 5s.; Mrs. L., 5s. The following amounts have been sent direct: "Non Nobis, Domine," 10s.; J. S., 7s. 6d.; Lochalsh, 3s.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

25. In what manner did St. Paul commence his mission work in the various towns he visited?

26. What charge was brought against St. Paul at Thessalonica?

27. What is known of the Jews at Berea?

28. In what words does St. Paul set before the Thessalonian Christians the duties of prayer and thankfulness?

29. What ground have we for supposing that St. Paul intended his Epistles to be read in all the Churches?

30. Quote passage in which St. Paul shows how careful the Christian should always be in his daily conduct.

31. In what way did St. Paul prove to the Athenians that their idols could not represent the true God?

32. How does St. Paul refer to the origin of man in Adam?

33. What was the great difficulty which prevented the Athenians accepting the teaching of St. Paul?

34. What very important person was converted to Christianity by St. Paul at Corinth?

35. How did St. Paul at Corinth show his indignation against the Jews for their blasphemy and opposition to the Gospel?

36. What reason have we to suppose that Silas, the companion of St. Paul, died at Corinth?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 184.

13. Bethlehem, in Judæa, where Jesus was born (St. Luke ii. 11).

14. They sang and praised God because of the glory which such an event brought to God both in heaven and earth (St. Luke ii. 13, 14).

15. The shepherds were the first to proclaim the glad tidings of Christ's birth to the world (St. Luke ii. 17).

16. He was to be found wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger (St. Luke ii. 12).

17. "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live" (Is. xxxviii. 1).

18. God caused the shadow on the sun-dial of Ahaz to return ten degrees (Is. xxxviii. 8).

19. Hezekiah became proud and forgot all God's kindness to him, and thus brought down punishment both upon himself and his country (2 Chron. xxxii. 25).

20. The Jews were not allowed to give more than thirty-nine stripes (forty save one); but among the Romans there was no limit (Acts xvi. 23; 2 Cor. xi. 23, 24).

21. The law which commanded that no Roman citizen should be bound or scourged, and that no one should be punished without a trial (Acts xvi. 37).

22. Because, if a prisoner escaped, he would be put to death, and among the Romans it was considered braver to die by one's own hand (Acts xvi. 27).

23. That of joy. "Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice" (Phil. iv. 4).

24. "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God. . . shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus" (Phil. iv. 6, 7).

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A VENERABLE SOCIETY.

FEW Temperance Societies in the Midlands, if any, surpass the well-known Leicester Temperance Society in the extent and variety of the operations so successfully carried on. This historic association was founded so far back as October, 1836, and owes its origin in the main to the labours of that enthusiastic worker, John Hockings, "The Birmingham Blacksmith." He was most heartily supported by Mr. Thomas Cook, who subsequently became world-famous as the founder and organiser of "Cook's Excursions"; indeed, it is not too much to say that to Thomas Cook, his son, Mr. James M. Cook, and the members of their family, the Temperance movement in Leicester is under a debt of gratitude which can never be fully told.

AFTER SIXTY-SIX YEARS.

After sixty-six years one might be prepared to learn that things were getting a bit rusty. But the last annual report of the Society shows that this is far from being the case. The office-bearers to-day are Mr. John E. Faire, J.P., President; the Treasurer, Mr. Councillor W. Smith; the Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. Beckwith, and the Organising Secretary, Mr. J. Matson. The Society owns a very handsome and commodious Temperance hall, and during the year registered upwards of one thousand pledges, apart from the three thousand pledges taken in Leicester during the "Million Pledge Signing Crusade." Pleasant Saturday Evenings are a popular feature of the work, and the usual propaganda of conferences, public meetings, and open-air gatherings has been well maintained. Brewster sessions work and a watchful supervision of legislative enactments also claimed attention, and the circulation of Temperance literature, particularly at Christmas and the New Year's season, deserves to be mentioned.

A MODEL SECRETARY.

In Mr. H. Beckwith the Society has a most devoted Hon. Secretary. He has now been resident in Leicester about twenty-one years. He is the representative of the well-known firm of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons, of the railway bookstalls, in whose service he has been for forty-one years. He signed the pledge in 1868, and in 1870 he became Secretary of the Bournemouth Temperance Society. Upon his removal to Southampton in 1871 he became prominently associated with the Good Templar body, and instituted "The Dawn of Hope" lodge. Mr. Beckwith was associated in the arrangements for the first Temperance meeting under the Independent Order of Good Templars, in which Canon (now Archdeacon) Wilberforce took part. The Canon was not then an abstainer, but three weeks later he and his four curates also signed the pledge, and Mr. Beckwith became Secretary of St. Mary's, Southampton, Church of England Temperance Society. From Southampton Mr. Beckwith removed to Torquay, and he was the recipient of many parting gifts. Canon Wilberforce truly said: "One gallant worker, one indefatigable bearer of the standard for the people, we shall grievously miss. The calling of Mr. Beckwith to another sphere of work sensibly weakens us." At Torquay he was soon in harness again as Secretary of the Ellacombe branch of the Church of England Temperance Society. In 1881 he removed to Leicester, and it was not long before his energetic enthusiasm made a deep impression on the Temperance forces of the town. For nineteen years he has been Secretary of the Holy Trinity branch of the Church of England Temperance Society; he has been Secretary of the Leicester



(Photo: Walker & Harris, Leicester.)
MR. H. BECKWITH.

Auxiliary of the United Kingdom Alliance; District Chief Templar for Leicestershire; and for eighteen years the President of the Leicester Convention of the Independent Order of Good Templars. Mr. Beckwith is a ready and able speaker. From

the varied stores of his wide experience he is able to illuminate his addresses with many apt illustrations, and it need scarcely be said that his services are very much in request in the town and neighbourhood. One only marvels how he can sustain the constant wear and tear which his many engagements obviously entail.

A CAPABLE ORGANISER.

Mr. J. Matson, the Organising Secretary of the Society, has been connected with the



(Photo: Saville & Co., Leicester.)

MR. J. MATSON.

association since 1889. He is a teacher by profession, and commenced his Temperance work as an agent of the well-known Leeds Temperance Society. From Leeds he removed to the south as a lecturer for the Southern Counties Temperance Association. His next appointment was as Organising Secretary for the Manchester Wesleyan District, and finally, as we have said, in 1889 he commenced his useful labours in Leicester. Mr. Matson's qualifications for his onerous work are of no mean order. He holds a first-class advanced certificate (South Kensington) in chemistry, physiology, magnetism and electricity, acoustics, light and heat, and hygiene. He is a very happy speaker and an ardent believer in open-air work. As a Wesleyan local preacher he is widely known and much respected, and in the ranks of the Good Templar Order (with which he has been connected for nearly thirty years) he is held in high estimation. The venerable Leicester Society is indeed fortunate in having two such earnest executive officers as Messrs. H. Beckwith and J. Matson.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

Our next selection of testimonies shall be culled from the opinions of some famous soldiers. Long before Temperance work had been organised in the Army, or before even the Army Temperance Association had been thought of, there were leading military men who enthusiastically advocated the claims of the Temperance movement. For example, General Sir Richard Dacres, K.C.B., in writing from the Crimea, January 17, 1855, said: "Since I became a teetotaller I have gone through great fatigues in hot climates. I have crossed the Atlantic, come here, been exposed to disease and some discomfort (not much, from my rank and situation), and I have never been sick or had even a short attack of diarrhœa. I ascribe this to water; but, mind, I am a temperate eater also; never eat animal food more than once a day; no lunch but a piece of biscuit; am a very early man. Now all these things combined enable me to do as much hard work at fifty-five as many ten or fifteen years younger. What I began with, as an example I now continue, as I consider I am much better without wine, beer, etc., both in a religious and worldly point of view. I shall continue as I am, please God, to my life's end." In the American Civil War General "Stonewall" Jackson was remarkable for his habits of strict abstinence. On one occasion, when very much exhausted, he was asked by a brother officer to join him in a glass of brandy and water. "No," said he, "I never use it: I am more afraid of it than of Yankee bullets!" Sir William Fenwick Williams, the heroic defender of Kars during the Crimean War, placed on record the following emphatic testimony: "I am indebted to a gracious Providence for preservation in very unhealthy climates; but I am satisfied that a resolution, early formed and steadily persevered in, never to take spirituous liquors has been a means of my escaping diseases by which multitudes have fallen around me. Had not the Turkish army at Kars been literally 'a cold-water army,' I am persuaded they would never have performed the achievements which crowned them with glory." When a soldier was brought before Sir Henry Havelock charged with drunkenness, the great general exclaimed, "You cannot be a good soldier and drink intoxicating liquor." Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, the present Commander-in-Chief, says: "From what has come under my own notice, as a commanding officer, I consider nothing is so advantageous for the well-being of a battalion, both morally and physically, as the establishment of a total abstinence society. Most of the crimes in the Army in India result from drinking to excess. Since the Temperance movement commenced the reduction of offences has been remarkable and the health of the regiment much improved."

XUM

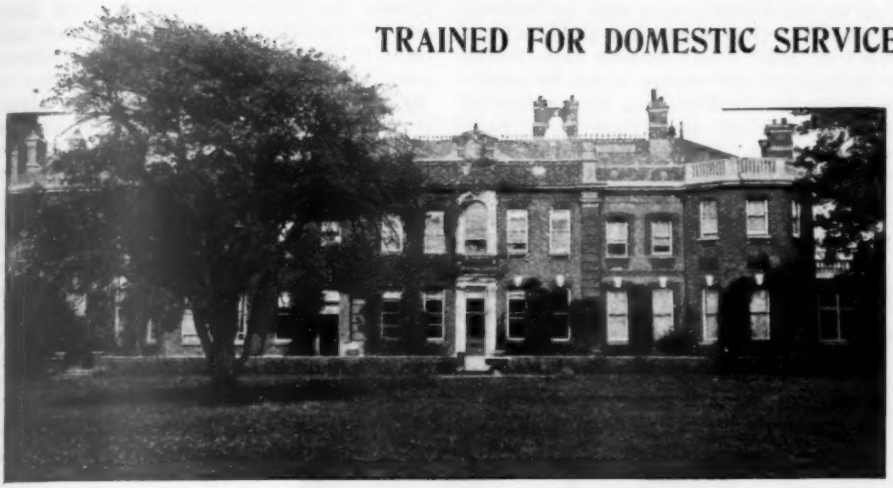


"THE FAIREST FLOWER."

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. DOYLE PENROSE.

(See p. 446)

TRAINED FOR DOMESTIC SERVICE.



GORDON HOUSE SCHOOL, ISLEWORTH.

"SHE had tramped all the six years of her little life. She had never known the meaning of home."

The wanderings of the tiny tramp referred to came to an end when she reached the Gordon House School, Isleworth. The strong hand of the State arrested her and placed her under the legal control of the School Board. She happened to be one of a number of typical cases cited by the Lady Superintendent when describing the class of children in her charge. It is interesting to know what is the immediate result of bringing a young nomad of the town under domestication.

"For three weeks this little girl slept almost continually," the Superintendent said. "We tried to make her smile; but in all that time nothing—not even the sight of bright-coloured flowers that we brought to her—awoke any response. We have generally to teach the children who come here to laugh and to play. Their only idea of a game is the play they have seen between their fathers and mothers, which consists in knocking one another about, perhaps with a poker."

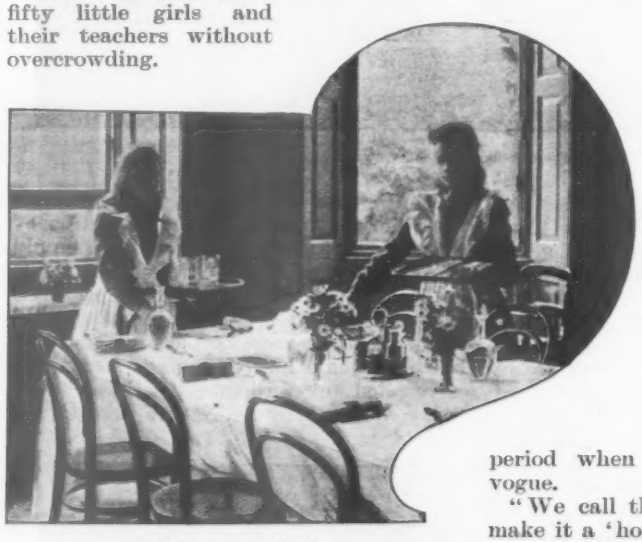
It is not surprising that weary little pilgrims, dragged from one common lodging house to another, always under the order that poor Joe, of "Bleak House" celebrity, dreaded, to "Move on," should want a long rest when they are made at last to lie down in green pastures. They require to lay aside premature old age with their rags of clothing and the burdens that hardship and starvation have piled upon them. A visible change comes over them as Nature asserts her



(Photo: Byrne and Co., Richmond.)

"BABS," THE FIRST BABY RECEIVED INTO THE GORDON HOUSE SCHOOL.

right to childhood's rest and recreation, and they develop a distinct tendency to grow younger. Their former experiences are calculated to reduce them to impassive or sullen submission to authority. They imagine at first that they have been brought to the palace of the King or Queen. Their ideas can rise no higher. The great gate at the lodge is not locked, so they have no reason to suspect that they are being enticed into a gilded prison. Their education must proceed farther before they take in the history of the long red two-storeyed house which accommodates fifty little girls and their teachers without overcrowding.



FUTURE PARLOURMAIDS.

It was originally the home of Lady Augusta Gordon, from whom it takes its name. It became subsequently the residence of the Earl of Kilmorie. After his death it came into the market, and in November, 1897, it was opened by the London School Board as a Home for girls taken from dangerous surroundings. Up to this time the Board had no place for girls to correspond with the *Shaftesbury* training ship already in their possession for rescued boys. Old or middle age is very becoming to red brick, and the walls have gained the subdued ruddy complexion that Time imparts, and all hard outlines are softened by creepers. Never has the venerable building been so replete with vigorous youth. It has, indeed, overflowed, and a second house, known as "The Cottage," but large enough to take in twenty girls, has been built in the grounds. A large conservatory has been transformed into a schoolroom for those in the higher standards, and their lessons are favoured by light, air and warmth. A path leading from the outside door of this conservatory to the principal entrance looks down on an expanse of water flowing between low green banks. Rowing boats and steam launches give life and movement, and are bright spots of scarlet, white and other colours, against a background of grass and shady trees. The river Thames bends and branches gracefully at this point and gives an impression of a lake. The other side of the house turns its face on a terrace leading to a green lawn with a stone basin and fountain in the centre. Beyond is a park shaded by old trees, all looking well fed, well watered, and well loved, a tall velvety cedar towering above his fairer comrades. A stone alcove links the grounds to a period when classical objects were in vogue.

"We call this school a Home, and we make it a 'home' for the children as far as possible," the Superintendent said. "Very few of them have known any other. The parents of some are in prison. One of our little girls had been thrown down a staircase by her own mother. The stories connected with many of them are too horrible to tell you."

It is a wonder that so many little actors in the tragedies that are being continually dragged out in the ranks of crime should live to tell the tale. A large percentage die; but who knows for what useful purpose God has preserved the survivors, who are probably the strongest, and certainly the fittest, or they would not have been spared, for the battle of life? The new and original buildings together are supposed to take in seventy children; at the present time the rule has been stretched for them to receive seventy-

two. London has no lack of little citizens before whom lie the three great scientific possibilities—balance, elaboration and degeneration. Left to themselves, nothing but degeneration from the comparative innocence of childhood to the criminality of their parents must await them. Questions will arise whether such material is worth the cost of elaboration, and if children whose antecedents are bad must not succumb to the law of reversion to type when they leave the institution. The best reply is practical proof. The experiment of training them for domestic service in the Gordon House School and establishing them in situations has been tried, and has so far met with success. During the five years that have elapsed since the Home was founded there has been time to test the result of training on fifteen girls. Their photographs hang in the room of the Superintendent, who has been in the Home since its early



LESSON-TIME.

days. Not one of them has failed, and not one has exercised her right at the age of eighteen to return to her former guardians, or, whatever the temptation may have been, to relapse into a life of freedom from restraint. Nearly all have gained the prize offered by the school to any ex-pupil who keeps her situation for a year and whose employer recommends her as bearing an excellent character. From necessity, the first to be equipped and sent out at the age of fifteen are amongst the number taken from dangerous associations at a more advanced age of childhood, and are therefore not the most promising subjects.

There are other natural laws as strong as heredity and reversion to type. Here is an opportunity for observing the variation produced by environment and domestication. Above all, here is the visible working of a Power higher than all Nature's forces. Religion is at the foundation of the education. There is every reason to hope that children trained in the love and fear of God will know how to choose the good and refuse the evil when the time comes for deliberate decision of their path through life. The vicar of the parish visits the school and gives them religious instruction. Half the number attend the parish church; the rest go to St. Margaret's. It is very probable that some pupils will never be molested by unsatisfactory relations. Two little sisters have been in the Home for two years without any visit or note of inquiry from outside. When they were admitted, the elder, a child of seven, was asked about her father's occupation. The information she was able to give went to show that he belonged to a contemplative order. She said that he divided his time between the "Eagle" and hanging over the parapet of various bridges.

The talk in the Superintendent's room was interrupted by an announcement that the doctor had called to see a sick baby. The poor little patient was discovered to have been suffering from tuberculosis before its admission, and was subject to frequent attacks of illness. The story of many such short lives possesses a serious moral and warning. To search the pedigree of inmates of the Gordon Home and of kindred institutions brings out the fact that intemperance is the most fruitful source of England's crime, and that this sin is visited on the descendants of drunkards in a tendency to disease. The younger the children who are removed to fresh air and wholesome surroundings, the greater the promise that care may build up their constitutions and wipe away all trace of the bad dreams of a past life from their memories. They are admitted between the ages of two and fourteen or fifteen years old. The Home Office makes a grant for the maintenance of each child over six; those under this age are supported by the London School Board, and at the present time there are seven little girls under its supreme paternal care in the Home. Mrs. Homan, daughter of Sir Sydney Waterlow, is the lady member of the London School Board who has made the Home the object of her interest and large-hearted practical sympathy from the very beginning.



MAY DAY AT GORDON HOUSE.

"You would like to see the babies? I will send for them," the Superintendent said, and within two minutes of the summons three trotted into the room together, with every sign of having great pleasure in accepting the invitation. The eldest, who had reached the mature age of three, was the first baby admitted, and the prerogative of seniority allowed her to retain the title of "Babs." She introduced the two others as Lalla and Mary. They were as friendly and kittenish as herself, but Mary had suffered from rickets, and had been quite unable to stand when her feet first touched the floor of the institution. Lingering wistfulness as well as confidence shone in her blue eyes. "Babs" took the younger child under her protection, and placed her dimpled hand under the little chin and gently raised the face when it drooped shyly. The present business in life of these babies was to learn the meaning of being cared for and the gladness of loving obedience. They were too young yet to adopt a more respectful title than "Auntie" for the Superintendent. At four years of age they would enter upon the dignity of school life. The code of lessons is the same as that used in all schools under the Elementary Education Act; but the ultimate object of fitting the girls for domestic service is always kept in view. It is there when morning breaks.

Six o'clock strikes, and the dormitories are astir. Several little faces beamed in assent to the remark that it must be very pleasant to look out of the windows on first awakening. They see the grand river flowing past at a stage of its career before being blackened by contact with the murky town. The elders breakfast at a quarter to seven; then, for the time being, all are parlourmaids or housemaids. The Home must be treated with the tender care that such a place deserves. A square hall with a marble pavement and an oak staircase pay for attention. Girls who have daily studied the fine art of brandishing a broom or flourishing a duster amongst highly polished surroundings will not feel like Newfoundland puppies in a china shop when they enter upon a superior class of service. Even their play-room, with its vaulted roof and ecclesiastical columns, shows no sign of suffering from rough usage. Quietly and surely, environment influences habits, and habits form character. The same little children who in slum life would acquire the method of using up the wainscoting and wooden banisters of their lodgings for fuel, or of breaking off water taps to sell as old metal, and the multifarious acts of destruction that starvation in unlovable shelters and the nearness of a pawnshop inspire, absorb, in new surroundings, a love and respect for objects that make a home and that smile under their care. They learn even to trip about noiselessly in their light strap shoes. Boots and shoes, by the way, are the only articles of clothing which are not made at home or in the day schools of the Board. They also learn how to get up their blue-and-white cotton dresses and the mysteries of the laundry generally.



(Photo: Byrne and Co., Richmond.)

READY FOR SERVICE: PUPIL IN GORDON HOUSE SCHOOL.



A COOKERY LESSON.

Autumn had already given a sharp but friendly warning of departure, and winter dresses of red, blue and green serge were ready to meet the cold weather. What

would Mr. Brocklehurst, the Governor of Lowood, have said if he could have foreseen school girls of this class exempt from the mortification of a disfiguring uniform? What would he have thought of modern rules respecting hungry, underfed children?

"They are quite ravenous when they come in," the Superintendent remarks, "but the Board requires no stint of food. We use twenty-six quarts of milk a day."

She leads the way into the doctor's room, and points to various jars and bottles containing materials required to build up constitutions and repair the ravages occasioned by neglect. Cod-liver oil, lime water and chemical food are conspicuous amongst them. Pitiful stories might be gathered from the pathetic faces of children too recently received to have lost the effects of ill usage and shock. A little cot in the Superintendent's bedroom belongs to a baby whose nerves will not let her sleep well without the reassuring sense of her protection. The sigh or scream of the wind awakens the child; perhaps it recalls cries of human misery to her memory. A scared look or an expression of settled gravity in the eyes of one or two of the little ones in the garden who obey the summons of the dinner bell marks them as newcomers. They pass as we walk down the path to "The Cottage," from which a girl of eleven or twelve emerges. She is drawn up to her full height and carries a cake on a plate with an air of gratification.

"What are you going to do with that cake, Jane?"

"I have made it all myself," she replies, "and the teacher says I may take it up to the house to show."

She displays a cornflour cake, so professional in shape and colour that, as she turns it round to exhibit it from every point of view, it resembles a gigantic cork with an ornamental top. A lesson in scientific cookery has just come to an end. This morning girls in the fourth and fifth standards have formed the class, and with the legend, "Waste not, want not," staring them in the face from the kitchen mantelpiece, they are about to ensure the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding that they have been cooking against being thrown away.

"Whose turn was it to lay the table to-day?" the teacher inquired.

Two hands were raised.

"You two girls may take these ladies to see it."



IRONING.

They lead the way into "The Cottage" dining room. The table shines with highly polished spoons and forks, and is decorated with bunches of marigolds. Late autumn is not the best time for flowers, but the children's own garden plots can still boast of spots of flaming colour where the last dahlias of the season and their companions are just considering the propriety of giving place to the first chrysanthemums.

"These gardens are a great delight to the children," the Superintendent says. "They are eager to run out the first thing in the morning to see if a new bud has opened."

The opening of even the smallest flower is of interest in the little world to which it belongs. How much more the unfolding of infancy's bud as elder girls pass out into independent life! In the workroom they are just completing an outfit. The neat dark serge coat and skirt are not calculated to stamp the wearer as belonging to an institution. If dress has its influence on mind as well as body, it ought to contribute to self-respect. A girl for whom the outfit is designed looks up with a smile of intense satisfaction as she hears the remark that what seems to be a good situation has been found for her and she has been engaged at a wage of £10 a year.



(*Photo: Byrne and Co., Richmond.*)

A FORMER PUPIL OF GORDON HOUSE SCHOOL, NOW IN SERVICE.



THEIR OWN ROOM.

"That is very good for a girl of sixteen."

"Yes; but we think that the training given here makes her worth it. We have generally about thirty applications for one girl that we are able to send out, so there is no difficulty in finding places for them."



BUSY LITTLE HOUSEMAIDS.

Is the demand for servants to be always so far in advance of the supply? The material of which they may be moulded is not far to seek. It lies beneath the surface of the strata of London's respectability. The poet Rogers regards the Chinese as an amazing race partly because they are

> "From age to age resolved to cultivate
> Peace and the arts of Peace, turning to gold
> The very ground they walk on, and the leaves
> They gather from their trees year after year."

The Chinaman is, no doubt, an adept in economy, and is equal to teaching a native of a more up-to-date country how to turn material within his grasp to good account. Tea cultivators know that the young and tender buds and leaves which shoot out in the spring are of higher marketable value than any others. It is not as fully realised that London's streets yield a young and tender growth of human life worth cultivating and bringing under domestication. Hidden beneath the surface of society lies wealth which may be transformed into treasure in almost as great demand as tea and porcelain. For its own sake, the State has done well to follow the example of charities which have rescued thousands of little children likely to become a danger to the community at large. For their own sake, they ought to be saved from preventible suffering and from sinking into utter destruction. For the sake of God's glory, in Whose likeness they have been created, they must be sought out before His image is utterly defaced.

D. L. WOOLMER.



A FLAME OF FIRE

Being the History of the Adventures of Three Englishmen in Spain at the time of the Great Armada. Written by Rupert Hamstead, second son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, situated near Barnet in the County of Hertford, and now first set before the public by

JOSEPH HOCKING,

Author of "Lest We Forget," "The Purple Robe," "All Men Are Liars," "Mistress Nancy Molesworth," Etc. Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.–IX.

In the year 1587, the year before the coming of the Great Armada to English shores, Rupert Hamstead, son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, near Barnet town, having returned wounded from the wars, and having spent some time at his father's house, hears, through John Trenoweth, of Cornwall, that an old friend of his mother's is in the power of the Inquisitors of Spain. Being also desirous of finding out the Spanish plots concerning England, he determines to go to Spain with Mawgan Killigrew, of Cornwall, and John Trenoweth, in order to rescue the unfortunate lady, and to discover Spanish secrets. He therefore starts for Cornwall with John Trenoweth, and on his journey falls into the hands of Jesuit spies. Rupert Hamstead and John Trenoweth are accused by their fellow-travellers as Jesuit spies, but afterwards discover that they themselves are agents of Father Parsons. They at length reach Cornwall, where they are met by Mawgan Killigrew. Here they also come into contact with two Spaniards, whose behaviour is so suspicious that they decide to start for Spain secretly and without delay. The Englishmen leave England, and on first seeing the Spanish hills enter into a solemn covenant concerning their mission. They afterwards fall in with some Spanish gipsies, the young queen of whom greatly impresses Killigrew. She afterwards rescues them from Spanish officials, and gives them directions how to reach Toledo.

CHAPTER X.

THE EYES OF A GIPSY.

"ENGLISH spies, excellencies?" I heard the gipsy repeat.

"Aye, English spies. Do not try to deceive us. We know your tricks. You have them safe enough, for Pedro the shepherd saw three men come to you, and saw you guide them here. Well, we do not desire your booty, but we must have the men. Take all their possessions, if you will, but deliver the men up to us."

"But who be they, excellencies? I have but lately come to the camp, for I have been to Catalonia. Therefore what hath happened I may not know. Be they young or old, *caballeros* or *rusticos?* Be they men of the sword or *baratilleros?*"

"Nay, waste not time, nor seek vain parleying. They cannot escape, for we have men guarding the only entrance to this devil's kitchen. Neither think that you can charm us with your witcheries. We have two holy men here, who, if you seek to do us harm, have power to curse, by bell, book and candle."

"Far be it from me to oppose the will of my lords," replied Gaspar, with apparent humility. "As for the holy men, I pray them not to curse *los pobre gitanos.*"

"Then do our bidding," replied another, in harsh, guttural tones, "for these men be not only spies, but heretics; aye, and heretics of the worst kind. The Holy Church can forgive poor heathens like thee, for neither thou nor thy people have yet been fully instructed in the one true faith. Wandering Ishmaelites as thou art, we may be lenient with thee until thou hast had more time for repentance. But

these men come from a land where the light of the Gospel hath shone, and where a Christian Queen married our gracious King Philip. But they have departed from the faith, and have taken a usurping she-wolf to be their Queen."

"To work, to work, Santa Padre," said the one whose voice I had first heard. "This is no time for preaching."

"Nay, but I must to mine office," was the reply. "Besides, hath not our King given special command that every heretic Englishman shall be taken and tried, and, if unrepentant, burned, according to the laws of the Holy Inquisition, and for the glory of God?"

"Aye, but the fellows be spies."

"And heretics," was the rejoinder.

By this time both Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth were awake, and at a sign from me each had drawn his sword and stood ready for action. Not that there seemed any hope of doing aught, for we were like rabbits in a hole. The cave in which we had entered to sleep was in no part more than ten feet across, neither was there height enough for a man to stretch himself. I had heard that the one means of escape was guarded, and therefore, as the hollow was filled with King's men, there was nothing for it but to be led prisoners whither they would. Not that I purposed giving in without a struggle. As Mawgan whispered to me, "Be they ten or be they fifty, we will give a good account of some of them before they take our swords."

Nevertheless, our case was desperate. We could not go out of the cave without walking into their arms, while, if we remained there, they would sooner or later find us out, and then we should be as helpless as a rabbit when a weazel gets him by the throat. Our only hope was in Gaspar the gipsy, and so I continued to listen, giving as well as I was able, the purport of their speech to my companions.

"What will you, excellencies?" I heard Gaspar say, presently.

"We will that thou bring them to us," said the man who was evidently a priest. "The night is clear, so we can watch that they do not escape; but mind, if thou in aught betray us, thy soul shall go unshriven to the fiends."

"Bring them to you, excellencies!" said Gaspar; "that I dare not. First, I have but just returned from Catalonia, and therefore, if they be here, I know not where they be lodged. Then, if they be such fellows as your excellencies describe, they will make short work of me."

"Besides," said the first speaker, "we will not let you out of our sight, for there is money in this night's work. So take us straightway to them."

"That I cannot do without first consulting my father, who—that is, if they be here—hath led them to their beds; follow me, excellencies," and with that I heard the sound of retreating footsteps. At this my heart beat loud with hope, for I believed that Gaspar had a purpose in doing this.

I was on the point of creeping out of the cave when I heard a low, warning sound.

"Eeneth," said Mawgan; "that is what the maid bid me say."

"Aye, my lord, but not aloud," said a voice, and I perceived that it was the gipsy who spoke. "But come quickly; the black crows called priests are near."

"But whither?" I asked.

At this she made no reply, save to take Mawgan's left hand, and lead him out of the cave.

"Follow!" she whispered.

We obeyed blindly, for we knew not what else to do, but each of us held his naked sword in his right hand.

A few seconds later we were groping along a dark passage, which, as far as I could judge, was cut out of the mountains. How long we were in this passage I know not, for I was too much wrought upon to take note of the time. Neither did we see aught, for we were in Pharaoh's darkness, and nothing could we hear but our own footsteps, and an occasional whisper as the gipsy maid spoke to Mawgan.

Presently a light appeared; not bright, it is true, although it seemed bright to us, and then we breathed freely again, for we saw the moon shining in the heavens.

"My lord hath gone by a way known only to my people," said the maid, looking at Mawgan, "and he is now safe."

We all looked around, and saw that we must have passed into another valley, for an entirely different scene presented itself. It is true the mountains still towered, but they were not precipitous; so sloping were they, indeed, that a sure-footed man might dare venture to climb.

"It grieves me much that my lord could not spend his night in peace," said the gipsy, and I noted that she paid no heed to anyone save Mawgan, "but we could not hinder the disturbers. His horse also he cannot have, for it could not bear him; but, if my lord will wait until the cloud passes over the moon, I will return."

With that she moved away from us, and a minute later was hidden by the great rocks which abounded everywhere.

"Said I not that the gipsies would befriend us?" said John Trenoweth. "I knew how they would regard that token."

And, in truth, it seemed that Gaspar had paid much heed to it; and yet, for the life of me, I could not help believing that Inëz thought not of John Trenoweth's token, but of Mawgan. However, I said naught, for the time was not for such thoughts.

"What shall we do without horses?" I said presently. "It is many a long mile to Toledo across the mountains, and without horses we shall be like a boatman without oars or sail."

Scarcely had I spoken than I heard the sound of footsteps, and in the light of the moon I saw three animals of some sort coming towards us; a minute later the gipsy maid appeared again.

"My lord must follow me until he reaches the top of the mountain," she said, and, still without giving heed to us, she led one of the animals up a steep, rugged pathway.

For my own part I seemed like one that dreamed, yet, standing before us were two mules, which, as far as I could judge in the moonlight, were in fair condition, and looked strong and enduring. So without ado we followed, leading the mules, and never a man speaking a word until we had reached the mountain ridge, where we saw a broad valley before us, and what seemed to us a track through it.

"Is my lord content?" said the gipsy, looking towards Mawgan.

"We owe our lives to you," said Mawgan, "and we thank you. But we must pay for these horses—that is——"

"If the stars tell their tale truly, my lord will reach Torrijos in safety," replied the maid, "and there he will find some of my people. If he will seek the chief, and show him what I will give my lord, he will give him good value for these animals, which he must leave with him. More I cannot do at present, but the moons rise and set again, and the moons also grow large and then become small again, so it may be that when my lord needs help, and he will cry aloud the word I have spoken to him, then may I be near. If that time comes, the horses which my lord leaves behind shall be bought for the sum which the gipsy chief shall give him."

And this the maid said slowly, and with much hesitation, for her knowledge of the English tongue was but small. Yet she spoke it prettily, while all the time she kept glancing shyly at the young Cornishman.

"And is Torrijos far from Toledo?" asked Mawgan.

"It is but a morning's journey," she replied, "and I pray my lord be full of caution, for my lord is what the priests call a heretic. Neither will it be well for him to ride a horse through the Wamba Gate, for by so doing he will attract watchful eyes."

At this she put a packet in Mawgan's hand, and turned as if to leave us.

"And will your friends be safe? Will the Spaniards not know that you have aided our escape, and take vengeance?" said Mawgan.

"Gaspar is not an unweaned child," she replied, with a touch of scorn, "and we do not live among these mountains for naught. The priests and the soldiers will rave, and tear their hair, but what of that? Gaspar will mourn with them, and laugh in his heart. He will arouse all our people, and give orders that search be made everywhere; but what then? The *caballeros* will threaten, and the priests will curse, and my people will pretend to tremble. But the nights pass, and the morrow always comes, and naught will happen save what must happen."

"And there is no reward we can give you?" I interposed.

"*Yo no estoy una mendigo*," she said haughtily, "and yet I would beg something of my lord," and again she turned to Mawgan: "some *recordador*, that, if the time comes when I can help him, I may send it to him, that he may know that a friend is near."

Whereupon Mawgan took a gold chain which he wore, and this he placed round the gipsy's neck, while I could swear that I saw the blood rush into her cheeks and her eyes burn like live coals.

"*Adios*," said Mawgan, using one of the very few Spanish words he had learned, and holding out his hand. "*Adios*, and may God reward you."

The maid knelt on one knee and kissed his hand.

"*Va usted con Dios*," she said, and I thought I detected a sob in her throat; then she added, as if doubting, "*Si hay Dios*." Then she turned to us. "*Adios, señors*," she said coldly, and turned away.

"Some time I hope to reward you for this," said Mawgan.

"I seek not reward," she replied, "that is——" and then she hesitated. "Keep always towards the midday sun," she said; "trust no man, and, still more, trust no woman." Then she left us, while we stood still, watching her, as she descended the mountain side. Once she stopped and looked back, and, seeing us, she waved her hand.

"*Hasta lo vista*," we heard her say, and then she was lost to sight.

For some time neither of us spoke nor

made movement. In truth, I think each one felt as though he walked in his sleep, the which, I think, was no wonder, for the night had been a strange one. The time must be now early morning, and the moon was beginning to lower itself beyond the mountains which hid us from San Sebastian. Not a breath of wind stirred, and nothing could be seen save that vast range of mountain land which rose and fell like a great sea. Such a silence, too, as men seldom experience reigned over us, a silence which seemed to make a noise. Moreover, in the light of the moon the mountains looked ghostly, as though, indeed, they were not solid rock at all, and might presently melt away, like wind clouds, or the vapours which sometimes appear when the sun first peeps over the eastern hills. Everything was unreal. The evening among the gipsies, the dance, and the song seemed only phantom memories, while the coming of the King's men and the walk through the long passage seemed, as Will Shakespeare says, like that stuff of which dreams are made.

Presently Mawgan aroused himself.

"What said she?" he asked. "I did not understand her."

"She said, when going down the mountain side, 'Until we see each other again,'" I said.

"Yes, but before that, when I bade her good-bye?"

"She said, 'Go with God,'" I made answer.

"Aye, that is well. 'Go with God.' Let us thank God for delivering us."

The which we did, and afterwards we rode on in silence for many a long mile; in truth, scarce a word was spoken until daybreak, and then I noted, while John Trenoweth and I rode mules, Mawgan Killigrew rode a fine young horse. But neither did John nor I make remark, for, after all, it was not for us to raise a laugh because the gipsy maid had looked on him with love-lit eyes, and as a consequence regarded us as mere serving men.

I reckon that the clock of Hamstead Manor House must have struck eight, when presently we drew near a small hamlet, where we were met by a crowd of dirty children and ragged, ill-fed-looking men. To my surprise and delight, we attracted but little notice, and this I attributed to the fact that our saddles and trappings had a Spanish appearance. Neither did the way in which I spoke their tongue seem to arouse their suspicions. And the reason for this, as I afterwards discovered, was because the country hath many dialects. Thus a man living in the Basque hills, or in Catalonia, hath a speech which is strange to those who dwell in Andalusia.

Here we found an inn where we obtained not only food and wine for ourselves, but fodder for our beasts, and that without being asked awkward questions. I discovered, moreover, that there were many travellers who called at the village inns among the mountains, concerning whose business the people knew nothing.

I would gladly have remained here and rested after our experiences, but we reflected that the men who had been in search of us would naturally follow us, and it was our desire to keep free from them. We accordingly kept well to the west, so as to give them no clue to our whereabouts, and so good was the fortune that attended us that day followed day and night followed night without mishap of any sort befalling us.

Moreover, after we left the great range of mountains we found travelling easier, although perhaps less pleasant. In truth, the great plains were sad and weary beyond words. We never heard the birds sing, while laughter among the people was rare. Still, we had naught of which we could complain; especially when, at the end of the sixth day, a passer-by told us that we were no great distance from Toledo. We were in a valley at the time, I remember, and, the man seeming friendly, I asked him what kind of a city Toledo was.

"It is one of God's wonders," he replied. "Wait till you get to the top of yonder hill, and look: then you will know what I mean."

"And Torrijos?" I asked; "is that far away?"

"Torrijos is but an hour's journey,' he said; "a place of sties fit only for pigs and *gitanos*, but Toledo is the home of kings."

At this he passed on, never smiling nor looking back, while we climbed the hill before us. When we reached the top we stopped, and looked, but neither of us spoke a word. Beneath us but a little distance lay a squalid village, but away in the distance was the city which we sought to enter, and in which, although we knew it not then, God had willed us to have experiences which surely never happened to other men.

CHAPTER XI.

TOLEDO.

"FROM here Toledo seems but a castle,' said Mawgan, after we had looked at it some time.

"Aye, but it is many miles away," I replied. "When we draw nearer, it will reveal itself in its true proportions."

"It seems like a great prison," said John

Trenoweth. "But what of that? Esther is there, and something tells me she is yet alive. Let us hasten on, my masters, let us hasten on," and I saw by the glitter of his eyes that he could scarcely restrain his passion from bursting forth.

But we moved not. Somehow, the sight of the city held us as by a spell, for there was that about it which was strange. Aye, and more than strange: it was awe-inspiring. Perhaps this was because the shadows of the coming events had already fallen upon us, but more, I think, because Toledo is a place which, when once seen, can never be forgotten.

It stands on a great, rugged eminence, so rugged and so steep that ten men could forbid fifty an entrance thereto. Nearly surrounding it, moreover, is a great river, the waters of which are brown and fast moving, as though eager to get away into the broad plains, but which cannot for the great rocky gorges which form its banks. I was told afterwards that this same river, the Tagus, which empties itself into the sea at Lisbon, had in the past been coloured by the blood of those who had been killed within Toledo's walls, and that, although the great palace on the top is hundreds of feet above the bridge which spans it, the blood of slain victims ran into it like water rushes into a valley after a thunderstorm.

But at that time we knew naught of this. Stern and forbidding as the great grey walls looked that day, they bore rather an aspect of peace than of storm. The waters of the Tagus, which well nigh girded its base, shone like a streak of silver light, and the edge of the ravine on which the city walls were built told us of strength and security. That day, too, the palace called the Alcazar shone in the sunlight, while the spire of the great cathedral, surmounted by a cross, would have given us a feeling of confidence, did we not remember that the Spaniards had in the name of the Cross done deeds at which devils might tremble.

On the eastern side of Toledo we saw great,



"This he placed round the gipsy's neck."—*p.* 363.

broad plains, broken by hillocks, but on its west was fine and undulating country covered with olive-trees.

"Well, what think you?" said Mawgan, at length.

"Think?" I made answer. "I think that ere nightfall we must be behind those walls."

"Aye, and, once there, shall we ever get out again?" he said, like one musing.

"That's as God wills," I replied; "but remember Sir John Tremayne's daughter is there, and remember, too, that she is in the power of such as Señor Toledo. It's no child's game we have to play, Mawgan, especially when her own daughter is of another faith."

"Aye, and Esther is there," cried John Trenoweth. "Let us hasten on, my masters!"

Without further parley we descended the slopes of the hills towards Torrijos, which, as the passer-by had said, was but a squalid hole, the houses of which were no better than sties. Here, after some inquiry, we found the gipsy encampment, and presently we were led to the chief, who greeted us surlily, like a man in grave doubt as to our right to speak to him.

I discovered afterwards that he took us for King's spies, and for that reason the other gipsies kept their hands on the handles of the ugly knives they wore, as though determined to defend themselves to the very last. But all these disappeared when Mawgan showed him that which Inez had given him, and after we had haggled some little time about the worth of the animals we had ridden, and finally settled the matter, he became communicative.

"For some reason we have not been much troubled of late," he said, "but one never knows what may happen before the sun goes down. Sometimes the priests regard us as Moors, and then we be hunted like rats; then again they remember that we be *gitanos*, and they do naught but threaten. For some time now the Inquisition hath done but little, but report hath it that, because of this, infidels have become loud of speech, and as a consequence the Holy Church is taking steps to search them out, and bring them to their knees. But yesterday was Butuccio, my son, near Toledo, where he heard great news."

"What news?" I asked.

"It is said the Council of the Inquisition hath met at the church of El Cristo de la Vega, and have decided that some notorious heretics be burned before many suns have set."

"This may be but idle gossip," I made answer.

"True," he replied, "but when your excellency remembers that Butuccio saw men fixing stakes on the spot where the old Roman circus used to stand, and where all the Toledo heretics have been burned, it seems as though there may be truth in it."

This I told to Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth, both of whom looked grave, but who, nevertheless, never dreamed of abandoning our project.

"We expected this," said John Trenoweth; "but by the mercy of God we have been protected so far, and it may be that He Who feeds the ravens may see to allow us to go back to England again when our work is done. Let us hasten on, my masters."

And this was his constant plea whenever we stopped at any place. "I tell you," he repeated again and again, "my Esther needs me, and if we do but loiter we may be too late. Ah! woe is me for leaving her uncared for all these years!"

"Doubtless," said the gipsy, "my lords have friends in Toledo, or they would never dare resort hither, especially as I am told that nearly all Englishmen are in danger of their lives in Spain. Perchance, excellencies, you know the English priest who, report says, hath great power in Toledo, and whose will is obeyed even by the Archbishop."

"What Englishman?" I asked; "what is his name?"

"Padre Parsons," replied he; "a man, I am told, much beloved by the King."

At this my heart felt as though a cold hand were upon it, for I knew that, should we but fall into his power, we were lost indeed.

"Moreover, if my lords would enter Toledo to-day," went on the gipsy, "it will be well for them to go quickly. For the Wamba Gate and the Puerta del Sol, by which they must enter, be closed at sundown, and it would go hard with any man who sought to enter afterwards."

Accordingly, we made our way to Toledo with all speed, no one of us speaking much, for men who know that they go to danger spend but little time in speech. Not that I think one of us shrank from our work. John Trenoweth's eyes still shone with that steely light which told me he would stop at nothing, while I knew by the way that Mawgan Killigrew pressed his lips together that not only did he expect danger, but he was prepared to meet it.

As we presently descended a hill which led to the river, the sight that impressed us most was the great cathedral, whose high tower hid even the Alcazar, the royal palace, built on the summit of the great rock on which Toledo stands. A little later one of the bells in the tower gave forth a death gong, which fairly made me shiver.

"By our Virgin Queen," said Mawgan, "but that is not a cheerful welcome."

"It is death, death, everywhere," said John Trenoweth; "but what of that, my masters? We must on!"

No sooner had we crossed the bridge than we saw how impregnable Toledo was. We now realised that the Tagus was far down below the city walls, while its banks were a mass of jagged rocks, which no man could climb, even although the city walls were not built upon them. The river, too, was deep, and its dark brown waters, now that we stood by them, did not shine as when we looked from the distance, but seemed sullen and forbidding, as though to tell us that the city was cruel, even as they were.

No man gave us speech as we climbed the hill towards the Puerta del Sol, which was the Spaniard's way for saying "The Gate of the Sun," neither did we notice aught that need disturb us. It is true that both men and women turned and looked after us, as though our appearance were strange; but of that we recked nothing. But when we came to the great wooden doorway our troubles began.

"Who goes?" asked the sentinel, who stood erect, holding his pike before him.

"Travellers, señor."

"From where?"

"San Sebastian," I made answer.

"You are not Spaniards?"

"No, señor, but we be men of quality, like yourself, and we seek to have affairs with men of quality."

He looked at us suspiciously, but I had spoken to him as though he were a *caballero*, instead of a simple soldier, and my courtesy pleased him, and he allowed us to pass.

"Now," said Mawgan, "we are in, and that right easily. I did not think we should be able to enter with so little ado."

"Evidently there be many travellers," I replied; "moreover, no one seems to look upon us as Englishmen. I verily believe that our boldness in making entry into Toledo, where we are hated so much, stands us in good stead."

"But we must never deny that we are English; mind that," said John Trenoweth sternly.

"That was our compact," replied Mawgan, "but, surely, there seems no need to deny anything. The streets are full of men who look as though they might be of different nationalities, and so we pass unnoticed."

And in this he spoke the truth, for the narrow streets were so crowded that, had we not kept close to each other, we should have surely lost one another; and this was to be avoided, for in such an event, ignorant of the city as we were, it would be no easy matter to discover the others' whereabouts. For the streets formed a perfect network, and were nothing more nor less than a mere maze, which curious men sometimes have made in their gardens to give entertainment to their visitors.

"And now to work," said John Trenoweth. "Near us is my Esther. My God! think of it! She whom I have loved for more than twenty long years, and whom I have not seen since that day that she left with Mistress Tremayne and Señor de Valencia, may be within a stone's throw of me now. Think of it, my masters!"

But, as may easily be seen, we could not set to work with the speed that John Trenoweth desired. Of necessity we were ignorant of all things in Toledo. No man knew us, nor had we an inkling of an idea where this or that man lodged. During our journey from San Sebastian we had not dared to ask questions. We knew that we were followed by those whose duty it was to take us prisoners. Evidently Señor Gomez and Masters Seyton and Belmont had discovered our departure from Falmouth harbour, and had sailed after us. By some means they had divined our road from France, and had come near to running us down. And this was not such a difficult matter as at first appeared, for there was scarcely another way by which an Englishman dared to enter Spain. Every Spanish port was closely guarded, and, as Englishmen were taken and dragged before the Inquisitors without parley, they knew we should not dare to enter by one of their harbours.

As matters stood, therefore, we had come to Toledo knowing but little, save that the Señora de Valencia and her daughter lived there, and that Esther Truscott had some little time before been with them as serving woman. That the Señora de Valencia and Esther Truscott were in danger of the Inquisition we also knew, for the story of Señor Gomez that both had embraced the Romish faith we had discarded. Moreover, before we left Arwenack Master Killigrew told us many things which to my mind destroyed for ever the thought they had so quickly changed their views.

Our first business, as I understood it, was to find a quiet house where we could lodge in peace, and then, as best we could, obtain information concerning the abode of the Señora de Valencia. But here I saw that we should be much handicapped. If the señora and her serving woman were known as English, and under the ban of the Church, the fact of strangers asking questions concerning them might easily arouse suspicion. And this we did not desire to do, for by that means we should



"When we came to the great wooden doorway our troubles began."—*p.* 367.

be clapped into prison before you might count fifty. We must, therefore, go to work with great caution, and discover by roundabout means that which we desired to know.

It is true John Trenoweth's patience was much put to the test, but we made him see the reason of it all, and so, although he chafed like a young colt first broken to the bit, he settled down to our plans without more ado.

Now the matter of lodgings was a sore difficulty. If we went to an inn, we should naturally be exposed to the gaze of any who might be staying there. An inn is a gossip shop, no matter what country one may be in; and although one might learn the news of the city by mixing freely with men, the danger was too great. The other alternative was to seek shelter in some poor man's house, where we might have much privacy and yet ask many questions. But to find such a place was not easy, for, as is well known, the whole of Toledo was full of priests and priests' minions. They, indeed, ruled the city: so much so, that even Philip the King declared he was not King in Toledo, and moved his Court accordingly. But this I had heard. Many of the inhabitants of Toledo were Moors, and still hated the Spaniard and all his ways, although, in order to save their lives, they had disavowed their Mohammedan faith and accepted Christianity. It is true they were a lying, cruel people, but I reflected that we should be more likely to find shelter in one of their houses than by seeking to live with a Christian. In addition to all this, moreover, no Moor was allowed to be a servant of the Church, and thus would not be in communication with any who would give their thumbs to drag us to the stake.

After walking about the city some time, I spied a man, who, I was sure, was of Moorish descent, and who, by the pannier of food which he carried, I judged to be the father of a family. Without ado, therefore, I accosted him and asked him if he could direct me to the Calle del Pozo Amargo. This street I had seen near the cathedral, and which I knew was some distance from where we stood.

"It is not easy to find, señor," replied the man. "Still, if you go to the cathedral, and ask there, you can find a boy who will guide you thither."

"Ah, then, it is far," I replied. "I am sorry for that, for it is now well nigh dark, and I seek a place of lodging for me and

my friends, and I do not wish to be far away from the Calle del Refugio"

This street I mentioned because it looked quiet, and because it was close to where we stood.

"You wish for lodgings?" said the man, looking at us steadily.

"Aye, good and quiet," I replied.

"In the Calle del Refugio?"

"Aye, if it be possible."

"And my lords would pay well?"

I shrugged my shoulders, after the manner of the Spaniards, and smiled.

"My lords be not Spaniards?"

"We have come here from France," I replied.

"In France a man doth not suffer because of his religion." This he said like one asking a question.

"Neither doth everyone swear by the Mass," I answered at a venture.

"Ah!" he cried eagerly. "But there is danger."

"Why?"

"The woman is my own sister, and although she hath so far escaped the Inquisition, it may be that a new search will begin any day. I have heard that the priests commence again, and that right soon. I am a Moor," he continued, after a pause.

After some amount of parley with the man, we agreed to let him take us to his sister's house, which he did; and although the place was poor enough, it suited our purpose, for no one asked us questions, while food and drink were provided without grumbling.

Here we stayed three days without aught happening. We asked as many questions as we dared, but nothing did we discover concerning the Señora de Valencia or her tiring woman Esther Truscott. It is true we learnt that many heretics would soon suffer the penalty of their sins, if they did not at once repent and believe, and that among those who would die "for the glory of God" were certain English, who had long been obdurate; but beyond that we could learn nothing of importance. I say we had asked as many questions as we dared, but this was not many, for the reasons which I have given.

This, however, we had done, and to it we owed, I think, something of our safety. We had each clothed ourselves in Spanish attire, and could thus walk abroad without attracting attention. It was long before I could persuade John Trenoweth to do this; but, our apparel being much soiled during our journey, we were obliged to obtain new, and, as that in the Spanish fashion was all that was available, we had to be content.

At the close of the third day the brother of the woman with whom we had lodged came to us much excited.

"Dark days are coming to us," he said.

"Why?" I asked.

"The Inquisition is to be in force again," he replied. "To-morrow the Archbishop is to preach in the cathedral, and it is freely said that he will proclaim against unbelievers."

"But thou art a believer," I said.

"I may not speak as to that," he replied. "But this I know: heretics are to be searched out, and the movement is to begin by a sermon to-morrow."

I had noticed during the day that a number of priests had come as if from long journeys, and that a look of great eagerness was on nearly every man's face. I said nothing to the Moor, however, although he remained long, telling me scraps of news he had heard. When he had gone, and we were alone, I told Mawgan and John what he had said, which, as may be imagined, excited them much.

"I will go to the cathedral," I said.

"So will I," said Mawgan.

"But not I," said John Trenoweth. "I will not be a witness to blasphemy."

The next morning Mawgan and I found our way to the great church, where we saw that a great multitude had gathered, and where the air seemed heavy with the atmosphere of momentous deeds.

CHAPTER XII.

I HEAR THE ARCHBISHOP'S SERMON AND SEE SEÑOR TOLEDO.

I SAY a vast multitude had gathered in the cathedral, while a steady stream of people kept entering on every side, so that we were steadily forced towards the high altar. And this in spite of the fact that it was yet early. No preacher had as yet entered the pulpit, although prayers were being said, and the sound of chanting was heard in various parts of the building. Although the weather was warm outside, and a great concourse of people had gathered within, the cathedral was very cold, so that I gladly gathered my cloak around me. And here let me say that, for pure grandeur, I have never seen this cathedral surpassed. That which may be seen in Seville is larger, but for perfect harmony of proportion and colouring, the cathedral at Toledo surpasses almost anything I have ever set my eyes upon. Our St. Paul's, in London, is but poor when compared with it, neither does it possess the power to create that atmosphere of awe and mystery which pervades this great building in Spain. Especially did we feel this when at length we

found ourselves, as it were, in the very centre of the building, in full view of the high altar on the one hand, and the stalls which contained the choir on the other.

Here, moreover, most of the people were kneeling, though not all. For this I was thankful; otherwise Mawgan and I would have been singled out, and regarded with suspicion. As we became accustomed to our surroundings we were able to take particular note of those amongst whom we stood, and presently I saw, kneeling close beside me, one who chained my attention from the first. This was a young woman who, as I judged, could not be more than twenty years of age. What drew my attention to her was, I think, the fact that she was different from the rest who kneeled around. Her face was not cast in the Spanish mould, although she was evidently a Spaniard. I noticed, in spite of the fact that her head was partially covered by a peculiar kind of lace headgear, that her hair was not coarse and black like that of other Spanish women; rather it was fine and glossy, and, although it was very dark, there was a golden gleam in it. Her face, too, was not large and fleshy like those of the others, but of a more delicate nature, more like our high-born English women. And this was not all. Although she was kneeling, I judged she was taller and more slender than her fellow-worshippers.

I stood some time watching her, while Mawgan gazed round the great church. Presently she looked up, and our eyes met, and it was at that moment that I saw a face, the memory of which will never pass from me, even though I live to the age which the Bible hath it men lived before the great flood. And yet I cannot describe it, for it was, as it seemed to me, full of contradictions. That it was beautiful no man could deny, and yet it was the beauty of pride and disdain, rather than of sweetness and tenderness. But here again my pen falters, for while I write the words I remember that she made me think of my mother. And how could that be, if there were not in her heart something akin to the heart of the woman who had sent me away with her blessing? For their faces were not alike. My mother's eyes were grey and soft as those of a dove, while the eyes of this maid were well-nigh black, and flashed into mine with a suggestion of passion.

As our eyes met, too, I saw the blood mount her cheeks, which added to her charm, and made my heart flutter somewhat, although I could not tell why. It was only a single glance we gave each other, but I knew then that I should know her again—aye, and I was sure, too, that I had seen one I could never forget. Not that she made me feel kindly towards her. Rather my heart grew hard and bitter. Although I thought of her and my mother together, she made me feel that she was my enemy, and that at no time could she be my friend.

Presently she, with the other worshippers, stood up, and then I saw that she was much taller than the ordinary Spanish women, who for the most part are short and thick-set, moving somewhat clumsily, and with heavy footsteps. She, I say, was taller than the rest; moreover, she was more finely formed, and as she looked round she seemed like a queen, so stately and commanding was she.

She did not turn her eyes towards me again, although I could swear she looked at me from time to time out of the corners of her eyes, as though I interested her more than the crowd of Spanish *caballeros* by which we were surrounded. In truth, I was vain enough to think that this was owing to my great height (for I could give six inches to any man I saw there), or perhaps it might have been that my face was fresh and ruddy, and my brown hair was fine and curly, rather than stiff and straight like the Spaniards.

A little later, however, my attention was diverted from her, for the Archbishop entered the pulpit and began to preach, and, as the occasion was big with importance, I listened with all the ears I had. And this it was necessary for me to do, for, although I knew the Spanish tongue enough to converse therein, I found that listening to a discourse was a different matter. Many strange words were used, and because the sentences were long and involved, I had to pay great heed or I should have missed their meaning.

He began, I remember, by glorifying what he called "the one true Church," and spoke both in sorrow and anger of the heresy which had crept into her. He said that the Church had been kind and tender towards unbelievers, and not until heretics had refused to listen to reason had she exercised her power and used stronger means. From time to time, moreover, even in the midst of these acts, she had relaxed her severity and given sinners every opportunity to repent. But he grieved that this had been in vain; nay, the very gentleness of the Church had been used as an excuse for disobedience, and heretics had become day by day more stubborn. He grieved that one whole nation had gone away into lasciviousness and debauchery, even in spite of the fact that the Pope had during the reign of a gentle daughter of Christ and most Christian Queen taken his curse of excommunication from her,

and given her his blessing. He referred to Mary, the late beloved wife of His Most Gracious Majesty Philip II.

"And now," he said, his voice swelling with passion, "that nation hath become apostate. She hath resisted all those efforts of Mary, and her faithful ministers, Bishop Gardiner and Bishop Bonner, to bring them back to the faith; nay, her people have even called these men by vile and hateful names. And, still worse, for more than twenty years she hath allowed herself to be governed by a she-wolf, a spawn of that vile Henry VIII., who sold his soul to gratify his carnal passions. But this must not be. Spain, the faithful child of the Church, must restore England to her rightful King, our own sovereign King Philip; she must cast that she-wolf into her filthy den, and bring back the people to those loving arms, without which England must be for ever accursed. Already hath his Holiness the Pope made that faithful and devoted churchman Father Allen a cardinal, and promised him the see of Canterbury. Cardinal Allen is also named Legate for England, and hath written his pastoral letter, which I will proceed to read to you."

Thereupon he read a letter which was written to the English people. This purported that retribution was not to fall so much upon the English people as upon the usurping heretic Elizabeth, the bane of Christendom, and the murderess of the souls of her subjects. Henry VIII., tyrant as he was, had fallen short in atrocity of his infamous daughter. Vengeance would fall on her at last. Ruin was now to overwhelm her, and the just of the earth would say, "Lo! this is she who took not God for her strength, and was struck down by the hand of the Most High." Elizabeth had overthrown the Church, profaned the sacraments, and torn God's priests from the altars in the very act of celebrating the holy mysteries. She had made England a sanctuary of atheists and rebels, and vampire-like she had enriched herself by sucking the blood of afflicted Catholics. Her chief favourite had murdered his wife, and him she had made her principal Minister.

After this the letter went on to call her the foulest of reprobates, and her Court the vilest of hells. The Church had excommunicated her, but she had despised correction, and now the time had come for vengeance. She must be overthrown, and the sty which England had become must be purified.*

"And who is to do this?" said the Archbishop. "It is we, my children; it is we who must hurl this infamous creature from her high place. We, the children of Spain, must rid the people of England from this great tyrant!"

As he said these things, my heart became more and more aflame with anger. I found my hand on my sword hilt, and had not Mawgan spoken to me I believe I should have cried out.

"What is the matter?" said Mawgan Killigrew in a low voice. "You look as though you are going mad!"

"Mad!" I cried. "The man is blaspheming; he is calling our Queen vile names; he says our English Court is a hell."

"Then cry against him!" said Mawgan. "As sure as I am a Killigrew I will stand by thee!"

But at this time I looked and saw that the Spanish maid, of whom I have been telling, was watching us, and I could swear by the look on her face that she understood what we had said. This moved me to caution, and, pressing Mawgan's arm, I bade him be silent.

As far as I could judge, no one else regarded us, so, turning towards the pulpit, I again listened to the sermon.

"Not only is the true faith being destroyed in England," he said, "but it is threatened in Spain. Even our own city of Toledo, beloved of God as she is, is the home of heresy. From time to time we have put down unbelief with a firm hand, but the vipers of unfaith have bred other vipers, until we can do no other than seek to destroy them all. The Holy Inquisition hath in these days been given power, and we must use it. To-day I give solemn warning from this sacred place that no unbelievers shall live in our see; the faith of every man and woman shall be inquired into, and the unrepentant shall suffer the penalty of their sins. Already is the Holy Council dealing with those who persist in the sin of unbelief, and we must continue our work until it is destroyed root and branch. And think not, my brethren, that we act in anger or in harshness. Nay, we act in love and pity. The Lord loveth whom He chasteneth, and the fires of the Church are lit in holy faith and tenderness. The body is nothing—the soul is all; therefore must we, if there be need, destroy the body that the soul may be saved."

This was in substance the sermon that I heard that Sabbath morning beneath the cathedral roof, and, as I have said, it aroused me to a mighty anger, and I had to strive with myself that I might be kept from proclaiming this man a liar and a false prophet.

But I did not speak, for as he finished his sermon I again looked towards the Spanish maid, and saw that her eyes were fixed on me.

*This is a correct summary of Cardinal Allen's letter, much of which is unfit for publication.—J. H.

I believed, too, that she read what was in my mind, and was angry with me.

"Let us go out," I whispered to Mawgan, "Presently there will be the elevation of the Host, at which every Catholic will kneel, and, if we do not kneel with the rest, attention will be drawn to us."

So we found our way with others out of the cathedral, and presently stood in the Plaza de Ayuntamiento, which was a small square, and where we could speak together freely. As well as I could I told Mawgan what the Archbishop had said, and watched him while his face grew redder and redder with anger.

"And we can do nothing!" he cried. "Oh, God, nothing!"

"We have come here to save the Señora de Valencia," I said, "and we will!"

"Give me your hand on that," cried Mawgan. "But we must fight warily. It is a marvel to me that we have not already been haled before these fellows."

As we stood there two Spaniards passed us, and as they passed we heard one say:

"The Council meets to-morrow, I hear."

"Aye, at El Cristo de la Vega. Methinks the Christ's arm will not move."

"Nay, that it will not. Even though it moved for a Jew, it will not for an Englishwoman, and a serving woman to boot. Why, report hath it she hath called the Inquisitors devils."

"Aye, I can well believe it. These English, since the she-wolf cub, Elizabeth, hath been Queen, care for naught, and believe in naught. Still the priests be getting mighty arrogant. It is said that even the King is afraid of them."

"Tush, man! and speak not loud. The search begins to-morrow, and every idle word will be remembered."

"Rupert Hamstead," said Mawgan, when I told him what they had said, "three days have we been in Toledo, and yet have we done naught. We have not yet discovered the señora's dwelling-place."

"Aye, but no harm is happening to her," I replied; "when heretics suffer they suffer in public."

"When they be burnt, aye; but what of their imprisonment—what of torture?"

"Let us move on," I whispered. "I believe we be watched."

Accordingly we walked slowly across the square, I looking furtively on the man who, as I believed, was keeping near to us. And what aroused my suspicions about him was, not so much the fact that he kept near to us, as the man's appearance. I remembered my father's description of Señor Toledo, and thought I recognised him. It is true nearly thirty years must have passed since my father saw him; nevertheless, what he wrote held good even then. The closely placed eyes, the narrow shoulders, the thin legs, the nervous springy movement—all corresponded with what my father had written concerning him.

"Who watches us?" asked Mawgan.

"I believe it is Señor Toledo," I replied.

I saw Mawgan's lips close as if by a snap, but he kept himself from doing aught rash, and presently, as the man walked away, I breathed again.

"He looks well nigh seventy," said Mawgan.

"No bite is as bad as an old dog's bite," I said.

"And he looks as though his fangs are sharp," replied Mawgan; "but let us get back to Trenoweth, and, by Cormoran, we must be careful we be not followed."

"Not yet," I replied. "Look, the people be coming out"; and I made my way towards the great door at the western end.

For some minutes I watched, but no one interested me; presently, however, my heart leaped within me, for, passing through the doorway, I saw the maid whom I had noticed during the sermon.

Whether she saw us or no, I cannot tell, for although she looked not towards me, I thought I saw her eyes flash, and her face flush as if with anger.

"Who is that beauteous lady?" I said to a young Spaniard who stood by my side, nodding towards her.

"The Señorita de Valencia," he replied.

"Ah! she comes from Valencia?" I said, carelessly, although God knows I spoke with a fast-beating heart.

"Aye, and no," he replied. "Her father's family were of Valencia originally, but the lands came not to him. He was of Toledo, and lived here."

"Does he not live here now?"

"You cannot know Toledo, señor," he replied, "or you would have heard of his death, some little time ago. He married an English heretic, who was forgiven her heresy for his sake, but now that he is dead she hath fallen under suspicion. Indeed, report hath it that she is closely imprisoned, and her time of repentance is fast coming to an end.

"And the señorita, is she a heretic?"

"Nay, by the Mass, no. She hateth her mother's sin, and some say her mother also. But that may not be. She hath but lately come from a convent, and since her father's death hath but seldom seen the señora. But



"Whether she saw us or no, I cannot tell."

the señorita is as much a Catholic as the Queen after whom she is named."

"What, Isabella?"

"Aye, Isabella, that is her name, and report hath it that she abets the priests in their determination to bring her mother to the stake if she will not repent. It is hard to believe, but she is half English, and hath a temper."

"Lives she with her mother?"

"Nay, since her father's death she hath been placed in charge of the Archbishop's counsellor and his secretary, Señor Toledo."

"And he is, of course, a strong supporter of the Church?"

The young Spaniard shrugged his shoulders.

"*Sabe Dios*," he replied. "This, I know: Señor Toledo is for himself. He hath great power, and so men fear him, but no man loveth him."

"What is he like?"

"Like an eel, señor, long and narrow; aye, but a serpent would be a better simile, for he hath the tooth of one—aye, and the strength of one, too."

"And lives he near the Archbishop's palace?"

"Nay, but in the white palace at the east of the Alcazar."

"Come," said I to Mawgan, when the young Spaniard had departed, "let us hie to our lodging-place. But we must watch, man, we must watch."

"Have you heard aught?"

"Much," I replied, "but we must be wary."

We made our way through the crowd, and for the first time in my life I grieved because of my height; for, being of great stature, I could be singled out with ease. And this was also true of Mawgan, and especially was it true among the Spaniards. For they be a short, squat race, very few of them rising to anywhere near six feet in height. Still, we mingled freely with them, and when presently we left the open space we took as many turns as a hunted fox, darting up one narrow street and down another, and thus going a long distance before we reached the Calle del Refugio.

Arrived there, we had a long council of war, for I told John Trenoweth and Mawgan Killigrew all I had heard.

"As for this Isabella, we have naught to do with her," said John Trenoweth. "Sir John Tremayne's daughter we will save, if God gives us grace, and my Esther must be saved, too. Remember that, my masters!"

This he had said many times, and became half-mazed because we had not yet discovered where she was.

Our dangers, too, were increased—or, at least, so I feared. For I could not help believing that the man I had seen was Señor Toledo; and, if that were so, we walked on a sword edge. Men told me I bore a strong likeness to my father; indeed, some went so far as to say that I was the exact image of what Sir Richard Hamstead had been when he was twenty-four. If that were so, Señor Toledo would have recognised me in spite of my Spanish attire, and would make his plans accordingly.

But we had not come to Spain without counting on this, and we walked Toledo streets both that day and the next, seeking as best we could to find the prison of the Señora de Valencia. In this, however, we were unsuccessful; but on the Tuesday morning the Moor came to us, his eyes fairly ablaze with excitement.

"It hath begun, my lords!" he cried.

"What hath begun?"

"The Inquisition. To-day at noon, in the Circo Romano, an Englishwoman is to be burned."

"Who? The Señora de Valencia?"

"Nay, that is not her name. She hath been her tiring woman."

But this I did not tell John Trenoweth, for, in truth, I was afraid to do so.

"It was so decided at El Cristo de la Vega yesterday, and even now the people have gathered in the Church of San Juan de los Reyes."

"Come," I said to my companions, "it is said that an English heretic is to be burned. Come!"

"Where?" cried Mawgan and Trenoweth in the same breath.

"At the Circo Romano," I replied, "but they are even now in the Church of St. John of the Kings."

At this, both Mawgan and John Trenoweth looked to their weapons, and then we three walked away together. No word spoke we, for I believe that their mouths were hot and dry, even as mine was. And yet my heart beat not more quickly than was its wont, while my sinews seemed like steel.

But I did not know then of what I should see and hear before the sun went down.

[END OF CHAPTER TWELVE.]

PICTURES OF THE PARABLES.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

By Arthur Fish.



(*Photo: X., Paris.*)

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

(*From the Painting by Rembrandt van Rijn, in the Musée du Louvre.*)

THE story of the Good Samaritan, one of the most beautiful, most pathetic, and most "telling" of the Gospel stories, has been the source of universal inspiration to artists. It contains so much incident, movement, and force that it affords full opportunity for the display of artistic skill in its pictorial treatment. It was one of the first of the parables to be illustrated by the early painters of Italy, and it has appealed for treatment to many of the great artists of subsequent periods. The illustrations to this article show the range of its pictorial history: the earliest—that by Ponte—dates from the beginning of the sixteenth century; and the painter of another, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., is still living. Each is different from the other, and yet each is illustrative of the story: painted in different lands, under different artistic influences, in different ages, and in different methods, yet each inspired from the same source. Each artist, indeed, was under the charm of the wonderful story told in response to the would-be justifier of self who propounded the question, "And who is



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

(From the Painting by Jacopo da Ponte, in the National Gallery.)

to-day, all appeal universally. Each was executed in its day for local purposes and appreciation, but all the civilised nations of the world make treasures of the work of old-time artists, and vie with each other for the possession of the work of each other's master painters. Michelangelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, Velasquez: does it matter what they were—Italians, Dutchmen, or Spaniards? They were *artists*, and as such find appreciation all the world over. Their nationality attaches honour to the land of their birth, but lends no additional glory to their names.

The painting by Jacopo da Ponte—or, as he is called, de Bassano, after the city of his birth—hangs in our National Gallery, for which it was purchased in 1856 for £241. Arrayed in a crimson dress, the Good Samaritan is raising the wounded man to place him on his mule, which is standing in the immediate background. On the ground stands a silver flask from which refreshment has already been administered. In

my neighbour?" Told to the Jews of Palestine, who appreciated to the full the distinction between themselves and the Samaritans, it has lost its local application, and has become universal in its appeal and influence. And so in its pictorial treatment: locality is not a necessity for its illustration. Not one of the artists whose work is given here ever saw the road between Jerusalem and Jericho: in some cases they have not bothered about Eastern costumes and environments; in one at least—that of Rembrandt—the whole story is transferred to the artist's own country and time; but we feel no sense of anachronism—it is the story of the Good Samaritan still. It is testimony at once to the universal power of the story and to its universal adaptability.

Art, too, has no nationality, and is for all time, as these pictures sufficiently testify. The work of the sixteenth century Italian, of the old Netherlandish painter, of the English and German artists of



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

(From the Picture by W. M. Craig, in the City of Nottingham Art Gallery.)

XUM



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

(From the Picture by B. Plockhorst. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

(By Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A. By permission of H. Virtue and Co., Ltd.)

the immediate background is the figure of the Levite, busily engaged in prayer; further away in the distance is the receding priest. Beyond them both is a beautiful Italian landscape, stretching away to a far distant range of hills. It is the earliest picture of our series, but by no means the least beautiful.

The artist was born in the city of Bassano in 1510, and was educated by his father, himself an artist. But it was in Venice that he learned most of his art—Venice, the home of the greatest school of colourists. He was contemporary with Titian and Tintoretto, two of the greatest of the Venetian school of painters. When his father died Ponte returned to his native village, and it was there that he painted most of his pictures. He painted his finest work—a "Nativity"—for the church there; but the greater number of his pictures are representations of village life, and he was the first Italian artist of note to deal with such subjects. The illustration of New Testament incidents and stories afforded him subjects in which to introduce his local models and studies. The other picture by him in the National Gallery, "Christ Driving the Money-changers Out of the Temple," contains a crowd of figures, most of which are evidently painted from the people living near the artist. Animals, too, he loved to paint, and it will be seen that two dogs are introduced into the picture of "The Good Samaritan." Ponte died in 1592, at the good old age of eighty-two.

Next in order of date comes the great picture by Rembrandt, the original of which hangs in the Louvre. Painted in 1648, it must be esteemed one of the finest examples of the great Dutchman's work. Original in everything he executed, Rembrandt's rendering of this subject is totally different from that essayed by any other artist. He has chosen the moment of the arrival at the inn of the Samaritan and his helpless charge as the subject of his picture. Full of movement and life and colour, it yet contains passages which reveal the power of Rembrandt as one of the greatest painters of all time. The wounded man is being borne into the house by two servants—his attitude one of suffering and quiet endurance. On the steps of the inn, clad in a garment of yellow, stands the Samaritan in the act of handing his purse to the hostess. The whole is a wonderful illustration of the passage, "Brought him to an inn, and took care of him." The curiosity of the boy standing on tip-toe, the interest of the onlookers, the pathos of the central group, all testify to the skill of the painter in his rendering of the scene. It is evident that Rembrandt himself loved the subject, for this is but one of three pictures he painted of it—one of the others is in the Wallace Collection—besides several drawings.

The life of Rembrandt is a romance, as full of vivid lights and dark shadows as are his pictures. Born at Leyden in 1605, he was the son of Harmen Gerritz, a miller, known as Harmen van Rÿn (of the Rhine). The determination to become a painter was early fixed in his mind, and, his father consenting, he was placed first with Swanenburch, and then with

Lastman of Amsterdam. His early efforts were all centred on depicting the life around him. His favourite model was his mother, of whom he left countless representations in etchings and paintings. When he was twenty-six he was so far advanced that he established himself in Amsterdam, where the remainder of his life was spent. Success was rapid, and he became a rich man. In 1634 he married Saskia van Uylenborch, who brought a considerable fortune with her. Their life was happy and successful until, in 1642, Saskia died, leaving her infant son Titus. It was at this time, and during the years immediately following, that Rembrandt painted the greatest of his religious pictures. In 1656 he was declared a bankrupt, and evil days set in for the artist. He wandered about Amsterdam, obtaining temporary quarters in inns and lodging-houses—and yet he worked the whole time—until 1661, when he once again had a house of his own. In 1668 his son died, and the next year Rembrandt himself, poor and old, was carried to the grave, leaving nothing but "his clothes of wool and linen, and his working instruments." Unappreciated and unnoticed at his death, his fame has passed down to us in his work, and among the painters of the world his is one of the foremost names.

Of the four modern pictures little need be said. The drawing by W. M. Craig, in the Nottingham Museum, is one of a series of Biblical subjects executed by this artist. The drawing by Sir John E. Millais is one of "The Parables of our Lord" series to which full reference was made in a recent issue of THE QUIVER; and the picture by Herr Plockhorst, a modern German painter, needs no comment.

There remains but the picture by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., the noblest of the modern representations of the subject. The position held by Mr. Watts in English art is unique. The wonderful sermons in paint—for he is as great a preacher as painter—which he has bestowed so generously upon the nation will take rank among the great pictures of all ages. "The Good Samaritan" is one of his early pictures, and was presented by him to the Manchester Art Gallery as long ago as 1852.



(Photo: Manchester Wood Engraving Co., Ltd.)

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

(From the Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A. By permission, from the Picture in the City of Manchester Art Gallery.)

DANIEL: THE GREAT STATESMAN

By the Rev. Canon J. McCormick, D.D., Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, and Hon. Chaplain to the King.

"O man greatly beloved, fear not: peace be unto thee, be strong, yea, be strong."—DANIEL x. 19.

TWICE over Daniel, the statesman, is called "greatly beloved"—called by one who is thus described: "A certain man clothed in linen, whose loins were girded with fine gold of Uphaz: his body also was like the beryl, and his face as the appearance of lightning, and his eyes as lamps of fire, and his arms and his feet like in colour to polished brass, and the voice of his words like the voice of a multitude." If it be asked, "By whom is the statesman loved?" the answer must be, God, the great Creator and Ruler of the universe. How delightful! Surely it should be the high ambition of every statesman to gain such a title, to win such an approval. God's favour is better than life.

And yet it may be that there are statesmen who do not go to God's Book to know what ought to be the principles, the policy and the becoming and necessary features of their own characters.

Charles Kingsley would take them to Daniel. He says: "I would advise all of you who wish to understand God's dealings with mankind to study the book of Daniel, and especially at this present time." Bishop Wordsworth writes concerning Daniel: "He teaches men how to read aright the history of the past, and to interpret the great events which are passing before their eyes, and prepares them for greater things to come, even to the end of time. He also instructs them, by precept and example, how to live and move even midst the active business of public affairs so as not to be distracted by it, but to cherish an inner, hidden, spiritual life; even in the thickest crowds of this world, and in its most stirring strifes and struggles, to preserve calmness and quietness, and to hold communion with the Unseen; to remain steadfast and unmoved amidst the shocks of political revolutions, and to have the windows of the heart ever open to the far-off peace and glory of the Jerusalem that is above, and, while still sojourning as exiles and captives upon earth, to have their conversation in heaven."

Now I boldly assert that Daniel's is not a cleverly invented character, nor is his book a fascinating piece of fiction. His principles and conduct are too grand and resplendent to be the concoctions of some deceitful and dishonest mind. You and I would think it strange to represent God as loving a speculation or a phantom. What sort of a man, then, was this who received the stamp of Heaven's favour, and who is considered the model statesman?

I. I lightly touch on his training.

By birth he was an aristocrat; and this is no slight circumstance, for in our own country to-day many who occupy the highest ranks of life devote their talents, energy, and wealth to those political and philanthropic measures which have to do with the national welfare. No nation is so distinguished and prolific in voluntary service. And, without directly or by innuendo, disparaging other persons or classes, it is a matter of history that the greatest philanthropist our country has ever produced, who did most for the alleviation of suffering and for the social, moral, and religious welfare of the working classes, was an aristocrat of aristocrats—the late Earl of Shaftesbury.

Though Daniel was an aristocrat in his own country, he was now a slave at a foreign court. He was carried off to Babylon when only

fourteen years of age, and he rose to the position of prime minister of the then greatest kingdom on earth. Over that kingdom he exercised an influence, off and on, for some sixty years.

As Moses was trained in the schools of Egypt, and became learned in the wisdom of that remarkable country, so Daniel was acquainted with the advanced knowledge of the Chaldeans, their astrologers and their sacred scribes. "In all that concerned the movement of the heavenly bodies they were the teachers of Egypt and Greece." From Herodotus we gather that the Greeks learned from Babylon the pole, the sundial, and the division of the day into twelve parts. The first eclipse on record (a lunar one) was accurately observed at Babylon on March 29th, 721 B.C.

Daniel, therefore, was no ignoramus, but had his mind stored with useful knowledge.

II. To mental capacity was joined moral virtues and graces.

There can be no doubt at all that Daniel was guided by the very highest principles.

It is clear from the history that he was distinguished by self-control, that virtue so often commended in the New Testament. He was master of himself, of his mind, of his affections, of his appetite. He held himself, so to speak, well in hand. Character goes for something to-day in our Houses of Legislature. The gifts of eloquence are of little avail if there be a known absence of self-control in its widest sense. Allied with this virtue was Daniel's reticence. He knew when to speak and when to be silent. His silence before Darius was a telling condemnation of the unjust action of the king. It is said of a late Prime Minister that he never attacked small men; and when asked for an explanation concerning a particular member of Parliament, he replied, "He has the advantage of my silence." Daniel, too, could speak when necessary with great power and effect, as he did to Belshazzar. Pitt's defence of himself against the attacks of Walpole is a part of imperishable history.

A third virtue exhibited by Daniel was his integrity. In an earlier chapter (vi. 4) we read: "The presidents and princes sought to find occasion against Daniel . . . but they could find none occasion nor fault; forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him." So is it with our magistrates, judges, and ministers of the Crown in their public capacity. Statesmen sometimes possess secrets of statecraft and policy which, if used to their own ends, might result in enormous gains of personal wealth. But, in modern times at any rate, bribery and corruption and self-aggrandisement have not been known among our magistrates or the responsible ministers of the Crown.

Another feature that distinguished Daniel was his courage—not ordinary courage, such as men exhibit in facing political difficulties, but the courage of a slave and a captive, whose life was at the mercy of the monarch; the courage of acting in the fear of God, in the face of ignorance which had cruelty attached to it, of religious bigotry, of prejudice and jealousy and even hatred—the courage that is not ashamed of God or of His religion.

Our statesmen in the past have exhibited it: as Cranmer did in the great debate in the House of Lords; as Mr. Wilberforce did in the House of Commons; as Lord Shaftesbury did in both Houses. If it seems to be wanting to-day, it is because the Legislature is no longer distinctly religious, and courtesy—perhaps a mistaken courtesy—leads to reticence. God's name is very rarely heard now in our Houses of Parliament, and action based upon the authoritative principles of a Divine revelation is seldom asserted.

But such courage, in Daniel's case, was based upon undoubted piety. When it is not so, it is either braggadocio or cant.

III. I pass on now to Daniel's relationship to the reigning monarchs.

How many he had to deal with we do not know, but four are specified—Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, Darius, and Cyrus, the first and the last being amongst the wisest and most powerful rulers of the ancient world. Daniel never speaks harshly of Nebuchadnezzar. His were the sins of a heathen king—he was proud, autocratic, dictatorial. He considered that he was equal to any god. A great conqueror, he held life very cheaply, and ruled according to his own will. Daniel seems to have regarded him with respect, and even with affection. I do not think his language when in his presence could be designated "the empty phrases of court flattery." As heathen kings went, he was a good king.

Belshazzar, who was probably his grandson, lost all the advantages of Nebuchadnezzar's strange experiences; ignored Daniel, probably the wisest statesman that ever lived; and acted as another Rehoboam. The story of his disgraceful banquet is painfully dramatic. Nothing can be finer than the entrance of the aged and dignified Daniel after what seems like the seclusion of fifteen years. After the shouts of fear and the general tumult, resulting in the appearance of the queen-mother, came the calm and dead silence as the great minister delivered what may be termed his judicial and condemnatory charge. The king is told of the great advantages he possessed, and of his wilful neglect of them; of his sins in the face of despised knowledge; and of his terrible doom.

Darius, on the other hand, knew Daniel's worth, and seems to have regarded him with

affection. Trapped into an action of cruelty, no one is more rejoiced than he is at Daniel's deliverance and safety. We can scarcely conceive that Daniel had any serious differences with Cyrus—a subject of prophecy, mentioned by name, and one who apparently admitted the over-ruling providence of the God of the Jews. It may have been through his great statesman's influence that Cyrus allowed and encouraged the restoration of the Jewish captives to their own land. But what we are concerned with is this: that—no matter whether the monarch were the autocratic Nebuchadnezzar, or the wilfully wicked Belshazzar, or the friendly Darius, or Cyrus, the man of destiny—Daniel under each and all exhibited those resplendent virtues which have been specified, and set before mankind the principles and policies of the true statesman. He is the model for all politicians to copy.

The statesmen of to-day, no doubt, have their special difficulties, but they are as nothing compared with those of a slave-minister at a heathen court. If at such a court Daniel could lead a consistent, holy life, and be loyal to his God as well as to his king, how much easier is it for statesmen in a Christian country to do the same! Here there is a general regard for religion. Here the surroundings are not hostile to Christianity. Here consistency and high principle win—yes, command—respect and admiration. And there are opportunities, in relation to education, to the observance of the Lord's Day, to fidelity to the truth, and to morality, when wisdom and courage and equity should come into play, and when character may be both exhibited and tested. The example of Daniel will then be of no slight service.

I give it as my own deliberate opinion that belief in the over-ruling providence of God is essential in true statesmanship. Agnosticism is out of the question. The history of Israel, the book of Psalms, the writings of the Prophets, teach clearly that God is the God of nations as well as of individuals. Kings reign by His will, and are bound to uphold true religion; and those who serve under them must honour Him and carry out His will.

In order that they may do this properly, they, like Daniel, must be men of piety, devotion, and prayer. They have again and again to face difficulties and perplexities, and they need the wisdom that cometh from above, which is promised as an answer to believing supplication. Can any sober-minded person for one moment suppose that Daniel could have been so able and successful a statesman, so upright in all his conduct, so courageous when persecuted and threatened with cruel death, so calm before vindictive enemies and in the presence of State complications, if he had not been a man of prayer? No doubt, in his case, "much prayer saved much time." Busy as he was, it was his habit to pray three times a day; and some of his petitions are on record, and reveal the splendour of his mind and the disposition of his affections. Like Moses, he was a meek man; like Solomon, he was a wise man; like St. Paul, he was a brave man, and in the certainty of persecution and threats he could have said, "None of these things move me." I myself do not for a moment believe that he could have behaved as he did, and have exhibited such resplendent virtues, if he had not by earnest supplication obtained needed blessings at the throne of grace. I care not who the statesman is; I care not what gifts of learning or eloquence he may exhibit; I care not what business capacity he may possess; I care not what popular approval he may win—he will never be in the highest sense a good statesman unless he lives in the fear of God and holds constant fellowship with his Creator and the God of his salvation.

It follows also that a good statesman must primarily aim at the glory of God. This result is the end of human existence. The charge Daniel brought against the sensual, worldly, irreverent Belshazzar was as follows: "The God in Whose hand thy breath is, and Whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified." Because God's glory was not his settled purpose, he was no use, so to speak, to his righteous Lord, and therefore he suddenly perished.

It may be that some politicians enter Parliament without any such holy ambition. It may be that there are gigantic struggles for office with no such purpose in view. It may be that great gifts are expended upon merely secular questions, in what I may call a secular way. But statesmen of this class can never be favourites of Heaven, nor win the respect of their own age or of posterity, as Daniel did. Their very success may confirm them in worldliness and practical infidelity. The homage of admirers may seem to be the approval of an unsatisfactory line of policy. But he is a wise statesman who considers again and again whether his public action is and can justly be considered such as to please his Lord and Saviour and his future Judge.

I know some of the difficulties of public life. I know how easy it is for the secular spirit repeatedly to assert itself. And it is this knowledge which makes me desirous that our politicians, to whatever party they belong and whatever rank of life they occupy, should seek and gain that grace by which alone they can glorify God.

But, in spite of all dangerous tendencies and influences, what enormous privileges they enjoy! No one supposes that Daniel sought office for the sake of office. No one imagines that he plotted and schemed to obtain it. No one can conclude that he used his position for any selfish end. No one is of opinion that he lived for fame, or that he ever dreamt that his godly example would extend throughout all time. No, but his aim from first to last and in all circumstances was the glory of his Maker; and hence he was "greatly beloved."

Statesmen are prominent men. They live under the public eye. Their speeches are reported, and their likenesses are seen in periodicals and newspapers and shop windows. "A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid." This prominence has its obligations and responsibilities. But what an advantage it is! What facilities for doing good it affords! How wide is the influence that can be exercised! Life is a serious matter, at any time and anywhere; but it is a glorious privilege when grace is provided for all emergencies and for all obligations, and when the position is both prominent and pregnant for good. Distrust of self in reverent minds carries with it reliance upon God. When the main object is God's glory, the details, the secular and spiritual obligations, fit in easily and naturally to their proper places. It is not unbecoming to desire with the whole self that God should designate His faithful servant as "a man greatly beloved." A holier or higher or better ambition than to be greatly loved by that God Who is Himself love could not possess the being of any creature, however lowly, however exalted, in the vast universe of the omniscient and omnipotent Creator and Ruler of all things, which teems with endless and countless life. Let such an ambition be the ambition of our statesmen to-day, and they will be a blessing to their own country and the very salt of the earth. Let such an ambition be yours and mine, and, whatever be our condition or position—be it low or high, with few or many gifts, with small or great influence—we shall not have lived in vain.

THE MARTYRDOM OF FAITHFUL

(After David Scott.)

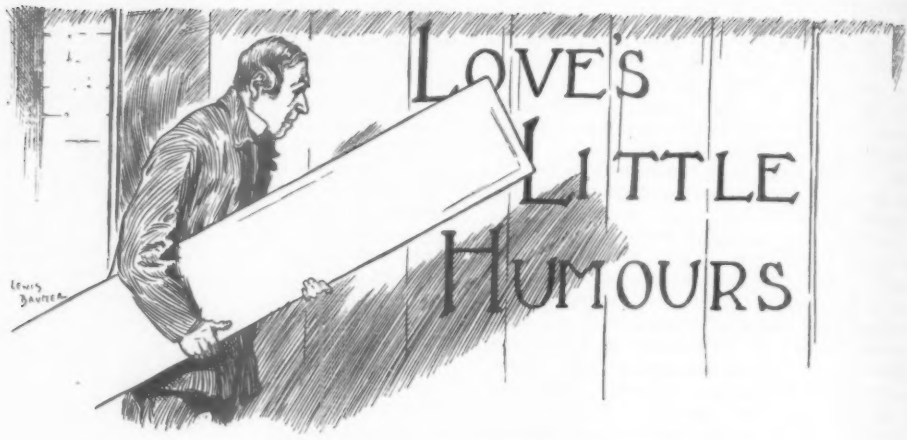
HEED not the binding chains! Heed not the strong,
Fierce torture of the flames that blast and scar
That quiv'ring body! Lift thine eyes afar;
See, where they wait thee, the angelic throng
To voice thy triumph with their choral song;
And thou, victorious, like a radiant star
Shalt shine where the eternal glories are:
Brief the sharp pangs, the rapture endless-long.

His pallid head sinks backward; the closed eyes
Faint into death; and out of that fell fire,
Upborne as by the breath of pure desire,
The enfranchised spirit to its Heaven flies.
O Earth, Earth, Earth! blind to the avenging sword,
How long slay'st thou the chosen of the Lord?

ADA BARTRICK BAKER.



From the Design by David Scott.



By the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.

CHAPTER I.

A CLOCKWORK MAN.

AS the church clock chimed eight, whilst the blue smoke of the houses rose straight up in the morning air, Michael Chigwidden came out at the side door of his little tailor's shop, his feet shuffling along in a big pair of red carpet slippers—he never put on his boots till the day's work was done. He took down the shutters, and then went in at the door, his hand giving an extra twist to the two flat curls into which his hair was brushed over each ear—they lent a kind of flourish, a graceful finish to his bald head.

From dawn to dark Michael Chigwidden was regulated by the church clock; by its quarters he woke, he dressed, he ate and drank, he worked, he went to bed, he slept. Once, when the clock was out of order and stopped for a fortnight, Michael Chigwidden was ill—very ill—the only illness of his life. People said the stopping of the clock was the cause, not a coincidence.

There are some men who surely never were born; the thought of it is absurd; no effort of the imagination could ever picture them as babies; they must have been made right off—like Adam, finished at once. Such a man was Michael Chigwidden—rigid, exact, crystallised. For such men the years of their growth abide like the branch of the tree. You might cut Michael Chigwidden down, or chop him up—you might saw him or plane him—but you could never bend him to any other shape than that in which he had grown.

Now of all men the tailor would appear the last who could afford such cast-iron ways. There are many callings—from the orthodox minister to the rag-and-bone merchant—where the reputation can be maintained by an angry resentment of new-fangled notions. The tailor, however, must hold the mirror to the changeful ways of human vanity, and veer with the winds of fashion as they blow from London or Paris. But Michael Chigwidden was as the rock to the river. Fashions might come and fashions might go, but he was not borne along by this frothy stream. Rooted and firm as the solid earth, he changed not with the spring or autumn; he was as the yew of which Tennyson sings:

> "O, not for thee the glow, the bloom,
> Who changeth not in any gale;
> Nor branding summer suns avail
> To touch thy thousand years of gloom."

Such was Michael Chigwidden.

CHAPTER II.

A GLANCE AT WEST TAMERTON.

THE town of West Tamerton, although of very considerable importance to those who lived there, or within the circling influence of its market day, was at least remote and leisurely. No railway in those days disturbed the wooded valley of the Tamar. Once a day the coach went up and down its steep thoroughfare linking it with mysterious regions "up the country." This was the main artery of its existence; there were lesser veins of circulation in the shape of sundry vans that crept to the neighbouring towns and villages within the radius of ten or twelve miles, apparently of much use only on market days. So far as news was concerned, West Tamerton lived, as the doctors say, on its own adipose tissue, found its supply within its own little self. It knew everything about everybody else in the place, and mostly knew a great deal more about other people than they knew about themselves. There hung over it a dreamy leisureliness as of a land where it was always afternoon—except, indeed, on market days, when everybody put on a show of bustle which so exhausted the energies that it took a week to recover. Other days went round like a straggling flock of sheep, so similar that you could not tell one from another; then came the market day at their heels, like a barking sheep-dog, and they scampered hither and thither in a rush.

Indeed, it was told that old Diggory Grey, away in St. Dunstan's parish, did actually mistake the days, so much alike were they, and, somehow losing account of the week, got up on the Sunday and thought it was Saturday. He rose at five, instead of seven, which marked with him the day of rest, and spent the morning in scattering manure over the field. Then at eleven he went in for a hasty dinner, dressing himself for market between the mouthfuls, putting on the clean "bosom" and the black tie and the Sunday coat and waistcoat. With the big basket of butter and eggs on his arm he set out for the walk over the moors. But as he drew near to the highway he woke up sufficiently to scratch his head by way of gathering his wits together. There was a strange and startling stillness everywhere. No rattling carts went on the road, no hoofs of trotting horses.

"Whatever is it, then?" said Diggory to himself.

He entered the street of the town. No cattle stood in its ways, no "stannin's" choked the footpath. The market-house was closed, the shops were shut. Not a soul appeared in the streets. The very public-houses had not opened their doors.

"Whatever is it, then?" said Diggory again with a gasp.

Then a slight break of light crept over him.

"Must be a burrin', I b'lieve, and everybody gone to it. Dear, dear! and I never heard tell of it, neither: must be somebody very important, too."

Then came a stout old woman to the door of her house, thinking that everybody else had gone to church and it was safe for her to show herself. Diggory hastened to find some explanation of the mystery.

"Here, mother, who is it then?"

"What 'ee mean?"

"Why, whose burrin' is it?"

"Burrin'; what are 'ee talking about?"

"Why, it must be a burrin'—all the shops shut up, and nobody about, and market day and all."

"Market day! Aw, dear, dear! Where do you expect to go to, I should like to know, with a great basket on your arm and this here the blessed Sunday?"

Diggory gasped. "Sunday!"

"Iss, Sunday."

Diggory turned in horror, and in a great perspiration. He took off his hat and fetched his handkerchief out of it, and wiped his face.

"Aw dear! to think I should have spent the blessed morning in scattering manure over the field, and now I shall have to go home and pick it up again, because it's Sunday!"

Happy place, where life was a round of such sweet leisureliness!

Well, seeing West Tamerton was what it was, it is easy to imagine the sensation with which the news broke upon it one day concerning Mr. Michael Chigwidden. It was an alarm as of fire. Yet not to be told in a hurry, but to be lingered over, that the effect of it might be the more overwhelming.

It was Martha Toms who carried the tidings to Betsy Crocker

"You do knaw Michael Chigwidden, don't 'ee?"

"Knaw Michael Chigwidden? Iss, of course I do."

"Michael Chigwidden *the tailor*, I do mean."

"Iss, of course. Well, what is it?"

"'Tisn't the *old* Michael Chigwidden, the uncle to en."

"Of course not; he's dead."

"But it might have been, for all that. I've a-heard strange tales of dead folks."

"What is it, then?"

"You never would have believed it, but 'tis true."

"Well, I never!"

"You might have knocked me down with a feather, as the saying is."

"Aw!"

"I never thought it of en."

"Aw!"

"Why, *he's going for to be married!*"

"Never!"

"And she's so staid a female, too."

"Dear, dear! Well, there, to be sure; who to, then?"

"Why, to Petronel Varnicombe, the dressmaker.

"Well, I never did!"

And each was off in haste to carry the tidings to the less informed.

CHAPTER III.

COURTSHIP.

HOW such a matter ever came about was, indeed, very much of a mystery. It is true that Petronel Varnicombe sat directly in front of Michael Chigwidden in church. Thus was afforded opportunity for meditation such as the occasion is intended to promote; and if loftier things did not occupy the good man's mind, possibly it was the fault of the preacher. As Michael's eyes could not fail to see over the top of the Prayer-book, they had of necessity to look at the figure in front of them. There were clusters of curls that peeped beneath the bonnet, tremulously keeping time as she joined in the psalms or kneeled for the responses.

The nearness of their pews afforded an excuse for a word of recognition that grew somewhat suddenly on his part into a tender inquiry as to her health. This without long delay passed to a hand-shake; and at last they walked together as far as their common way or the narrow pavement permitted.

So it came about that one evening Michael Chigwidden got up to close the shop at a quarter before eight—a change that implied something of terrible seriousness. Then he took off the loose carpet slippers, and put on his boots. He turned to view himself in the glass, giving the flat curls an extra twist and patting. He put on his hat, and boldly went forth to Petronel's house. To her it was a great astonishment to find that the knock was that of Michael Chigwidden. And while she expected only some passing message of a moment, she was still more surprised when he took off his hat and pushed his way into the little parlour.

Whatever passed between them we can only guess, but it was enough to set the rumour afloat that Michael Chigwidden was going to be married to Petronel Varnicombe. Thus far they certainly had got.

Henceforth every evening, however busy she might be, even in the all-important matters of weddings or funerals, and although it involved setting to work again as soon as Michael was gone, and sticking at it until midnight, yet Petronel cleared her room and tidied it with utmost care. Every evening, a little before eight, she made the fire burn its brightest; she set some little dainty on the table for supper; she put the old arm-chair in the chimney corner; and then quietly waited the coming of her lover.

And every evening, on his part, Michael Chigwidden went forth at a quarter to eight, and hastily put up the shutters; he changed the big carpet slippers for boots that were carefully polished; he gave the flat curls on either side of his head an extra twist and pat.

As the chimes struck the hour of eight, never a minute before, never a minute after, Michael boldly came into the dressmaker's little room. The greeting was sincere enough, but not enthusiastic, and then two hours slipped by pleasantly for both. It was a rest, a break, a change, without excitement, without expectation or claim. Every evening at the stroke of ten Michael rose and held out his hand, always with the same formula:

"Well, Petronel, what do 'ee say, then?"

The answer was always the same:

"Aw, Michael, let us bide as we be."

The weeks went by, the months, and

even the years. But amidst the changes they brought nothing broke the constancy of Michael's visit. The formula was always the same, on his part and on hers. The very intonation of each word had grown fixed and unalterable.

It came at last to be said only because it had been said, and both would have been bewildered at its omission, and quite as much amazed at any change.

It was after the engagement had lasted seven years that a neighbour, anxious to get rid of his house and furniture, thought that Michael Chigwidden would probably require some such convenient dwelling when he took to himself a wife. And surely that happy event could not fail now to be within measurable distance.

"Well, Mr. Chigwidden," he began, as he called at the tailor's shop. "I've been thinking about you."

"Aw," said the tailor, "is it a new suit of clothes?"

"No, no, nothing of that sort. I am going away, you know, and want to get rid of my house."

"Well," replied Mr. Chigwidden, "what's that got to do with me?"

"Why, I thought it would suit you very nicely."

"Me!" cried Michael; "whatever should I do with the place?"

"But I suppose you are going to be married soon, are you not?"

Michael gasped, his jaw fell, and beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. He grasped the counter with each hand, as if to keep himself from falling.

"M—m—m—married!" he cried with horror.

"Yes, married," said the neighbour.

"W—w—w—whatever for?" stuttered the tailor.

"But you are engaged, aren't you?"

"Of course I am," said he, growing angry.

"Engaged to be married, I suppose?" said the neighbour.

"No," said the tailor, turning on his heel.

It took at least an hour for Michael to get over the shock, and it was another hour before he was able comfortably to sit cross-legged, and to resume his stitching. And even then he kept breaking out with indignant exclamations: "M—m—m—married! M—m—married! Whatever for?"

CHAPTER IV.

HOW IT ENDED.

IT was ten years since the engagement had commenced, when Michael Chigwidden, after many weeks of deliberation and anxious discussions with Petronel, was induced to go to London to visit the Exhibition of 1862. Once away from West Tamerton, in the midst of the relatives with whom he was to stay, there was plenty to absorb his thoughts, and Petronel found no place amidst the excitement of the day. Worn out by the weariness of so much sight-seeing, at night he was asleep before her name could come into his mind.

But very different was it for poor Petronel. In her loneliness she missed him. Every evening, from mere force of habit, she put away her work, and she tidied up her room. Every evening she made the fire at its brightest and cheeriest; she set a place for two at the supper table, and put the arm-chair in the corner and waited. The clock struck eight, but no presence broke the monotony of the day. Never did the hours seem so long. Never were the evenings so dull. And as she thought of him now, it was altogether in another light. He was not merely a friendly visitor, but far more than he had ever seemed.

"Ten years!" she said to herself; "ten years! and his faithfulness has never wavered, his devotion has never changed—and every evening he has asked, and asked in vain."

She upbraided herself severely for never having seen before all that it meant to her now. She wondered that she could have withstood the claims of such affection. If he were but with her now, she almost thought it would be impossible to deny him anything. On his return she must give him some token of how deeply she felt his constancy, how warmly she had come to appreciate the devotion he had shown for all these years. There was but one fitting gift, and that should be his. She would at last consent to be his wife.

A fortnight expired, and Michael was home again. Eagerly that night he hastened to put up the shutters, and to put on his boots, for he had seen much and had a host of things to tell. He could not wonder at the warmer greeting with which Petronel welcomed him



"Two hours slipped by pleasantly for both."—*p.* 386.

as he came into her room. For her to see him once more in the easy-chair, and to feel the break that his presence brought, restored to her life a charm, and completed her determination fitly to reward the years of his love.

The two hours passed more quickly than ever. The incidents of the journey to London—in those times a rare thing for any person of West Tamerton—the sights and wonders he had looked upon in the Exhibition, all gave to the tailor, in Petronel's eyes, an added importance almost, indeed, a greatness.

Then the old church clock chimed the hour of ten. Michael did not know it was so late, and rose in a hurry. He held out his hand, and hastily went through the familiar form of words:

"Well, Petronel, what do 'ee say, then?"

A new light shone in Petronel's eyes, the glow of a love that was almost a passion, an adoration, a great gratitude. Michael waited only for the familiar reply, and was eager to go. Punctuality had come to be to him almost a tyranny. But Petronel held his hand; and for a full minute there was a silence in which one heard nothing but the ticking of the clock in the corner of the room.

Then she lifted her eyes to his, and even ventured what she had never done before—to set her arm about his neck.

"Michael, I've been thinking."

Michael started and gasped, "Aw, my dear!"

Petronel misunderstood him, and found it an encouragement only more boldly to declare herself.

"I've been thinking," she went on, "of the years of your love, and devotion."

"Never!" cried Michael tremblingly.

To Petronel still it was only the gladness of a man who finds at last what he has sought so long.

"I have resolved to consent to be your wife."

Michael snatched away his hand and thrust poor Petronel from him.

"N—n—n—never," he cried, and, without so much as staying to put on his hat, rushed through the street, and burst in at his door, and scarcely felt himself safe, even when it was locked and barred.

It was a long time before he could sleep, and even in his slumber there came the muttered indignation: "M—m—married. Whatever for?"

The next day poor Petronel had no heart for anything. She sat with her breakfast untasted, utterly careless about her work for an hour or more. Some message of urgency aroused her at last, and she flung herself desperately at the dressmaking, and scarcely laid it aside for a moment. The night came, and eight o'clock found her still at her work. The fire had gone out, and the hearth was all unswept. Table and chairs were littered with the materials of her dressmaking. There was no need now to brighten the room, to set the cloth, to get something dainty for supper, and to wait expectant and eager for Michael's coming.

But to Michael the day had been a weary one. He had taken down the shutters and prepared for the day's work with all his unerring precision. He had sat in his red slippers, cross-legged, stitching and snipping, but his thoughts were with Petronel. He sighed. How could he alter the habits of ten long years? What was he to do with his evenings?

That night, as the old church clock chimed the hour of eight, much to Petronel's amazement Michael rushed into the little room, and sat down without a word. The silence lasted for many minutes.

"Petronel," he sighed, "'tis no good. I can't live without you."

"Michael," said Petronel, "I can't live without you."

"I've been thinking, Petronel." He paused again.

"Well, Michael," said she, after a silence of some minutes, "what have 'ee been thinking, then?"

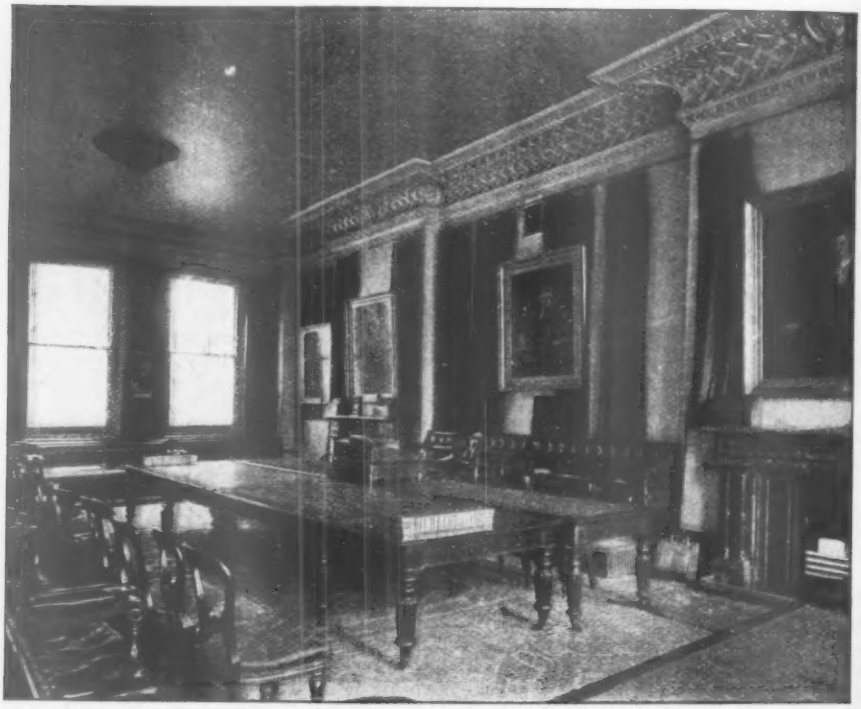
It was a long time before the answer came.

"Well, Petronel, lev us bide as we be for the present, and then, please God, when we are dead, we'll be buried comfortable in the same grave."

MEN WHO MANAGE MISSIONS.

SOME FACTS ABOUT FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES AND THE MEN WHO CONTROL THEM.

By Hugh B. Philpott.



THE BOARD ROOM CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

RIGHTLY regarded, the home side of foreign missionary work is by no means devoid of interest. Indeed, missionary problems are only half understood while this side of the work is ignored, and there are many matters which are more likely to be justly appreciated in these prosaic London offices than anywhere else; there, if anywhere, the right perspective is obtained, and wide and general views can be taken.

It is a vast and many-sided work that goes on at the headquarters of the great missionary societies. The supply of candidates has to be kept up, and they have to be wisely prepared for foreign service; the churches have to be kept informed of the progress of the work abroad, and their missionary zeal maintained and quickened by sermons, meetings, the circulation of literature, and other means; money has to be collected and allocated to various purposes; questions of missionary policy have to be decided; the health and personal needs of the missionaries, whether abroad or home on furlough, must be a matter of constant solicitude; the progress of the work in every part of the mission field must be carefully watched, and the workers themselves encouraged and helped with friendly counsel. The organisation by means of which these and many other duties belonging to the home side of missionary work are carried out varies considerably in the different societies. But, in nearly

all, the work centres round two or three men, generally the secretaries, who, devoting their whole time and strength to the work, have all its details at their fingers' ends.

Let us first glance at the work of the largest of all missionary societies, the Church Missionary Society, which has its headquarters in Salisbury Square. At the present time the Society has a staff of 1,276 missionaries (including missionaries wives and lay helpers), 375 native clergy, and 7,915 native agents and teachers, and its income last year amounted to £342,000. In view of the vastness of the operations which these figures suggest, it is not surprising to find that the secretarial staff of the Church Missionary Society is stronger numerically than that of any other society. It consists of nine gentlemen, who divide amongst themselves the control of the various departments of the work. The Rev. F. Baylis, M.A., who kindly acts as our informant, is one of the three secretaries who devote their attention specially to the foreign field. They work in connection with a "Correspondence Committee" of about a hundred members, which meets twice a month, and keeps in touch, through its sub-committees, with the Society's agents all over the world. It is also responsible for the very important work of obtaining recruits



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

MR. D. MARSHALL LANG, LAY SECRETARY, CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

for the foreign field, and recommending them for acceptance.

The Funds and Home Organisation Committee undertakes another very



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE REV. H. E. FOX, CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

important duty, that of bringing the facts of missionary work before the people at home and seeking their sympathy and support. The Rev. J. S. Flynn devotes the whole of his time to the work of this committee, which is, of course, very responsible as well as arduous. For it is obvious that any slackness in this department, any want of completeness in the organisation, would mean loss of income and weakness all round.

The Publications Committee of a missionary society might be supposed to represent a comparatively unimportant part of its work. But when it is stated that



(*Photo: Maull and Fox, Piccadilly, W.*)
THE REV. G. TONGE, CHURCH OF ENGLAND ZENANA MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

last year the Church Missionary Society issued nearly five and a half million publications of one kind and another, for sale and gratuitous distribution, it will be believed that in this Society, at any rate, the work of disseminating missionary literature is a vast business in itself. The Society issues ten monthly and quarterly publications as well as a good many books on missionary matters. The production of all these publications is under the direction of the editorial secretary, Mr. Eugene Stock, who has had the assistance lately of the Rev. G. Furness Smith, M.A.

The financial and business side of the great organisation is controlled by the lay secretary, Mr. D. Marshall Lang, who deals with all receipts and expenditure, controls the business staff, and generally fulfils most of the duties that fall to the manager of a great business house.

Such is, very briefly, the way in which the most important branches of the



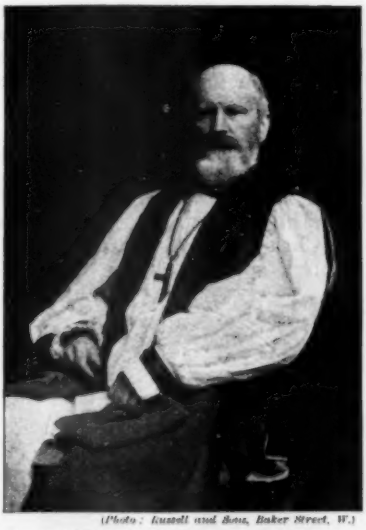
THE REV. ALEXANDER CONNELL, B.D., FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

work are divided amongst the officials of the Church Missionary Society. But there is need in all such great organisations of one representative personality to whom all may look up as their chief. Such a position is filled by the honorary secretary, the Rev. H. E. Fox, M.A. He presides at the weekly meeting of secretaries, when the programme of the week's work is arranged; he is the representative of the Society and its spokesman in relation to the outside world, and is the friend and confidant both of missionaries and officials. Notwithstanding that his position is a purely honorary one, Mr. Fox is so far from being a mere figure-head that it would be difficult to find among all the missionary secretaries in London—and they are a hard-working and devoted body of men—one whose life is more completely devoted to the missionary cause.

The Church Missionary Society, although the largest, is not the oldest Church of England missionary society. That distinction belongs to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which was founded in the year 1701. Its earliest field of work was the British colonies in America (now the United States), and it has maintained throughout its history a more distinctly colonial character than belongs to most other societies. Every colony in the

British Empire, with the single small exception of the Falkland Islands, has at some time or other received its aid, and at the present time it carries on a good deal of work in the colonies and supports chaplaincies on the Continent of Europe, as well as engaging in what is, of course, its principal work, the preaching of the Gospel to heathen peoples.

The chief of the secretarial staff of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel is Bishop Montgomery, formerly Bishop of Tasmania, who came home by invitation of the bishops to devote his whole attention to the work of missionary organisation. Bishop Montgomery keeps himself in close touch with all branches of the Society's work, he brings matters before the various committees, and acts as the Society's spokesman and representative. The detailed work is subdivided among the secretaries in a similar manner to that of the Church Missionary Society, one secretary having charge of the European chaplaincies, another of the home deputation work, and another,



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

BISHOP MONTGOMERY, SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

Canon C. H. Robinson, of the editorial work connected with the half-dozen periodicals issued by the Society.

The Church of England Zenana Missionary Society is a society which sends lady missionaries to work among the women of India, China, Ceylon and Singapore. It is not unnatural that the management of such a society should be largely in the hands of women. Most of the committees are composed chiefly, if not entirely, of women, and several of the leading officials of the Society are women. The editorial superintendent, who ably controls the production of some very attractive literature, is Miss Irene H. Barnes; the secretary of the Home Organisation Committee, whose duties are to extend the knowledge of the Society's work and recommend the appointment of local secretaries, is Miss Mulvany; and the deputation secretary, who arranges for deputations and preachers throughout the country, and often herself visits and addresses the local workers, is Miss Lucy Jukes. The clerical secretary, who may be regarded as the Society's representative and chief, is the Rev. George Tonge, M.A., who exercises a general supervision over practically all branches of the work.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

EXTERIOR OF BUILDING, SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

To explain in detail the organisation of this Society, which is very effective and complete, would occupy much more space than can be spared. One thing which was specially impressed upon my mind as the result of a chat with Mr. Tonge was the heavy responsibility which rests upon a missionary society in regard to its own workers. At first sight one might suppose that when an earnest Christian worker has volunteered for foreign service all the Society has



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

THE REV. GEORGE COUSINS, LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

to do is to send him out to some part of the mission field where more workers are wanted and to pay his expenses. The matter, however, is by no means so simple as that. The reputation of a society, its efficiency in the field and the degree of confidence it will command at home, depend upon the faithfulness and the discretion of its agents. It becomes, therefore, a matter of the utmost importance that new workers shall be most carefully chosen and trained.

In the Zenana Society the lady who wishes to be a missionary first fills up a form answering certain questions and supplying references. She then goes to some approved training home for about two years, during which time she also has opportunities for engaging in various forms of Christian effort in connection with neighbouring churches. This generally shows whether the candidate has the capacity for



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

THE REV. WARDLAW THOMPSON, LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

spiritual work and the true missionary spirit; for, as Mr. Tonge says, "If she doesn't show a missionary spirit here at home, it is not likely to be developed in a voyage to India."

Turning our attention next to societies unconnected with the Established



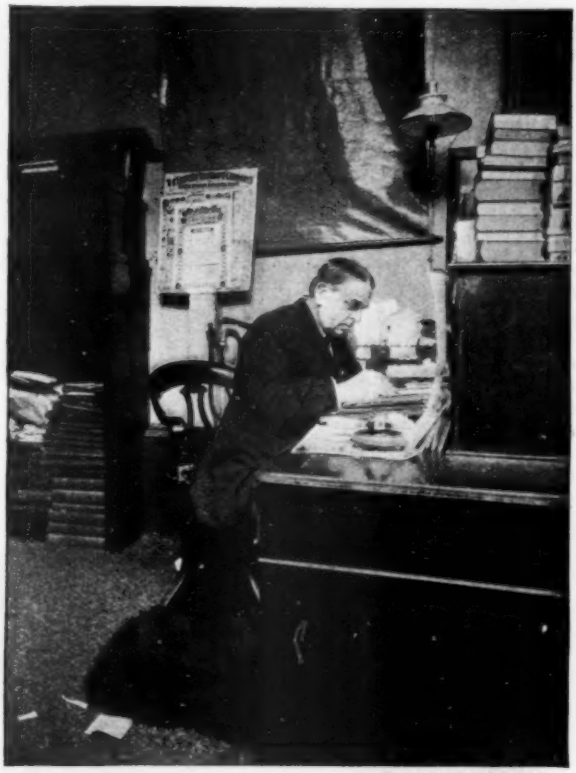
(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

EXTERIOR OF BUILDING, LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Church, we first look in at the London Missionary Society's headquarters in Blomfield Street for a few minutes' conversation with the "Home Secretary," the Rev. A. N. Johnson, M.A. We find Mr. Johnson busy with plans for adding to the already extensive efforts the Society is making to bring home to its constituents a sense of responsibility for foreign missions. Conferences of ministers are being arranged and the services of the best speakers are being enlisted to address public meetings. "What we want," says Mr. Johnson, "is information spreading. I don't think it is people's antagonism to missions, but their want of knowledge, which makes them withhold the support we need." For the London Missionary Society, like several other societies, has been experiencing lately something very like a financial crisis, and is feeling strongly the need of a larger income.

We are reminded by Mr. Johnson that the London Missionary Society is really an undenominational society. It was founded more than a hundred years ago by a body of men of different denominations, who declared the design of the Society to be to send to the heathen, "not Presbyterianism, Independency, Episcopacy, or any other form of church order and government, but the glorious Gospel of the blessed God." That principle has never been departed from, although the Society has come to be very closely identified with the Congregational churches owing to the fact that nearly all other bodies of Christians now have societies of their own. Still, there are a few missionaries even now in the London Missionary Society who are not Congregationalists. A recent notable example was the martyred missionary, James Chalmers, who was a Presbyterian.

The Society has two foreign secretaries, the Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson and the Rev. George Cousins, who between them get through an immense quantity of correspondence with missionaries in the field. Nor is this correspondence of a merely formal character. Mr. Cousins, from his own experience as a missionary, and Mr. Wardlaw Thompson, from his natural sympathy and wide knowledge of the problems of missionary work, are able to enter into intimate and sympathetic relationship with the missionaries and to give advice and encouragement that are often sorely needed.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

MR. A. H. BAYNES IN HIS ROOM AT THE BAPTIST MISSION HOUSE.

The finances of the Society are under the control of Mr. Cousins, and one may well wonder how he and his colleague find time to write the intimate personal letters I have referred to and address public meetings, in addition to attending to all sorts of business details. The explanation is probably to be sought in the fact that the Society gives a very free hand to its missionaries in the

field, who settle in their district meetings many details which in other societies would be referred to the home authorities.

The Baptist Missionary Society is distinguished among other societies from the fact that it has a layman as its leading official. I suppose it will not be thought invidious thus to describe Mr. A. H. Baynes, the general secretary. Mr. Baynes has served the Baptist Society as secretary for the last thirty-six years, and must have a quite unrivalled experience in all matters relating to missionary organisation. The ideal secretary of a religious society would combine spiritual and moral force with business aptitude and a genial, courteous manner. The combination is a rare one, no doubt, but the Baptist Missionary Society seems to have found it in its general secretary. A great worker is Mr. Baynes, retaining in his own strong and able hands such varied duties as the control of the finance, correspondence with missionaries, and the editing of the magazines.

Matters of home organisation are in the hands of the Rev. J. B. Myers, who is known as the association secretary. His duties, like those of so many other missionary secretaries, are specially arduous at the present time, owing to the fact that the Society's income falls short of its normal expenditure. He is devoting himself energetically to the task of persuading the Baptist churches that their duty is to increase considerably the amount of support they have hitherto accorded to their missionary society.

The Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society presents some aspects which to those unfamiliar with Methodism may be a little puzzling. The voluntary element enters into its organisation less than into that of any of the societies we have been considering. This arises naturally from the fact that foreign missionary work is regarded by the Wesleyan body as part of their church work, not as an addition to it. The organisation and rules applying to their churches at home apply with little modification to their churches in China or Africa. The Wesleyan missionary, unlike the missionaries of most societies, is not necessarily a volunteer for that particular work. He is like a soldier on



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE REV. F. W. MACDONALD, WESLEYAN METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.



A CANDIDATE BEFORE THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

duty abroad. He is working at that particular place because he has been sent thither. His not to reason why. A man who becomes a Wesleyan minister is liable to be sent to any part of the world, except the west coast of Africa, where, owing to the risk to health, none but volunteers are sent.

It is the same, I believe, with the secretaries of the Society, who have received their appointments, not, perhaps, because they desired them, but because they have been selected by Conference. Bearing this fact in mind, we may perhaps see a testimony to the importance the Wesleyan body attach to foreign missionary work in the fact that for the past eleven years one of their most gifted men, the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, M.A., has filled the office of secretary to the Missionary Society. Mr. Macdonald is a former professor of Handsworth College, who has left the impress of his strong personality on many of the younger men in the Wesleyan ministry; he is a man of wide and deep culture and a brilliant lecturer and preacher, whose advocacy must be a continual source of strength to the Society.

Mr. Macdonald's special department is the work on the Continent of Europe, and he visits some of the stations once or twice every year. The Rev. William H. Findlay, M.A., who was himself a missionary for twenty years, has charge of the rest of the foreign work, and the Rev. Marshall Hartley deals with finance. The home organisation secretary, the Rev. William Perkins, has somewhat different duties from those of the secretaries who fill this position in other societies. Owing to the ecclesiastical system of Wesleyanism, every Wesleyan chapel in the land may be regarded as to a greater or less extent a supporter of the foreign missionary work. The secretary has not to appeal for an annual collection and a public meeting; that much is assured. He finds plenty of work to do, however, in arranging for effective speakers to be sent to every district, and helping the local workers to make the missionary anniversary what it very often is in country districts, one of the great occasions of the year.

The Missionary Society connected with the Presbyterian Church of England is a smaller society than most of those which have been mentioned, but it deserves a word of recognition, if only from the fact that nearly all the organising work is done by voluntary workers. The convener, the Rev. Alexander Connell, B.D., is pastor of an important London church, and the vice-convener, Mr. John Bell, is a City merchant. Both these gentlemen devote a large share of their time to missionary work. Mr. Connell corresponds with missionaries, presides at committee meetings, and frequently preaches and speaks on behalf of the work. He is a most persuasive and attractive speaker, and, having visited the Society's mission fields in India and China, can speak of the work from first-hand knowledge. Mr. Bell looks after financial matters, presides at committees in Mr. Connell's absence, and generally acts as referee on all business matters. The more detailed secretarial work is done by the Rev. William Dale, who also edits the missionary periodicals.

Two general considerations, both full of encouragement, in regard to our great missionary societies may be noted in conclusion. In the course of my inquiries into the organisation of the societies it was inevitable that comparisons with other societies should be made. Yet I heard no reference to another society or another official that was not kindly and charitable. Among our great missionary societies jealous and ignoble rivalry is, I think, practically non-existent. The men with whom I conversed represent many different schools of thought and methods of church government, yet they find it possible to maintain the most cordial relations with each other. Striving earnestly towards the same great end, they have neither time nor inclination to quarrel by the way.

The second consideration is the immensity of the opportunity which lies before the Christian churches in regard to missionary work. Everywhere the societies have the same story to tell of a readiness to hear the Gospel, of new doors being opened, of opportunities for starting fresh missions and developing old ones, but also—alas!—of inadequate means to take advantage of these opportunities. There will be many great forward movements in the mission field when the churches give the word.

XUM

THE NEGLECTING OF JOAN.

By Margaret Westrup, Author of "Love and Photography," "Noll," Etc.

JOAN sat up in her crib and looked at the big bed next to hers. The big bed was empty, and this to begin with was a revolution.

So it was that the very beginning of that day was different from the beginning of other days.

The other days always began with a snuggle in nurse's bed. In all the years and years and *years* Joan could remember there had only been one day that had begun without the snuggle. It was the day after Joan, flying into a temper at having to go to bed, had called nurse a "guinea-pig." Joan had smacked her, too, as hard as ever she could, and, as she reflected now, eyeing that empty bed, used *all* her hands to do it.

So the next morning there had been no snuggle. Joan had buried her face in her pillow in such an agony of shame that she had not dared to suggest even a "How-d'ye-do?" much less a snuggle. And when nurse had dressed her that morning she had seen the flattened tip of the poor little nose, and so forgiven her.

But all that was matter of old history now. It was when Joan was "ker-wite" little—six whole months ago almost.

Joan wondered suddenly if it could be that she had wakened in the night before nurse had come to bed. She had done that once—oh, more than six months ago, when she was "jus' a baby." But even now the remembrance of the feeling that came over her when, half-asleep, she crawled into the big bed that was always so warm and cuddlesome, and found it cold and empty, sent a little funny shiver through Joan's chubby body. She had cried then—cried and screamed—all alone in the big, cold bed, till nurse and mother came running into the room, and everything grew right. "Babies," said Joan earnestly, "are such *funny* little things." For that was quite nine months ago now.

But Joan knew that it was not night now. There was the sun shining on her blue-and-white water-jug and basin, just as it always shone as she crept into the big bed. Moreover, the big bed had been slept in this time. There was the dent in the middle that nurse always made, and the blanket and sheets and counterpane were turned back anyhow.

A little lonely hurt feeling stole upon Joan as she sat up in her little bed and looked round the room. Her eyes, wandering wistfully, fell upon her dolls' cradle. Joan suddenly felt the need of a doll. She climbed over the side of her crib—the side farthest from the big bed—and trotted across to the roomy old cradle, where slept in two rows twelve dolls.

Joan stood and looked down at them with a brow of frowning thought. Clementina's blue eyes gazed seraphically up at her, and Clementina's rosy lips smiled alluringly. Clementina was a beautiful doll. Her face was wax, and her eyes were big and blue, and her cheeks were pink, and her head and shoulders were covered with long, golden curls. She was Joan's "last." Joan had only possessed her for ten days, and, as yet, none of Clementina's charms had faded. But Joan had a deep and secret suspicion that Clementina gave herself airs. She was sure she had seen Clementina's blue eyes glance unkindly at poor little Chrissy May's tipless nose. And she was ker-*wite* sure Clementina despised Babblewags. Babblewags was made of rag, and his flat face had worn many expressions during his life, expressions that owed their being to the brush of Man-Daddy. Just now his expression was mournful. Man-Daddy's arm had been jerked by an impatient little onlooker, and Babblewags' mouth wore a melancholy droop.

Joan, looking along the line of faces, red, yellowish-pink, grey, black, came to Babblewags, and the droop clutched at her motherly heart, and she stooped and gathered him to her bosom.

She glanced at Clementina as she stood up, and Clementina smiled a sneering little smile at poor Babblewags.

Joan's face flushed indignantly. She clasped Babblewags closer; then, guiltily, hesitatingly, with many glances round the room, she bent and tweaked one of Clementina's long, golden curls.

After that she scuttled back to her bed, and fell headlong over the side with Babblewags. Then they both hid for a little while under the bedclothes.

Aunt Theresa had given Clementina to Joan. Joan, hiding under the bedclothes, could hear the very creak of her as she bent down and laid the doll in Joan's arms. Joan had once asked Man-Daddy if Aunt Theresa were made of wood: "Because, you see, she creaks jus' 'zact like Dandyboy." Man-Daddy had looked

across at mother with the lift to his eyebrows that Joan knew always presaged something funny.

"I think she is rather wooden, Joan," he had said.

"She's jus' hard like wood," said Joan.

But mother had shaken her head at Man-Daddy. "He is joking, Joan," she had said.

When Aunt Theresa had given Joan the doll, she had said, "Be careful with her, Niece Joan; she is a beautiful doll. I do not often make presents, so I shall expect you to value this one, and treat it properly."

Aunt Theresa was very tall, and she always dressed in black.

Joan, under the covers, wondered what she would have said if she had seen her tweak Clementina's curl. She knew it was not "treating her propelly."

"But I don't care," said Joan; "she shouldn't have smiled so sneerumly at dear Babblewags"; and she emerged, flushed and wild-haired, from beneath the bedclothes. At that, the empty bed beside her brought a fresh pang to her heart. Joan, thinking matters over, grew dignified. She had not been naughty; indeed, she had been "wondrousfully good": she had eaten all the nasty brown bits of bread in her bread-and-milk last night without "one bit of a word."

This thought finished matters. Joan rose; she climbed slowly and very dignifiedly over the side of her bed, and began to dress herself. There was no fun about it. Sometimes she had done it with nurse looking



"'I'm jus' going to wash myself.'"

on and laughing, and giving a hand to buttons and tapes that did up somewhere behind. It had been fun then. Joan wondered why things did up at the back. Standing with her little red stays dangling, she said to Babblewags, "It's goin' to be a horridful day, Babblewags. I shall be dirty, and all done up anyhow. I s'pose nurse has gone away to get married, and now I'll always be a dirty little girl what never has baths, because there isn't a bath or anything put ready."

To make things out as black as possible fitted in with Joan's feelings just then. She went on: "My hair'll be all tangly till you can't get the comb through, and then it'll all have to be cut off—cut off," she repeated, and then in a burst of utter dismalness, "and most likely my head, too!"

She blinked and swallowed, then proceeded with her dressing. The button-and-tape-behind difficulty was overcome by the simple expedient of bringing things round to the front. Joan wondered why she had never thought of it before. She looked down with a momentary gleam of pride at the white flannel petticoat that bunched out so queerly

in front. Then she put the thin, white petticoat over that. It was very thin, and it twisted itself about her head and shoulders till her arms ached with trying to get it right. Joan was quite sure Clementina was laughing at her. She could see her shiny pink-and-white face in the cradle "jus' bursting with laughs."

"You see," said Joan, "I'll *always* have to dress myself now, and make my own breakfus', while cook's away, and—and sleep in the big cold bed most likely!"

It was when she was wrestling with her water-jug that nurse came running in. Joan was standing on a chair in a pool of water. The front (or rather back) of her white petticoat was wet, and so were her feet.

"Oh, my dearie! what are you doing?" cried nurse.

Joan looked at her over a bare shoulder, "I'm jus' going to wash myself, nurse Mary Saunderson," she said, in a very dignified voice.

Then nurse knew. She looked very grave.

"I'm very sorry you've been left alone so long, Miss Joan," she said respectfully, "but I was called up very sudden——"

Joan turned round.

"Your mother wasn't very well, Miss Joan——"

Joan stumbled headlong off the chair.

"My hands are glorifully cold," she said; "the jug was cold as cold——"

Nurse caught her arm. "Your mother's dozing, dearie."

"Oh!" Joan's face fell. "I'll go so quiet, nurse," she pleaded. "I'll go so *mousily*, nurse—and she does like me to put my hands on her front-head——"

"Not now, dear. Sleep's the best thing for her. I'll get your bath ready."

"But I'm all *dressed*, nurse!"

Nurse looked down at her, and a twinkle came into her eyes.

"Your petticoat's wet, Miss Joan: best let me undress you," she said gravely.

In her bath Joan was seized in a whirlwind of many emotions, and she flung her arms tempestuously round nurse's neck.

Nurse submitted, but she did not understand.

"What is it, dearie?" she said, without a murmur at the wetness of the fat arms.

But Joan could not explain. She tried, and nurse heard a rapid rush of words in which "big bed," "bath," "gone away," "to get married," "Clementina," "Babblewags," "all empty," "hours and hours and *hours*," "all quiet," "so sneerumly," "pulled her curl," "Aunt Thrissa treat her propelly," recurred a good many times.

And nurse kissed her, but she did not understand.

Things seemed to be going better then, and Joan was wheedled into believing it was not going to be a "horridful" day after all. She ate her porridge from nurse's knee, to "make up," and Joan infinitely preferred nurse's knee—which was not a bit like a knee at all, but like a cushion—to her high chair, which, when not occupied by her, was given over to such of the dolls as best deserved the honour.

This morning the chair was occupied by Babblewags, mournful, perhaps weighed down by the prominence of his position, for he was given the best seat; Chrissy May, nose-tip-less, but cheerful; Lilyatum, pale and interesting, and the twins.

But directly breakfast was over nurse disappeared again.

"Promise me, dearie, not to come on mother's landing," she said, before she went.

Joan thought. A promise was never given lightly by Joan.

"I want to come when she wakens, nurse——"

"Not unless I fetch you, dear."

"But why——"

"Mother's to be kept quiet, Miss Joan."

Joan wheedled. "Jus' one little, *little* cold hand, nurse——'

"No, dear.'

"One little, *little* tiny wee-*wee* *finger*, nurse?"

But nurse was firm, and the promise had to be given.

When nurse had gone Joan trotted downstairs to say "Good-morning" to Man-Daddy.

Now Joan had many ways of saying "Good-morning." Sometimes she did a double knock with Thomas's china head on the door, and then Man-Daddy would say, "Postman, my dear," and mother would answer, "I wonder if there's a letter for me this morning?" and Joan, chuckling till she could not speak, would burst in, and then——Oh, how surprised they were!

Sometimes Man-Daddy would take her on his knee, and read her to mother. "Dear Man-Daddy," he would read, "I spent a very good night along with all the little folk from the land of Nod. They really are very queer, but you mustn't laugh at them, or they would be very hurt. They always walk on their heads, these little folk, and when you go to touch them they just melt away like the mist on the hills as you draw near. They dance with the fairies in the moonlight round the toadstools, and a fat old toad sits on the stool and gives prizes to the best dancers. Some of the little Noddites collect the most beautiful gems with which the ground is strewn, and the fairies weave them into crowns and wands and all sorts of beautiful things. These are the prizes. But if a mortal tries to touch one it just melts into water as if it were an ordinary every-day dewdrop. The Noddites look rather queer, dancing on their heads, with

the fairies holding their ankles instead of their hands, but the dance——"; and so Man-Daddy would go on till mother rose, and then he would cry out at the lateness of the hour, and rush off to his studio.

Sometimes Joan would come in, a little shrinking figure, and say, "I am a flower," and then they would have to guess. When she huddled herself together like that, and hid her face under her hands, she was a violet. When she came in very slowly, and holding herself very erect, she was a lily. When she came laughing in, as perky as possible, she was London pride. And they had to guess, and till they guessed right there were no "Good-mornings." When Joan chose this way of saying "Good-morning," Man-Daddy and mother would look at each other with a nice sort of look. That was all Joan thought about it; but, really, there was just a little bit of pride in it.

Sometimes Joan would come bursting in with a demand for a "jumble-kiss." "I don't want two seplerate 'Good-mornings' to-day," she would cry. "Come, Man-Daddy"—and she would fling herself on her mother, dimples, eyes and hair wild with glee—"we are ker-*wite* ready!"

To-day Joan decided on none of these "Good-mornings." She had many others. As she trotted rather soberly down the shallow stairs she decided on the one where she stood outside the door, and in a very deep voice, said: "Who am I? Guess my name quick, or I'll chop off your head!"

Then Man-Daddy, in a voice quaking with fear, would cry out various guesses. Perhaps he would say, "It is Blunderbore! Oh, I pray you mercy, Sir Giant!"

And Joan, the deep voice broken with a shrill chuckle would answer, "Wrong! Quick, quick, or off comes your head!" and perhaps she would end with a big shout. Then Man-Daddy would cry to mother, "His voice is louder than a speaking trumpet."

And Joan would answer, "Quick! I am as tall as an ordinlary spire steeple!"

"Oh, he comes from Brobdingnag!" Man-Daddy would cry, then.

And about that time Joan would be thinking that hugs and "Good-mornings" were nicer than a doormat, and so she would cry all in a hurry, "P'raps I'm not ker-wite as tall as an ordinlary spire steeple! And p'raps I've got a little girl's name! And p'raps my voice isn't ker-wite as loud as a 'speaking trumpet.' Quickery-quickery-*quick!*"

"Why, I believe it's *Joan!* Only Liliputian Joan!" Man-Daddy would cry, and then there would burst into the breakfast room a rosy dumpling of a Joan, shrieking with glee at the thought of all the dreadful things they had feared of her.

So this morning Joan crept to the doormat.

"Who am I? Guess my name quick, or I'll chop off your head!"

Then she waited, pinching poor Babblewags in her excitement. But no one answered. All around there was silence. A nasty feeling began to creep over Joan. She tried again. Perhaps Man-Daddy was behind those "*huge-most*" sheets of newspaper, and had not heard her.

Standing in the shady little hall, Joan realised for the first time in her life the meaning of silence. There was not a sound in all the house. Other mornings there was always a cheerful little clatter coming from the kitchen; the sound of nurse moving about overhead as she made the beds; the warm feeling of Man-Daddy's and mother's presence on the other side of the door.

Now there was nothing. Joan was a healthy, fat little soul, but she had an imagination. And the imagination of childhood is a thing keen and inexplicable, and rarely understood by the grown-ups. Joan stood on the mat immovable. Slowly a terror was creeping over her. She dared not move her eyes from the door in front of her, yet she was sure a brown bear was creeping out of the shadows behind her. The silence made a buzz in her ears that she knew was the brown bear's breathing. Suddenly from overhead came the murmur of nurse's voice. With a cry Joan flung herself at the door and entered the breakfast room. It was empty. On the table at Man-Daddy's end was the newspaper, not unfolded. In front of the dish of bacon stood a clean plate, clean knives and forks. Only the coffee cup had been used.

There was no chair put for mother; no plates, no knives or forks. The flowers in the middle of the table were dead.

Joan stared at it all, and a great lump of desolation crept into her throat.

The silence had come back again; suddenly Joan saw the brown bear; he was lurking behind Man-Daddy's easy-chair. Of course he would be able to hug her and Babblewags to death and then eat them up, for Joan knew there was no one near—no one within miles and miles. No one but the brown bear and them. He did not growl—he was a very quiet bear—but she could hear him breathing still. She would rather him growl than be so quiet. Everything was so quiet. Then suddenly something leapt within her. With a rush Joan's face grew scarlet. She gave a little choked cry of utter, overwhelming joy—"Man-Daddy! oh, Man-Daddy!" For there in the hall, taking off his hat was Man-Daddy. Everything steadied suddenly to the real joyous life of every-day. Joan hurled herself against his legs and hugged them. But Man-Daddy stooped and unclasped her arms impatiently.

"Run and play, Joan; I'm going upstairs."

Joan stared through her roughened hair. "We—we haven't had *one* 'Good-morning' Man-Daddy," she said, and she gripped Babblewags' head till it grew all lumpy.

He patted her cheek. "Good-morning, dear. Be a good little girl, Joan, and go and play"; and he was off upstairs, walking silently, without a glance back.

Joan watched him till he turned the corner, and then she fled through the breakfast-room, a great sob bursting from her throat, out into the garden, and straight to the bed of violets over in the shady corner by the apple tree. There she flung herself down and wrestled it out. The waters of desolation went over her head as she lay there. There was no one in all the great big world now but her and Babblewags. They would have to live alone for ever and ever and ever.

But the little violets swayed lovingly towards the small, tragic figure prone in their midst; they wrapped her round with their fragrance, closer and closer, till at last it stole to her brain, and Joan sat up, tear-stained, dishevelled, but with a glimmering of hope struggling to life in her eyes. Anyway, the brown bear had gone. Joan knew he would never come into the garden amongst the flowers. Babblewags was very wet. She hoped he would not catch cold. She looked at the violets.

"Oh, dear little shy ladies," she said, "it's a horridful day!"

The violets whispered their sympathy, and Joan was a little bit comforted.

"Mother's ill," she said, "and Man-Daddy's gone, and nurse —Oh, little shy ladies, it's the *mostest horridfulest* day for ever and ever and ever!"

It was a queer day, too. All sorts of bewildering things seemed happening. Joan was not much surprised to see a stranger walk across the breakfast room and go out of the door into the hall. The stranger wore a grey dress with white collar and cuffs, and a white cap with long streamers behind. Nurse dressed very much the same. Joan sighed deeply. She took the most pessimistic view of things to-day. As a rule, she was a born optimist. "I 'spose nurse has gone away to get married like cook, and that's my new nurse," she said. She frowned heavily. "I won't call her nurse, anyway," she murmured, "I'll call her—*thing!*"

She flung Babblewags from her because he looked shocked. She turned to the violets. "Dear little shy ladies in blue," she wheedled, "you're not shocked, are you?"

The violets were very still.

"You see, she's not my own nice cushiony nurse, little shy ladies," Joan coaxed; "she's a horridful bad old *thing!*"

The violets kept quite still.

"Oh, you're *not* shocked! Oh, please, I *must* call her that! I must call her *thing*—oh, I must!" Joan urged tragically.

And the violets bowed their heads in sorrow.

Then Joan knew that she was indeed deserted by all the world.

She flung herself down in a passion of grief; but she cried, "I *will* call her it! I will! I will!"

"Miss Joan! Miss Joan!" The comforting voice came floating like rare music across the garden.

Joan sat up.

"Where are you, dearie? Miss Joan!"

Once more the blood rushed in a wave of keenest relief to Joan's tear-stained face. She tingled with the joy of it from head to foot. She stumbled headlong to her feet. In the distance she could see the short, broad figure that just then was more beautiful to her than a legion of angels.

Joan's legs twinkled desperately down the garden path. She hurled herself against the white apron, and this time she was picked up into warm, comfortable arms that held her close.

"Poor dear," nurse was saying, "it's a shame! She's been crying——"

Joan wished she had not said that.

"Only *little wee squeezy* tears, nurse," she explained, her fat arms round nurse's neck; "almost *dry* ones, not real wet *lots!*"

"I've got something to tell you, dearie," nurse said; "you'd never guess."

"Is—is it a nice thing?" said Joan, with new-born suspicion.

"Oh, lovely, dear! Something you've wanted ever so bad. I'd best tell you, I think, for you'd never guess."

Joan was not up to her usual form just then. "Yes, tell me," she said languidly, "and keep on squeezing me, nurse."

"Well, what would you say to a little brother, Miss Joan?"

"I think I'd say, 'Come and play football,'" said Joan earnestly.

"He won't be doing that yet awhile," said nurse; "such a fine baby he is, Miss Joan——"

Joan struggled erect.

"A *baby*, nurse?" She pinched nurse's shoulder wildly. Joan adored babies. She had not realised a baby in nurse's allusion to a little brother. She had regarded it as a mere abstract question.

"Why, yes, dearie! A sweet little brother."

"For *me*, nurse? A *real live baby?*"

"Yes, dearie. Don't pinch so."

Joan butted her yellow head ecstatically into her shoulder. She made queer, breathless little noises of bewildered joy. Then she looked up again. "Where is he, nurse?"

"He's asleep in mother's room, dear. You

may come and have a peep if you will promise to *creep*——"

"Oh!" Joan flung her arms round her neck. "Oh, the *duckiest!*" she gasped.

In the corridor outside mother's room they met Man-Daddy. He caught Joan up and hugged her. "We didn't have half a 'Good-morning,'" he said: "it was all the new baby's fault, little woman."

Joan clasped his neck with forgiving arms. She never bore ill-will: she was as sweet as her own little bed of violets.

"I'm going to see—*him*," she whispered.

"Are you? Be very quiet, dear. Mother must go to sleep again."

Joan looked into his face with stricken eyes. She had forgotten.

"Is her head *very* bad?" she said.

"Not now, Joan." He kissed her soft neck. "I'm off to Kilbury," he said; "I should have been there two hours ago. I'll be back soon, Chubbyite."

Joan crept into the bedroom. The person in the grey dress and white cap was sitting there. But Joan had no eyes for her. Her eyes, big and eager, went straight to her mother. And mother smiled, and the "thing" drew back the sheet, and there, on her mother's arm, was the baby. Joan looked. She did not say a word. Her heart—her soul—every bit of Joan was in a turmoil. All her motherly instinct—and in this chubby Joan it was big and strong—was going out to the little red bit of a baby lying there asleep. She could hardly breathe. She could not speak. But suddenly she stretched out her arms to him.

"You mustn't wake him," said that hateful "thing" in grey.

Joan looked at her mother.

"You may kiss him very gently, dear," she said.

Joan bent and kissed the red cheek.

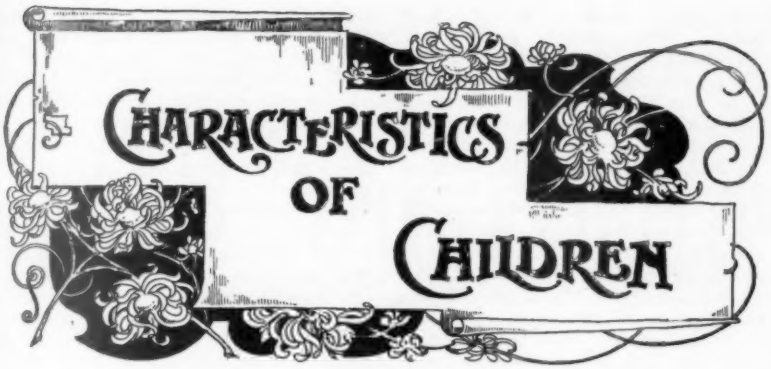
And then nurse took her away.

Outside nurse said smilingly, "Well, what do you think of him?"

Joan looked up at her. "Oh!" she said.



"'I'm going to see—*him*,' she whispered."



A PAPER FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

By a Former Diocesan Inspector of Schools.

EDUCATION involves the "drawing out" of all the natural powers given by God to man. These may be summed up under the three heads of physical (which concerns the body), intellectual (which has to do with the mind), and moral or spiritual (in which the soul takes part). The education of an infant belongs to the mother, and may begin in the first few weeks of its life. As the child grows, both parents and all the members of the home share, more or less consciously, in drawing out, or developing, the child's powers. Presently its education is partly entrusted to others—day school and Sunday school teachers, for instance; but still the hours at home during which the child is being to some extent educated by its environment are at least double those spent under the tuition of others. It is well, then, that all who have to do with children should study their dispositions as a help to the rightful training or education of the same. All children have some common traits, but most have some distinctive characteristics which require special treatment.

I. THE PHYSICAL. The body of a child is in a constant state of *restless activity*. Like all animals, it wants to be always moving. It crawls, or walks, or runs about incessantly. A wise teacher will utilise this activity by directing it aright. By easy drill and simple gymnastics each member of the body may be trained to develop its full usefulness, the result of which will be healthy limbs. So with the eye and the hand. The training of these by kindergarten methods is of the greatest importance, and will develop accuracy, neatness, painstaking, and observation, which will be of the utmost value as years go by.

Another physical faculty is that of *imitation*. A little babe soon learns to laugh when its mother laughs, and for the first few years of its life does everything mostly by imitation. It speaks and sings, and talks and laughs, as those about it do. The child is always observing, and watching, and thinking of what it sees and hears; and, as far as it can, copies its teacher. How is this faculty to be trained? Surely by setting before it always the best models of accurate and good words, of true and noble conduct. All unkind words, all angry looks, must be restrained, and an atmosphere of love be shown. Harsh words from one parent to the other, kicks to a troublesome dog, blows as a punishment to a disobedient child, will be noticed *and copied*, when the opportunity comes. The tone of a parent's voice even will pervade a whole family.

II. THE INTELLECTUAL. *Keenness of inquiry* comes only second to the keenness of observation already spoken of. A child is always asking, How or why did this happen? What is this? When shall we have this or that? This inquisitiveness is one of the most charming things in a child's nature, and must be encouraged and not repressed. But the teacher must not be afraid of saying "I don't know." Far better to find out the answer and satisfy the child than to put it off by saying, "Don't ask questions." *Keenness of memory* is also most valuable. When the mind is fresh and vigorous it should be stored with what is good and lasting. How many an aged person in a long illness has been comforted by the psalms and hymns and prayers learned in his childhood! *Keenness of receptivity* is near akin to *keenness*

of belief. A child's mind is like a clean sheet of paper. We can write on it what we will. How careful, then, should all be, who have to do with it, that the impressions are such as shall last! The Christian teacher will take care to impress on the child's mind clear, distinct, and accurate thoughts of God, his Heavenly Father, and of Him Who loves him and gave Himself for him. Nor must we forget *keenness of imagination*, which often plays such a large part in a child's life. Children love fairy stories and games in which they "pretend." Care must be taken that the moral of the stories should always be good, and the "pretend" games should have to do with pleasant and not gruesome incidents - weddings rather than funerals!

III. THE MORAL AND SPIRITUAL. Children by nature are full of *love*. They love those who first love them. Nothing is easier than to gain a child's love. They *must* love something. A doll, a toy, a kitten, will all be loved in turn; and a child comforted by its mother will always return a mother's love. This love must be used to direct the thoughts to the love that is everlasting and cannot change: for

> "She may forgetful be,
> Yet will I remember thee."

Docility is another moral trait. Like climbing plants, children can be easily trained if taken young enough. Care must be taken not to give a twist the wrong way. A teacher's manner, voice, expression of countenance, all help in the training. One who has been taught to obey will in after life be the best to rule. Obedience must be insisted on and enforced in early life, and it will come naturally as the child grows older.

A child's *faith* also is marvellous. From the first day of its life it believes in its mother. Nor does that faith lessen as years go on, unless the mother herself has shaken it by broken promises or want of sympathy. The father naturally cannot see so much of the child as the mother, but if he will only use his opportunities, on holiday afternoons or Sunday's quiet hours, to interest himself in his children's pursuits, his influence over them will be great, and their trust in him unbounded. "My father's at the helm" will be an every-day thought in such a household. It should be an axiom in every family of young children that the parents can do no wrong. There ought to be a like faith in the teacher, who should be to the child the embodiment of all that is wise and kind and good outside its own home. And this faith may then be directed to Him Who is the all-good and all-wise. Even a child has often longings and yearnings for things beyond what this world can give. These can only be satisfied by faith in God and heaven.

There is a natural *reverence* in most children which deserves notice. It is the outward expression of inward thoughts, and can be easily trained. Folding the hands and closing the eyes in prayer can be learned at the mother's knee. A careful and quiet reading of the Scriptures, and reverent use of holy names and places, can be taught both at home and school. No jests about sacred things should be allowed. Sunday should be a holy day as well as a rest day, and the whole tone of the house help to train the child for eternity.

Everything young is beautiful: the playful kitten, the budding rose, the early spring flowers. But what is so beautiful as a little child—so bright, so gay, so innocent, so full of faith and love and unselfishness? Ours be it, then, at home and school, to train these children for God. Then, when the end of all things comes, we can look up with happy confidence to the Judge and say, "Behold, I and the children whom Thou hast given me."

I. W. GEDGE.



BACK TO THE FOLD

By James Miller.

THE KIRK door had been left open, to give the sweet scent from the flowers in the manse garden a free entrance, and the voice of the preacher could easily be heard far down the loaning road. It was such a morning as one delights to associate with the country Sabbath; the air fresh and fragrant after the cooling influences of a night's rain, and the sun shining out in its full splendour. Hundreds of roses of every colour hung on the bushes clinging to the kirk walls, and bees, birds, and butterflies charmed the ear with the most delightful melodies as they roamed lazily amongst them. The glebe cows, sleepily lying amidst the clover chewing their cud, inclined their heads towards the kirk, as if aware that an extra interest circled round it to-day.

The village itself was deserted, and the little kirk full as it had not been since the day on which our old minister preached his retiring sermon. For one of our own boys, who since he used to guddle in the Knaeck Burn had grown to great prominence in the ecclesiastical world, was adorning our pulpit in his Doctor's hood, and telling in as simple language as he used to long ago, when, a raw divinity student, he occasionally gave us "his word," that grand story of the love of One and the cruelty of many.

We, away up among the hills of Scotland, like above all things to have the true Gospel preached to us. A mistaken idea seems to have got abroad in our present-day universities that our forte is Biblical argument through six or seven heads. On the contrary, it goes quite "against the grain" with us to have to listen to a young man, fresh from the divinity hall, endeavouring to prove by "up-to-date" reasoning that this or that belief of our fathers was wholly wrong. The Doctor, however, spoke as from heart to heart, and we, to a man, followed word for word.

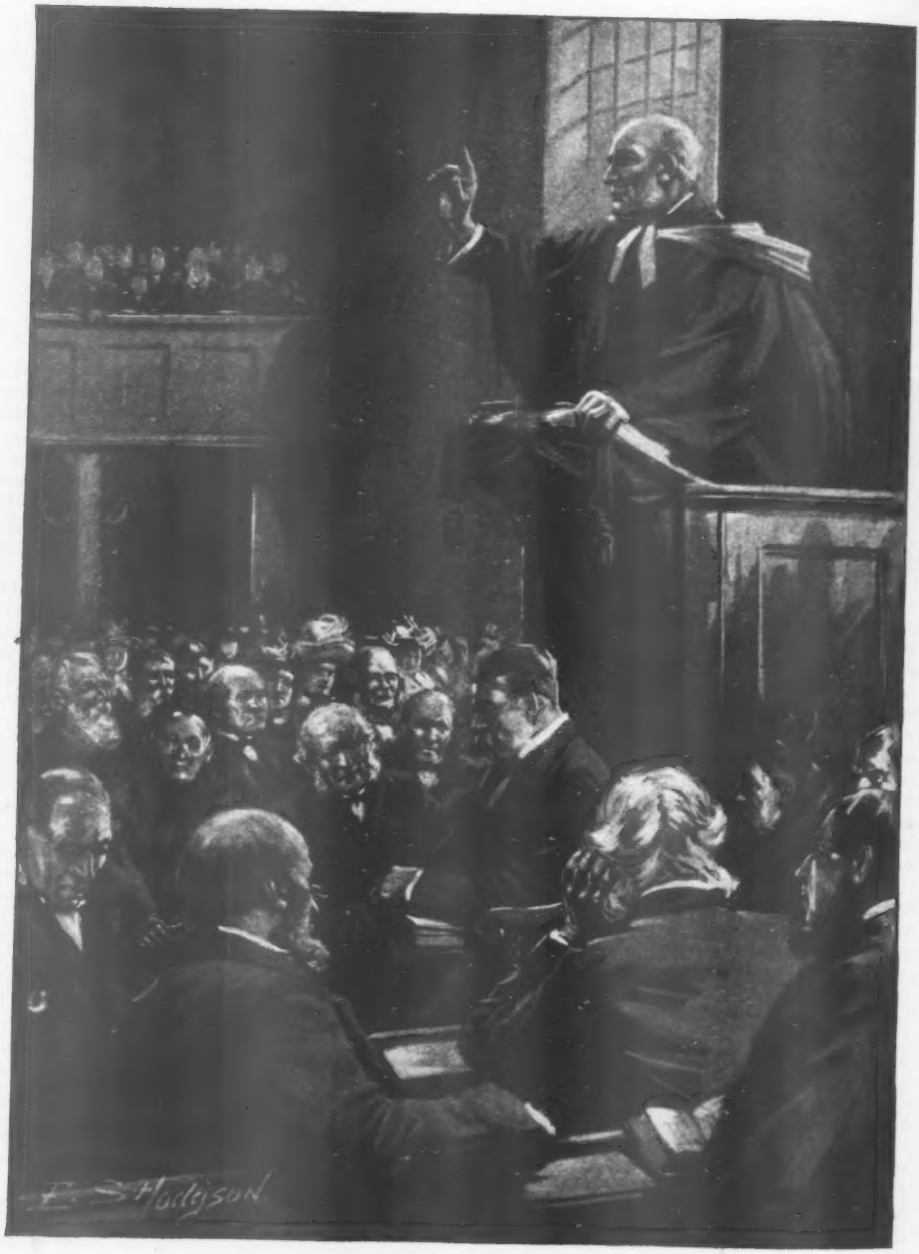
A weather-beaten, road-stained tramp, a man who could have passed for any age, wearily dragging one stockingless foot after another, comes within range of the preacher's voice, glances furtively around, and, seeing he is unwatched, creeps close to the wall to listen. What sin-shaken penitent could withstand the words of the preacher to-day? He unfolds the scene on the cross, and speaks of man's inhumanity then, man's inhumanity still. His voice is quivering with fervour, his face aglow with a fierce desire, as he utters the pleading words:

"Brothers, sisters! Know ye, you are crucifying Him still? Every step in forbidden paths since at a mother's knee you were taught to call Him 'Jesus, Saviour,' is another nail to hands and feet."

Within the kirk more than one hearer prayed as he sat for forgiveness at the hands of his Maker, and even the attitude of the lonely wanderer underwent a change. His listless air was gone, and he leant forward, eager to catch every syllable; such a power has that wondrous story over the most degraded.

Old Watty, the beadle, coming out after the sermon finished to be in readiness with the parish magazine as the congregation retires, sees him still standing thus, and hastens towards him. Watty is a true Samaritan of the old school, and at all times he endeavours to live up to the command given by his Lord and Master: "Go, and do thou likewise." At the first signs of his approach the tramp would fain have slunk away, but Watty possesses one of those God-given countenances which inspire confidence in whatever strait you meet them.

"Ye're lookin' geily used up na, and I



"The Doctor spoke as from heart to heart."—*p.* 407.

dinna doot but ye're as hungry as ye're tired. Man, if ye jist hing aboot till the kirk skails, I'll tak' ye ower tae my hoose close by, and gi'e ye a bit lift on your road."

The wanderer hesitates. It is long since he has known kindness, and yet he feels he should hurry on.

"When ye come the length that I am, sir, ye're almost past caring for being bodily tired or bodily hungry. There's ae thing I wid ask ye though, seeing ye're sae kindly spoken: could you tell me whar I'll get a sicht o' that meenister's face?"

"I'll promise mair than that, if ye but promise tae step ower-by. He's coming tae see us i' efternin, so ye wid could hae a crack wi'm then. There noo! jist step ower among the stanes while they're skailin'. I'll come roond for ye ance I've got a'thing red-up. The fowk'll a' pass oot the ither wiy. They'll hae too muckle tae crack aboot this day tae mind coming roond tae look for ony-thing new."

The paraphrase ended, and Watty hirpled off to his duties. For a minute his com-panion stood undecided, but the first foot on the doorstep convinced him, and he dragged himself round to the back of the kirk.

After the last worshipper has given his "Guid day wi' ye then, Watty," and taken himself to the other side of the kirkyaird-dyke, the beadle beckons Mary his wife (she has had to bide at home to-day to make ready for the visit of the great preacher) from the doorway of their little cottage close by, and together they persuade the wayfarer to repair thither.

"Stap in man, stap in," says Watty, "and mak' yersel' at hame. The hoose o' Watty Shearer is ever open tae them wha are findin' this world a sare trauchle."

They soon worked such a change in their guest as would have made it difficult to recognise the old man in the new; a plenti-ful supply of soap and water and a steaming Scotch dinner are well calculated to brace up nerve and body alike. But Watty had met prodigals before, and sometimes been sorely used in the meeting.

"Maybe ye'll be wantin' tae gang yer ain gait noo, withoot haein' a crack wi' the meenister; I would fel like ye tae stey, but, gin ye're so-bes minded, I'll no' seek tae haud ye back. Here's a bit sma' thing tae help ye along the road."

"You misjudge me there altogether, my good friend. You have treated me as no man has treated me for years. You bring up before my mind a story that often came to me when I was in the lowest dregs, and which I heard first at a loving mother's knee." The stranger's voice had taken on its natural tone now. It was evident he was "schuled." "I must see him, for I believe that I have met him before—long, long ago, and I must speak to him—now or never. You have put possibilities within my reach, and if he walks as he preaches I may yet repay, in part, your kindness."

"Oh! but I'm gled tae hear ye speak like that. Dinna be faird tae open oot tae the Doctor; he's aye ready tae help those wha need it." It is easily seen that Watty's joy is genuine.

Shortly after this the minister knocked, and was ushered by Mary into the best room. She would not allow him into the kitchen, though he would fain have preferred it. He got the story at once from Watty's lips, and without a moment's hesitation went ben to see the wanderer.

What transpired in the room of that little ivy-covered cottage on that beautiful summer day, when Jesus, by the mouth of one of His disciples, pleaded, as of old, for the keeping of a sin-stained soul, no mere human being has a right to know.

Half an hour passed, and then the minister appeared alone, with a far-away look on his face.

"Watty, do you mind when you and I were laddies, and the pranks we used to carry through together?"

"Aye, fine that, sir; mony a' ane, and we're nane the waur for't."

"Do you mind the chap you fought, and worsted, when he told you you couldn't jump the Knaeck Burn above the mill?"

"Eh, div I no'? Often have I thocht o' Wullie Reid! They say he j'ined the sodgers, but I'm sare dootin' he's in a bad way noo, whare'er he be. But whey dae ye gang back on they auld days, sir?"

"Watty!" (the Doctor's voice was quivering, and he fell into the dialect) "he's ben the hoose; he's the stranger you were the 'good Samaritan' to to-day. Just a minute though. Dinna gang awa ben in sic a hurry. You didn't recognise him, and I didn't recognise him, so it's not likely anyone else would. He's anxious to start anew in his native village. Need anyone know how he came to it to-day?"

"Ye've fairly ta'en awa my braith, sir, and me ne'er tae notice. It bates a'. Noo I ken why I wis sae anxious for ye tae see him. But, gin I dinna manage tae bring him back among oorsel's withoot onybody being a bit the wiser, my name's no' Watty Shearer."

And so it was. In God's good providence He had seen fit to bring these three old school-day chums together again under such circumstances. Truly His ways are wonderful, and past all finding out!

STRENGTH AND BEAUTY.

By
The Rev. C. Silvester Horne.

"Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary. . . . Give unto the Lord glory and strength."—PSALM xcvi 6-7.

THE leading suggestion of this beautiful passage is that we should give to God as we receive from Him. That the highest form of worship is less in what we say than in what we are, and that what we are depends on our attitude to God. According to the teaching of this psalm, worship is not a lifeless formality, but a life-giving and life-receiving activity—intense, real, passionate. Worship is growth—it is a process of becoming. It is a consecration and surrender of thought and life; it is the aspiration and the veritable ascension of the spirit; it is a resurrection out of the worldly and the sensual into the pure, unselfish spiritual life. There is no possibility of mistake as to the psalmist's meaning, for he is careful to repeat and explain himself. "Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name." "The glory due unto His name" is further described in the next verse as the "beauty of holiness." Give unto the Lord this glory and strength. For all strength and beauty are revealed and bestowed in His sanctuary, in the exercise of true worship. This is to be my theme in this paper. The highest life is a combination of strength and beauty; and that highest life is the gift of the sanctuary; it is unattainable apart from the spirit of worship.

I take first the proposition that the highest life is a combination of strength and beauty. It is almost singular how we have come to divorce these two qualities as if they were irreconcilables. Yet it does not admit of question that not only the Hebrew ideal embraced them both, but the creed of ancient art in its noblest era associated the perfection of beauty with the perfection of strength. The sculptor honoured magnificence and majesty in the human frame: he revealed the beauty that lay in limbs that denoted a sense of power. It is only later on that we begin to see ideals contrasting themselves. One painter worships soft loveliness, and his imagination riots in luxuriance of colouring; but another still upholds the ideal of the majestic, and about his work there is a restraint and even austerity. That is how the ideals of Raphael and Michelangelo perpetually contrast themselves. And the pre-eminence of the latter is just here: that he never wearies of insisting that strength is inseparable from the highest beauty. The graceful, the lovely, the charming, the exquisite, are not irreconcilable with what is soft and weak. But the highest beauty is strong, noble, magnificent. You remember, some of you, how Mr. Ruskin enforced the complementary truth in his teaching about architecture. In the rudest forms of building, a strong arch was constructed by laying a huge square stone slab across two huge square upright pillars. When it was complete it had certainly the aspect of durability. Plain it was and ugly, but surely, said the

builder, it could not, at any rate, be stronger. On the contrary, arches did not become strong until they became beautiful. It was only when the curved line of beauty was discovered that the secret of strength was discovered too. Your exquisite Gothic window arch was not only a joy and a delight to the beholder, but it was capable of sustaining great weight of wall above it. You might lose the sense of its strength in the sense of its beauty, but the fact remained that beauty and strength had been discovered together. Or again, you will remember how the old pillars of ancient temples were made thick and square, and squat and ugly. But then came the discovery that you did not detract from strength if you built a more tapering pillar and adorned it with carved capitals, or fluted it from base to summit. There is no antagonism between strength and beauty. This psalmist is in agreement with the thought of the apostle, who wrote, "I will make thee a pillar in the temple of my God." To sustain the work and worship and service of God as a very pillar in His sanctuary it is not needful to be hard, or rude, or coarse, or assertive: you can demonstrate your strength without sacrificing the beauty of character. Because you are strong you are not disqualified from being holy; because you are holy it is no reason why you should be weak and foolish. The God-given life is strong and beautiful: give therefore "unto the Lord glory and strength."

I am concerned to press upon my readers less that strength is consistent with beauty than that beauty is consistent with strength—nay, that in its highest form beauty is inseparable from strength. We are familiar in the world with so many shapes and fashions of fragile loveliness: butterfly beauty that the softest touch of a finger will mar beyond all remedy; exquisiteness of bloom and flower that the first breath of shrewd wind or frost blight and wither. But I am here to maintain the ideal which governed the art of Michelangelo: that the truest and highest beauty is not the beauty of weakness but of strength, and not the beauty of evanescence but of durability. And before I begin to speak of that highest of all forms of beauty, which is called here the beauty of holiness, let me interpose a word of warning against confounding the appearance with the reality of strength. The strongest forces in this world are not those that confront us in seeming durability in marble, or granite, or adamant. We know that there are influences in this world that subdue even the so-called everlasting hills; that have levelled, slowly but surely, giant mountains to diminutive mounds. When you inquire what these influences are, you are told of the air, and of water in rain, and snow, and dew; and possibly of that intangible element that we call fire—air, water, fire, and a viewless energy which eludes all our inquiries and which we call electricity, as a cloak to cover the nakedness of our ignorance. These which are so changeful in the forms they assume, these which will not abide your question nor stand the impress of your hand—air, water, light, fire, electricity—these are where strength lies to fashion worlds, and these clothe the worlds they fashion with incomparable beauty. So insubstantial and yet so mighty! Invisible nothings creating visible everythings. Seeming strength is, we see, helpless in the hands of these elements, which again seem to have no might at all. In this vast sanctuary of the universe, the secrets of strength and beauty do go inviolably hand in hand.

Now I am going to ask you to be good enough to apply what I have been saying to this beauty which we all covet, "the beauty of holiness." This is the glory of man as it is the glory of God, and it is man's chief end to glorify God by presenting before Him this spiritual beauty. Let us admit at once that nothing is so indefinable. This that we call holiness is the least tangible and substantial of all qualities. It is an effluence, it is an aroma, subtle, mystic, felt not seen, recognised less by the intellect than by the heart. And yet I do venture to assume that this saintly quality, this aroma of the selfless life, this effluence of love, is the most amazing power in God's universe. It was this "something," which to the materialist is nothing, which was the reason why, when all the prison disciplinarians had failed to produce the faintest impression upon the Inferno of old Newgate, turned its blasphemous uproar to awed silence in the presence of Elizabeth Fry. But that, I take it for granted, you will admit. What I want to urge is, that this beauty of character is only found in

combination with strength of character. Nothing is more necessary in these days of the culture of various fashions of piety than to grasp clearly that there can be no true piety apart from a foundation of sound and strong principle. It would puzzle me to find a tendency of the present day in the religious world more prominent than the tendency to confound spirituality with pietism. It is, perhaps, only another way of saying that emotion, rather than principle, rules the religious life, the very secret of instability of character and conduct in our churches. That which attracts is not really "the *beauty* of holiness," but the mere prettinesses of pietism. This is what answers in the Evangelical sphere to the ritualistic and æsthetic prettinesses which Archbishop Laud and his successors have confounded with "the beauty of holiness." But beauty of this highest fashion is the crown of strength—strength of conviction, strength of moral principle, strength of devotion to duty, strength of love.

If you will allow the illustration, there is a distinction which we all recognise between what is pretty and what is beautiful in relation to the human countenance. There is a mere prettiness which can go, and often does go, with poverty and insipidity of character. But there is no beautiful countenance apart from a certain elevation and nobility of spirit; there is no beauty of countenance apart from strength of character; there is no beauty of countenance apart from soul. That which gives beauty is the inward light, the play of feeling, the expression of noble seriousness and dignity of moral life; and, above all, the aspect of reverence and faith. Beauty and strength belong peculiarly to this sanctuary of the spirit, where life is touched to sublimity by the consciousness of the presence of Deity. Nothing is more needed in our modern churches than this "beauty of holiness," where firm and strenuous principles form the very foundations of piety. I cannot tell you how much I come to dread the pietism which is a form of emotionalism, or that is even tainted with the hysterical. All Agapemone lunacies and sensationalism are the issue of it, and in some of its forms it is perilously attractive. But I confess it suggests to me that parable of Coleridge's of the phosphorescent waves of the tropics, which are made lustrous by a sort of diseased or decayed matter—luminous by their very rottenness. There is a hectic hue about some religions which is brilliant, but which one knows to be ominous of anything but health. No, my brothers, it is the beauty of health we want, not the unnatural brightness of disease. Those words, health and holiness, holiness and wholeness, have a common root. Oh, worship the Lord in the beauty of health—the health of the spirit! Worship the Lord with healthy mind and will, conscience and heart! Oh, Divine Healer, give us back the health of the soul! Cleanse us from its diseases, that we may present before our God, as "the glory due unto His name," a whole manhood, strong and pure and active, beautiful with the beauty of health.

You men and women who read these words—what is it in religion that attracts you? Is it its ornate and æsthetic setting? Is it the picturesqueness of its ritual? Is it a certain pride, perhaps of eloquence, in your popular preacher? What is it in religion that attracts you? Was it not prophesied of the Messiah that when He came He would have no beauty that men should desire Him; that is to say, no beauty as the world looked for it and esteemed it? When men began to come to Christ out of a vulgar curiosity, He turned round upon them and told them in awful terms the law of sacrifice; and they said, "These are hard sayings," and they went away and walked no more with Him. He was too strong for them; His message was too strong meat; He announced a law of life that meant the very crucifixion of the old selfish nature in them. They saw no beauty in this strength. Think of His appeal! He never held out the glittering crown and said, "Come!" Anyone can see the brilliance of this. But He held out a cross and said, "Come: take up the cross and follow Me." They could see no beauty in that. The message was too strong, and they did not know that in its strength was its beauty. And you—why are you interested in religion, and what is it that attracts you? Do you like ingenious spiritualisings of simple sayings, prettinesses of illustration, and so forth? Or have you come because the grand, noble, austere demands of the Gospel are as life unto your soul? Have you come to be humbled and awed, searched and tried? Have you come to

receive such principles of thought and conduct as will give order and power to your life, and make you to fear no face of man, but to live out your life in the light at any and every cost? Is it the Cross of Jesus Christ that has won you? Are you drawn unto Him Who was lifted up that you may be lifted up indeed to share His very sacrificial spirit and dedication to the service of man? That is the question. Any attraction but the attraction of the Cross is unworthy. I hear to-day in quarters not a few the question, What will draw? And the answer is, Beautiful music, elegant ritual, poetical preaching, social amenities. Oh, it is not for me to despise any means that may lead any soul nearer to God and happiness! But the old words are in my ears: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw—all men unto Me!" Think of that. Within the sanctuary of Christ it is the Cross that has an irresistible beauty. The strength and the beauty go hand in hand.

My space is filled, and what I proposed to say about the influence of the sanctuary, the influence of sacred thought and common worship to produce this noble combination of strength and beauty, must remain unsaid. But this I must be allowed to say: if the worshipper's strength become rude and cold and hard, he has lost the influence of the sanctuary. If the worshipper's beauty cease, and honour and principle become weak and characterless, he has lost the influence of the sanctuary. Without reverence there is no beauty of manhood; nay, and without love, none, none. I know that to-day men praise the strength of will, of energy; and I have no dispraise for that, until it becomes one of the "idols" of the market-place. Mere strength of will is not by any means always beautiful: it is not seldom hard and brutal. Love is the stronger force when all is said, and love is beautiful. Matthew Arnold's lines contain a haunting truth:

> "I, too, have longed for trenchant force
> And will, like a dividing spear;
> Have praised the keen, unscrupulous course
> Which knows no doubt, which feels no fear.
>
> "But in the world I learnt what there
> Thou, too, wilt surely one day prove:
> That will, that energy, though rare,
> Are yet far, far less rare than love."

The love which is the gift of Christ, the love of God, spread abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto us—oh, covet it, pray for it, welcome it, give it hospitality! For here is strength and beauty: a love far deeper than man's deepest hate, stronger than death and hell; and beautiful, radiant, the essence of sainthood. Covet it; and the day will come when you who have sought it with prayers and tears, will have found it unaware; and others, beholding your strength of principle and beauty of soul, will say with the psalmist, "Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary."





SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—XII.

Basil Pierpoint, curate-in-charge of Lynton St. Maurice, visiting his church one evening with a friend, finds a girl, a stranger, writing in the parvise chamber. His peremptory manner of requesting her departure rouses her wrath. The girl, Evelyn Retallack, a High School mistress, out on a holiday with two friends, is engaged in writing a story. In her anger she now resolves to pillory Pierpoint therein. As all Lynton St. Maurice is Retallack property, the girl's name rouses interest in Pierpoint and others. His friend, Claude Winwood, visiting Lyntonstowe, the Retallacks' place, meets Snell, the old librarian. From him he learns that Colonel Retallack had two sons: John, who, by refusal to obey his father's wishes, had been disinherited, and Arthur, who had obeyed, had married the heiress of the neighbouring property of Lynton St. Mary, and died, leaving one daughter, Elinor. Almost immediately afterwards Colonel Retallack was killed in a carriage accident, leaving Elinor his sole heiress. Circumstances incline Winwood to suspect Evelyn's close relationship to Colonel Retallack, and a chance meeting of the four young people in the parvise chamber reveals the fact that Evelyn and Elinor are first cousins. This meeting ends in an unlucky *contretemps*, whereby Evelyn and Pierpoint are delayed till late in the church by reason of a violent thunderstorm. Next day Elinor comes to see her cousin and to invite her to Lyntonstowe.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT WORK.

EVELYN was destined not to pay that visit next day to Lyntonstowe. When the carriage arrived for her, all that returned with it was a note from Alice, explaining how Evelyn had that morning had a telegram from her uncle, Dr. Meredith, summoning her up to town: her mother was taken suddenly ill.

Very seriously ill Evelyn found Mrs. Retallack, and she had not time for any thoughts but to tend her mother for the first few days after her return to London. Then a change for the better set in, and Evelyn's spirits rose. Soon Mrs. Retallack was so far recovered that Evelyn, sitting at her bedside, was able to tell her many details of the summer holidays which had not found their way into her letters. The chief and most absorbing piece of intelligence, too, had never been written, owing to her sudden departure from Lynton St. Maurice. Mrs. Retallack received the news of Elinor Retallack's introduction to her cousin, and speedy recognition of her, in very quiet fashion. Evelyn, her mother being still weak and ill, had approached the subject very carefully, as soon as her uncle, Dr. Meredith, allowed her to do so.

"Tell her gently," he said. "Yes, you are right—she ought to know, and she has a steady soul."

Dr. Meredith looked curiously at his niece as he spoke. He was a hard-working man, and, like his sister, of a steady nature. He had very little opinion of the Retallack family, as far as he knew anything of them.

But even before she had made all this known to her mother Evelyn had felt it incumbent on her to write to Elinor Retallack to explain her sudden departure and consequent inability

to accept the offered hospitality. As, in their brief interview, Evelyn had not addressed her cousin by any name, she now felt a slight awkwardness as to how she could begin the letter. Eventually she wrote "Dear Cousin Elinor."

By return of post came a letter from Elinor, full of regrets that the acquaintance just begun should have been so sadly interrupted, and expressing an earnest hope that they would meet again at no far future date. At the end she sent her love to her "Aunt."

When Evelyn began her recital to her mother, there was a little visible start. Mrs. Retallack heard all the rest with her usual quietness.

"I am glad you have met your cousin," was all she said.

A woman of strong character, married to a man of excitable temperament, she had early learned that her part in life was to act as ballast to the household. She did not follow her daughter's flights of imagination or of optimism, but kept ever in a more level way.

Now, when Evelyn read Elinor's letter and message, the "Aunt" received it with a little smile but no words.

"If they were to ask me to stay with them, mother? What do you think? Shall I go?"

"It might be well to wait for the invitation first, would it not, Evelyn?" returned her mother.

"Of course," laughed the girl, "but one must be prepared for either fate, must not one? I only wish to know—would you object?"

"Object to your visiting your father's home? Certainly not. I should be pleased that you should go."

"And you, mother, would you go?"

Mrs. Retallack lay back on her pillow for a moment, and was silent. The girl fixed her dark eyes on her mother's face. Mrs. Retallack turned a little, and smiled at her, a quiet little smile.

"I think I am tired now, dear; talking soon exhausts me, and—is it not time for my medicine?"

Evelyn sprang to her feet full of contrition. She understood when a subject was closed with her mother, whose very quietude and reserve of manner kept the daughter silent at times when she longed to speak.

There seemed no reason for writing again to Elinor Retallack, and that episode ended.

When, a week later, Alice and Judith returned to the suburb of London where was their school, they found Mrs. Retallack much better and the first alarm over.

A year or so before, when Evelyn had become a teacher in the aforenamed suburban High School, Mrs. Retallack had taken a house in the neighbourhood and, in order to eke out her small income, had accepted as boarders Alice Kenyon and Judith Kyle, two of the other mistresses at the High School. Hence the somewhat incongruous set of friends. For, had not these three lived in daily intercourse, it is very questionable whether they would ever have drifted into even the loose comradeship which held them together. There were, of course, degrees in that alliance. Alice's affectionate nature readily responded to the devotion which Judith felt for her. Intellectually, they had little in common. Alice, though clear-headed, was of only mediocre talent, while Judith was a clever woman; but she required someone on whom to pour out the tenderness of her nature, a tenderness which lay deep and fiery beneath a crusty exterior. Alice, in her gentleness and sweetness, supplied this want. In another way, too, she was a foothold in life for Judith. Her simple and sincere goodness, the fact that religion guided every thought and act of her life, was of wonderful comfort to Judith, over whose soul at times rolled dark clouds of doubt and difficulty. The tie, then, between these two was close and intimate.

Alice, to whom it came easy to be affectionate to everybody, cared greatly for Evelyn. The audacious charm of the girl's character, her very outbursts of unreasonableness, her pitiful little mistakes and risings again—in a word, all in her that was daring, unpremeditated and nebulous—caused a lively delight in her society for the more tranquil temperament of the elder girl. Alice had led the small and retired life of a country clergyman's daughter. To her, brought up on very limited means, every penny was of value, every moment of time had its use. Her life was narrow, but she walked therein contentedly, and it brought no uncharitableness. Her aspirations were far less wide-reaching, her content much greater than Evelyn's or Judith's. But she possessed that rarest of talents, a knowledge of her own limitations. Once she had drawn a laughing comparison of herself and her two friends:

"It isn't a case of the Lion, the Eagle, and the Lamb, as I know you would both like me to say. But Evelyn soars aloft like a skylark viewing prospects I shall never behold, and Judith, as a keen hawk, pursues quarries never for me, while I—I scrape along contentedly, just a barn-door fowl."

"Indeed, if we are to be compared to birds of such flight and prowess, you, Alice, must be something much better than a poor old clucking hen!" cried Evelyn.

"Please," interrupted Alice, "I never said

a 'poor old clucking hen'! I said 'a barn-door fowl,' and if I omitted the proper adjectives it was only because I felt they were packed up in the noun somewhere. I should say no 'clucking hen' but a respectable, comfortable, contented, self-respecting Dorking fowl!"

"Well done, Alice!" laughed Evelyn. "Adjectives in Indian file. It sounds like my own style."

"Adjectives are your bane," growled Judith; "they are always a proof of weakness of thought."

Which Evelyn naturally proceeded to combat eagerly, and the debate continued, growing warmer, until, as usual, Alice, the peacemaker, stepped in. Her tact was inexhaustible, and tided over all difficulties.

There is something very depressing in the reaction after holiday-making. Life, too, becomes flat and uninteresting, when, after one brief intense period, half pleasure, half pain, but always full of keen sensations, we fall back once more to the normal, the uneventful. This Basil Pierpoint experienced. His surprise and disappointment were great when, on the afternoon after his last recorded interview, he again called on some pretext—and found Evelyn Retallack gone. Nor had he much time to console himself in the society of her friends; for a day or two after they also left, to spend the remaining ten days of their holidays at their respective homes. Lynton, they confessed to each other, was dull without the third in their trio.

Dulness, however, is a poor and inadequate word to describe the desert waste his parish now presented to the curate-in-charge. He struggled manfully to do his duty, and strove to fill his mind with former thoughts. But there are breezes which sweep through the open windows of the heart, bringing rare perfumes with them, and, though one close the windows, the odours linger long.

Miss Elinor Retallack was a new source of interest. Pierpoint liked her. Her timid manner appealed to him. In fact, had he not but lately broken his old ideal and set up in its place an entirely different model, he would have been compelled to confess that this gentle, shrinking creature—as he read her—was all that a woman should be.

And to think that when a pair of mocking brown eyes are in the protasis, the apodosis, the mind and heart of the beholder, must follow their mood!

Elinor Retallack resumed her class of young girls. She assisted liberally in all the curate's ideas of improvements. She was ever ready to aid him in all his plans to work up what had been, indeed, a rather neglected parish. But, in brief, she was not—her cousin.

Winwood, before he ended his visit to Lynton, took a perverse delight in extolling Miss Retallack of Lyntonstowe. He pointed out her quietude of manner: a quiet manner was an excellent quality in woman; her hand, too, was immaculate; her fingers were never inky; her voice was gentle; and so on.

"Well," returned Pierpoint one day, "I grant all these premises. What is the conclusion?"

"Need there be any?"

"Well, I should have thought so many affirmative propositions would have brought a conclusion in their train."

"It got left behind. Elinor Retallack is a very nice girl."

"Nobody said she wasn't," retorted Pierpoint, descending to colloquialism.

Now even Winwood was gone, and his friend missed him much. Pierpoint tried to make him stay longer, but Winwood declared his work was waiting. What this work of Winwood's was nobody had ever yet found out. Evelyn had once chaffed him about it:

"Of course you spell it with a capital W?"

"No," he replied in his gravest tones, "I write it in italics and put it in parentheses."

"You ought to take up some profession," Pierpoint urged.

"Yes! But, you see, taking up a profession is a serious thing. I must look about me, and not be too precipitate."

"You are certainly not that," replied his friend grimly.

Pierpoint had entered on his own profession some four years before, and Winwood was his senior by a couple of years.

This "work" of Winwood's kept him so busy on his return to town that scarcely any communication passed between the friends, until one morning, some six weeks later, Winwood received a line from Pierpoint, briefly informing him of his intention to arrive in town on the following day.

Business—partly at least, he explained the evening of his arrival, as they dined at Winwood's club, had called him up. He had only a few days to stay, as he could not leave his parish unprovided for.

Winwood lived in very comfortable bachelor quarters. Pierpoint was to be his guest as long as he pleased.

As the two men parted for the night, Pierpoint said carefully:

"Have you seen Miss Kenyon or Miss Kyle lately?"

"No; I have never seen any of them since I came up. I have often thought of asking permission to call. I know a cousin of Miss Retallack's very well, Dick Meredith. I really must look them up. But I have been so busy with my work."

"I suppose *she* is hard at work, too," Basil said to himself.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN IMPOSTOR.

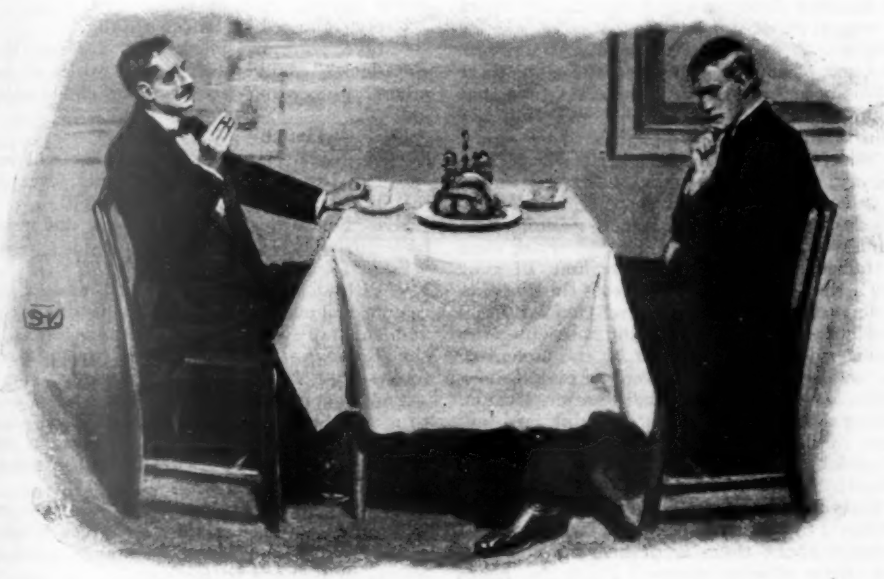
NOW it was the slack time of the day in Letham High School; that is, it was the half-hour after the midday dinner. Such mistresses as had work to do in the afternoon stayed for this meal. It was usually a lively one—at least, if Evelyn were present. On this day she was in high spirits, and had drawn Miss Stubbs, the Third Form mistress, into a lengthened discussion. It was Miss Retallack's delight to fling out a paradox in the face of this lady and lead her on, step by step, by apparently irrefragable statements, until she was landed in a quagmire.

Miss Stubbs believed herself to be a Socialist, chiefly because Miss Grey, the mathematical mistress, was of that persuasion, and Miss Stubbs adored Miss Grey; which adoration the latter lady suffered with a chastened mien. To show her devotion to the cause, Miss Stubbs would every now and then air her views in a slow, repining voice, following the will-o'-the-wisp of Evelyn's arguments and propositions until she found herself sunk in an absurdity; which caused Miss Grey, after writhing for some time at her futility, to utter one biting word. Whereupon poor Miss Stubbs would open her round eyes wide:

"But you said yesterday——"

"Yesterday is never to-day," interrupted Miss Grey caustically.

"There," interposed Evelyn in her most soothing—that is, most mischievous—tones, "you see, Miss Grey is one of the most advanced of her sex. She never says to-day what she said yesterday, and, as she is a mathematician, she understands all about sequence of series, of course, and is fully aware that we have nearly converged, and the most advanced woman of to-day lies just at the back of the first one, and never knows her own mind."



"Business, he explained, had called him up."

Miss Grey laughed. Evelyn's arguments, or rather sallies, she never troubled to combat. But Miss Stubbs began again some wandering reply on the tyranny of mistresses in requiring servants to wear aprons.

"Now," cried Evelyn, leaning back in her chair—for they had returned to the mistresses' room by this time, lunch having been disposed of—"now, waiving all such trumpery arguments in favour of aprons as cleanliness and protection, which, you will allow, are merely forensic, let us get to the main point, the apron proper—that is, pendant from the waist. That I cannot agree to call tyranny; but the *bib* thereto—ah! there I am with you. The bib, Miss Stubbs, *is* tyranny, pure tyranny. Shall we start a society for abolishing it, and call it 'The Bib-banishing Band'?"

"But it isn't the bib—it is——"

"Pardon me. Which comes top—bib or apron?"

"Why, bib, of course; how else——"

"Very well. We must begin at the beginning, must we not?"

"Why not the end?" smiled Miss Grey.

"I will discuss that with pleasure, Miss Grey, if you like." Evelyn looked up, a quick change in her voice.

Miss Grey shook her head, and took up a newspaper from the table.

"Now, Miss Stubbs," continued Evelyn to her adversary, "who wear bibs?"

"Why, children, of course, and——"

"Exactly, children. And aprons are worn by women; is it not so?"

"Yes——"

"Also bishops and freemasons don these articles of attire. Hence, you must grant that making a woman wear a bib is treating her as an infant."

"Why, that is what I say. It is just tyranny, and a sign of servitude!"

"Quite so. But bibless aprons, Miss Stubbs, *they* are the insignia of women, bishops and freemasons. Would you separate our sex, even in thought, from the Church and liberty? Perish the idea! We will discuss the question of the strings another day," added Miss Retallack, rising as at this moment Miss Stubbs' rejoinder was cut off by the advent of tea, an indulgence largely permissible in a mistresses' room. "I think," went on Evelyn, helping herself to sugar, "I think we are many of us still in a very mediæval state of mind."

Judith looked up.

"Have you been reading Tylor?"

"No; I never read books of that sort. I know all about them from hearing you and Miss Grey discuss them. Facts in heaps don't interest me, and I abhor statistics."

"Tylor is a suggestive writer," observed Miss Grey, looking into the fire.

She was a tall, elegant woman, and Evelyn's eyes rested on her with pleasure. She desired Miss Grey's good opinion; but that lady, being of a singular aloofness, never took much notice of Evelyn, except to smile at her sallies.

"She is thinking of what he says about men still in this generation yet living in the Stone Age," said Judith brusquely.

"No, I am not," retorted Evelyn. "Your man refers to savages. But I mean that people outwardly civilised are centuries back in their mode of thought—people who believe in palmistry, for instance."

"Yes," said Miss Grey, "I see what you mean. Persons for whom the methods of the Schoolmen still represent their reasoning powers."

"Yes, people who say, 'I read it in a book,' and that ends all controversy."

The door opened to admit a lanky young woman wrapped in a velvet mantle. She had a kitten in her arms.

"Oh, look at pussy, my pet!" she cried, in rather affected tones. "Is there any milk for her? Oh! have you used it all up, you greedy humans?"

"So sorry!"

"Poor dear! I have just got a new picture of a kitty, from little Bessie Byers—such a *sweet* kitty! This is my fifty-ninth. Won't you come and see it, Miss Kenyon? It is *such* a dear! Cats are the only things in the world for me."

Evelyn glanced at her scornfully.

"Have you any marks yet for me, Miss Retallack?" said a very level voice at her elbow, proceeding from a very rigid-looking girl.

Evelyn started.

"Oh, dear! Miss Fox, your voice will pursue me through time and space, ever demanding that which is not—marks!"

Miss Fox adjusted her glasses and asked imperturbably:

"Am I to add up without?"

"Without? Just fancy! And what a nice rebuke I should get then! Well, 'Man is one, and the fates'—that is, my Latin lessons in the Remove—are three per week, therefore——"

And Evelyn, pushing aside her teacup, went to a table in the window, where stood ominous heaps of exercise books. Seizing a pile, she dipped her pen ferociously in the red-ink pot and began.

"I am glad the Company provides red ink," she muttered. "My resources couldn't stand such a drain on them as the ink required in Remove corrections."

A bell sounded, and two or three of the occupants of the room hurried to snatch up piles of books and so forth and to depart to their respective duties. The others subsided to corrections or betook themselves home. Soon nothing was heard but the scratching of pens and an occasional groan at a glaring fault.

"Just listen!" cried Evelyn, who had passed from Latin to history: "'James I. had claimed the right to levy *impostors*.' Poor man! he was bad enough, but I am sure he found himself impostor enough for the whole kingdom."

"Do you mind if I take that down?" asked Miss Fox quietly, and she proceeded, with unsmiling face, to enter it in a note-book.

"Miss Grey had a lovely one the other day."

"What was it, may I ask?"

"'A theorem is a thing which you must

believe, but cannot prove. A problem is a thing you must prove, but cannot believe.'"

Alice laughed.

"How delicious!"

Miss Fox entered it carefully.

"Yes," she said gravely.

"Impostors!" cried Evelyn, crossing out the word vigorously, chiefly to relieve her feelings.

A knock at the door, and a maid entered.

"Please, a gentleman to see Miss Retallack."

"A gentleman? Gracious! Is it—yes—say I am coming, Emma." Then, as the door closed after the maid, "Alice, you *know* I am innocent of murderous intent! *Can* you prove an *alibi*? I know—I feel—it is Mr. White come to bring me to justice because I gave his Doris just what she deserved the day before yesterday. *Can* you stand by me and prove an *alibi*? Doris was alive at one o'clock to-day, when you took the cloak-room, was she not?"

"Go away!" cried Alice, laughing. "Don't keep him waiting, poor man!"

Evelyn cast a glance of despair at her hands.

"That's not what it looks," she cried. "It's only red ink, and—I wish I were not so untidy! It seems like guilt, and it is only heart-brokenness over misplaced Latin accusatives."

She left the room, and walked down the hall to the waiting-room. As she went, a thought flashed into her mind and caused her to quicken her step. Was her mother ill? Was it someone to summon her? As she opened the door of the waiting-room, she caught her breath. The only occupant stood with his back to her—a clergyman. Undoubtedly her mother——But he turned quickly, and the startled look left her eyes for one of pure amazement.

"Mr. Pierpoint?"

"Yes," he returned, holding her hand tightly.

"Oh! I am so glad to see you," she cried. "I mean," quenching the sudden light in his eyes, "what a relief! I thought you were from the doctor—from my mother. You bring no bad news, I hope?"

"No," he answered, "I hope not."

"Is it——" Then, her manners suddenly occurring to her, "Won't you sit down? Can I do anything for you?"

Somewhat lamely and rather circuitously, Basil proceeded to inform her that, being in town on business, he had seized the opportunity to call on her, and thought, on the whole, it would be best to call at the school rather than at her own house, as he did not know—— And here the explanation broke down, and he looked at her appealingly.

"I understand," she replied in a judicial tone. "You have really sought Miss Retallack in her official capacity to know if you may venture to call on Evelyn of that ilk when under her mother's protection."

"Yes," he assented.

Monosyllables are generally safe. His mind was dwelling on her sweet name, his eyes on her bright face.

"Now that was very nice of you," she nodded. "Miss R. aforesaid graciously grants the permission aforementioned, provided—yes, really I must put in a proviso, for this is term time, and I am smothered in work——"

He started to his feet.

"Pray forgive me; perhaps I am wasting your time—I did not think——"

"No, no; please don't go for a moment yet. Surely converse with our kind is better for the intellect and far less waste of time than correcting infants' struggles with the Latin tongue. Are you fond of Latin?—for I am."

"We missed you so much in Lynton," he burst forth irrelevantly. "Yes, I like Latin, too. I think you and I generally like the same things."

"Oh, Mr. Pierpoint! How *can* you say so? And, indeed the remark is not original, for you have already given utterance to that obvious mis-statement. We have not a liking in common."

"We have," he answered, in a voice suddenly grown deeper. "We both like Evelyn Retallack."

The quick colour ran up her cheek. She suddenly remembered this was not a Devonior, and she was now the Second Form mistress.

"You mean Elinor Retallack," she said coldly. "How is my cousin?"

"Miss Retallack is very well, I believe; but——" He got up and went to the fireplace. A piece of chalk lay on the mantelshelf. "I don't know how—it is difficult to say it," he began in a changed voice, and the chalk snapped in his fingers; "but I feel I must. And when you say you are overburthened—Evelyn"—turning suddenly round and rushing over the words—"Miss Retallack, will you marry me?"

The girl stared at him in absolute amazement. Swift on that followed a sense of disappointment: how dreadfully prosaic!

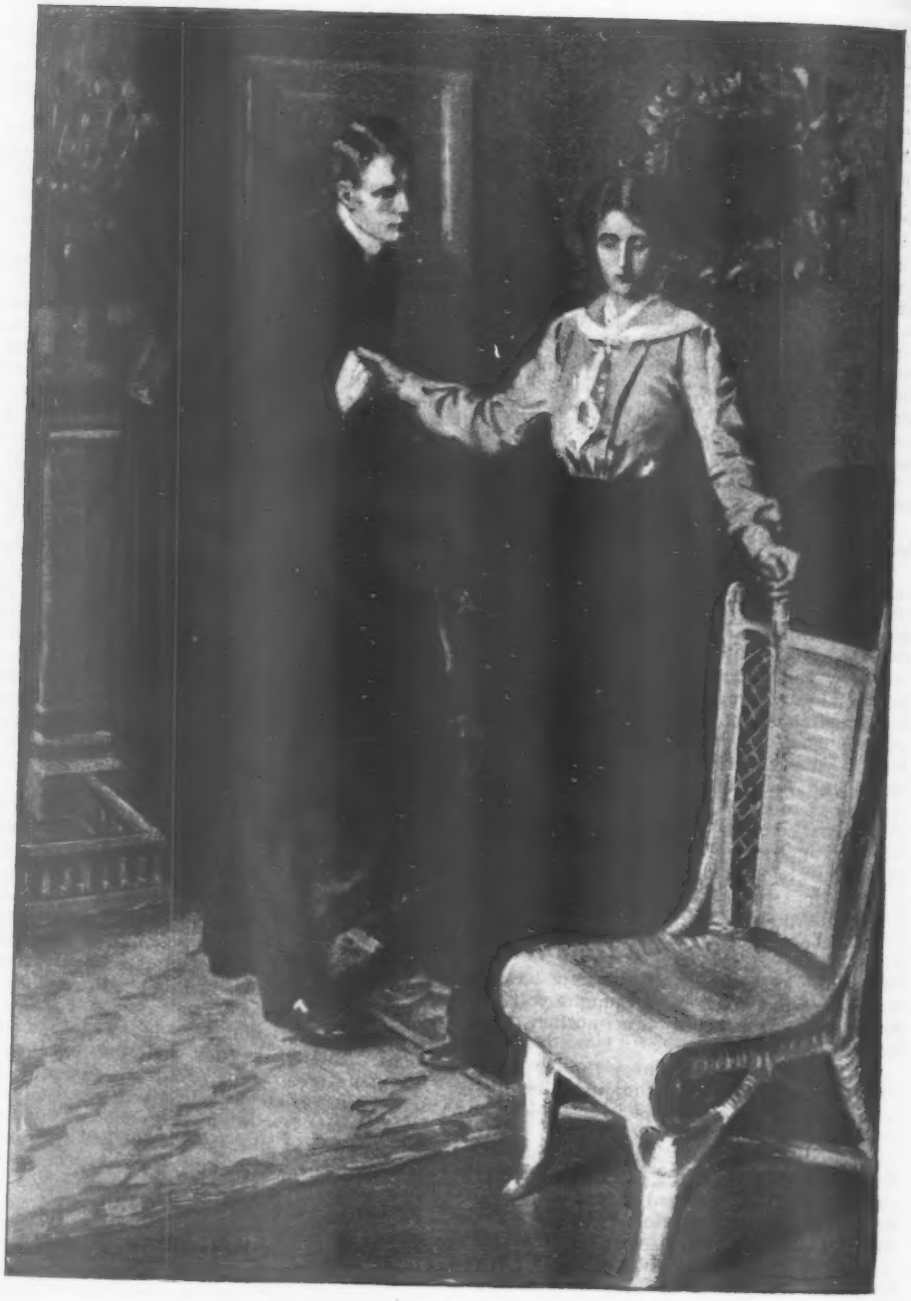
"Why?" she asked mechanically, after that moment of astonished silence.

She grasped his distress, his awkwardness, but half the room was between them, and her courage came back.

"Why? But you *know* I love you, don't you? Couldn't you like me even a little?"

She shook her head. She had risen to her feet.

"I am sorry," she said gravely. (Yes, she was sure that was the correct way to begin.) "I—I had no idea——"



"'I mean—to everything—No!'"—*p.* 421.

He came towards her quickly, and, seizing her hand, looked at her fixedly.

"You mean—even in the church——"

Her brows contracted in quick anger.

"I mean—to everything—No!"

Her hand was dropped. He turned. She heard the door shut after him.

"Stupid," she cried, "to remind me of *that!*"

Slowly she returned to the mistresses' room.

"Well?" asked Alice. "Was it Mr. White, or an 'impostor'?"

Evelyn looked at her. Had she been out of the room only a few minutes or a year?

"It was an impostor," she said slowly.

CHAPTER XV.

"IN A DEVON CORNER."

AT that moment, in London town, Winwood entered a dingy house in a City street, and, striding up innumerable dirty stairs, at length reached a door. He gave a hasty knock and entered. A man was writing busily at a table. He bestowed a nod on Winwood and went on.

"Can't talk for ten minutes. Amuse yourself."

"Nice grimy hole to amuse oneself in," retorted Winwood, throwing himself into an armchair by the fire, the only comfortable chair the room possessed. A table at his elbow was covered with piles of manuscript and printed matter. He idly took up some of these, one after another, and put them down again. He glanced through a few pages of one and laid it back on the table; a second and a third shared a similar fate.

"How can people waste good ink so uselessly?" he murmured as he lifted a fourth manuscript off the pile. It met with no better fate than its predecessors. Winwood threw back the pages into position with an air of lassitude, and turned to place it with the rest. Suddenly he sat up straight and a smothered exclamation broke from him. He threw himself back in his chair and read in earnest now. His companion got up and left the room, but Winwood paid no heed, turning page after page, his face now amused, now frowning. At length the owner of the room returned, stood a moment and looked at him.

"Well?" he asked. "What have you brought me?"

Winwood started up.

"Where did you get this?" he cried.

"This? What?"

"This—this tale?" and he thrust forward the manuscript.

The editor was near-sighted, yet he had a constitutional horror of spectacles. He put his nose down to the writing.

"Oh—that's a little thing a girl sent me. We took something of hers before, and this has a good deal of local colour, so——"

"Local colour! I should think so! Do you know the lady—the writer?"

"She's been here, but I have no very clear recollection of her."

"You mean to say she *writes*—habitually writes?"

"Yes; I believe so. Do you know her?"

Winwood laughed.

"Rather! But, I say, you can't print that thing, you know."

"Why not? We can't all write with your air of distinction, and the local colour——"

"Oh, hang the local colour! Why, my dear man, she has simply studied——" But he pulled himself up. "Look here, I'll buy that manuscript from you. What will you take?"

The editor looked at him and blinked his eyes.

"Are you in love with her?" he asked, with a laugh. "Or is it literary jealousy?"

"In love with her? Heavens, no! Here, where's the rest? This is only the end."

"My dear fellow, you are talking nonsense. The first half is in print. It will shortly be out. It just cut nicely into two. You can read the first half in our December number."

"The little——" But Winwood restrained himself. "To think *that* was her occupation!"

A light broke on the editor.

"Has she put you in? Eh? Case of using bottled-up experience? Common in callow authors."

"No; not me—at least I didn't find myself there. No doubt I come in as the clown in the first part. But she has put in a friend of mine—one, too, who is idiotic enough about her as it is."

The editor resumed his seat at the table, remarking casually:

"Did you recognise the likeness before you saw the name on the title-page?"

"No—no, I don't think so."

"Very well; don't trouble, then. Nobody else will, for, as you see, Miss Retallack writes as 'J. Evelyn,' and only gives her real name for postal purposes. Show me your article now, and let's get to work."

As Winwood left the office a little later, his own business despatched, his mind reverted to Evelyn's tale. Then he uttered an imprecation, and completed the phrase begun before:

"The little minx! I never could have believed it. And I suppose she flirted with that poor old Pierpoint just to see how he would do it!" Then he laughed. "Hope he'll take it as a joke, however, when he comes to know. I think I shan't tell him."

XUM

But he did tell him; for by the time the two men met again the humour of the thing struck Winwood more than what he considered the shabbiness of it, and he even anticipated Basil's appreciation of the joke. After all, Pierpoint's attraction towards Evelyn was no doubt but a passing fancy.

Pierpoint's manner that evening was so gloomy that Winwood feared his business had not progressed. He knew the nature of it—the sale of a portion of Basil's father's property.

"Hope you got on well?" he said.

"No," was the reply, "my business has sped ill. But don't let us talk of it."

"Have a good smoke, old man, and—oh, I have such a joke to tell you. I went to see Briscoe—editor of the *Iridescent*, you know. I lit on a manuscript there which I read. The likeness of the hero to yourself was so striking that I turned to the title-page: 'In a Devon Corner,' by Miss Evelyn Retallack! Good joke, isn't it, to put one's friends under the microscope and make slides of them?"

Basil started to his feet.

"What!" he cried, "put me in a tale? Made—made capital of me?"

"Exactly! Out of all of us—only we call it 'copy.' Spent her time in dissecting us, and writing nice descriptions of us—under other names, you understand. Let us be thankful for that."

"And——"

"And," went on Winwood, "it's your faults she has catalogued and classified."

A certain conversation held with her at the church stile flashed on his memory, while Pierpoint remembered one at Lyd Tor. A glance at Basil's face sharpened Claude's intelligence. Had he made a mistake?

"I went to see Miss Retallack to-day," began slowly the man from Devonshire.

"Oh!"

"Yes—I mean no."

"You didn't see her?"

"Yes, I did."

"Why do you say 'No' then?"

"*She* said 'No.'"

Pierpoint threw back his head. He knew he could not keep things in, and it was just as well to make a clean breast of it.

"Well!" ejaculated Winwood, after the brief recital, "I am glad she has stopped her studies. It is a blow, of course, but this will help you to get over it."

Somehow the joke seemed very poor now. After a moment of deep silence, Basil said slowly:

"Well, she had a perfect right, I suppose; but I had not expected it."

"No; neither had I."

Suddenly Pierpoint shrank back.

"Did she—is the tale finished?"

"Yes. To-day's experiences were too late for this issue. Oh, I say," getting up hastily, "I am awfully sorry, old chap. I have no right to talk like that. But I liked the girl—liked her very much, you understand," with a straight look at his friend, "and now—well, that's over now."

A pause, then "Good-night" said Basil heavily, and left the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE THIN EDGE.

"ARE you ill?" asked Judith abruptly, when Evelyn had sat silently staring into the sitting-room fire for fully five minutes.

Evelyn shook herself together.

"Ill? No; thank you."

Judith, the fire mended, returned to her work.

"Judith!" came Mrs. Retallack's voice, and Judith got up with alacrity. There was a sound friendship between those two stern souls.

Then Alice came to mend the fire. Evelyn looked up at her. Alice asked no questions, but she stooped down gently and kissed the girl on the brow.

"How comforting you are!" murmured Evelyn.

"I am glad to comfort you, dear. If there is anything the matter——" She paused.

"Oh! everything is the matter—or, rather, nothing matters, does it?"

"Yes; everything matters," returned Alice gravely. "We need not even go to Judith for a scientific reason for that, need we? We have the witness within."

"But then you are very good, Alice, and you never make mistakes, or do what you would wish undone."

"My dear!" cried Alice, "don't laugh at me!"

"No; I am not laughing. You are like a good chess-player. You know your moves long beforehand, and are prepared for every contingency. I am sure you have already planned where you will spend your holidays this day ten years."

Alice laughed.

"It is well we are accustomed to divide and subtract all your statements, Eve, before we accept them."

"Whereas I," went on Evelyn, still staring into the fire, "I just live from hand to mouth. I have no idea even where I shall be at Christmas, for instance, beyond that I suppose I shall spend the holidays here."

Alice, who had been standing, sat down now in a wicker chair at the other side of the fire, and took up her knitting.

There was silence for a space until Evelyn broke it suddenly.

"Alice, have you ever been in love?"

A deeper colour ran up Alice's pale cheeks.

"Why do you ask?" she replied after a moment.

"Forgive me. I suppose it is a question one has no right to ask, but," pushing back her hair, "I wonder what it is like?"

"Why," smiled Alice, recovering, "surely you have studied the subject well, seeing the desperate way your heroes and heroines behave."

"Yes; but that is only played to the gallery. I must suit the taste of the age. But—it's a pity when people upset things. Do you know who came to see me at school to-day?"

"Was it not Mr. White?"

"It was Mr. Pierpoint."

"Mr. Pierpoint!"

"And he asked me to marry him."

Alice dropped her knitting, turning shining eyes on her friend.

"Really?"

"Really."

"And—you?" a little breathlessly.

"I? I said 'No, thank you,' of course."

"Oh, Evelyn, did you really? I am so sorry."

"So am I—not that I said 'No,' but that he asked me. I think it horrid of him to upset things so. You know I began with positively disliking him, and then, just when I had reached a comfortable stage of not inimical indifference—he was very nice to me on *one* occasion—then he goes and spoils it all."



"'For you, miss.'"—p. 424.

"I don't understand. What has he spoilt?"

"I don't quite know how to explain," a little wearily; "but first he utterly surprised me and then he irritated me. Why, he asked me to marry him much in the same way he bade me leave the church long ago—or more, perhaps, as one would say 'Please

pass the salt.' But when I said—what I said, then"—her voice fell a little—"then he just looked at me for a minute and turned away, and I don't know how it was, but I never felt so small in my life. His look wrapped me round, as it were, and he *has* nice eyes, you know, self-forgetful kind of eyes. The look seemed to say, 'You poor little thing, I wanted to give you something you haven't got, and you will not accept it!' Though I was very angry, I never liked him so much as at that moment."

Her voice had sunk nearly to a whisper. Now it ceased, and Alice too was silent.

The rest of the term dragged somewhat for Evelyn. Small pleasures fell to her lot at times, all of a very mild type. Life seemed flatter, and her thoughts constantly wandered back to that corner of Devon where, she began to think, she had reached a turning point in life. Two persons out of all whom she had there met stood out clearest and most occupied her mind: her cousin Elinor and Basil Pierpoint. A feeling akin to envy assailed her when she thought of the former. For Elinor she built up a perfectly happy lot, and then, an old dream flashing back on her, Basil Pierpoint got into the same dream and played his part therein manfully. His character now, in the eyes of his biographer, underwent a change. She discussed him again and frequently with herself. Could Pierpoint know how often the thoughts of Evelyn Retallack were bent on him, he would have felt somewhat less gloomy, working out, as he was, a bitter disappointment. The thoughts, too, were much more kindly than they had been. "Let us grant everything," she said to herself: "vanity, tactlessness, domineeringness (that word may be softened; we may substitute love of power, which is a very virile quality) —love of power then, self-seeking—No, I fear that must go altogether. After all," she broke off, forgetting to balance her period this time, "he cannot care so much for things I took for granted were all in all to him, for he actually wished to marry me, and he knows I am absolutely poor. I wonder why he did it? And what did he mean by the way he looked at me just at the end? Well, I am guiltless of one thing: I never tried to make him fall in love with me. I tried to make him like me; but that was for purposes of art; I wanted to know all about him. And now——"

Evelyn was supposed to be correcting exercises; but the mistakes had reposed placid and uncorrected under her eyes for fully ten minutes, and the blotting-pad was now decorated with a neat pattern in dots and arabesques. A postman's knock, and the maid entered with a letter.

"For you, miss," she said, handing it to Evelyn.

She held out her hand indifferently. Evelyn never got letters that interested her much, unless when in treaty with a publisher. The letter now lay unheeded a moment while she finished the cherub into which she was fashioning a certain blot.

"I wonder," she went on to herself, "how he writes letters? I should like to get one from him."

Her eye fell on the postmark of her letter, and the pen fell from her fingers. "Lynton St. Maurice" was the legend stamped on the envelope.

Evelyn tore the letter open and read it eagerly.

[END OF CHAPTER SIXTEEN.]

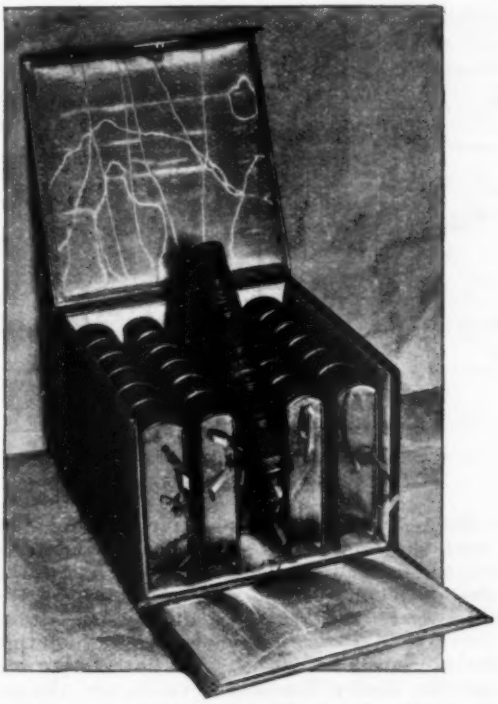


PRESENTATION BIBLES.

SOME NOTABLE AND HISTORIC VOLUMES.

By F. M. Holmes.

A NOBLE and historic presentation Bible was accepted by Queen Victoria in May, 1885. It marked the close of a long and important work, for it was a copy, in five handsome volumes, of the Revised Version, which had been in preparation for about fifteen years.



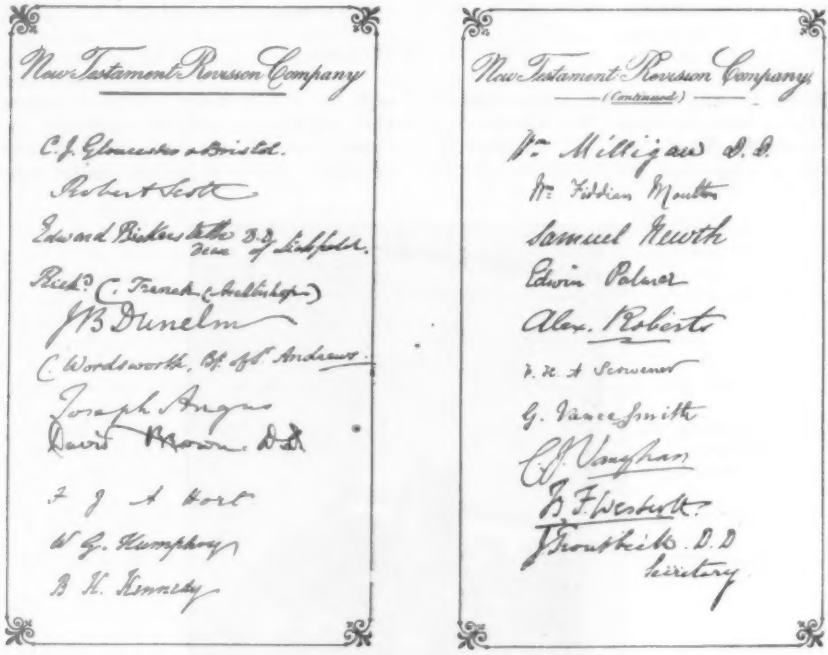
THE REVISED BIBLE AS PRESENTED TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

Some particulars of this famous copy will be interesting. The volumes were the standard edition, printed in pica type, and of the size known as royal octavo. They were specially bound in dark purple morocco, the arms of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities being grouped on the front, and the Royal arms on a morocco case in which the

volumes were enclosed. Silks also were inserted within the covers, the whole being a beautiful specimen of the book producer's art.

The copyright of the Revised Version is the joint property of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities; but the presentation was made by the Convocation of Canterbury, at whose suggestion the revision was undertaken. The Queen acknowledged the gift in a gracious letter to the Archbishop, and congratulated

A beautiful presentation copy was also accepted by the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII.; and in thanking the Archbishop he said: "The labours of the revisers must indeed have been very arduous and difficult, but I sincerely trust that they have been crowned with success, and that they have generally received the approval of the nation. Most sincerely do I desire with you that the love of the Bible in our country may receive a fresh impulse from the



AUTOGRAPHS OF THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT REVISION COMPANY: IN THE BIBLE PRESENTED TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

the revisers "on having executed this most important and difficult work so successfully," and assured his Grace and Convocation of the deep interest with which she would read the sacred volumes.

Her Majesty also caused the copy to be returned, so that Mr. Henry Frowde, of the Oxford University Press Warehouse, might obtain the revisers' autographs. He did so, the names of the Old Testament revisers being in Vol. I., and of the New Testament revisers in Vol. V.

clearness and accuracy after which our learned scholars have striven."

These historic volumes possess a rare significance of their own, as illustrating another episode in the long and fascinating history of the English Bible; but not less interesting as marking great national events, are the presentation Bibles used at the coronations of our sovereigns.

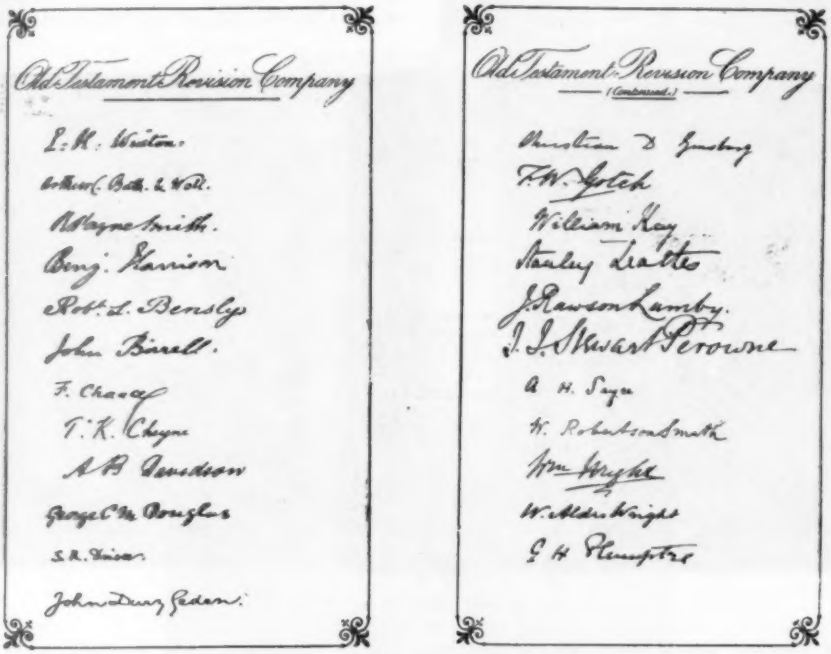
The volume used at Queen Victoria's Coronation was an Oxford Bible, quarto in size, bound in crimson velvet, the royal arms shining in gilt on the centre of the covers. The book was closed with

two broad silver-gilt clasps 1½ inches wide, the crown and "V.R." being embossed upon them. The edges were gilt, and the corners square and silver-gilt, while the binding within was of blue watered silk.

This Coronation Bible went to the Bishop of Winchester of that day, who took it by reason of his office as "Prelate of the Garter," and the volume is now in the possession of Bishop Sumner's descendants. The text has marginal

preserved at Windsor, where one would think all the Coronation Bibles should be kept.

King Edward's is a very beautiful book, and indicates that binding to-day can be produced as choicely as ever. The work was executed at the Oxford University Binding House, and the volume, which is of large quarto size, was presented jointly by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The binding is of royal red levant morocco,



AUTOGRAPHS OF THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT REVISION COMPANY: IN THE BIBLE PRESENTED TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

references, and contains the Apocrypha, while an index and tables of weights and measures, and coins current in biblical days are added; also two markers of blue ribbon with gilt fringe. Additional interest is given to the volume by the autograph of the Queen, which was inscribed on the fly-leaf.

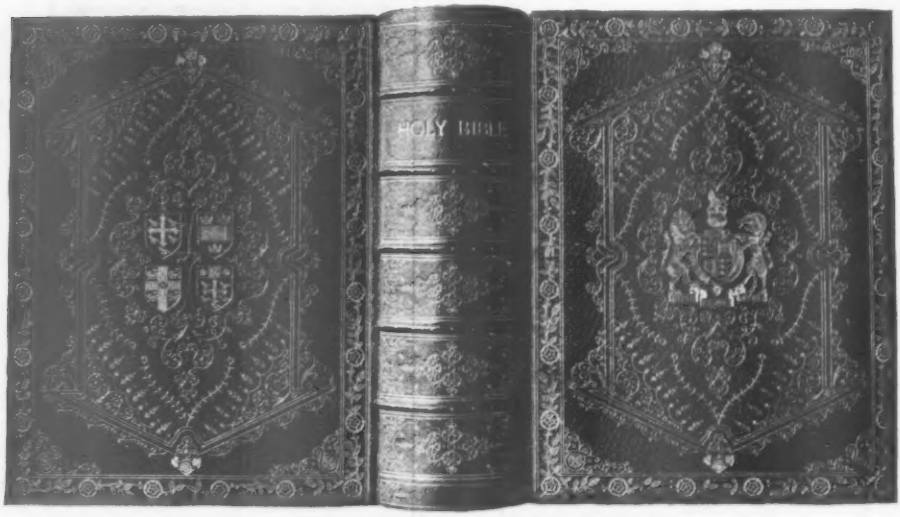
But while Bishop Sumner took Queen Victoria's Coronation Bible, as he was entitled to do, it is believed that Bishop Randall Davidson has waived his claim to the Coronation Bible of Edward VII., and that the historic volume will be

polished, and a border of Tudor roses on the covers encloses a beautiful design, within which, on the front, are the Royal arms, and on the reverse the arms of Edward the Confessor, of the two Universities, and of Westminster Abbey. The design is in gold, and the edges are solid gilt, while the doublure, or inside of the cover, is of russia leather, the rose, thistle, and shamrock being utilised as ornaments both on the inside and outside of the cover.

It was upon this Bible that the King took the Coronation oath, the Archbishop

of Canterbury presenting it with the words: "Our gracious King, we present unto your Majesty this book, the most valuable thing that this world affordeth. Here is wisdom; this is the royal law; these are the lively oracles of God." The King, on taking the oath, kissed the volume.

Together with the Coronation Bible must be placed the superb copy presented to King Edward by the Bible Society as a memento of the historic event. The Bible itself was one of the Society's eleven-shilling quartos, printed in pica, with marginal references and half-a-dozen maps; but it was bound in the finest pressed royal red morocco, with bevelled boards and gilt edges, the doublure being of the same morocco, richly inlaid, and the fly-leaves of red silk.



KING EDWARD VII.'S CORONATION BIBLE.

The design on the front cover is adapted from early Christian symbols. The centre is occupied by a cross, of ancient shape, enriched with interlacings of gold on grey-blue, and bordered with white and golden-brown. The spaces around the arms of the cross are filled with vine-leaves and bunches of grapes, emblematical of Christ the True Vine. Around the cross extends a border of wheat-ears typifying the Bread of Life, and at intervals are placed ten medallions representing early Christian symbols, those at the four corners being larger than the intermediate emblems. The border is in deep maroon, with soft green colour outside, while the medallions are coloured like the cross, thus bringing the whole scheme of colour into a harmonious whole.

The symbols on the medallions are: the Good Shepherd, on the top left-hand corner; then (proceeding to the right) the Greek monogram of Christ's name; an early Christian lamp, as a ship with figures of the Apostles Peter and Paul at the top right-hand corner; the anchor; a ship at anchor, an emblem of the Church; the seven-branched candle-stick; the dove; the peacock, a type of the Resurrection, because of the renewal of its beautiful plumage; the lamb; and the fishes, mystical representations of Christ. The four corner designs are, by permission of Messrs. Birdsall and Son, the binders, reproduced on page 430.

The reverse of the volume is also adorned with medallions, with vine-leaves and bunches of grapes, while the adornment on the doublure is the labarum, or Greek monogram of Christ's name, in a somewhat different form from that on the outside. An illuminated leaf of vellum, placed before the title-page, contains the inscription; and the beautiful volume is enclosed in a royal red velvet case embroidered with his Majesty's

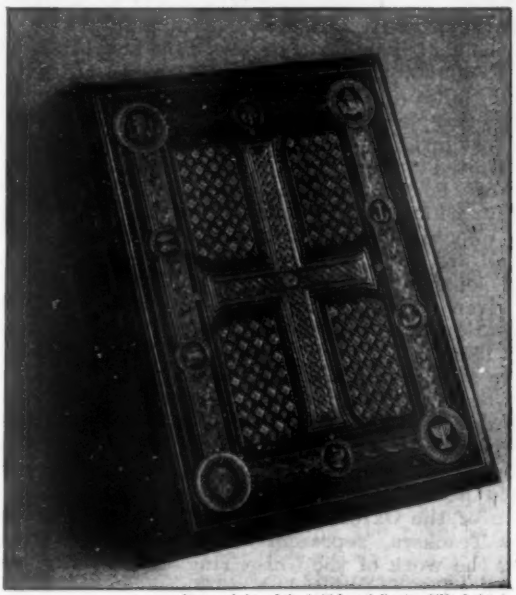
crown and cipher. This beautiful work, which was prepared and executed at Messrs. Birdsall and Son's establishment in Northampton, was entirely hand-tooled, and was built up of many small fragments, the circle surrounding the enclosures being by far the largest detail.



THE BACK COVER OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S CORONATION BIBLE.

On various important occasions during a long course of years the Bible Society has presented copies to royal personages. Some have been given in connection with great national events. Such, for instance, was the handsome copy of the Hungarian Bible presented to the King of Hungary in 1897, at the celebration of a thousand years of Hungarian national existence, his Majesty being of course King of Hungary, though Emperor of Austria.

Other presentation copies have marked new and memorable translations, as when in 1894 the Society presented the King of the Belgians and the Count of Flanders with special copies of the Congo New Testament; and the King expressed the interest which he naturally felt in a book prepared for the people of his African colonies, and in the beneficent work of the Society generally.



(By permission of the British and Foreign Bible Society.)

BIBLE PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY BY THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.



But one of the most notable was the copy in the Russian vernacular offered to the princess who married the late Duke of Edinburgh, afterwards Duke of Saxe-Coburg. This Bible was the only translation presenting the entire Bible in modern Russian. It was handsomely bound in three volumes, one containing the first eight books of the Old Testament in the version authorised by Alexander I.; the second, the remainder of the Old Testament translated by Professors Levisohn and Chwolson at the Society's expense; while the third gave the edition of the New Testament sanctioned by the Holy Synod or Supreme Council of the Russian Church.

In June, 1891, the Society sent a copy of the Amharic and Ethiopic Scriptures to the Emperor of Abyssinia; and in course of time he replied, courteously thanking the Society, and offering a gift of elephants' tusks, which reached the Bible House on June 15, 1893.

Yet another memorable presentation Bible was the first ever presented to the head of the Mohammedan faith. In 1856 the American and British Bible Societies had presented Ali Pasha, the Grand Vizier of Turkey, with a richly bound copy; and in the next year, through Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the Society presented one to the Sultan, Mr. Barker, the Society's agent, being favoured with a short personal interview.

Through the United Presbyterian Church the Shah of Persia was also given a Bible in 1849; while presentation Bibles have been offered to numerous royal personages as wedding gifts, or on the occasion of some notable event. The Society has given probably more than thirty presentation Bibles between the years 1839 and 1902.

New editions have also been made the occasion of noteworthy presentations. When Queen Victoria visited Glasgow in 1888, a copy was presented to her by the Oxford Press of the then new bourgeois edition of the Oxford Bible for Teachers, representing the work of the University Press exhibited at the Glasgow Exhibition. The book was printed on the Oxford India paper, and bound in "Garter blue" polished morocco, with "V.R.I." and the imperial crown emblazoned on its covers, and enclosed in a blue morocco case with a gold lock.





If her Majesty kept this volume at Windsor, it would rest in the same noble home as another presentation Bible of a very different character and of quite pathetic interest; for Gordon's own pocket Bible was presented to Queen Victoria by his sister, and is preserved here. And in this connection may be mentioned the little khaki-covered Bible produced by the Oxford Press for the soldiers during the Boer War and presented to her Majesty.

The royal weddings of our princes and princesses have been the occasions for the presentation of some very handsome Bibles. When the Princess Royal was married to the Crown Prince of Prussia in 1858, the maidens of the United Kingdom presented her with a special copy of Bagster's polyglot Bible, bound in rich purple morocco, with beautifully chased clasps and corners of gold, bearing the rose, thistle, and shamrock, and the arms of the bride as Princess Royal of England. An illuminated fly-leaf of vellum bore a suitable inscription, stating that the Bible was presented with the loyal, loving, and prayerful wishes of the maidens. The beautiful volume was enclosed in a casket of British oak richly carved, the devices being chiefly roses, and also the words, "Search the Scriptures."

The Young Women's Christian Association, which had been founded in 1855, was largely, if not entirely, responsible for this volume, as they have been for many presentation Bibles since that date, joining with others in several subsequent gifts.

The gentlemen of England presented a Bible to the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.) on his marriage in 1863, and the ladies of England presented a Bible to Queen Alexandra at the same time; Bishop Pelham afterwards saying that the Bible then given to the Prince was in constant use at Sandringham at daily prayer.



These presentations to the Prince and Princess led to the idea of offering

a Bible from "the maidens of the United Kingdom" to the Princess Helena on her marriage in 1866, and Miss S. M. Nugent, the daughter of Mr. Richard Nugent, the honorary secretary to the movement for presenting a Bible to the Prince, was made honorary secretary, though only a child at the time. This lady also occupied a similar position to the enterprises for presenting Bibles to the Princess Albany, and about 12,000 to the Princess Beatrice's Bible. The subscriptions to the "Maidens' Bibles" were raised by private communications only, no public intimation being made until the presentation.

Some description may be given of one or two of these handsome volumes. The Bible presented to Princess May (now Princess of Wales) on her marriage in



(By permission of the British and Foreign Bible Society.)

CASE AND INSCRIPTION OF THE BIBLE PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY BY THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

Louise, the Duchesses of Connaught and of Albany, and to the Princess Beatrice, when Miss A. St. G. Nugent acted as chief organiser. To this last effort no fewer than 45,000 subscribed, each giving from a penny to a shilling; and at its presentation Miss S. M. Nugent was asked to write her name in Queen Victoria's birthday book.

For subsequent royal weddings others of a younger generation took up the work of organisation, headed by the Hon. L. Kinnaird, and, for the Bible presented to the Duchess of Fife, by Miss C. Stopford. In these later presentations the Y.W.C.A. has taken the chief part, though many members had given previously — between 6,000 and 7,000 to the Bible for the Duchess of 1894, on behalf of the Y.W.C.A. and other women of the United Kingdom, was one of Bagster's miniature quartos, with references, notes, maps, and charts. It was bound in royal purple morocco, inlaid with rich crimson and cream, and adorned with ecclesiastical emblems embossed in gold. The edges were illuminated with monogram and coronet, and with such sentences as "Search the Scriptures" and "Thy Word is Truth." Richly illuminated vellum pages bore the inscription, and the volume was enclosed in a casket of British oak having the royal arms and the motto "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" engraved on the cover.

A somewhat similar Bible was presented to the Princess Maud on her

marriage in 1806. The binding was of the finest royal blue morocco, the sides being richly decorated with a fifteenth-century design. In the centre was a cross, between the arms of which were panels filled with mediæval foliage in gold and colours. At the intersection of the cross and on the border were emblems of the four Evangelists, and in the centre of the whole H.R.H.'s initials and coronet in carved gold. The edges were gilt and illuminated with texts, devices of the lamb and flag, and dove, as well as the Princess's initials and coronet. The clasps were of gold, and the inscription was on a vellum fly-leaf, while the magnificent volume was enclosed in a carved casket of British oak.

Sumptuous as are these bindings, presentation copies of the Scriptures in past centuries have been equally, or even more, costly; for it is recorded that Pope Hormisdas in the sixth century received from the Emperor Justin a copy of "the Gospels in silver covers set with precious stones, and weighing fifteen pounds."

Quite different again from these elaborate and expensive volumes is the Bible of John Eliot, "Apostle to the Indians," preserved at Jesus College, Cambridge. The volume is a copy of his celebrated Indian Bible which he presented to his old college, and on the fly-leaf he wrote his name. The book is treasured there as the personal gift of a distinguished man and the work of an honoured Cambridge scholar.

Many are the memories—historic, literary, and personal—which cluster around presentation Bibles. Time and time again have individuals or associations chosen these volumes as fitting memorials of some great event or as expressions of their best feelings. Beautiful workmanship has been lavished on these gifts, human interest has added to their charm, but all alike testify to the supreme appreciation of the wonderful Book and the high rank which it takes among the precious things of the world.



(Photo supplied by Messrs. Houghton and Gunn.)

THE BIBLE PRESENTED TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES ON HER MARRIAGE.

THE HIDING PLACE.

By C. E. C. Weigall, Author of "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," "Gunner Jack and Uncle John," "An Angel Unawares," "Too Late," Etc.

"I have seen the morn one laugh of gold,
I have known a mind that was a match for fate;
I have wondered what the heavens can hold,
Than simplest love more great."

"I CALL it shameful!" said Mrs. Arnott truculently.

She was sitting on an inverted box in the apple chamber that had once held bottled cider, and there was an air about her of heated displeasure that would have daunted a person less brave than Esther Haviland.

"I call it a crying disgrace, and so does Elias. Ever since she come to this place, and I found out that we was cousins, I've done my best for her. Plums when they was in season, and butter all the year round, and the best of advice always; and now not even to be mentioned in her will! Whoever expected she had a son? He's a good-for-naught, I'll warrant, and no doubt he's dead long ago. And the meaning is that you keep all this little property, that should have been mine by rights. A soldier! Don't tell me! I know your soldiers—scum of the earth, I call 'em—all gold lace and braid outside, and whited sepulchres within. Tell me that a soldier will get the Moat Farm? Why, that's as much as to say the whole place will be a wilderness by this time next year."

"Mrs. Arnott," said Esther, with tremulous anger, "you forget that my father was a soldier."

"And a pretty mess he made of your mother's life, to be sure!"

Mrs. Arnott had the irritating manner of a woman who knows her subject so exactly that she can always hit the right nail on the head.

"If he hadn't been killed in one of them Indian skramashes that bring no one any honour, you might have been living in comfort, perhaps with a nice little shop to bring you in a decent penny, and your mother wouldn't have died of starvation."

Esther's broken exclamation of anger made her pause.

"How dare you!" said the girl in a low, tense voice. "Oh, how dare you! My father died as only a brave man can die, saving the life of his friend."

Mrs. Arnott sniffed loudly.

"He'd better have saved his own, for charity begins at home. But that isn't what I came here to say. Now, Esther Haviland, I've looked through every bit of stuff in the place, and I know to a penny what everything's worth, and what I say is: Mrs. Purvis can't ever have been living on what you made on cheese and butter, for she wanted her comforts. Where is her money hid?"

"She had none," reiterated Esther, with growing tears. "I used to make plenty by the butter."

"You tell that to your grannie!"

Mrs. Arnott had recently comforted herself with a little strong refreshment, and the result of her potations was evident in the growing rudeness of her manner.

"You can't make me believe as how the best of medicines and meat essence was managed on nothing a week. There's money in the house, and you know where it is."

Esther looked helplessly round her. It was impossible to convince the terrible woman who was now invading the farm that she was not an impostor. Mrs. Purvis had been buried seven days, and the wonder of her last will and testament was still the talk of the countryside. Esther had cried her very heart out over the grave of the woman who had been so strangely kind to her; and now, with renewed vigour, she had realised that there was a chance before her of showing her passionate gratitude by the care that she could take of the dead woman's property for her son's sake. She would hand over the Moat Farm in so perfect a condition that the unknown Tom should find its value doubled by her care. Before the grass was green on the grave of Mrs. Purvis she would have scraped together a sum that should represent a nice little nest-egg for the returning soldier. The lawyer had advertised for him.

Mrs. Arnott considered the silence as regarded her own name insulting, but the rest of the world called the will instinct with pathos.

"All to my beloved son, Thomas Clive Purvis, to be held in trust for him by the only woman in the world whom I have found to be trustworthy through and through—Esther Haviland."

And Esther determined to deserve her character every day that she lived.

"Oh! what can I say to convince you that there is no money hidden?" she cried desperately. "What can I do to make you go away and leave me in peace?"

"Oh, that's what you want, is it? Want me to go? Well, I'll gratify you fast enough when I've done," said Mrs. Arnott vindictively.

She rose from her seat, and walked unsteadily through the door, her light eyes glancing from corner to corner of the attic.

"Left you the bureau, did she—and all in it? Well, I've looked through every paper and spotted old photograph, and there's nothing here as'd fetch twopence at a show. But I'll back there's money in it somewhere, and before I shake the dust of this house off my feet I'm going to find it."

Lying in a corner there was a heavy hammer that had been wont to be used for breaking up firewood, and Mrs. Arnott caught it up.

"Oh! what are you going to do?" cried the girl, trembling with helpless terror.

She tried to catch at the infuriated woman, but Mrs. Arnott flung her into a corner, where she crouched, sobbing piteously, with her hands over her ears, so that she might not hear the thuds of the hammer falling on the frail wood. When it was over, and the bureau lay in wrecked pieces about her, Mrs. Arnott rested from her labour with a scarlet face and a mouth twitching with passion.

"I've done it," she said; "and there's not so much in it as would buy a box of hairpins; and now my only consolation is that when Tom arrives he'll turn you out on the world with not so much as a sixpence."

She kicked the shattered bureau contemptuously with her foot, and left the room noisily; while Esther, on the floor, lay sobbing with gasping breath for the loss of the inanimate thing that had meant so much to her.

When the noise of the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Arnott in their spring cart had died away out of the yard, Esther rose wearily and went down the stairs wiping her eyes. She had not the heart to touch her wrecked possession, but she locked the door behind her and came down to the fresh air of the front garden, hoping to find there the peace of mind that she had lost. It was a golden February afternoon: one of those days that are a foretaste of summer in a winter month. On the brown garden the broad yellow sunbeams lay like a radiant cloak, and Esther's quick eyes noted some withered stems of chrysanthemums and late sunflowers that should have been removed long ago. The farm man, Abel Dunn, was milking in the shed, and the maid had gone home for the day to her mother, so that the girl tied a handkerchief over her ruddy hair and tucked up her black skirt:

"I will do it myself," she said emphatically; "and that bit of ground will take no harm to be dug over, and thinking won't make my troubles any lighter."

She threw up a spatter of soil with the fork, and sniffed in the fresh smell of the mould,

"Dear earth, I could kiss every clod, for I love you so! And alas—alas! I have got to leave you."

She turned, with the sun in her eyes, to look at the orchard of apple trees that another month would see shrouded in a green gown of young leaves, and because the sun dazzled her she failed to see another figure advancing towards the house with a hesitating step.

"Good afternoon, miss. Am I speaking to Miss Esther Haviland?" said a manly voice from behind her, and Esther turned sharply round with a faint cry.

There in the long grass by the sundial stood a man in the scarlet uniform of a sergeant-major of the Line. He carried himself so well that it was a pleasure to look at his handsome, upright figure, with the sash across his breast and the medals in a row from button to side seam. His keen, sunburnt face and grizzled hair spoke of long residence in a hot country; and his eyes, kindly and pleasant and full of vague regret, were the eyes of a man who has seen much and suffered many things. All this Esther saw; and for his part Tom Purvis said to himself that never again could he forget the picture that his mind absorbed that February afternoon. Backed by the grey house and the golden light, the figure of Esther Haviland stood out in sharp relief, with the beauty of each feature, the brilliance of her colouring as clear as a miniature in ivory. For a moment she looked at him, breathless with surprise; then, as consciousness came to her a lovely flush swept from chin to brow, and she darted forward.

"Oh—are you Tom?" she cried eagerly. "Did Mr. Angus find you?"

He stood looking at her gravely.

"I saw the advertisement," he said; "it was in a great many papers. And I went to Mr. Angus, and he told me everything and showed me the will."

There was admiration on his face, and in his voice a note that Esther did not recognise; but it had taken root there when Lawyer Angus had told him of the goodness of Esther Haviland to his dead mother.

"Welcome," said Esther falteringly. "I have everything ready to show you; and I am glad I worked hard, for otherwise I should not have been ready in time."

She resolutely put away from her her own feeling of regret at losing a home so dear to her, and began to tell him falteringly of his mother's goodness to her, and of how she could never hope to repay her.

They stood together in the garden, with the ripple of the stream behind them, and the cawing of the rooks in the wind-swept elm trees over their heads; and Tom's eyes took in

the full measure of the neat garden, and the spotless, shining windows, and the paintwork of the house.

"And so my poor mother was an invalid for so many years, helpless on her bed, Lawyer Angus says, and it was you who kept things straight and did all the work. I think that you have paid your debt already," he said softly.

"I could never repay her love and kindness," cried Essie. "She gave me a home when I had none."

"And she has left you, so I hear, a very tidy little competence!"

The sergeant's eyes were twinkling as he looked down into the tear-dimmed ones below him.

"She left me—her bureau; but Mrs. Arnott has broken it up, trying to find money in it, though I told her there was nothing in it but photographs and letters."

Tom gave a sudden loud burst of laughter, but Essie's sob made him grave again in the same instant.

"Why, my dear," he said, "there is no need to cry. I can mend it for you. But are you going to tell me that my mother told you naught about the old bureau when she left it to you?"

"What was there to tell?" cried Essie, bewildered.

"Show me where it lies."

Tom Purvis's mouth was quivering suspiciously under his heavy moustache, but there was something more than interest in the glance that he threw at her downcast face. She was as pretty as a flower, this girl with the blue eyes and hair like a ripe wheatfield in August, and he had never seen anyone to compare with her in all his experience of womanhood. He followed her in as she tripped lightly across the gravel path and up the stairs. His eyes took in the well-ordered house, and the pathetic evidence of his mother's connection with the place—the old ornaments and furniture that he remembered in the house where he had been born. Without a word Essie led him up the attic stairway, and into the apple chamber, where she pointed, voiceless, to a pile of broken wood and cracked varnish.

Tom drew up his lips in a whistle, for the girl's dramatic gesture of sorrow touched him.

"Well, I'm blessed!" he said. "What a venomous old party that lady must be who did it."

"She was very angry," said Essie. "But it was all I had to remind me of your mother; and, you see, she has even broken the frames of the photographs inside."

She held up a portrait disconsolately, and Tom took it from her and looked at it earnestly.

"I was a rum-looking little kid in those days," he said thoughtfully. "Fancy her keeping all these things! Well, she must have loved me, after all; and I did wrong to leave her."

"I think that she loved you too dearly for words," said Essie softly. "She was saying your name when she died."

"And I never guessed it!"

Tom's voice was harsh with emotion; and the girl, looking at him curiously, glanced away, for there were tears in his eyes.

"And you mean to say," said Tom at last, "that you never guessed that this bureau had a hiding-place?"

"But there could have been nothing in it; for, see, it is all broken."

For his answer Tom Purvis took up one slender leg that had been smashed off at the joint, and unscrewed the gilt claw at the foot, disclosing a narrow tube, hollowed to the very top of the wood. It was filled with yellow banknotes rolled up carefully in waxed paper; and Essie gazed at them open-mouthed.

"This was one hiding-place," said Tom tersely, "and the other was in the leg of the four-post bed on which she died."

Esther collapsed into a chair in breathless amazement.

"But I don't understand—it cannot be for me?" she stammered.

"There are three thousand pounds here, and maybe half as much in the bed-post," said Tom, in a business-like voice. "'Tis a nice little portion, Essie Haviland; and you deserve every penny of it." And for all answer Essie, in her surprise and relief, laid her head down upon her hands and burst into tears.

"Essie," said Tom very gently, "I wish you would not cry. I wish you would take heart about it all, for I don't know what to say to you."

"I can't take it. She never meant to leave it to me," sobbed the girl.

Her pretty hand lay in her lap, and Tom Purvis touched it with the caution of a man who is handling a rare and precious piece of china.

"I am a rough fellow," he said, "but, save for my quarrel with my mother, which was over my wish for soldiering, I have led a straight life. I don't know what to say to you, Essie; but with my mother's last will and testament there was enclosed a letter to me and you. Will you read it, Essie?"

The girl took up the sheet of paper, written in so tremulous a handwriting that it was difficult to decipher:

"My dear Son,—It is the wish of your dying mother that you should make Essie my daughter indeed, if she will have you. I know her to be a modest, upright woman,

and I know you, my dear son, to be a good man, save for your temper, which is sharp—and maybe you inherit it from me. When you read this, show it to Esther Haviland, and bide by her wish.—Your loving mother,

"MATILDA PURVIS."

"What do you say, Essie?" said the sergeant-major unsteadily. "You may think it sudden, but when I saw you digging in the garden I fell to loving you straight off."

"I don't know what to think," said Essie, tremulously. "Will you give me a little time, and go back to your regiment and leave me here?"

"No, I won't," said the sergeant with unexpected boldness; and in the silence that ensued he crept a little nearer to the girl, and saw the sunlight still about her, touching her bright hair and her rosy, downcast face. "My time's up in the regiment, and I want you, Essie, to help me to lead a good life in this country place, and to show me what a home can be after a barrack room."

A faint smile fluttered the corners of Essie's mouth.

"You want a great deal," she said, saucily.



"Es her turned sharply round with a faint cry."—*p.* 434.

"A man can't win a woman all in a hurry."

"But *I* can," said Tom Purvis stoutly; and Esther said afterwards that she only capitulated so easily because she was so astonished at his boldness.

But, for all that, the new Mrs. Purvis who reigns at the Moat Farm is a very happy woman.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

FEBRUARY 15TH.—**Christian Self-control.**

Passage for reading—1 *Corinthians viii.* 4–13.

POINTS. 1. All things made good by God.

2. All things lawful, but not all things expedient.

3. All occasions of offence to be avoided.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Divine Design.** An old Persian fable says God created the world a vast, level, barren plain, with not a green thing to be seen on it; not a flower, not a bush, not a tree. He came forth to view His new creation, and to adorn it with beauty; and He sent His angels to sow broadcast over the world the choicest seeds of the most beautiful flowers and trees. Satan on his black wing followed, and saw the unburied seed lying all over the earth, and he said, "This is the work of the Almighty. I will destroy it." So he went to work, and every seed that could be found he buried out of sight in the soil, and, as if to make his work complete, he summoned the rains of heaven; and they fell upon the earth and saturated it, that the seed might rot away. Then, with a smile of satisfied pride, he looked to see the chagrin of the Almighty when He should see His work destroyed. But as he gazed the seed germinated; it broke through the clods, and came up in forms of beauty everywhere; and the apparent ruin became an Eden of loveliness. Thus do men still try to spoil God's good gifts by using them for improper purposes.

Lawful, but not Expedient. A little girl was playing round a room one day with her white frock over her head. A friend from India who was present laughingly called her "Pishashee," the name given by Indians to their white devil. The child was delighted with so fine a name, and ran about the house crying to everyone she met, "I am the Pishashee; I am the Pishashee!" Would she have done so, had she been wrapped in black and called "Witch" or "Devil" instead? No; for the reality was nothing—the sound and colour were everything. Even so the thing offered to the idol was in itself nothing, but the use made of it was sinful, and therefore to be avoided.

A Travelling Bishop. Not long ago a bishop was travelling in South Africa in an ox waggon, on his way to the opening of a new church. The oxen went very slowly, and the bishop was sadly afraid he would be late. He kept urging the driver to make the animals move more quickly, but all in vain. They crept along, unheeding the whip, and the good bishop was in despair. At last the driver said, "I can make these oxen get on quickly, if you don't mind, bishop." "Don't mind," said the bishop; "why, that's just what I want." "Ah!" said the man, "but these 'ere animals are used to very strong language, and they won't get on without it!" "Well," said the bishop, "it's very important I should get there in time!" So the man used the strong language; but the bishop taught him some other words to use to the oxen, which might do just as well, and not be an occasion of offence.

FEBRUARY 22ND.—**Christian Love.**

Passage for reading—1 *Corinthians xiii.*

POINTS. 1. Love needful in all good deeds.
2. Love is unselfish, hopeful, and lasting.
3. Love the greatest of all virtues.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Lord Shaftesbury.** Perhaps the most touching thing that appeared in connection with Lord Shaftesbury's death was this. Two ragged boys, denuded almost of clothing, were standing gazing into a window on the morning of the late Earl's decease. The one remarked to the other, "Lord Shaftesbury is dead"; and his companion responded, "That's not *our* Lord Shaftesbury?" "Yes," replied the other, "it's *our* Lord Shaftesbury." Why could they speak of the great man in such familiar terms? Simply because he had sunk self, and associated himself so much with them that they could speak of him as one of themselves. His whole life was full of deeds of love.

Love Self-denying. All things are easy which are done for the love of God and of the souls which He loves. A lady who had a most sensitive ear for music—so much so, that a note out of tune caused her intense discomfort—joined one of our English sisterhoods. Being visited one day by a friend, she was found placidly seated in an outhouse, in the midst of a most horrible din, raised by a number of lads whom she was forming into a drum and fife band. "How can you possibly endure this noise?" asked her friend. "Oh," was the sweet reply, "it's very good for souls."

The Greatest Thing. It is related of St. John that when he was very old and weak, and lay upon his death-bed, his friends gathered round him that they might listen to his last words of wisdom and counsel. He lifted himself up, and repeated again and again: "Little children, love one another." And when, hoping that he might have said other things, which, perhaps, they would have treasured more eagerly, they asked if he had nothing else to tell them, he answered, "There is no need for more; for love includes all. Fulfil therefore this law: love one another."

MARCH 1ST.—**Paul and Apollos.**

Passage for reading—*Acts xviii.* 24—*xix.* 6.

POINTS. 1. A Christian must learn before he can teach.
2. The Scriptures make wise unto salvation.
3. Repentance of no avail without faith in Christ.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Learning Despised.** A learned clergyman was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate worker who despised education: "Sir, you have been to college, I suppose?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," replied the former, "that the Lord opened my mouth without any learning." "A similar event,"

retorted the clergyman, "took place in Balaam's time, but such things are of rare occurrence in the present day."

The Value of the Scriptures. An old and blind man thirty years ago came into possession of a book printed in Burmese, and containing only the Psalms and a part of the Prophets. Before he had finished the Psalms he cast away his idols and Buddhism, and believed in a living God, Creator, Preserver, and Judge of men, and from that time he has worshipped and prayed to the Eternal God. He committed many of the Psalm-prayers to memory, and daily offered them, especially the Fifty-first. For twenty years he lived in this way before ever hearing of Christ and the Atonement. Coming then from the interior to Prome, he heard of a foreign teacher residing there, and from him received a copy of the New Testament. He says that if a man should go about and attend to his business twenty years by starlight, and the sun should then rise on him in all his glory, he thinks it would produce about such a change in his eyes and vision as the Gospel of St. Matthew produced on his mind; that then the long night of praying to God, and hoping for mercy without a Mediator or an Atonement, came to an end, and for the past ten years his hope has been firmly fixed on Christ, and there it rests.

Repentance and Faith. It was said of the famous Mr. Dodd that persons called him in scorn "Faith and Repentance," because in his preaching he insisted so much on these two things. When he heard of his nickname he said, "If I were to die in the pulpit, I would desire to die preaching repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and if I die out of the pulpit, I would desire to die practising both."

MARCH 8TH.—**St. Paul at Ephesus.**

Passage for reading—*Acts xix.* 13–20.

POINTS. 1. Converts profess Christ boldly.
2. Converts give up evil practices.
3. Converts deny themselves for Christ's sake.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Brave for Truth.** In Jerusalem, during the ceaseless civil wars which had followed the division of Alexander's empire, one old man, named Onias, had lived a life so high and humble, and so apart from strife, that his prayers were believed to have power like Elijah's, and those who had no ambition for his holiness coveted his intercessions. One of the contending factions—both Jewish—dragged him from his home to pray against the other. But the old man had not learned to turn prayers into curses. Quietly he knelt down among the excited mob, and prayed aloud: "O God, King of the universe, since on one side are Thy people, and on the other Thy priests, I beseech Thee, hear not the prayers of either to the injury of the other." The cries of the enraged partisans drowned his voice; the stones fell thick around the grey head; the feeble life was easily bruised out of the aged frame, and he fell, one of the few martyrs to mercy the world has seen.

An Indian's Conscience. An old Indian once asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket. The next day the Indian came back and asked for the white man. "For," said he, "I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco." "Why don't you keep it?" asked a person standing by. "I've got a good man and a bad man here," said the Indian, pointing to his breast, "and the good man say, 'It is not yours; give it back to the owner.' The bad man say, 'Never mind—you got it, and it is your own now!' The good man say, 'No, no! you must not keep it.' So I didn't know what to do; and I thought to go to sleep, but the good man and the bad man kept talking all night and troubled me; and now, when I bring the money back, I feel good."

The Making of Character. Make up your minds about it while you are young. It is far easier, while your hearts are young and fresh, and open to all good influences, to make your lives beautiful and pure in the sight of God and man, than it is to do so after your character has become more formed, and the chill world has cooled down your young affections and enthusiasm. I saw once, lying side by side in a great workshop, two heads made of metal. The one was perfect—all the features of a noble, manly face came out clear and distinct in their lines of strength and beauty; in the other, scarcely a single feature could be recognised—it was all marred and spoiled. "The metal had been let grow a little too cool, sir," said the man who was showing it to me. I could not help thinking how true that was of many a form more precious than metal. Many a young soul that might be stamped with the image and superscription of the King, while it is warm with the love and glow of early youth, is allowed to grow too cold, and the writing is blurred, and the image is marred.





By Flora Schmalz.



THE gate was swiftly opened, and a child was gently placed inside it. There came a swish as if of wings, and in a twinkling the gate was closed.

The boy's eyes remained shut, but he felt that two loving arms were twined around him, and realised a sense of peace and safety which he had never known before. At the very moment when he was expecting to receive another deadly blow he had suddenly fallen asleep. And now his aches and bruises were no longer a trouble to him; his weary, battered limbs appeared to be light as air.

The boy gave a slight shiver, and then he opened his eyes, and began to rub them hard with both his hands. Something strange must indeed have happened—something which dazzled and bewildered him. For that dark, sullen shadow, which had always hung over him, was miraculously removed. Light—pure, translucent light—diffused itself on every side. Yet there was nothing harsh or garish in this soft, golden radiance. So that when a few minutes had passed he was already becoming used to it, and began to look about him with a languid curiosity.

He still lay close to the garden gate, though the encircling arms were removed. As his eyes wandered hither and thither, he noticed that the grass beneath him was wondrously soft and green, and that further on it was overspread with flowers, of exquisite form and hue. Oh, if he could but reach them! He thought he would give all his marbles just to pluck a few of them, and to hold them, and smell them, for a little while.

When the boy tried to rise, the mere act of motion filled him with such a keen delight that he rolled over on the turf once or twice before making any further effort.

Presently he scrambled to his feet, and hurried off in the direction of the flowers. He remembered having once seen a pot of drooping daisies, in a neighbour's window, in the wretched slum where he had lived. But these daisies where wholly different. They held themselves erect, and seemed to be full of sap, while each perfect petal was tipped with a vivid crimson.

"You may gather them, if you like, dear little one."

The boy looked up and beheld an angel, in shining raiment and with silver wings. He received a luminous and tender smile.

Soon he was running wild among the flowers. He came to a hedge of hawthorn in full blossom, which filled the air with fragrance. But the scent of the nestling violets on its

banks was sweeter still. It was as if all his earthly dreams of an impossible Spring-tide were realised at once.

He did not know how long he had been there, when he heard a sound that was strangely familiar to him. And there was something in that joyous hee-haw that greeted him like a note of welcome. Surely this sleek and comely donkey must be the one that had belonged to the costermonger in his alley, and that he had lately missed. It had been no unusual thing for him to share his crust with it, so deeply did he pity the poor, ill-used animal. And now, as it advanced fearlessly to meet him, there was a grateful recognition beaming in its gentle eyes.

"Its life on earth was one continual torment," said the angelic voice. "Take it to the most velvety part of the sward that you can find, dear child."

So the boy led the donkey away to a spot where the grass grew very fresh and long, and left it to frisk and gambol at will.

Feeling somewhat overcome by the novelty of it all, he sat down in an arbour formed out of the twisted trunks of trees, and listened to the carols of the birds. He remembered a deplorable, half-starved lark, that one of the neighbours had kept imprisoned, outside the window next his own. For when he was not trying to sell matches in the streets, what he had most enjoyed was to lean right out of the window, and to take note of his surroundings. Now he watched another lark that was soaring upward into the blue ether, while it poured forth a flood of thanksgiving in its song. As he grew in knowledge, the boy conjectured whether this joyous singer might not be that same miserable captive, come likewise into its inheritance. And his own soul was filled with the melody of a great content, so that he longed to find utterance with the bird.

It was impossible to say if so many hours, or only minutes, had elapsed, for he had lost all count of time. But after what appeared to be a very brief interval, he again heard a sound like the beat of wings.

"You may now enter the grounds which surround the King's Palace," said the angel, very kindly. "There is someone waiting for you there."

Then the boy was borne gently onwards, until he found himself before a shining portal, on which was inscribed the command to knock. He did so, and the door opened of itself, admitting him into an inner garden, of surpassing loveliness.

"Here is the little girl I want you to take care of," said the angel, placing the hand of a smaller child in his. "On earth she has been starved and cruelly neglected. The cloud under which she lived was as black as yours, or blacker."

"Poor little thing! I am very sorry for her," sighed the boy, though only half-heartedly. For his mind was full of another little girl, whom he had left behind him, in that other world.

"I must go now," said the angel, "to bring a baby home. He will be pleased to come, and I am glad to take him away. For the dear mite would certainly have turned out badly, had he remained below. But what is it you want, dear boy?"

"How I wish you would fetch the little carriage-lady!" the boy could not help exclaiming, so filled was he with the longing to behold again the one whom he had loved best on earth. It was but rarely that her mother's brougham had visited the slums. Yet such an occasion was, for him, like catching a glimpse of that patch of sky from his garret window. It had served to keep alive in him his intuitive belief in a better time coming.

The angel smiled upon him, and immediately the boy's eyes were opened, to perceive quite a crowd of children close at hand.

"I was waiting to see if you would remember her," said the approving voice. "Do you recognise that little girl who is so devotedly kissing her doll?"

Then the boy was consoled when he looked once more upon the little face, that had formerly been so pale and sad, but was now so bright and rosy.

"But why is she to have such a shabby old doll?" he inquired, rather doubtfully.

"Because she is tired of fine dolls, and loves this one above all the rest," the angel graciously explained to him. "On earth, the poor child was overladen with good things, and that is why you see her here. She has also been asking for you, and now you may be together as long as ever you like."

Then the boy knew that the first little girl was gone, and he stretched out his hands to the other, who came and held up her doll, so that he might kiss it. As the angel left them, she put her other hand in his, and he gladly submitted to her guidance.

"Come," she said, in affectionate tones, "and I will show you where you can get a peep at the Palace of the King. The King is away just now in another of His Palaces. But soon He will come back, and then it will be Paradise indeed."

"Shall we ever see Him?" questioned the boy, in an awestruck whisper.

"We shall hear His footsteps," answered the child, in accents of anticipatory delight, "and the brightness of His Presence will fall upon us when He passes our way. Now, if you look through these tall trees, you can catch a glimpse of the Palace."

When the boy obeyed her he was trans-

ported with wonder, and trembled from excessive joy.

Behind the Palace, which stood upon a hill, lay the city of pure gold. The sunshine was reflected on its walls and pinnacles, which glittered with pearls and precious stones. So that, overpowered by the glory of it, the children could look no longer, and were forced to turn aside. Neither could they find words in which to express their feelings, as, hand in hand, they wandered on together.

"Tell me," said the boy at length, "when you went out into the darkness, did you expect to find it light?"

"No," she replied, with a retrospective smile; "I was terribly afraid that they would put me into a dark hole in the ground. And so they did shut up a part of me, that is resting there, until the great resurrection of the bodies. But, you know, an angel brought my real self to this beautiful garden instead. And when the church bell was tolling dolefully for me down below, the children were singing to give me a cheerful welcome up here. God in high Heaven is so good; He wishes us all to go on living and loving for ever and ever more."

"What a pity they don't know down there just what they are coming to," said the boy, very thoughtfully. "But now we can't go back, and there's no one else to tell them about it."

"Oh, but the angels often visit the earth," the little girl informed him, hopefully. "And sometimes, I believe, they take messages to our dear ones, who are still mourning our loss. I often think that if my dear mother could only be sure that I am here, then she would grieve for me no more. How I would like to ask the kind angel to let her know!"

Hardly had she finished speaking when the angel stood beside them.

"It shall be as you wish, dear little one," said the benignant voice. "On earth it is night, and your mother lies asleep. I will go and whisper to her of this Paradise for children, and I will leave a kiss from you upon her lips."

Straightway the angel vanished, and they were alone again.

"Did you notice the large mansions," said the little girl, "where the children were at play? That is where we live. And close at hand we have, each of us, our own little garden to keep in order. In them we plant the seeds of our favourite flowers, and these have never failed us yet."

Then the boy recollected that many of the children he had seen were carrying spades and watering cans; just as it flashed across him that he had remarked all sorts of animals, in the outer garden, before he entered the shining portal.

They were about to return on their homeward way, when the angel once more overtook them.

"Fret thyself no longer, my child. Thy mother believes that she hath but dreamed of thee. Yet her heart is now at rest. She will ever look forward to meeting thee in the blissful hereafter. But hark! do you not hear a sound from afar? It announces the coming of the King. Quick, dear children, and prepare to welcome Him!"

Then the children hastened to gather the pure white lilies which grew by the way, until their arms were full of them. And as the stalks were stripped of the flowers, new ones sprang up in their place as fresh and fragrant as before.

Meanwhile the light around them grew softer and richer, until it concentrated itself into a pathway of dazzling radiance. The air quivered and vibrated into a faint hue of violet, as the first notes of celestial music became distinctly audible. Slowly the melody rose and swelled into the anthems of the Heavenly Hosts. To the boy's intense delight he found that he was able to join in that mystic song, and so he obtained utterance at last.

The children laid down their lilies on the path of golden light. The little girl sank gently on her knees, but the boy, overpowered by the glory, prostrated himself in deep adoration. And as that luminous Presence went by their souls expanded, and their faces were transfigured. The beauty and abundance of life was theirs, and filled them with perfect joy.

When the brightness had gradually faded from the track, they rose from the ground, trembling, yet not afraid. In the distance could be heard the chorus of children's voices, as they sang to welcome their King; while overhead, in the holy calm that now ensued, the birds burst into canticles of unutterable praise.

The boy knew not how it was that his memory went back to a story once related to him by a city missionary. And his companion listened to the old, familiar tale with parted lips and bated breath, because for her, as for all of us, it was ever fresh, ever real.

The story told of a carpenter's shop, in obscure Nazareth, which was overshadowed by a tree. And the Son who dwelt there, in meek subjection to His parents, was Jesus Christ, the everlasting Lord.

Sometimes a Light Surprises.

Words by WILLIAM COWPER. *Music by* E. BURRITT LANE, Mus.B. Dunelm, F.T.C.L.
(*Organist of Redhill Congregational Church.*)

Allegretto.

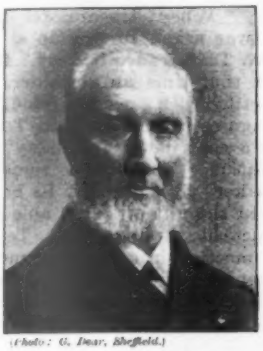


TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A DENOMINATIONAL WORKER.

ONE of the most remarkable developments of the Temperance movement during the latter half of Queen Victoria's reign was the formation of denominational Temperance societies. In the early days of the work, when the abstainers



(Photo: G. Inear, Sheffield.)

THE REV. JOSEPH THORNLEY

were a feeble folk, it was an unheard-of thing for any aggressive Temperance effort to be organised by a church as a church. To-day all this has been changed, and every religious denomination, without any exception worth mentioning, has its own society or league for the promotion of the Temperance cause. One of the best managed and most efficiently organised denominational societies is the Free Methodist League, whose operations are co-extensive with the United Methodist Free Churches. The Rev. Joseph Thornley, of Sheffield, the secretary of the association, who is widely esteemed in his own denomination, has also a distinct place in Temperance circles. He was born in 1838, and as a young man relinquished excellent prospects in the commercial world for the work of the ministry. He is an excellent preacher and speaker, and his thorough grip of the Temperance question is vouched for by the fact that he has "graduated" in Good Templary, which has turned out so many able Temperance folk. From Sheffield as a centre, Mr. Thornley serves his own denomination as its accredited Temperance representative in all parts of the country.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

The working of the new Act which came into operation on January 1 is being keenly watched by Temperance reformers and representatives of the liquor traffic alike, to say nothing of those social reformers who stand just on the border line of the Temperance movement. Time alone will tell how far the new legislation will effect a change in the criminal statistics of the country. One thing is certain: a decided step in advance has been taken, and the Temperance leaders must see that any retrograde proposals are promptly checked in the bud.

A FRIEND OF THE POOR.

One of the most popular members of the Shoreditch Board of Guardians is Mrs. C. W. Garrard. She is a life abstainer, and during her many years' service as a Poor Law Guardian has missed no opportunity of championing the cause of the poor women and children. To remove the taint of "Bumbledomism" and make the poor unfortunates share in the small comforts which one associates with home happiness has been this excellent lady's ambition. Steady, persevering, persistent work, rather than talk, has marked her public career, with the result that quite a number of small reforms stand to her credit. She is the wife of Mr. Charles W. Garrard, a member of the Borough Council of Shoreditch.



(Photo: G. Eisdale's Views, Lower Clapton Road, N.E.)

MRS. C. W. GARRARD.

Mrs. Garrard has been a prominent worker in Band of Hope circles, more particularly in the district covered by the Hackney and East Middlesex Band of Hope Union.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

The circulation of Temperance literature as a distinct part of our work continues to be most inadequately recognised both by individuals and societies. An examination of the various

published annual reports of town and country societies reveals the fact that the money spent upon literature remains very small. If the present year is to be a good year for work, it can only be by a thorough determination on the part of individuals to support the press, not only in their private capacities, but also as members of committees dealing with the expenditure of societies. As Temperance men we are saved the outlay which non-Temperance men are put to for beer. Why not make the *beer* money *book* money in 1903? The cost of two pints a day would give us £9 2s. 6d. to spend in Temperance literature in a year. If every worker laid out that sum this year, it would furnish him with a supply of tracts and periodicals for general circulation, stock his shelves with all the new books on the question as they appear, and enable his newsvendor to deliver regularly week by week all the Temperance papers and a good supply of the monthly magazines.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

It would be easy to multiply testimonies from the published writings and speeches of our great military leaders. Lord Wolseley (Sir Garnet, as he then was), when conducting the Red River Expedition, rigidily enforced a regulation to prevent dram drinking. Only one bottle of whisky was carried on the expedition, and this in Wolseley's own canoe. On the return journey, when all danger was past, it was proposed to broach it. "No," replied Wolseley, "I have promised it to Kane," his soldier servant of the 60th Rifles, and sure enough Kane obtained the bottle which had journeyed upwards of two thousand miles. The "Soldier's Pocket Book," published by Wolseley in 1868, contains some sterling advice on the value of total abstinence. Let one brief extract suffice: "By increasing the allowance of tea, and abolishing that of rum, you diminish the supplies to be carried to a great extent, whilst you add to the health and efficiency of your men. Their discipline will improve as their moral tone is raised, engendering a manly cheerfulness that spirit-drinking armies know nothing of. No men have ever done harder work than was performed by the troops employed upon the Red River Expedition. No spirits of any sort were issued to them, but they had practically as much of good tea as they could drink. Illness was, I may say, unknown amongst them." From our own times back to the days of the Commonwealth is a far cry, but the testimony is the same. The soldiers of Oliver Cromwell, for example, during their laborious campaigns, carried with them knapsacks containing oaten meal, which when hungry they mixed with water, anticipating by a few centuries the "Stokos" of Mr. John Abbey. On this dietary, for a considerable period, Cromwell's soldiers principally subsisted, and sustained great fatigue in the full vigour of health.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE.

The death of Archbishop Temple was an irreparable blow to the Temperance movement. His devotion to the cause "through evil report and good report," and his unswerving belief in the ultimate triumph of our principles, served to rally our workers again and again. To the Temperance workers of Rugby belongs the credit of having brought Dr. Temple into the ranks. When Headmaster at Rugby School he was asked to preside at a meeting of the town Temperance Society. Dr. Temple was not at that time an abstainer. He went to the meeting with an open mind. The late Robert Maguire (well known to THE QUIVER readers as a contributor for many years) was the deputation. Those who remember this genial speaker will not need to be told that he possessed the gift of being able to interest and instruct his hearers. Dr. Temple went from that meeting in a thinking mood, and it was not long before the Rugby friends discovered that he had become an abstainer. Upon the death of the venerated Samuel Bowly, Dr. Temple, who was then Bishop of Exeter, accepted the invitation of the National Temperance League to become its President, an invitation which was conveyed to the Bishop by the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson. Dr. Temple's work for the League proved incessant, and his pecuniary help was frequently given on a most generous scale. The Church of England Temperance Society has also lost a most enthusiastic worker in the Archbishop. While Bishop of London, it was his habit to regularly preside at the meetings of the Executive Committee of the diocesan branch, and Dr. Temple had visited nearly every diocese in connection with the work of the Society. Band of Hope workers cherish with pride the brilliant reception given to Dr. Temple and Mrs. Temple in the Morley Hall by the Hackney Band of Hope Union, at which Madame Antoinette Sterling supplemented her songs with a bright little speech, in which she made the announcement that "she too was an abstainer." The Archbishop joined the Rechabite Order, and upon several occasions warmly commended the work of this active body. His thorough interest in remedial legislation was attested again and again by his speeches and votes in the House of Lords. We thank God for all that His honoured servant has done for the furtherance of the Temperance cause, and our prayer must be that He will call other labourers to come to the help of the weak against this mighty enemy of our race.



WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

Crush the Adder.

NEAR the Lizard, and in other parts of Cornwall, there are double stone walls. The space that is between the walls is filled up with earth, so that it is easy to walk along the summit. Wishing to climb upon one of these walls, a farmer one day placed his hand upon the top. The hand met something cold and clammy, and he knew that he had touched a deadly adder. A shiver passed up his arm; but he did not lose his presence of mind. Pressing down the venomous reptile with all his force, so that it could not move, he managed to alight safely on the other side of the wall. If we would crush the temptation of the first glass, and throttle the whisper of the first alluring voice that invites us to do evil, the way of transgressors would not be nearly so hard. But the grasp must be in a divine strength "By my God," says the Psalmist, "I have leaped over a wall."

A Nonconformist Veteran.

To celebrate the eightieth birthday of the Rev. Dr. J. Guinness Rogers a few friends subscribed the cost of a portrait of the veteran Congregationalist, which is to have a resting-place on the walls of the Memorial Hall with those of other leaders of Nonconformity. The presentation was made on December 29th, 1902. The portrait is the work of Mr. C. H. Blair, and, as may be seen from our illustration, is an excellent likeness. Mr. Blair is the painter of the presentation portrait of Mr. George Smith of Coalville, and of that of Dr. Robert Moffat which hangs in the Medical Hall at Edinburgh.



(From the Painting by C. H. Blair.)

THE REV. DR. GUINNESS ROGERS.

Going to the People.

IF the people will not come to us, we must go to the people. Such is evidently the motto of the Manchester Wesleyan Mission. Taking a small organ with them, two or three of the Mission workers will sally forth to the crowded districts of the Cotton City, such as the Jersey Street dwellings at Ancoats—dwellings which were once an old cotton factory—and will invite the people in the dwellings to come to their windows and listen. The organ is almost certain to attract a number of children, if no others, and the preacher and the Sister of the Mission are bound to get some hearers while they preach, and sing, and pray. Perchance some of those who thus listen may find their way at other times to the Mission chapel or hall. The Manchester Wesleyan Mission may be taken as an instance of what has been called the Forward Movement—the Methodism that is not afraid to break with its traditions, if need be, and inaugurate new methods, to reach the people and touch them at various points of their life. It will convert large old-fashioned chapels from which the congregation has departed into halls, and utilise also the large public buildings of the city, as does the Rev. S. F. Collier the spacious Free Trade Hall in Manchester. A notable example of the Forward Movement may also be seen in the London Wesleyan Mission, which has about eight branches and uses some forty buildings constantly on Sundays and weekdays, its various congregations totalling some twenty thousand persons.



INVITING THE PEOPLE TO COME TO THEIR WINDOWS.

The Dead Wild Duck.

THERE is a passage in "The Life of a Scottish Naturalist" which must touch the heart of every reader of it. Edwards, one very hard spring, found a wild duck dead, with her bill full of snow, and under her thirteen eggs. Her strong wings could easily have borne her away to food and safety, but she would not leave her eggs. What noble mother love, God's love, the value of life in God's eyes! And if the natural life is precious, how precious is the life which is still closer to His heart! What care the spirit's life deserves and requires! What criminal folly it is to be careless of it in ourselves or in those dear to us. If the mother bird gave herself in seeking first the life of the offspring for which she hoped, surely no effort and no giving are too great for the parent of living children to plant and foster in them the life of the Kingdom. The place of parent or teacher is noble because it is an altar on which the highest sacrifice is laid for the highest end.

Two "Quiver" Heroes.

WE are glad to be able to put before our readers this month portraits of two recent additions to the roll of wearers of the medal of THE QUIVER Heroes Fund, particulars of whose gallantry were published



JERSEY STREET DWELLINGS, ANCOATS MANCHESTER.

in a recent number of THE QUIVER. Mr. William Cass, of Scarborough, was one of the three persons upon whom our silver medal was bestowed for their share in the attempted rescue of five children at Reighton Sands, in Yorkshire, the other two winners being ladies, whose portraits we have not yet received. Mr. Donald McCrea, who wears the bronze medal, saved two children from drowning in the canal at Lancaster. May we again remind our readers that we are at all times glad to hear of cases of individual gallantry in the saving of life which have not been recognised through any other fund or society? Such cases must be reported to the Editor at once, and the records must be attested in all instances by eye-witnesses whose credibility is vouched for by a magistrate or minister of religion.



(Photo: Sarony, Scarborough.)

MR. WILLIAM H. CASS, "QUIVER" SILVER MEDALLIST.

The Fairest Flower.

(See Frontispiece.)

MANY and interesting are the legends which have grown up round the name of James I., King of the Scots, who was taken prisoner by the English early in the fifteenth century, and held for eighteen years. Of his long imprisonment there are not a few reminiscences in "The King's Quhair," the best known of the literary legacies which King James left his people. He there speaks of the incident which Mr. Penrose has chosen for the picture which forms the frontispiece to this number of THE QUIVER. It depicts the meeting of the captive king with the Lady Jane Beaufort, of whom the kingly prisoner writes:

> "And therewith cast I down mine eyes again,
> And walking as I saw beneath the tower
> * * * * * *
> The fairest and the freshest youthful flower
> That ere methinks I saw before that hour."

King James's life was, from first to last, full of trouble, and the target of intrigue, and he fell at the hands of assassins in his fortieth year.

Through a Window in Peking.

NEW-YEAR'S time, and a bitterly cold night in the city of Peking; yet the native converts are gathered in goodly number within the church of the London Mission, with their revered pastor and friend, the English missionary, for a meeting in connection with the world-wide week of prayer. In that same Chinese city, at the same late hour, British soldiers are engaged in new-year carousings. One of the noisy company is an unhappy backslider from God's grace. Not long ago, in the British chapel at Hong-Kong, he learned to know Jesus as his Saviour; but now, through evil company at his new station, has fallen into sin, and on the night in question has been drinking hard. Presently he and his dissipated comrade sally forth into the streets, and, happening, to pass a long, lamp-lighted Chinese building, he looks in through a window. "How can I ever forget the scene!" he said afterwards; "rows of Chinese men, women, and children knelt with heads bowed in prayer. How miserable I felt! Which were the heathen—I or the Chinese? Here was I, belonging to a Christian nation, not fit to stand side by side with one of these Chinese whom people so despise." Deeply conscious of his degradation, he was turning away, the drunken mist now cleared from his senses, when strains of what seemed to him sweetest music sounded forth within the building. "Work, for the night is coming" was the hymn. As he still lingered near, the missionary came out, and spoke with great kindness to the remorse-stricken man as he guided him back to his military quarters. "I found no rest," he said, "till I gave my heart again to God at the London Mission the following day." How cheering to God's missionary servants in heathen lands such an instance of an English wanderer won back to Christ by the sight of Chinese Christians! What encouragement to all God's faithful witnesses, in every land, such evidence of indirect, unconscious influence of their "work and labour of love"!



(Photo: Webber, Lancaster.)

MR. DONALD McCREA, "QUIVER" BRONZE MEDALLIST.

A Cure for Swearing.

IN the old slavery days, an aged negro at Philadelphia, who was greatly attached to a tolerably kind master, was an example, at once amusing and edifying, of humility. He would never eat anything till the rest of the household had finished, and then made his frugal meal entirely from the broken meats; nor would he accept a more sumptuous or exclusive lodging than the nightly shelter of a commodious dog-kennel. "But I must confess," his free-and-easy owner would say, "that Uncle Enoch has done more to break me of swearing than any man I have ever known. He stands behind my chair at meals, and whenever I am so unlucky as to blurt out an oath he always makes a profound bow. I asked him one day why he did it, and he answered that he could never hear the holy name of God mentioned, in whatever way, without being overcome by reverence and fear. That bow of his is too much for me. No, I feel that I never can swear before Uncle Enoch."

Reservoir Ants.

IT is a remarkable fact that there are ants in South America, and a similar species has also been found in Australia, in whose nests some members serve as living honey-pots. The workers gather the honey, and pour it into these special members of the community, whose swollen crop occupies and enormously distends the abdomen. When necessary, these honey-ants, gently solicited by the ordinary members of the nest, give out a portion of the store, which serves as food for the rest. The case stands thus: the ordinary worker ants feed the reservoir ant, and the reservoir ant receives and gives out its store for the community from which it has received it. Are the people of a flock aware how important they are to that one of their number whom they call their minister? Possibly in an afternoon's visiting he gets more courage, faith, forbearance, gentleness than he did that day on his knees or at his books, or, indeed, all the days of that week. There are beautiful souls in a flock; many beautiful souls who can give, though they do not know it; and there are poor weak souls who need, and they give as much as the others by their very need. And so every way the man who ministers is ministered to. He who is to be full for others is filled by the others, just as the ordinary ants fill the reservoir ants and then receive from them the food they require. For the spiritual honey, the faith and grace in question, in a heart or in a congregation, cannot be stored in cells, but only in living souls. The life, prayer, example, spirit, influence of the men and women and children of the flock—that is to say, *your* life and spirit, my brother—are of the utmost importance to the very person who feeds you.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from November 29th up to and including December 29th, 1902. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For THE QUIVER *Waifs' Fund:* A. S., 15s.; J. S. M., Ecclefechan, 15s.; "Chiff," 10s. 6d.; Mrs. Wells, Kilburn, 10s.; E. G. B., 10s.; Annie, 7s.; A Reader of THE QUIVER, Windsor, 5s.; A Farmer's Wife, 5s.; A Working Woman, 5s.; Anon, Belfast, 4s.; Winnie and Nora Harris, Netherton, 3s.; Anon, Lee Green, 2s. 6d.; "Marie," Birkenhead, 2s. 6d.; L. Smith, Woodford, 2s.; E. Grove, 2s.; A. W., Cambridge, 1s. 9d.; R. Rimdell, 1s. 2d.; M. Thomason, 1s.; C. F., 1s.; Colin B. Ellison, Blundellsands, £1 15s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "An Irish Girl," £2 10s. 2s. 6d.; A. S., £1; Yeovil, £1; E. G. B., 10s.; "Rauceby," 5s.; L. R., Newcastle-on-Tyne, 5s.; M. E., 1s. 6d.

For *The Ragged School Union:* R. E., Longsight, 5s.; A. Bishop, Ealing, 4s.

For *The Children's Country Holidays Fund:* A. S., 10s.

For *The Cripples' Country Holidays Fund:* "Nemo," Manitoba, 10s.

For *The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children:* G. P., 10s. 6d.

For *The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals:* G. P., 10s. 6d.

For *The Royal National Lifeboat Institution:* G. P., 10s. 6d.

For *The Church Lads' Brigade:* G. P., 10s.

For *The Poor Children's Society:* E. M. C., 5s.

For *The St. Giles's Christian Mission:* Anon., Dumbarton, 3s. 6d.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

37. What great difficulty does St. Paul refer to in his First Epistle to the Corinthians which those had to contend with who had been converted from heathenism to Christianity?

38. How did this difficulty arise?

39. What lesson do we learn from St. Paul's condemnation of those Christian converts who attended idol festivals?

40. What does St. Paul say can alone make any act acceptable in the sight of God?

41. What may be called the chief characteristic of love?

42. In what way does St. Paul illustrate the knowledge of man in this world, compared with what it will be in the world to come?

43. What Jew is mentioned as being a great and eloquent preacher at Ephesus?

44. How many persons received the gift of the Holy Ghost at Ephesus by the laying on of St. Paul's hands?

45. What is known of the church at Ephesus?

46. What event took place at Ephesus which greatly increased the spread of the Gospel?

47. Was the practice of exorcism much used by the Jews?

48. What was the effect of St. Paul's teaching at Ephesus?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 350.

25. St. Paul appears to have always attended the Jewish synagogue or place of prayer, and preached the Gospel to the Jews. When they rejected him he went to the Gentiles, but not until the Jews refused to listen (Acts xvii. 1, 2).

26. That he was the messenger of a King named Jesus, who was a rival of the Roman Emperor (Acts xvii. 7).

27. They were great students of the Holy Scriptures, and examined them carefully to see how far St. Paul's teaching was in accord with the Old Testament (Acts xvii. 10, 11).

28. "Pray without ceasing. In every thing give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus" (1 Thess. v. 17, 18).

29. In the case of his First Epistle to the Thessalonians St. Paul adjures them to have the epistle read to "all the holy brethren," as though there had been elsewhere some neglect (1 Thess. v. 27; Col. iv. 16).

30. "Prove all things; abstain from all appearance of evil" (1 Thess. v. 21, 22).

31. He said that inasmuch as "we are the offspring of God," which their poets acknowledged, God cannot be like images of gold and silver, which we can make (Acts xvii. 29).

32. St. Paul says, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth" (Acts xvii. 26).

33. Belief in the resurrection of the body (Acts. xvii. 31, 32).

34. Crispus, the chief ruler of the Jewish synagogue (Acts. xviii. 8).

35. He "shook his raiment" against them, as Nehemiah of old had done (Acts xviii. 6; Neh. v. 13; St. Matt. x. 14).

36. No mention of Silas is made anywhere after his arrival at Corinth with Timotheus (Acts xviii. 5).

XUM

UNIV. OF MICH.



FROM THE PAINTING BY W. H. MARGETSON.

"IMMEDIATELY BEHIND IT CAME THE VICTIMS OF THE INQUISITION."

(*"A Flame of Fire," p. 451.*)

XUM

XUM



Being the History of the Adventures of Three Englishmen in Spain at the time of the Great Armada. Written by Rupert Hamstead, second son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, situated near Barnet in the County of Hertford, and now first set before the public by

JOSEPH HOCKING,

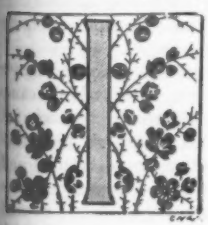
Author of "Lest We Forget," "The Purple Robe," "All Men Are Liars," "Mistress Nancy Molesworth," Etc. Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.–XII.

In the year 1587, the year before the coming of the Great Armada to English shores, Rupert Hamstead, son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, near Barnet town, having returned wounded from the wars, and having spent some time at his father's house, hears, through John Trenoweth, of Cornwall, that an old friend of his mother's is in the power of the Inquisitors of Spain. Being also desirous of finding out the Spanish plots concerning England, he determines to go to Spain with Mawgan Killigrew, of Cornwall, and John Trenoweth, in order to rescue the unfortunate lady, and to discover Spanish secrets. He therefore starts for Cornwall with John Trenoweth, and on his journey falls into the hands of Jesuit spies. Rupert Hamstead and John Trenoweth are accused by their fellow-travellers as Jesuit spies, but afterwards discover that they themselves are agents of Father Parsons. They at length reach Cornwall, where they are met by Mawgan Killigrew. Here they also come into contact with two Spaniards, whose behaviour is so suspicious that they decide to start for Spain secretly and without delay. The Englishmen leave England, and on first seeing the Spanish hills enter into a solemn covenant concerning their mission. They afterwards fall in with some Spanish gipsies, the young queen of whom greatly impresses Killigrew. She afterwards rescues them from Spanish officials, and gives them directions how to reach Toledo. After some little difficulty they enter the city. Here they hear the Archbishop's sermon, in which it is announced that heretics are to be punished by death. Here also Rupert Hamstead sees Isabella de Valencia, and presently all three take part in a terrible scene at the Circo Romano.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW JOHN TRENOWETH SAW HIS SWEETHEART.



I HAVE said that my heart beat not more quickly than was its wont, and I have spoken the truth. Instead of being well-nigh crazed, as I had imagined I should be under such circumstances, a great calm came over me. I took more than ordinary note of the people we passed in the streets, as well as of the buildings which were larger than ordinary. I remember how in particular I paid attention to a building which had had a strange history, being at one time a Jewish temple, and again a Moorish mosque, but which was at that time a Christian church called Santa Maria la Blanca, and I remember, too, wondering why it was called the Church of the White Mary. Not only this, but when at length I came to the Church of San Juan de los Reyes, I took particular note of the chains which were festooned in front of the building.

I knew that within that same church prayers were being chanted, prior to leading a heretic victim down the steep incline, and across to the Circo Romano, which stood on the plain outside the city walls. But, somehow, the thought seemed to fill me with a kind of unnatural calm. Indeed, I asked one of the crowd which stood on the little space outside the church door what the chains meant.

"They be the chains which were taken from the Christians whom the Moors kept in their dungeons," replied the man.

"And who put them there?"

"The señor must be a stranger to Toledo, or he would know," he replied: "it was by the orders of Isabella the Catholic. Aye, and by the Mass, she made the Moors suffer for it afterwards. Good fuel they were, too, these dogs who followed the false prophet."

"And who is to be burnt to-day?" I asked with seeming carelessness.

"Aye, I know not. Some say one thing, and some another; there be several, I think, and among them an English heretic."

"Go you to see the burning?"

"What would you?" cried the man. "We have not had one for many a week, and think you I will miss this chance? The saints know that of late there hath been but little interest in life. The Inquisition falls hard on the heretics, but, as Padre Antonio said to me yesterday, it provides a rare spectacle for the people. I would not miss it for a Dutch ducat."

"Why go you not inside the church?"

"Oh! there is no sport there. The priests are mumbling prayers, and giving exhortation; but what of that? True, I would like to hear Padre Tempestad tell those poor wretches of heretics how they will burn in hell, for he hath a rare gift. I heard him once describe the sufferings of a heretic in hell, and as he told of his endeavours to scrape away the boiling pitch from his roasting body, even I felt sick. But the prayers will be long, and the sermon short to-day, so I prefer waiting here, and seeing the procession start. Besides, the church is full, and I doubt whether I could gain admission."

And this I found to be true; for when I and my companions tried to obtain an entrance, we saw only a seething mass of people, who whispered one to another so loudly as to almost drown the chanting of the priests.

"It's a fine day," I heard a man say close beside me, "and there is no wind."

"Aye, and the dried olive wood will burn well."

"Green wood would be better sport."

"Aye, but that is over-cruel, according to my thinking."

"Think you she will last?"

"What mean you?"

"It is a good mile walk from here to the Circo Romano, and it is said she hath been put to the torture. If so, I doubt whether she can walk so far."

"Aye, especially when she knows she is walking to hell."

"Not so. These English heretics think they go straight to heaven."

"What, unshriven?"

"They care not for that."

"Well, I am a good Catholic, but these be strange doings. It is these Jesuits who are at the back of it all. Report hath it that it is the English Jesuit priest who hath stirred up the Inquisition again."

"Aye, so I have heard. Whenever they have power, the fires burn. But what would you? She is English, and they defy us. They, the beer-drinking swine, have sacked our towns, and defied our arms, and, therefore, they must be punished. Even the Dutch resistance is naught to theirs. I would that the Armada started to-morrow instead of next year. But what would you? The King waits for the Pope's money, and, therefore, there is delay. But *patienza*, I will touch the English gold!"

"And so will I, for I am selected to go. But look you, they be coming."

In this he spoke the truth; for at that moment the great church doors rolled back, the people rushed out, while the dismal chanting sounded more plain.

I looked at my companions, who gave a low cry as the great bell in the tower began to toll a funeral knell, and I saw that each face was stern and set. Mawgan had lost all his ruddy colour, and had become as pale as a Spaniard; but this was not with fear. Nay, I knew by the gleaming of his eyes, and the firm setting of his jaws, that his heart was on fire, even as mine was. John Trenoweth, too, looked almost ghastly. In truth, his face was the face of a corpse rather than of a living man; but his eyes gleamed with that steely glitter which I had always noted when he was much wrought upon.

He did not cry out, nor become frantic as I feared he would. I could hear him breathing heavily, however, as though his lungs closed against the air, while he kept on muttering the words, "The hell hounds! the hell hounds!"

A minute later a great silence fell upon us all, for the grim procession began.

First came two men bearing a carved figure of our Lord upon the cross, after which came some ecclesiastics headed by the archbishop, all of whom wore gorgeous robes, which nevertheless bore signs of mourning upon them; and after these came a number of priests of less degree followed by many boys, who carried flags and other things, the meaning of which I could not understand. After these again came a man of great stature and commanding mien, but who made me shudder as I looked on him. He, too, was an ecclesiastic, and wore rich robes, but he was not joining in the dismal chanting which filled the air with sadness. I watched him as his eyes swept over

the crowd: eyes which made one think of darkness and mystery, so deep and stern were they.

Then followed a man with a rough wooden cross,* at which a sound like a groan rose from the vast multitude, for immediately behind it came the victims of the Inquisition, or what we thought were the victims. Their faces we could not discern, for they were covered with a death mask; neither were the outlines of their bodies plain, on account of the long coarse robes which enveloped them. But we could see that two out of the four were lame, and stumbled along with difficulty; and this was, doubtless, partly because the road was rough and uneven, and partly because their limbs ached after their torture.

Who followed after the victims I know not, for Mawgan and John Trenoweth and I kept close to them, or at least as close as we could, for we could not walk by their sides because of the soldiers who formed a barrier.

Down the hill went the priests, and others, chanting the death chant, until we came to the Puerta Cambron, which, like the other great doors, was a tremendous barrier made of wood and iron, but which did not swing on hinges, but was drawn up and down in a rude socket. And after this we crossed a rough piece of ground passing not far from El Cristo de la Vega, where the victims had been condemned the day before, and where I was destined to realise one of the most wonderful experiences which surely ever fell to the lot of man. A little distance from here we struck into a rude road which led to the Circo Romano, a large level piece of ground encircled by the ruins of thick stone walls. This place, I was told, had once been a Roman amphitheatre, for the people had it that Toledo was the oldest city in the world, and that the Romans ruled the city long centuries before Wamba conquered it. Be that as it may, it was now used as a place for burning heretics, and already I saw in the near distance grim piles of wood.

It was at this time that the terror of the whole business really got hold of me, for up to now the thought that I should see any living human being committed to the flames had not really possessed me. I had, as it seemed to me, been living through a black nightmare, but now the terror of it all entered my soul, and such a fear laid hold of my heart as I have never felt either before or since.

To the right stood Toledo on its lofty heights, grim, awful, mysterious, forbidding; on the left was the church of El Cristo de la Vega, behind which was an undulating country, green with olive trees. In front was a plain, through which the tawny waters of the Tagus ran, presently to enter the great gorge which nearly encircled the city.

The day was fine. Not a cloud hung in the sky, not a breath of wind stirred. All around, save for the olive trees which appeared on the hills behind the little church, was a parched, sterile country. Not a bird sang, and not a sound was heard save the dismal chanting of the priests, the tolling of the great bell, and the distant shriek of a buzzard.

The flippant talk which I had heard a little while before had ceased. In truth, these Spaniards, cruel as they were, and always had been—aye, and laughing at their cruelty, too—had now become quiet, and subdued. Perchance the awful thought that human beings were to be burnt alive made them think of the meaning of it all. For no charges were brought against the victims save that they did not accept the beliefs of their Church. Perhaps the more thoughtful of them wondered whether He Who took the little children in His arms and blessed them would have given His blessing to the decisions of the tribunal which had condemned fellow-creatures to this.

Be that as it may, no man spoke, and when we reached the stakes and the faggots, and the priests stopped chanting the funeral dirge, the silence was that of the night rather than of the day.

Presently a man stepped upon a kind of pulpit. Who he was, or what position he held, I knew not; neither do I know his name, even to this day. He began chanting something in the Latin tongue, which I did not understand. This he continued a minute or more, during which the crowd uncovered their heads. When he had finished there was a moment's respite, for the priests spoke to each other, and even the people began to whisper.

"I would a dagger were put through them instead," I heard one say.

"Tush, man!" replies another. "Tush, man! You know it must not be. It is a law that no blood must be shed—nay, not even a drop. But listen."

At this the man who stood on the platform began to speak. I will not write down all he said, for it makes me sick to think of it, and this was no wonder, seeing he spoke of the love of the Mother Church, and of the glory of God. After this one of the victims was brought forward. A Jew I took him to be when first the mask was torn from his face, and I soon found that I was right; for the man spoke harsh words to him. He told him that his fathers

* This wooden cross may still be seen in the church of San Juan de los Reyes.—J. H.

had crucified Christ, and that, ever since, they had been an accursed race. That still the Holy Inquisition had been kind to him, giving him opportunities of life, if he would forswear his naughtiness, but he, being stiff-necked and sinful, had defied the servants of God. After this a woman was brought forward, and as her face was uncovered my heart stood still, for I was sure that she was the daughter of Sir John Tremayne. Her face was pale and drawn as if by much suffering, her lips were bloodless, while her forehead looked like a piece of polished bone.

"Anne de Valencia," the man said, "I still call thee by that name, and perhaps for the last time, for after this day if thou dost not repent, thou shalt no longer be regarded as the widow of Don Basilio Fernandio de Valencia, but thou shalt be an outcast bearing thy maiden name, Tremayne. To thee the Church hath shown great mercy. Thou shalt not die to-day. Thou art brought here that thou mayst be warned, after which thou shalt have further days for repentance. So kind are we to thee that thou shalt witness the burning of thy tiring woman, Esther Truscott, who hath, like thee, been obdurate, refusing the Church's love, and denying her doctrines. It is our hope that our clemency will at once melt thine heart, and at the same time be to thee a warning."

"It is Mistress Mary—it is she we came to save!" I heard John Trenoweth say. "What says he, Master Hamstead?"

"Hush, man," I said; "she is not to be burned to-day," but I did not tell him what had been said concerning Esther Truscott, although my silence scarcely spared him at all, as will speedily be seen. For no sooner had the man ceased speaking to Mistress Tremayne, than the death mask was torn from the face of the other victim, and I saw the features of a kindly faced woman, who looked as though she was well past mid-age, although I was not quite sure. That she was an Englishwoman, I could not doubt for a moment, for hers was a face that could not belong to any Spaniard, so strongly was it stamped with the stamp of her country. This I saw in a moment, and just as I turned to look at John Trenoweth, wondering if he recognised her as his sweetheart, the priest pronounced her name: Esther Truscott.

But not a word more did he say, for John Trenoweth passed through the people as easily as a man might pass through a field of standing wheat. Not a word spoke he, although on his face was a look such as I had never seen before. Love, terror, hatred, vengeance, determination, all were there, and it seemed as though those around were moved by his presence, for no man molested him.

Before a man could well count five, John Trenoweth had reached the condemned woman and stood before her with his arms outstretched. But the woman moved not, although her eyes were wide open with fear as if she had seen a ghost.

"Esther, my beauty, my dear sweetheart!" he said, and I noted the Cornish accents; I noted, too, the tenderness of his voice.

As he spoke the woman's eyes changed, and a look of joy swept over her face; such a look as I have seen on the face of a young



"Before a man could well count five, John Trenoweth had reached the condemned woman."

mother when she hath clasped her babe to her breast.

"John! John!" she cried. "You be come, then! Forgive me, John, for I loved 'ee all the time!"

At this she made a movement to come to him, while the Archbishop and priests watched with wide-open eyes, but two soldiers held her fast.

Then, as it seemed to me, in less time than it takes a clock to tick twice, John Trenoweth caught hold of the two soldiers, one in each hand and threw them from her, with less trouble than it would have caused me to throw aside two seven-year-old children. Then, while a cry of excitement rose from the crowd, they fell into each other's arms.

"Esther, my beauty, my lovely maid!" I heard him say, while she kept on repeating, "John, my John! thank God you've come to me!"

But this was only for a moment, for the soldiers rose to their feet, and made ready to rush upon them, and at this neither Mawgan Killigrew nor I could restrain ourselves longer. With drawn swords we rushed to their side; and each made a circle of steel around us. For some minutes—how many I know not—we fought like tigers. Man after man fell around us, while again and again did soldiers come towards us, and again and again did we drive them back.

Once, and once only, did I look at Mawgan Killigrew, and even now, it makes my heart warm to think of him, as I saw him then. His cloak had dropped from his shoulders, and his head was bare. But this all the better revealed his kind, honest face and sinewy form. Mawgan Killigrew was worth seeing at any time, so straight and lithe was he. Even during the few hours I had been in Cornwall, I had heard him spoken of as the finest man in the county. And this I think not without reason, for not only was he of great height, and largeness of limb, but he carried himself with grace and dignity. His face, too, was not one to forget, rather it was one to be thankful for, revealing as it did nobleness of thought, honesty of purpose. That day, however, he seemed crowned with a new glory; the joy of battle was in his eyes—eyes which shone like flames of fire—and he wielded his sword as though it were of featherweight.

His voice rang out clear and true, too, as time after time a man fell, and he gathered himself together for a fresh attack.

How long we fought, I repeat, I do not know. Sometimes I think our struggle must have lasted many minutes; at others, however, I imagine it must have been but a few seconds. For we were but two, and they were a numberless crowd. How then could the battle be long?

"Tear them asunder!" I heard men saying again and again, while others made answer, "We cannot."

"Then cut them asunder."

"It must not be. No blood must be shed. The Holy Inquisition forbids the shedding of blood."

This I heard while Mawgan Killigrew and I fought those who sought to tear John Trenoweth from the arms of the woman he had come to save.

But the end came presently. How could it be otherwise, when we were but two swords against a crowd, which became angrier and angrier each minute? I saw Mawgan borne to the ground, just as I have been told that even a lion is overcome by a pack of jackals, and at the same moment my own arms were pinioned.

"Now tear them asunder," cried a voice, "but break no bones, and shed no blood."

But that they could not do John Trenoweth's arms were around the body of the woman he loved, and the infuriated mob could not separate them.

What the end would have been I know not; nor, indeed, dare I think, but at that moment a young priest rushed into the crowd waving a letter above his head.

"From the King!" he cried, "from the King!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VISIT OF SEÑOR TOLEDO.

NO sooner had he spoken than the turmoil ceased. A look of expectation filled every eye, and a moment of breathless silence reigned.

The Archbishop took the letter, and scanned it eagerly.

"The English heretic is to be given further time for repentance," he said. "The King's will be done!" and at this there was a shout, partly of relief, and partly, as I thought, of disappointment from the multitude.

"Take them back to prison," said the Archbishop, and let further means be taken to bring her to repentance."

"But what of the men!" cried a voice. "What of the English devils which we have here?"

"To the dungeons with them," said a voice.

"Aye, to prison with them," said the Archbishop. "They be evidently spies and heretics. They must be taken to prison, and tried."

"But we cannot separate the man from the woman!"

"Drive a dagger into his heart!"

At this moment I saw John Trenoweth's danger. Through the sea of faces I saw him straining the woman to his breast. His face was no longer pale, nor were his eyes hard and cruel. In truth, I believe he did not realise all that was going on around him. Only one thought filled his mind. He held his sweetheart to his breast, and was content.

"John," I said, "John Trenoweth," and the crowd was silent as I spoke.

"Aye, Master Hamstead."

"She is not to die to-day. A letter hath come from the King commanding that she have further time for repentance."

"Aye, do 'ee 'ear that, my beauty?" says John to the woman.

"You must be separated, John," I said.

"Never, never!" he cried.

"It will be better, John. If you do not let her go, they will stab you to the heart, and then you will no longer be able to protect her. God hath helped us so far, and He will again. If you release her now, we will find some means to accomplish our plans."

Whether any man understood our speech I know not; neither, in truth, did I think at that moment, so much wrought upon was I. I believed then, as I believe now, that God in His good providence had guided us, and that He would guide us still further. I think, too, although my words were necessarily few, that John Trenoweth understood what was in my heart, for he kissed Esther Truscott tenderly, and said, "They shall not keep me from 'ee long, my dear, for the Lord hath delivered 'ee from the lion's mouth."

After that I have little idea what happened, for I seemed to fall into a kind of dreamy condition. It seemed as though all through which I had gone had dulled my senses; but I have a vague memory of having my hands bound, and of being led away from the Circo Romano towards the city. I do not think any great crowd went with us, for, as I was told afterwards, the people stayed behind to see the Jew burnt, desiring rather to see his sufferings than to behold three Englishmen led away into captivity.

When we had passed through the Puerta Cambron I remember wondering whether we should all be put in the same prison, or whether each man would have a solitary cell. But I asked no questions, for my brain was dull, and I could not think clearly.

Presently I found myself in darkness. The air was cool, too, although ill-smelling. Little by little my senses came back to me, and, feeling a pain in my head, I put my hand on the place where it ached most. Then I realised that I had been wounded, for it was wet with blood. At some little distance I heard a hum of voices, but the sound was not distinct, and then I think I fell asleep, for I remembered nothing else for a long time.

"Wake up and eat, señor!"

I started up, and saw a Spaniard before me, and then, looking around, I found myself in an ill-lighted room.

"Where am I?" I asked.

"Under the Alcazar," was the reply.

"All right, Rupert, we are here too." It was Mawgan who spoke, and the sound of his voice caused a sensation of joy to pass through my heart.

"Have I been ill?"

"You had a sword cut on your head, but it was not bad."

"And we are all together?"

"Aye. I hear we are to be visited, and the Spanish señors, who, I suppose, are to be our visitors, will not go to the filthy den where they put us first."

"But how did you find that out?"

"A fellow has been to us who speaks English."

"Who speaks English?"

"Aye."

Again I looked around me, and I saw that we were not so badly housed as I feared we should be. It is true that the place was neither more nor less than a dungeon; nevertheless, a ray of light penetrated the gloom from an iron grating placed in the wall, while on the floor was a thick litter of straw, which, as far as I could see, was clean.

The food brought was of a coarse and unsavoury nature, but hunger had come to me, so I fell to eating ravenously. After I had eaten I felt better. Some sour wine, too, although anything but pleasant, slaked my thirst, and made me feel something like my own man again. By-and-by the Spaniard left us, so that we could speak freely.

"We have saved my Esther, Master Hamstead," said John Trenoweth. "Had we not been there, she would have been committed to the flames before the man from the King arrived."

"Aye, and it was a glorious fight, too," said Mawgan almost joyfully. "I am willing to be cooped up in this hole, when I think of the way we slashed at those Spaniards. By Cormoran, Rupert, but thou knowest the tricks of sword-play."

"God, in His mercy, saved my Esther," said John Trenoweth. "She is alive, and she still loves me. Aye, and I have faith; the same God Who hath brought us together will help us still further. I feel it in my heart."

"But we are in prison," I could not help saying.

"In prison! But what of that? Esther is alive, my own little maid that was parted from me more than twenty years agone! If God helped us once, He will again!"

In truth, a great change had come over John Trenoweth. He seemed full ten years younger, and his voice rang out clearly, as though his heart was warm and joyful.

"I tell you God brought us here—aye, and He brought us in time, too. Could they tear me from her? Nay, not ten of them! They dragged, and dragged, but what of that? I held her in my arms. Aye, even although you had struck no blow for me, I would have held her, until the Lord brought deliverance."

Much as I feared the future, I would say no word to discourage him; neither, indeed, had I the right, for we had been wonderfully delivered. Still, I loved not the thought of prison, and I wondered what was the meaning of the news which had been brought to Mawgan.

"The man who spoke English said we were to be visited?" I said to him. "But by whom?"

"Aye, that I know not. I have told you what he said to me. A Spanish lord, he said, could not go into the black, stinking den into which we were first thrust, so we were taken to better quarters."

"Aye, but who can be our visitors?" I asked aloud.

"Who cares?" cried John Trenoweth. "Even though they be the hell hounds of the Inquisition, I will not be afraid. The Lord will be our defence even here!"

At these words a great fear came into my heart, for I believed that he, unknowingly, had suggested the truth. We should be visited by the priests, and possibly should be put to torture. And the thought of this was terrible to me, for although I feared no man when my limbs were free, and I carried a good sword, I dreaded terribly the ghastly torments to which the Spaniards put English Protestants.

Presently the light which reached us through the iron grating passed away, from the which I gathered that night was upon us, whereupon we laid ourselves down on the straw, and after some time fell asleep. How long we slept I know not, but after a time I found myself wide awake, and possessed with the feeling that someone was near us. Why I thought this I know not, for all was still save the heavy breathing of Mawgan Killigrew and the low murmurings of John Trenoweth, who even in his sleep spoke of his "dear little maid."

"There's someone whispering," I thought at length, and, sitting up, I listened more intently. Yes, there could be no doubt about it: there was a low murmuring at the door, and upon this I woke Mawgan Killigrew, who lay by my side.

"What is it?" he asked in a whisper.

"Someone is at the door," I said. "Listen, but do not make a noise."

At this John Trenoweth also awoke, and together we waited and listened.

Presently a gleam of light shot across the floor, and then little by little the door opened, as if by stealth, and a moment later two men came into the room. The one I saw in the twinkling of an eye was a priest of some sort. The other had so wrapped his face in his cloak that I could not discern his features. Nevertheless, I believed that I knew who he was. There was something in his movements which reminded me of the man I had seen on the Sunday morning before, and made me think of my father's visit to Gloucester at the time when Master Hooper went to heaven in a flame of fire.

"What would you, señors?" I asked aloud in Spanish, "and why is our rest disturbed?"

"Master Hamstead?" said the man in the cloak.

"To whom do you speak, señor?" I asked.

"To you," he replied. "You are Master Hamstead."

"And why should I be Master Hamstead?" I asked.

"Because my eyes never deceive me, old as they are"; and there was savage glee in the tones of his voice. "Because—because—well, never mind—I greet you, Master Hamstead, and, believe me, it grieves me much to see you here."

"And why should it grieve you?" I asked.

"Because your father was a brave man, and because—well, it will not be easy to get you away from here."

"You wish to get us out from here," cried Mawgan Killigrew eagerly.

"Else why should I be here? Believe me, I have been looking for you for many days."

I waited for him to continue.

"Believe me, the Spaniard is not ill served in England, and we know of all that takes place"; and he laughed pleasantly.

"You have been in England yourself," I ventured.

"Aye, long years ago. But *no me gusto*—that is, I like it not. Ah, the skies are gloomy, and the rain falls often. Not that there be not many green trees and fields, and many singing birds. But bah! the English know not how to live, or to love."

"But they know how to fight!" said Mawgan.

"Aye, Master Killigrew—you see I know you—aye, they know how to fight, but clumsily, clumsily. With a bludgeon they hit hard, but with a rapier—bah!"

"I would gladly contest the point with you," said Mawgan, rising to his feet. "Choose your own weapons, man, and let us have twelve square feet."

The man in the cloak laughed. "See my white hair," he said. "Ah, but I love other weapons than steel now; but time was when—but enough. Señors, I salute you!" and, taking off his hat, he revealed the features of the man I expected to see. It was Señor Toledo grown old: Señor Toledo in his own country, the man who, my father said, was as cunning as the devil, and as deep as the bottomless pit where he dwelt.

But I did not make out that I knew him. Moreover, I pressed Mawgan Killigrew's arms as a hint that he should be silent.

"Ah, yes," he went on. "I was in England in the good days of old. But I was unknown. Then what would you! I ate the beef, I drank the beer, I made love to the pretty women, and after breaking many hearts I returned to Spain. Señors, do you know that you be all mad?"

I shrugged my shoulders, even as a Spaniard might.

"Aye, mad," he repeated. "You came to take away Señora de Valencia and her serving woman. Ah! you start! The señora is the daughter of John Tremayne, and had she married according to his desires she would have been one of the richest women in England. Ah, yes! I know right well. I am what you call frank, free of speech, my masters—is it not so? That is why I desired speech with you. But you be mad. Think you that an Englishman could come to Spain—aye, and to Toledo!—and take away the señora as a hind could take a kitchen wench from one of your English houses? Ah, think you that? Think you we did not know that this man here, John Trenoweth!—ah, but your names are hard to utter—was sent to Hamstead Manor—what for? How did I find out? *Sabe Dios!*"

That the man had something in his mind I knew right well. Else why should he seek speech with us? Why, moreover, should he tell us that he knew aught of our plans?

"Falmouth is a fine harbour," he went on. "Oh, I know! A fine harbour, and Master Killigrew governs it—Master Killigrew, hearty of manner and free of speech. How do I know it? My masters, there were friends of Spain in the neighbourhood of Arwenack before Señor Gomez went there. Why? *Sabe Dios!* Do I not speak freely according to your English desires?"

"Well," I cried, "and why all this?"

"Why? Ah, you speak as you fight, bluntly, clumsily, and——"

"Honestly."

He shrugged his shoulders scornfully.

"And you thought," he went on, "that we should be unprepared. You did not know that in England every parish has a friend of Spain. You did not know that there is not a vessel which leaves an English port but has someone who longs for Spanish rule, and who finds a means of sending news to us. You did not know that one of your own countrymen hath established such a system of espionage in England that aught that affect us is made known to us with the speed of a bird's flight. Ah, but it gives us little pleasure to fight with you, you be so clumsy, so mad, so blind!"

At this I laughed—why I hardly know—but my laugh angered him.

"Oh, yes, Señor Gomez did not—but what of that? You are here in Toledo, and here you will stay. Remember, we Spaniards be no fools!" This he said angrily.

"He is trying to frighten me," I thought, but I held my tongue.

"You and yours should know better," he went on, "for you have had experience of the Spaniard."

"Aye, I have seen them run away," I said with another laugh.

He stamped his foot with rage, but presently he mastered himself.

"Well, what expect you?" he asked.

"I expect you to do your worst," I replied, "I expect you will try and treat us as your countrymen have always treated mine when they have had them in their power. I expect you will use the same means as you have used in the Indies—aye, and in your own country among the Moors, and Jews, and Christians. I know them. The torture, the faggot. There is nothing new in them. Clumsy and brutal, and, well—Spanish."

"Yes, my master," he said between his teeth, "and what then?"

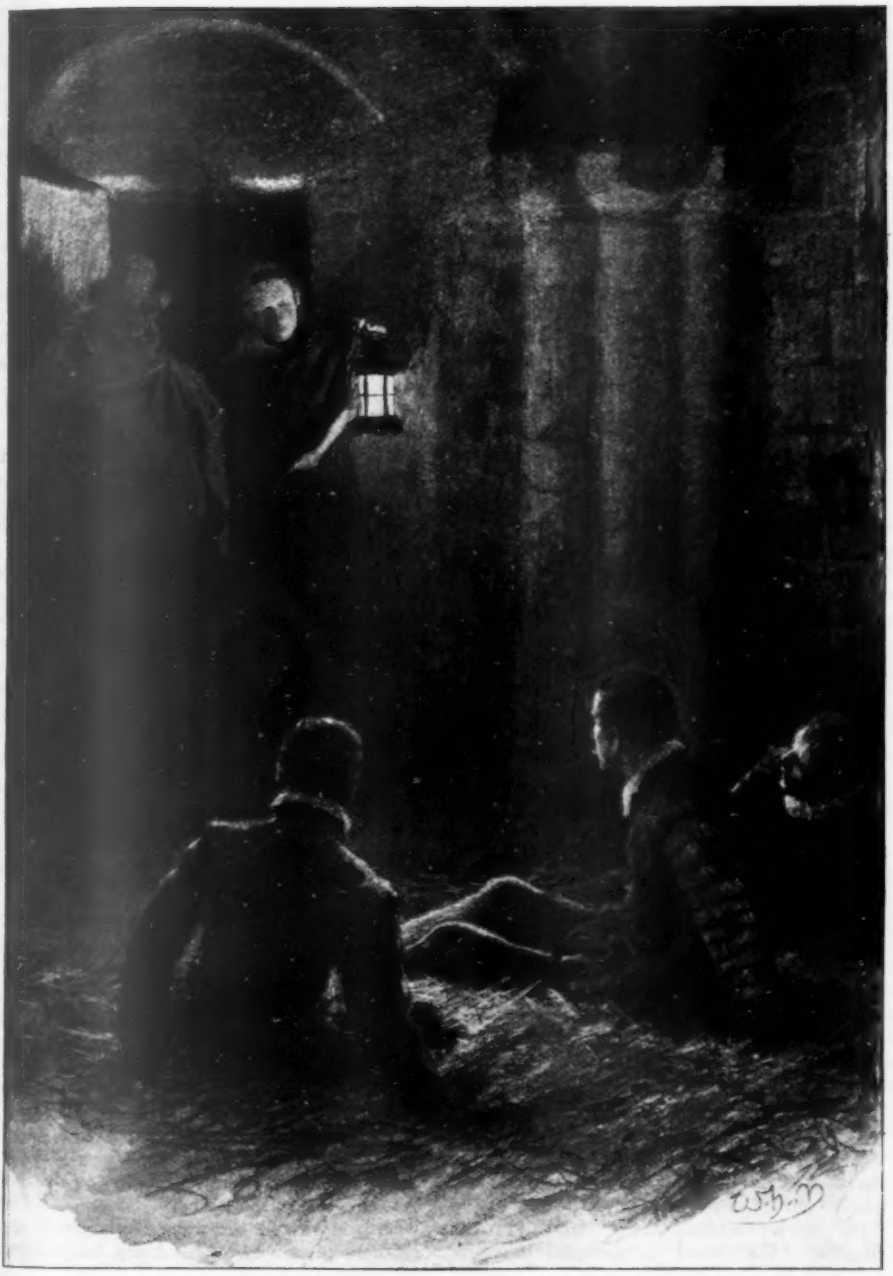
"Only that we shall beat you!" I cried.

"Beat us!"

"Aye, beat you." It was John Trenoweth who took up the tale. "You may do your worst, but we shall take Sir John Tremayne's daughter back to him. We shall take back my Esther to Cornwall, Master Spaniard, and laugh at you for what you are—a cruel, bloodthirsty, Popish crew."

I thought he would have struck the Cornishman, but he restrained himself.

XUM



"I believed I knew who he was."—*p.* 455.

"A *caballero* may not soil his hands by touching swine," he said. Then, turning to me again, he continued:

"You think because you escaped from the gipsy camp, and because it seemed as though good fortune were on your side this morning, that you can escape us. But bah! I could have captured you a score of times these last two days. But I did not. Why? Because I was not ready. Besides——" And then he stopped suddenly while I waited for him to continue.

"I will tell you what will come to pass," he said at length. "You heard the sermon in the cathedral on Sunday, so I need not enlarge on that. Well, in one day—two days, perhaps, but quickly, you will be taken to El Cristo de la Vega, and your faith will be inquired into."

"Inquired into!" I repeated with a sneer.

"Aye, inquired into, for the Holy Inquisition never condemns before trial; and then, if you prove untrue to the doctrines of the Church, you will be put to torture. And I tell you the thumbscrew, the rack, be not pleasant."

"And afterwards?" I asked.

"Afterwards—well," and he shrugged his shoulders, "you will understand the secret which that dog of a Jew learnt to-day. The flames, señors, the flames!"

I was silent.

"You do not speak, señor."

"No, I am waiting."

"Waiting? For what, señor?"

"To know why you have come to visit us to-night."

"I have been to England," he said presently, "and therefore think not of the English as some think of them. They are fools, and blind—but all are not bad. Therefore—well, I might be disposed to be merciful to you."

Still I waited, never speaking a word.

CHAPTER XV.

SEÑOR TOLEDO'S OFFER.

"I REMEMBER that both you and Master Killigrew here be only mere boys, and therefore act but foolishly," he said, after quietly watching us for a few moments. "As for your serving man here—well, he can be dealt with later."

"He is no serving man," said Mawgan Killigrew. "His blood is as good as yours, señor, and he is as brave a man."

The Spaniard shrugged his shoulders again, but beyond this he took no notice of the interruption.

"Being mere thoughtless boys," he went on, "it doth seem hard that you should, well, let us say, be treated as the Jew was treated to-day. Nevertheless, you will be, if I do not interpose. It is true I shall place myself in opposition to the Holy Inquisition, but what of that? I am too old to be a suspect; besides, I have not lived so long in Toledo for naught. Be that as it may, I have decided to give you a chance of life."

"Thank you, señor," said Mawgan quietly. "Then I suppose we may walk out of here free men?"

The Spaniard showed his yellow teeth like one in anger.

"I was right in saying that Master Killigrew was only a boy," he said. "But bah! what would you?"

"You would make a bargain with us," I said.

"Señor Hamstead is an Englishman and loves a bargain," said the Spaniard, "and—well, even Spanish *caballeros* love honest treaty. *Quid pro quo*, as the Latins say—is that not so, Señor Hamstead?"

"Well, what would you?" I asked, for I was impatient to know what he was driving at.

"You know what your life is worth here," he replied. "Let me take my hands from you, and what then? It grieves me to say it, but the Spaniard loves sport, and nothing would please him better than to see three English heretics roasting. But it would not please me. Would you believe me, I have spent much time in persuading the holy fathers to adopt another form of death. It is not pleasing to a man of refined tastes, it is—well, a trifle vulgar and brutish. A clean rapier thrust I love, but the flames, the smell of roasting flesh—bah! But that is not to the point. The señors would like to go back to their island again. It is scarcely conceivable, but there—they were not born in Spain."

"Well," I said.

"Well, I have come to tell them of means whereby their wishes may be accomplished."

We remained silent, so the Spaniard went on.

"What I ask is that one of them, say Master Killigrew, shall write a letter at my dictation."

"To whom?"

"To Sir John Tremayne."

"And the purport thereof?"

"Oh, the purport is very simple. I only wish you to tell Sir John Tremayne that you lie here at our mercy, and the only condition on which your lives can be spared is that he shall cease to be angry with his daughter, the Señora de Valencia, and that she be the happy possessor of his favours, just as she

would have been if her late noble husband had not so honoured her."

"And if this is written, what then, señor?"

"Then, well, you shall be treated as noble prisoners until we have restored your country to its rightful king. What would you? Is not that noble?"

I laughed in his face. I could do no other, so plain was his meaning.

"You laugh, Señor Hamstead, but why? I have promised great things, and I ask but little. What would you? I take my hand from you, and bah! you burn! But write this letter, and you live! Is not this fair?"

"And what becomes of the señora?" I asked.

"The señora?" He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. "Who is the señora? What is she? She hath been protected—indulged—because she married a Spanish noble. Even the Church dared not harm her while he lived. He was the King's friend, and although the holy fathers have frightened him to do many things—aye, many things—so many that he hath much withdrawn his presence from Toledo, they could not make him consent to her proper punishment while Don Basilio Fernandio de Valencia lived. But now, what would you? There must be but one law. Faith or death. You have broken it in England, and what have you become? A usurper sits on the throne, and——"

But he did not finish the sentence for Mawgan Killigrew caught him by the neck.

"Take back those words, señor," he said, "or I will drive the tongue that spoke them down your vile throat."

For a moment I thought he was going to call in the guards, but he had a point to gain, and he refrained.

"Ah! I take back my words," he said, with a spiteful laugh—"and why? Because in a little while England will belong to Spain. The true faith will be triumphant and——But enough, señors; the fate of the señora will be happiest and best for her. She is in the hands of our Holy Mother the Church, who acts in love. What is done to her will be for the good of her soul, and for the glory of God. But that is naught to you, señors. It is for you to do my will!

"Your will?"

"Aye, I have dallied long enough. For why should I, who can command, make bargains? Even with Spaniards I say, 'It must be done,' and it is done. Else what would you? *Los individuos del estado lláno*—by that I mean what you English call the commoners, the low-born, the base, will dare to set their opinions against ours! And where is the country then? The low-born have opinions—wills of their own! It would be the death of the country! Fancy it! Common people, aye, and people of other countries, the English daring to set their thoughts, their wills against the Holy Church, and against the Spanish nobles! Bah! You have heard my will, señors, and the letter will be written."

"Get it written," I said with a laugh.

"What? Dare you?" he cried.

"Aye, I dare!" I replied quietly. "Think you that we will tell Sir John Tremayne that we bargain for the mercy of a Spaniard? Think you that we will ask him to give our English lands and our English money to Spain? For that is what it means."

"And why not?" he asked. "Think you it will remain in Sir John Tremayne's hands when Spaniards have taken England? Think you that Spanish nobles would dirty their hands to fight with English *pulvea* if it were not for the lands, the gold? For religion, yes! But what would you? The chosen people of God may despoil the Egyptians. Do my will, señor, and gain your liberty, for by the Mass it will be all the same in the end."

"If you felt so sure of taking England, Señor Spaniard," I said, "you would not be so eager for the letter to be written."

"What of that? It is my will. Dogs of English, obey!"

He was losing control of himself now, and then for the first time the man who was dressed like a priest spoke to him in low tones.

"Your excellency will gain nothing by anger," he said in Spanish. "You remember what——," and then he spoke so low that I could not hear him.

Presently he turned to us again, his wicked old eyes gleaming with anger; nevertheless, he spoke with a kind of mountebank bravado.

"You know not who I am, señor," he said. "You know not my powers. You know not that my will is law even in high places. You know not that even were the Holy Inquisition to pass judgment, I could overrule that judgment! It is not for me to reason, but to command. Therefore think yourselves honoured that I have dealt with you as though you had even a right to question my desire. But this letter must be written. It is my will. If you knew my power, you would obey without question."

"In my father's hall is a sword which he took from Señor Toledo," I said, "and the son is not afraid of the man whom his father hath beaten!"

At this he was no longer able to control himself. He struck me in the face with the flat of his hand.

"That for you and your father!" he cried. "It is enough! Your sandglass hath run out. I was wrong to show kindness to you beef-eating, beer-drinking *puerco!* You know my name, now mark the anger of Don Ferdinand Toledo! Tremble, you English *vagabundos!* My hand no longer protects, it punishes! You shall have a foretaste of the doom of your *mezquino* country!"

With that he threw the lower part of his cloak around his neck, replaced his hat, and with the simple expression, "Bah!" walked away.

Mawgan Killigrew laughed as he went out. "Surely you have played in the theatres, Master Toledo," he said; "you make an excellent mountebank!"

At this we all fell to laughing together, but in truth our position was serious. That we were safely guarded there could be no doubt, and I saw naught before us but the torture and the faggot. Still, we did not come to Spain to do the will of the Spaniard, and we had vowed never to yield to his demands That I was in an ill-temper I admit, for although I did not despair of getting out of prison, I was angry that, although we had for the moment saved the life of an Englishwoman, we should as a consequence be cooped into gaol like three thieves. But neither Mawgan Killigrew nor John Trenoweth troubled one whit. For Mawgan was never the man to fear aught. Hope always seemed to rise in his heart, and even were he pinioned to a stake, waiting for the fire, I believe he would laugh at the man who was holding the torch to the sticks. As for John Trenoweth, he seemed to be born anew. Ever since he had seen his sweetheart his confidence had not left him. To him her release was because of the hand of God, and he was joyful accordingly.

Thus it was that when some minutes later I spoke despondingly of the future, both refused to listen to me.

"Fear a Spaniard!" cried Mawgan, "by my grandfather's bones, no! As for writing such a letter, why we could never hold up our heads again! I have already a dozen schemes in my head for getting out of this hole, and before a week is over we will let these Spaniards know what free Englishmen can do."

"The Lord hath saved once, and he can save again," said John Trenoweth. "Put your trust in Him, my masters, and be not afraid."

"What did that priest with Señor Toledo, I wonder?" I said, half to myself.

"*Sabe Dios*, as the Spaniards say," replied Mawgan; "besides, it doth not matter, for there are two ways by which we can get away from here!"

"What are they?"

"Both simple, very simple. One is, pull out that grating yonder, and creep out to the courtyard overhead; the other is easier, but more risky."

"Let's hear the other, for the first is foolishness," I replied.

"There are two men who guard us; well, when they bring our food in the morning, we will gag them, and then walk out."

At this I fell to laughing, so foolish did it seem, although Mawgan regarded his plan as sound and good. But we did not continue to speak of it, for at that moment we again heard whispering outside the door.

"More visitors," cried Mawgan. "By Tre, Pol, and Pen, but these Spaniards show us much attention."

"Speak not so loud," I whispered; "we know not how many of these people understand our tongue."

Again the door opened, and again we saw in the light of the candle he carried the face and form of the young priest who had accompanied Señor Toledo.

"What would you, senor?" I asked. "We would sleep, man, for we be weary."

"I have come for your good, señor; I have come to give you another chance of life—aye, and perchance of liberty." This he said in the Spanish language.

"Speak on, Master Priest," I said, "but if you know our tongue, speak it, for my friends do not know yours."

At this he seemed confused, and he turned to the door as if expecting someone.

"Señors," he said presently, "do you remain obdurate? If you think, you will see that our demand is but little. But it may mean much. You are young, too, and liberty and life are surely sweet to you."

"As to that, Master Priest," said Mawgan, "we have our life; as to our liberty, we shall take it at the proper time. But if you think we will do your dirty work either because of threats or promises, you do not know us. Besides, what are your promises worth?"

"They are as certain to be fulfilled as our threats."

"But what guarantee have we?" asked Mawgan.

"You shall have the word of——," but here he stopped, as if not knowing what to say. Presently he went on again, however. "You know not what you refuse, señors," he said. "I tell you you are surrounded with danger, and your lives are not worth a piece of bronze money. Besides, your refusal touches more lives than your own. What can it matter to Sir John Tremayne, what——that is, is it not



"'Anger not Señor Toledo.'"

his daughter's right? And to her what may it not mean?"

"Look you, señor," I said. "Suppose I write this letter, what then? Suppose I say to him, 'Sir John, we are in prison, and the price of our liberty is your wealth. Dower your daughter with your wealth, and we are free.' Well, then, suppose he acts in accord with the letter. What then? Will your Church take its solemn oath that she shall be free to return to her father's house? Tell me that."

"Aye, it will," he replied.

"You swear that by the Mass," I said.

At this he stammered, like a man confused, as in truth he was.

"It may be; that is, if she renounces her errors, and promises obedience," he murmured presently.

"Aye," I replied, "and a fool can see what that means. But if she will not?"

At this he was silent for a moment, then he said, "It is not for a priest to answer all the vain questions of a heretic."

At this Mawgan Killigrew laughed again, while John Trenoweth said, "Bravely spoken, Master Hamstead. Fear not; the Lord will save us!"

"I tell you, you are mad," he cried. "It is your life, man, and more than your life! Oh, the Church is kind; but you know not!"

"It may be we are mad, Master Priest," I said, "but it may be you know not Englishmen. We can die, my master, but we do not play into an enemy's hand. Tell the truth: where is the Señora de Valencia now?"

He shuddered like a man under a great fear.

"She is in prison," he said; "but I have prayed for her, prayed that she may be led to the truth."

"Is she alone in prison?" I asked. "Have you put her to torture?"

"And if you can free her from torture?" he cried; "if by writing this letter you can save her from untold agony, and give her liberty, what then?"

"Aye, but how would that give her liberty?" I asked. "You want her father's money. If Sir John dowered her with all he has, what then? Your Holy Church, as you call it, would demand as the price of her life that she make it over

to her. It would be taken by the Jesuits, and then what would they do to her? If she would not forswear her faith in her Saviour you would burn her for the glory of God. You have played the game before, Master Priest, and we have seen your cards."

His eyes flashed angrily, but he spoke no word. It was then that I for the first time took particular notice of his face, and as I looked I wondered, for here were no evil, villainous features; rather, they were somewhat kind. It was true that the light of a fanatic burnt in his eyes; nevertheless, they suggested kindness, humanity. Under some circumstances this man could believe he was pleasing God by burning a heretic, but on the other hand, he could be moved to pity. I judged that he took his calling seriously; nevertheless, he was still a man, with a man's passions, a man's hopes. In truth, I judged that here was a man who could love, and hate, and fight; a man, moreover, who would rather fight openly than in the dark.

"I tell you, you do not know all," he said at length.

"Then tell us all, Master Priest," said Mawgan. "We did not come from England to play blind man's buff."

He hesitated again, then looked towards the door.

"Be you the tool of Señor Toledo?" I asked.

He looked nervously around as though afraid.

"Anger not Señor Toledo," he said in a whisper. "Even now, I pity you. Death is not the worst thing, my masters. A man can die, and then be out of pain. That is, if he hath made his peace with the Church," he added quickly. "But there is worse than death. There is living. You be strong, and could bear much. That is why you have need to fear. First one finger, then another. First one limb, and then another. First one eye and then another. To die by inches, to die of torture—that is what those suffer who anger him. Think of it my masters. What will he do? 'Write the letter,' he will say. 'No,' you reply. Then the left hand will be burnt off. 'Write the letter,' he will say. 'No,' you reply. Then the right eye will be plucked out. And so on until you obey."

Mawgan laughed in the priest's face. "That for Señor Toledo!" he said, snapping his fingers.

"What! do you not fear him?"

"Fear him! I never feared man yet. Have you ever read the story of Samson, Master Priest? He killed more at his death than during his life. Well, what would happen, think you? 'Write the letter,' he would say. 'Good,' I should reply. 'Give me a pen, and tell me what you wish written.' Then I should strike him once, and Señor Toledo would never speak again." At this Mawgan laughed heartily, like a man in good humour.

The priest looked at him in amazement.

"You know not," he cried. "You speak as if the señora were all. There is the señorita."

"Doth she desire this?" I asked.

"Aye, that she doth."

"Let us see her, Master Priest," I said. "If she desires that her mother be the tool of those who would burn her, let us have speech with her, and let us see if a daughter's love lives in her heart."

Again he looked towards the door, and hesitated.

"She hath no power," he said, like one musing. "She is bound, bound, bound. Besides, she is a child of the Church, taught from childhood to hate heresy and heretics."

"Then do your worst altogether," I said. "We will not write the letter, Master Priest."

"I could write it myself," he said.

"Aye, and think you that Sir John Tremayne would not know it was a forgery? Before we came away, we bade them all beware of such things. No, no, you have made your request, and you have heard our answer. Go to Señor Toledo, and tell him of what we have said. As for this señorita, the child who will connive at her mother's death——"

"You shall see her!" he interrupted.

"Very well, let us see her; but when?"

"Now. She is close by. I will bring her to you."

At that he went away, while we three looked into each other's faces, wondering what the outcome of all this parley might be.

[END OF CHAPTER FIFTEEN.]



A TALK WITH MISS LOUISA TWINING.

"I HAVE lived in four reigns, under eight Archbishops of Canterbury, and seven Bishops of London."

Thus, Miss Louisa Twining, the pioneer of Workhouse Reform, the practical and spirited leader in every question that affects the well-being of the poorer classes, and who at eighty-one, still brisk and dauntless, is ready to give us the benefit of her long experiences in the past, and with her ripened judgment shows how to apply remedies for future social ills.



(Photo: Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.)

MISS LOUISA TWINING.

But she prefaces every interview with this condition:

"No personalities, please: this is an age of self-advertisement and self-consciousness. I am glad I belong to a former generation, when we neither expected nor got encouragement for doing our duty. Whatever I did, was done simply because I felt I had to do it. Just say enough to extend the cause I have always had so much at heart."

And yet, in spite of that rather sweeping condemnation, it is her personality which interests and influences the present generation; the personality of one whose memory goes back to the early 'twenties of the last century: who can remember making daisy-chains in the Temple Gardens (she was born in Norfolk Street, Strand) when no embankment separated them from the river, and she and her brothers and sisters played round the red hawthorns, and rested beneath the poplar on whose trunk was carved the date of her father's birth.

One likes to linger over the early days of the earnest little girl, who describes herself as sitting on an elder brother's knee while he explained to her the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John, a brother whose own character was moulded by Dr. Arnold of Rugby. One likes to picture the quaint mite in her old-fashioned frock and coral beads, at two years old, playing with a "dolly" which is in perfect preservation now.

"I don't believe," says Miss Twining triumphantly, "that toys of such antiquity can be met with at the present time, except those of our late Queen at Kensington Palace. Another treasure was a small silver warming-pan for a doll's house which was given to our mother, and which once belonged to the Princess Amelia. In after life I had the pleasure of sending it to Princess Beatrice for her little girl, and received in reply a gracious note of thanks."

She tells almost pathetically of how in '98 she came back to lodge in the Strand to seek for the house in which they were all born, and how great was her disappointment to find the place usurped by "gigantic, towering buildings." Along Fleet Street she walked, past St. Dunstan's Church, where as a child she had so often waited and watched for the two figures which struck the hours, mentioned in Cowper's "Table Talk," and described by Strype as "two savages, or Hercules, with clubs erect which quarterly strike on the bells hanging there." They were removed in 1829, and purchased by the Marquis of Hertford.

St. Clement Danes recalled to her the memory of the beadle "gorgeous in apparel, armed with a formidable wand, with which he tapped the heads of noisy or slumbering children, the sound echoing through the church." The Strand brought back visions of her visits to Exeter 'Change, then the only collection of wild beasts in the Metropolis. Step by step the changes seemed to increase: There were no milk-women with their pails and yokes, no "buy-a-broom!" girls singing national (Bavarian) songs as they tripped

along; all these had gone with the nightingales of Chelsea and Camberwell, and the lovely lime avenue in the Temple Gardens.

There is no space to dwell on her account of her first railway journey, from Euston to Berkhamstead, a distance of twenty-seven miles, which was accomplished in the wonderfully short time of an hour and a quarter! Nor can I repeat her graphic description of Queen Victoria's Coronation, when she had an excellent view of Her Majesty on her way to the Abbey, "wearing a diamond circlet and looking rather frightened," and an equally excellent one of the procession coming back, when "the young Queen wearing her crown, and looking much delighted, was really laughing as she passed us."

Miss Twining had the advantage of hearing many of the great speakers of the day: she was delighted with the eloquence of Sir Robert Peel, and of the Duke of Wellington naïvely remarks: "I wonder the poor Duke was not tired of hearing of his victory, and of disclaiming all merit in it." Some generals of our present day must have a fellow-feeling with the Duke.

With her great love of music, one can imagine her delight in hearing Jenny Lind in the *Messiah*, where the delivery of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was a "never-to-be-forgotten enjoyment." Amongst other musical treats were hearing Mendelssohn play on the organ at St. Peter's, Cornhill, while Grisi, Listz, Thalberg, Lablache all contributed to complete the young girl's education, and enabled her to lay in a stock of sweet memories to enrich the life that was soon to be all labour for her fellow-creatures.

It was in 1847 and 1848 that Miss Twining began seriously to work out the problem of remedying our social system as connected with the working of workhouses. Visitors were not allowed in those days, trained nurses were unheard of, officials drank with impunity, and the dirt, disease, tyranny, and wretchedness that went on behind the grim walls of the Union are too terrible to contemplate.

Miss Twining resolved to alter all this, and with characteristic energy went straight to the fountain head. She applied for permission to the Chairman of the Board to take other visitors to the Strand Union, where she herself used to visit an old woman from Clare Market. Her request was refused, but, nothing daunted, she asked for an interview with the Central Board, of which the Right Hon. M. Talbot Baines was President and Lord Courtenay secretary.

The result is best told in her own words: "As I drove down to Whitehall, I conjured up all sorts of fears as to the results of my audacious attempt. I suppose these fears were apparent, for the attendant said to me, 'You need not be afraid, ma'am: you will find them very nice gentlemen indeed.' And so it proved: Lord Courtenay said, 'If I could get the sanction of *one* board, they would not refuse'; and Mr. Baines admitted that good might be done. It was clear, however, they had no intention of granting my request, and on a further application it was again declined."

And so she went on alone, reading the Psalms to the lowly sufferers and cheering them to the best of her power.

In 1855 she published a pamphlet at the urgent advice of Mrs. Jameson (author of "Sacred and Legendary Art"), who always encouraged her to persevere, and who later visited the Strand Union in her company. In 1857 the subject was mentioned by Lord Raynham in the House of Commons, and this, with her stringent series of letters to the *Guardian*, brought the matter prominently before the public. The Lady Mayoress formed a visiting committee for the West London Union, and the taking of flowers on Sundays to the inmates began from this date. In 1861 a first inquiry was made as to the number of paid nurses in London workhouses; and with Miss Twining egging them on with pamphlets and letters, the celebrated "Lancet" Commission was held in 1866, when experienced medical men were ordered to report on the condition and management of workhouse infirmaries, and in the following year a Bill was passed, by which infirmaries were to be separate from workhouses, the sick were set apart from the able-bodied, and lunatics and children were no longer all to be huddled together indiscriminately.

Thus, after fifteen years of unwearied fighting against almost insuperable difficulties, Miss Twining saw her labours rewarded. Not that she is quite satisfied yet. She says:

"We want still further classification of inmates, the appointment of a higher class of officers, both men and women (the latter to be inspectors also), a more careful selection of guardians, including women in due proportion. Further, if women are to be employed, they must submit to a training that will fit them for the work."

Miss Twining did not confine her efforts to London. A paper of hers, on "The Condition of Workhouses," was read at the Social Science Association at Birmingham early in the 'fifties, and she herself attended the one held in Liverpool under the presidency of Sir John Russell, and read her own paper on "Workhouse Management." All up and down the country her strenuous measures were brought



"Reading the Psalms to the lowly sufferers and cheering them to the best of her power."

before the notice of earnest and thoughtful workers, and one of the pleasantest features of her labours must have been the meeting with other great and helpful souls. She paid a visit to Mary Carpenter at Bristol when she was establishing her reformatory for girls, and speaks of her as "the most persevering of social reformers, who never rested till she succeeded in obtaining the merciful change in the law by which girls and boys were exempted from lengthened imprisonment for crime, and were sentenced to reformatory training instead."

It was in 1861 that she became acquainted with Frances Power Cobbe, when the consideration of destitute incurables was engaging the minds of both; and by their united efforts these unfortunates secured special treatment, Miss Twining herself for thirty years being the chief worker in connection with the Home for Incurable Women in North London.

Long before this, she had come to know Florence Nightingale, and had taken her share in the question of nursing reform.

Another philanthropy Miss Twining was able to establish, with the generous aid of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, was the Home for Workhouse Girls founded in 1861 in New Ormond Street, which assisted over a thousand workhouse girls to obtain good situations, before it was merged into the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants. An anecdote in connection with this work she relates with relish: A girl who had behaved badly, and who had to be dismissed, wrote, some time after, saying she was well married, and wanted a girl from the Home as a servant!

Miss Twining was much too broad-minded not to see the advantage of extensive travel and social communion with the most cultured of every land. She is never more interesting than when talking of her tours on the Continent and her keen appreciation of all that was grand and beautiful in art. She herself is no mean artist, and a fine art gallery in South London possesses some of her drawings. But she always returned with renewed vigour to resume her campaign in the cause of progress and improvement. It was after her tour in France in 1879 that a great desire of her heart was granted, and she attended the first public meeting of the Workhouse Infirmary Nursing Association, when the late Duchess of Teck was present, and Miss Nightingale sent a letter of hearty commendation. This Association has trained over a thousand nurses. Another charitable object engrossed her about this time, and that was the "after care" of convalescent lunatics from Colney Hatch, and a system of boarding out and visiting was established which did incalculable good to a class too long neglected.

Gradually, as time went on, she was able to delegate some of her most arduous work either to public bodies, or to those who were sufficiently well trained to succeed her, and therefore when in 1884 she was elected on the Kensington Board of Guardians she was free to enter upon her new career with a zest unhampered by other cares. For six busy years she laboured, rooting out old abuses and suggesting practical methods of reform; while she still kept in touch with the former scene of her labours, and though in 1890 she resigned her post and retired to Worthing she continued to attend meetings which had for their furtherance objects so dear to her heart.

Her next move was to Tunbridge Wells, but there her fame had preceded her, and she was induced to become the first woman-guardian of the Tonbridge Union, and, as usual, soon found herself up to her ears in work. The boarding out of workhouse children was one good step she effected, and she succeeded in establishing a settlement of nurses to nurse the poor in their own homes. In three years she was able to resign her work to other women now ready to take it up, and as the place did not agree with her she went to live in Rochester, a cathedral city always having a special fascination for her.

But London really claimed her affections, and in 1900 she was back in Kensington, warmly welcomed by her many friends, who sympathise with her feelings when she owns "the old interests of a lifetime can now be maintained, and I am able to attend the meetings of those movements of which I saw the beginning forty years ago."

It is rather strange to hear Miss Twining say after her experience of town and country life that she considers the average poor of London have a higher standard of morality than the rural poor. Her allusion is to those working classes with whom she came in contact during her ten years' work at mothers' meetings.

She does not attempt to explain the anomaly. In looking back some sixty years and more, and while acknowledging the progress made in some directions, she points out with unsparing keenness that there is much, still much, to be done.

"I want to see a large increase in the number of woman inspectors of workhouses, prisons, and lunatic asylums. At present, where committees of management are composed almost exclusively of men, the matron can just twist them round her little finger. She presents a report; they have no reason to doubt its accuracy, they sign it, and the work is finished. I don't want to say anything against the matron, but she would be more

than angel if she managed *perfectly* a large institution; abuses must creep in, and it requires constant investigation to keep everything up to date. Nor," she added, with a twinkle in her bright eyes, "do I want to say anything against men. I have always met with much courtesy and kindness from them, but they are all victims to red tape, and dread to go beneath the surface of things. The good and excellent work done by women during the last twenty-five years makes me surprised at the delay in bringing about this change.

"I also think the country has been very slow in not providing a home for incurable men in this part of England, who can pay according to their means. They can't all afford the expense of private hospitals, nor is it fair they should come upon Poor Law infirmaries."

"You started one for women, did you not?"

"Yes, fifty years ago; it is one of seven Homes which, I am happy to be able to say, I helped to found. The others are—one for girls from workhouses, begun in 1861; one for incurable and infirm women, at the end of the same year; the Queen Square Home for Epileptics and Incurables, 1866; the Art Students' Home in Brunswick Square, 1879; two homes for District Nurses, Kensington, 1884; and one in Tunbridge Wells, 1894."

Miss Twining is unstinting in her praise where she considers praise is due.

"The development of 'settlements' for women workers is one of the excellent results of the present day. Long years ago I felt the want of some such plan, and in the 'fifties wrote on the subject. Miss Martineau also wrote on their unhappy lives in solitary lodgings, and it is of interest to note that forty years ago plans were floating which now are materialised into assured successes."

She would much like to see a college founded for "Business Training and Habits." Nor can we wonder that she thinks such an institution necessary when she caustically relates that on returning to London she took the precaution to send her changed address to *all* the societies to which she subscribed; result—they nearly all sent to the old address!

So many of her ideas have been adopted that perhaps this also will be materialised in the future, though in extenuation one may suggest people are more busy now than in the days which Miss Twining can remember, when envelopes were made by hand, and were used a second time by being folded inside out and re-directed. Who would have leisure for such little economies now?

She is very strenuous on the incalculable



MISS LOUISA TWINING.
(*In childhood.*)

good done by mothers' meetings, but wishes there was even more attention paid to diffusing knowledge of health laws. As she puts it pertinently: "The country is discussing the decreased birth rate. Why not bend their efforts to decrease the enormous mortality amongst children owing to the ignorance of mothers? The National Health Society is working hard, but there are many it can never reach."

Busy as Miss Twining has always been, she has found time to contribute her share of literature to the century just gone by. "Types and Figures of the Bible," "Symbols and Emblems of Mediæval Art," besides numerous volumes on her life's work, show that her gifts are many and varied.

And now I must conclude, as I promised, with her own remark, that the information contributed "is by an octogenarian whose only object in giving it is to assist others to form a right judgment on some social questions, and not to magnify any part she has been permitted to take in them."

Roses Without Thorns

By Helen Boddington, Author of "The Awakening."

CHAPTER I.

"JOSEPH BROWNE, cab proprietor," was set forth in large gilt letters over the front door of a small house in the High Street of Wynton, adjoining which on the left was a covered yard or coach-house containing vehicles that had apparently been in use for a great number of years.

It was evening; John, the old cabdriver, and Thomas, the stable lad, had taken their departure, while Mr. Browne, seated comfortably in the front parlour, was talking over the news of the day with a neighbour who had just dropped in. There was a door leading into the stable yard, and presently this opened and a child came out, shut it carefully after her, quickly crossed the yard, and climbed into the roomy old cab which stood almost exactly opposite the door.

Once inside, she threw herself on to the seat, and sobs, which had evidently been held in check for some time, broke forth, shaking the little frame as a rough wind does a delicate flower.

"I'm so miserable; I'm so miserable!" she wailed. "I wish I was dead; I wish I was dead!"

There was no one to answer, there was no one to comfort the childish grief, and so it seemed the greater.

"I hate her; I hate her!" she went on in a passionate voice. "Oh! mother, why did you leave me with her? Oh! mother, mother, I want you so!"

Then she broke into fresh sobs. "She can't hear what I say; she never will hear me again."

It seemed as though this were a fact she had only just realised, for suddenly the agony in the young face increased tenfold, and, throwing herself farther back into the seat, she stretched out her arms and pillowed her head on them. The sobs had changed to bitter childish cries, which grew weaker and weaker as time went on, and finally ceased. The child slept! Tender, loving Nature had given her own healing balm—had for a while lifted the load of care from the young shoulders and laid a gentle, soothing hand on the bowed head.

CHAPTER II.

"WHERE'S the little 'un?" asked Joseph Browne of his wife, who was ironing at the kitchen table.

"In bed, I s'pose," was the curt reply.

"Look here, Susan!" said honest Joseph, putting on his hat and great-coat preparatory to going out, "don't yer think as you're a bit 'ard on the little lass? I 'eard 'er cryin' a while since fit to break her 'eart."

"'Ave I got that child to manage or 'ave you, I should like to know?" said Mrs. Browne, looking at her husband as though she would like to give him a thrashing with the whip he was taking down from the wall.

"There, there, my dear; there, there!" said Mr. Browne soothingly, while his wife gave vent to a few more scathing sentences in her shrill voice, and he stood by patiently waiting until it should please her to finish. Then he opened the door.

"I'm goin' to fetch Mr. Ferrars from the Town Hall. He's gone to the meetin' there;" and so saying the good man disappeared. Leading his horse from the stable he harnessed it to the old cab in which was the sleeping child, and, climbing into the box-seat, took up the reins and started off for the Town Hall.

Here he drew up and waited. At the end of ten minutes people began to issue from the door, and among them a man who came

quickly down the steps and made straight for Mr. Browne's cab.

"Good-evening, sir," said that worthy, touching his hat.

"Good-evening, Browne; I am afraid I'm rather late."

Opening the door, the newcomer jumped in, drew up the window, and in the same instant the driver whipped up his horse and the man leant back in the corner of the vehicle with half-closed eyes. It was a bright moonlight night—so bright, indeed, that the face of the man on the one side of the cab and that of the sleeping child on the other were distinctly visible.

His entrance had evidently disturbed her, for she stirred in her sleep and a tired sigh escaped her lips.

What was that? Surely some living, breathing thing. He started and leant forward, and then his eyes rested on the little sleeping child with the moonbeams shining on her.

"What is the meaning of this?" he muttered. "A child, and asleep too!"

The same moonbeam which fell on the delicate little face shone on his as he bent over her, showing up the deep lines and rugged features and the streaks of grey in the black hair.

The face was a stern one; the mouth was bitter, and looked as though it could not smile. Perchance the man's life had been cast in thorny places.

"What a fool I am!" he muttered, after he had stared at her fixedly for some seconds; "but she does look half a spirit in the moonlight."

"Mother," murmured the childish voice, "mother;" and opening her eyes she stretched out her hand as if expecting it to alight on some familiar object, but it fell to her side and hung loosely over the edge of the seat. Still half in dreamland, she drew herself up into a sitting posture and looked at her companion.

"Why am I here? What is it? Where am I?" she asked perplexedly.

Then it all came back to her. "Ah! I remember now—I was miserable," hanging her head, "and I ran out of the house, into the yard, and got in here so that she should not see me cry, and then—and then—I suppose I went to sleep."

"Yes, you certainly went to sleep; but what were you miserable about? You are too young to be miserable," he said thoughtfully.

"I am always miserable now, because—because—mother's gone away, and Mrs. Browne's so unkind to me."

"Do you live with her, then?"

"Yes, when my mother died she asked her to take care of me."

"Where did you live before then?"

He did not know why he should trouble himself to ask all these questions: he had no interest in the life of the child.

"Oh! a long, long way from here; but mother was ill, and then we came to Mrs. Browne's and had a little room of our own, and I was happy, quite happy, till—till mother died."

The great blue eyes were full of tears. She was standing up quite close to him now, and one pearly drop fell on his hand. He started, and, putting one arm round her, drew her nearer.

"Poor little morsel of humanity," he muttered, "so you, too, have felt the pricks."

"Does that mean that you are sorry for me?" she asked, looking wonderingly into his face.

"I suppose it does," and he laughed a peculiar laugh.

"You are a funny man, but I think you are kind," she said musingly.

Then she perched herself on his knee.

"Where are we going?" she asked presently.

"I am going home. Suppose you lie down on that seat again and go to sleep; I shall have to get out soon."

"No, no," she said pleadingly, "let me stay on your lap," and she nestled her head contentedly on his shoulder.

He drew her into a more comfortable position, all the while surprised to find himself nursing a child. He looked down at her face. She had closed her eyes, and the long dark lashes brushed her cheeks. Then he began to wonder what her name was, and presently, when she opened her eyes again and looked up at him, he asked her.

"Maisie," she answered in a sleepy voice, "Maisie Dornton," and then, more drowsily still, "You are a nice man; I wish I could stay with you always."

When Mr. Browne drew up before the low white house which was Douglas Ferrars' lonely home, the child was asleep.

"Lor!" exclaimed honest Joseph, as he opened the cab door, "if it ain't the little 'un!"

Then a whispered conversation ensued between the two men which ended in Douglas Ferrars attempting to lay his burden on the seat. Attempting, I say, because at the movement two little clinging arms tightened their hold on him and the sleepy voice murmured, "Let me stay with you."

"Ring the bell, Browne; send for her to-morrow. Mrs. Morgan," as his housekeeper appeared in the doorway, "put her to bed."

"Heavens! what a fool I am!" and he put the child into Mrs. Morgan's motherly arms and disappeared into the house, "without

so much as wishin' me good-night," as Joseph Browne said afterwards.

CHAPTER III.

THE first sound which fell on Douglas Ferrars' ears as he came from his bedroom the next morning, was a childish voice singing. Half-way down the stairs he stood still as if fascinated by the sound, it being so strange a one in that house.

He could hear footsteps coming pattering along the passage, and a second or two later she stood at the bottom of the stairs looking up at him.

"Why! how late you are," she exclaimed. "I have been up for hours and hours, and, oh! what a lovely garden it is, and what lots of flowers there are; and, oh! the sun is shining outside; and, oh! I'm so happy."

She stopped for want of breath, and, clutching his hand, she danced along by his side as he crossed the hall.

He seated himself near the breakfast table, where, at his elbow, the morning paper lay waiting to be read, and when he looked at her seriously—sternly—she thought she had been guilty of some offence. She did not know how unused that gloomy face was to smiling.

"You are vexed with me? Is it because I went into the garden?" she asked anxiously.

"No, no; I am not vexed with you. Why should I be?" and he passed his great hand over the golden hair, marvelling at its softness.

"Ah! I am glad!" and the eyes became merry again. "I should not like to vex you, because you were so good to bring me to this beautiful place." Then, as her eyes fell on the breakfast table, "Oh! what a dear little teapot. Do let me pour out your tea for you. I wish you would."

"Why! you would spill it," he said, glancing at the tiny hands.

"No, I won't; I promise. See! you sit there," and she dragged a chair up to the side of the table. He mechanically did as she bade him, and presently he found her sitting at the head of the table, pouring out his tea and talking to him in her innocent childish way.

"You see, I can do it," she said triumphantly.

"Yes, I did not think you were so clever," he answered; and surely that was a smile which lurked round the corners of his mouth.

Mrs. Morgan, entering the room a little later, started in surprise.

"Well!" she exclaimed under her breath, "if this doesn't beat everything!"

Douglas Ferrars appeared slightly confused, but Maisie was glorying in her new position, and looked extremely proud.

"I've poured it out all by myself," she said, "and I haven't spilt a drop."

"Bless the child!" said Mrs. Morgan, looking from one to the other of this strange couple, "bless the child!"

Having finished their meal, they rose from the table, he departing to his study, as was his invariable custom after breakfast, she darting out into the sunshine, where presently he saw her from his window playing among the flowers.

How little makes the joy of a child, how quickly the sunshine disperses the clouds!

Later on Maisie waylaid the master of the house as he was crossing the hall. "Come outside with me," she said, slipping her hand into his. "The gardener has given me a little garden all to myself; come and see it, will you?"

She led him across the soft velvety lawn, and paused in front of a small flower-bed. "See, this is it; I'm going to set some seeds, and the gardener is going to give me a little rose tree."

"And are you going to grow some roses without thorns?" he asked.

"Why! roses always do have thorns, don't they?" she returned, looking up into his face wonderingly. Then, "I think you look very sad," she said thoughtfully. "I wonder why you are sad?"

"Because my roses always have thorns, and when I pluck them they hurt my fingers," he answered, with a peculiar smile.

She took his hand between her own and examined it musingly.

"I know what I'll do," she said; "I'll grow some roses on my tree, and I'll gather them for you and cut the thorns off."

"Wise little philosopher! How easily you would solve the problem of life."

"Mrs. Browne's come for the child," said the voice of Mrs. Morgan from the doorway.

"Oh! don't send me away yet; let me stay a little while longer, please—please do; it is such a lovely place and I'm so happy here; and oh! if you send me away now, I shan't be able to set my rose tree."

"And then I shan't have my roses without the thorns," he said. "Well, if I let you stay a little while longer, will you promise to go without murmuring when they send for you next time?"

"Yes, yes; I promise. Oh! you are a kind man, and I love you so," she said, as she pressed her cheeks lovingly against his hand.

"There, there! and you won't forget about the roses," he said huskily, as he left her to interview Mrs. Browne, who very willingly complied with his request that the child should stay for a short time.



"She closed the locket."—*p.* 472.

CHAPTER IV.

As the days passed, Douglas Ferrars grew so accustomed to seeing the child flitting about his house, seated beside him at meal-times, or wandering with him round the old garden, that, almost unconsciously, he shrank from parting with her.

She had crept into his heart, which before had been so barren; she had softened the hard places in his nature; she, the little child, with her loving tender hands, had taught him to look at life from a different point of view. But she would have to go—he had no right to keep her with him always; and then he tried to persuade himself that it would be a relief to return to his old mode of living. And so at last he told her she must go on the morrow. She did not say anything, only tears filled the great blue eyes, and she looked at him so sorrowfully that he turned his head away, because he could not bear to see the cloud on the young face, and because the eyes reminded him of someone he had known and loved in the far distant past.

All day long she crept about with bowed head, and several times he caught her looking at him wistfully.

"You shall come again some day," he said on one of these occasions. She smiled a dreary smile, thinking, perhaps, some day might be a long time.

When evening came he found her looking at her garden. "I have set some mignonette seeds there," she said, "and I was going to water them every day, and watch the flowers grow bigger and bigger, but—now—I shan't be able to;" and then she went into the house, while he stood with his eyes fixed on the little garden, thinking of the seeds which she had planted, and the roses which she had promised to gather for him without thorns.

Later, when the lamp was lighted in his study and he sat there alone, the door opened gently, and a little white figure stood before him.

"I've come to say good-night," she said. She came near to him, and he lifted her on to his knee. Her lips were twitching, and she pressed her soft cheek lovingly against his. She wanted to say something, but the words were long in coming because the tears were not far away.

"I love you so," she said softly, encircling her arms round his neck; "you have been so good to me, and I want—I want—to thank you. I will try to be brave, indeed—indeed I will, for I do not wish to vex you."

"Yes, yes, and you shall come again. You shall come again when the roses are in bloom." He looked tenderly at the sweet little face, and then his eyes fell on a locket which she wore round her neck.

"Is there anything inside this?" he asked, idly fingering the trinket.

"Yes, my mother's picture," she answered, as he touched the snap and the locket lay open in his hand. He started, and drew his breath hard. A lovely girlish face looked up at him, and as he gazed upon it he seemed to hear a voice from the long ago.

"My little Lucy—dear love!" he murmured softly; "you went away from me; you left me all alone, but I did not forget you—for you took my heart with you."

A childish hand closed the locket and hid the pictured face from view. Then he came back to the present again.

"Won't you let me stay with you?" said the sweet voice, and the arms entwined themselves closer still about his neck. "I will love you always—always."

He took the wee face between his hands. "*Her* little child! Do you think I could send you away from me now, dear? No, no. You shall stay with me always, and your little hands shall take away the thorns from the roses."

And so together they would traverse the same pathway, the child and the man, she holding the sceptre of love and hope, he guiding her over the rough places with gentle, strong hands.



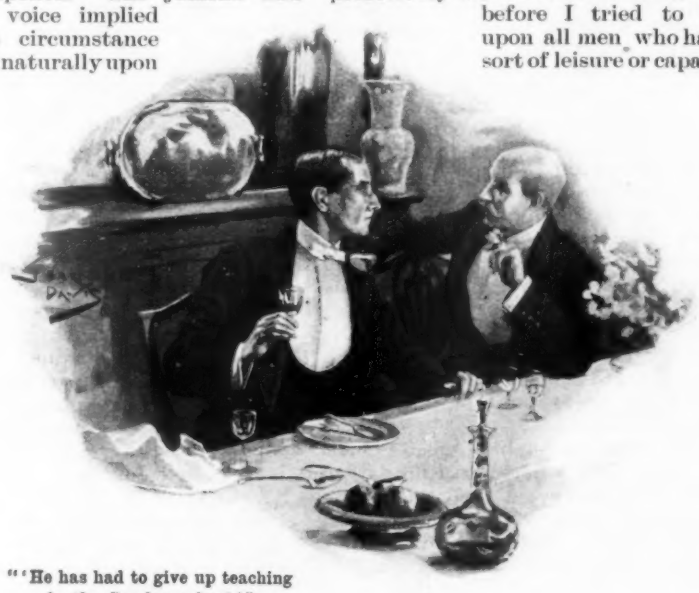
TALKS TO MEN.

By the Rev. H. B. Freeman, M.A., Vicar of Burton-on-Trent.

II.—AS CHURCH WORKERS.

"Not with eyeservice, as menpleasers."—ST. PAUL.

"AND as Mrs. Pontifex has never called upon Mrs. Spinks, *he* has had to give up teaching in the Sunday school." This fragment of conversation, overheard at a dinner-party, sticks in my memory, not so much on account of the sentiment, which is common enough, but for the amusingly logical and decisive air with which the words were spoken. The judicial and even tone of voice implied that the one circumstance followed quite naturally upon the other. Mrs. "Pontifex," of course, is the Rector's wife, and Mr. "Spinks" was a Sunday school teacher. It was by a man, and concerning a man, that the observation was made. Though Mrs. "Spinks" would appear to have had half a finger in this particular parochial pie, it is a mistake to suppose that it is women only who regard the doing of church work as a personal favour to the clergy. I will go so far as to say that I question whether those little piques, and vanities, and sorenesses, which do so much to neutralise or to poison spiritual lay effort, are not more pronounced among men. Women as workers have their special faults, and their direction needs firmness combined with tact, but I do think that, as a sex, they are more really religious, and that they have a stronger sense of unselfish duty. But if, whether among men or women, purity of motive could be secured, there would be a regeneration of the work which is now done professedly for God in our midst. Almost before I tried to impress upon all men who have any sort of leisure or capacity the obligation to be in some kind of a way church workers, I would beg them to settle with their own consciences, once for all, the motive which urges them towards their task. If they are stirred by any ambition lower than a whole-hearted desire for the glory of God, and for the spiritual welfare of men, their efforts will probably end, like those of poor Mr. "Spinks," in bitter failure and resentment. For their own sake, and for the sake of others, they had better never have stepped out



"'He has had to give up teaching in the Sunday school.'"

from the ranks of their lazier or less obtrusive brethren among the laity.

But, while we insist on the prime necessity of purity of motive in all who would be church workers, we can listen with patience to the arguments of men who do not yet realise that any such duty rests upon themselves. We can only hope gently to persuade; certainly we can browbeat nobody into sharing our opinion. Till adequacy of motive is fully recognised, people are not likely to see that God's work is not as man's work, and cannot be judged by the same rules. Otherwise there would be some show of surface reason in the excuse of the layman who says, "Why should the clergy be the only class of the community who demand help with their work? A solicitor asks for no assistance, save that of his clerk, with his cases, or a barrister with his briefs. A doctor does not expect his neighbour to cure his patients, or a draper call in Tom, Dick, or Harry to stand behind his counter," and so on. Nor does the venerable idea show any signs of immediate dissolution, that "a parson only does one day's work a week, and *that* is on Sunday." I have heard this soft impeachment, before now, from a rustic in the smallest county in England, and from a tradesman in the greatest city. Let us waste no time over such real or pretended belief. The record of the Church for the past half-century would be its contradiction, except that to ignorance or to prejudice all misunderstandings are possible.

But the more reasonable objectors, who do not grasp why a clergyman needs help with his work, deserve a reply. They can be answered from common sense and from Scripture. Reflection will show that the commission of the faithful minister of God embraces the whole sphere of life. Other professional folk are specialists—their labours lie in fixed departments—composite human nature, with all its wants, and failures, and aspirations, and possibilities, is the true parson's parish, as the world was John Wesley's. The real Christian ministry reaches into those indefinable and interminable regions of life where the sacred and the secular meet, and obviously one man cannot do everything. "If I only could come in to dinner at seven o'clock, and have my evening to myself, as my neighbours do," remarked a hard-worked vicar to me, "I should not mind how much I did in the day." "I do loathe school treats!" has been the confession to me of another pastor who is unquestionably a great spiritual force. Consider this single illustration of school treats; it will serve as one among a hundred. Children require rewards and recreations, the provision for which can only come indirectly within the scope of strict ministerial work. There is nothing analogous to this excrescence in the life, for instance, of the lawyer. We surely should not assert that school treats are the minister's exclusive business, and that he deserves no lay aid.

But, besides the answer of common sense, there is the answer of Scripture. The difficulty we have noted made itself felt early in the history of the Church. Because it was not meet ("good form" we might almost translate) that the Apostles "should leave the Word of God and serve tables," deacons were appointed to attend to those widows whose claims have been ecclesiastically insistent and clamorous in every age. And the help of those who were not even deacons is abundantly sanctioned and recognised in the New Testament. St. Luke's mention, in the Acts, of "the Word of God," reminds us how varied is even the directly spiritual side of a clergyman's duty. It comprehends the administration of the sacraments, the conduct of public worship, the functions of parochial visiting and of individual exhortation. Above all, so far as time is concerned, there is the incessant study and preparation which is required for the worthy occupation of the pulpit. Never had preachers a more exacting audience than in these days, when each hearer reads enough to fancy that he knows more than a little. Never has there been a greater necessity for sermons that shall be not only devotional and instructive, but interesting and lively; and to be interesting and lively on a subject which is conditioned by the severest canons of reverence and taste, and which is expounded at least twice each Sunday, needs much previous reading and preparation. The present Bishop of London, when he was in Bethnal Green, said how thankful many a town parson is to screw out an hour's reading before dinner by occasionally being able to answer all the morning's letters on postcards; and Dr. Dale of

Birmingham drew an amusing picture of the faithful wife with her back against the door of her husband's study, to rescue the minister from intruders. If the laity allow the scanty spaces of "learned leisure" of the clergy to be absolutely eaten away by miserable secular minutiæ, they cannot grumble if they get discourses that are thin, bald, and unreflective. They may congratulate themselves if their lot is not as unsatisfactory as was that of the humourist who sang:—

"To Church once I went,
But I sighed and I sorrowed,
For the season was Lent,
And the sermon—was borrowed."



"'I do loathe school treats!'"

Just as, in these days of arrogant though half-educated criticism, a distinct portion of clerical energy must be jealously conserved for the Word of God and what pertains thereto; so, by reason of the enormously increasing populations of London and other cities, church work of all kinds was never so urgently required. There are those, like the late Dr. Arnold of Rugby and the present secretary of the Additional Curates' Society, who would advocate the institution of an order of permanent deacons, devout men permitted by law to earn their living by secular labours; but, meanwhile, there are fragments of hard-won leisure that most members of a congregation who are in earnest can regularly give up to God. How can such well-wishers make their sacrifice more effectual than it frequently is? They may take it as a rough rule that many, or most, of the gifts they bring in for the highest service from their profession or business will stand them in excellent stead when crowned with self-suppression and sanctity. For instance, no sound professional or business man was ever unpunctual, irresponsible, and unreliable. He is a fortunate incumbent who finds all these commonplace and worldly qualities in the majority of his helpers. "The parson is such a bad man of business," it is the fashion to say. Poor fellow! he groans often enough in secret over the unbusinesslike habits of certain of his lay colleagues. The man who would not be a moment late on Monday morning, at his shop or office, will keep an unruly class of boys on Sundays waiting for five or ten minutes. There is also a strange indisposition among men who, on weekdays, have every sort of responsibility, to take on a bit of parish work, and see it right through from start to finish without constant and fussy applications to their minister, and the perpetual stimulus of pastoral pats upon the back. To be willing to accept the lion's share of praise for the success of some new parochial departure, when it "comes off," but to shrink from the chance of trifling

failure, is neither considerate nor courageous. Church activities cannot be regarded as really valuable, save for the pressure of the moment, which tumble down like a child's house of cards directly



"The distracted parson is at his wits' end."

the guiding and inspiring hand is withdrawn. Again, the sense of honour, which would forbid a man to "cave in" in an affair of the world, is curiously lacking, sometimes, in a crisis of the sanctuary. Some big parish enterprise is impending, a scheme which has been the anxiety of months and on which vast pains have been spent. And then, almost at the last moment, two or three of the main workers withdraw, and the distracted parson is at his wits' end to fill their places. "Touchiness" is often the cause of this betrayal. There has been friction among the committee, and it is only by punishment of the blameless clergyman and a risk of the wreckage of the whole concern that ruffled sensibilities can be avenged. A fatal proneness to take offence is at the root of much parochial failure. Our preliminary (and not apocryphal) Mr. "Spinks" seems to be not for an age but for all time. Some people will always be pleasanter to get on with than will others. In nine cases out of ten the fancied slight is due to a diseased egotism (that "vice of the virtuous"), and in the tenth it should be borne for the sake of Him Who endured more than "slights," and to Whose glory all church work must be done. There is no maxim more golden than this: "Avoid touchiness."

One of the minor beauties of church work is its variety. Nearly every capacity and taste can find its exercise. There are tasks to be done even in the outer courts of the temple. Gifts more directly religious are, no doubt, desirable; but a judicious administrator would never refuse the aid, offered with a good heart, of a man who could only look after the lighter portion of a parish concert, or superintend the entertainments at a bazaar. His ships brought the wise king of Israel "apes and peacocks" as well as articles of more enduring worth. The best general answer to the question, "What shall I do?" is, "That which wants doing most." Reservations, however, there must be, for there are duties for which men otherwise able are worse than useless. I knew a helper, of a devoted missionary spirit, who well-nigh wrecked a luckless Sunday school he tried to superintend because he had no tact with his subordinates. The least efficient teachers will sometimes make the best visitors, and a city clerk whose reading of the lessons could set a congregation's teeth on edge may be a perfect treasure with the parochial accounts. At the same time, the sincere and disinterested church worker will not shirk his incumbent's suggestion simply because it goes against the grain. In many parishes there is just now a desperate need for teachers in boys' Sunday schools; perhaps it is the most crying want of all. Surely, it is pluckier to try a solid six weeks of such teaching to start with, and then to know that one has honestly failed, than to seek at first an easier but more pretentious sphere. "I can't bear those fellows who will only carry banners!" exclaimed a vicar to me, who is himself a lover of ornate ritual. I should like to quote a remark (before we quit practical detail) which I heard the other day from an honorary lay worker of thirty-five years' experience, who was addressing a meeting of voluntary church workers; the words come better from lay lips. "Unpaid

work," he said with emphasis, "should be better done than paid."

Purity of motive, let us once more insist, is to be striven and prayed for by all who work for God in the lowest places as in the highest. There are few sadder sights than to watch men rubbing shoulders with their social superiors in church work, in the hope that they may wriggle their own way up a little bit beyond their station. When their efforts fail, they take sittings at another church. We pass over, with a shudder, those cases where a rogue has used the pseudo-respectability his association with his church has given him as a means to hoodwink and fleece his neighbours—the shadow of Calvary has fallen upon a good many impenitent thieves. But there are church workers who can be profitably reminded that what they are offering to the Almighty will be tainted and worthless if it is mixed with any thought of worldly aggrandisement or advantage. In the routine of their daily toil they are, perforce, brought into contact with so many low ideals. Let them keep their religion, at least, pure; unlike those

> "Who never worshipped God except for gain,
> So never took that useful Name in vain."

And this same purity of motive should have a converse effect. It should be a talisman against that morbid dread of being deemed a hypocrite which is an occasional deterrent from engaging in church work at all. "I really *am* a good Churchman," an able professional man has observed to me, "but I have a particular objection to being thought so." It is a single-minded devotion to the cause for which Church and clergy stand that alone can make us oblivious of mortal praise or blame. The grandeur of the mark at which, together with the clergy, they aim is the laity's noblest inspiration. There is no vision so sublime. Let not church workers be depressed at the pettiness of the most that they can do. With such a goal before us, a paltry piece of work, as it may seem, is no more wasted than were the labours of the unknown artists who prepared the myriad canvases of Rubens, or the pupils who shaped the rough marble for the statues of Michael Angelo. The picture towards which, with clasped hands, clergy and laity look is a world radiant with the light of Christ; the consummation for which they struggle is that of the human soul conformed to the God in Whose image it was made.



O Strength and Stay!

No. 12, "Hymns Ancient and Modern."
(*By permission of the Trustees.*)

Music by C. A. MACIRONE.



2. Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouch'd by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending,
With dawning glories of th' eternal day.

3. Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ Thy co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored. Amen.

GIVEN IN SLEEP.

By W. M. O'Kane.

"ALWAYS that horrible click!"

A young man of about thirty bent over an elaborate and beautifully made model of a spinning frame. His face was older than his years. A strained look was in his eyes. Across his forehead the thought furrows ran deep. The mouth that had evidently been once flexible and pleasant had set into a hard, almost ugly, expression of discontent. He looked like one whom the world had treated badly.

For a hundredth time he touched the driving wheel of the model. It rotated easily, and the various parts worked beautifully—but only for a moment. The "horrible click" that he had learned to wait for, and that he cursed in his heart, came, and the machine was locked instantly.

He sat looking at his model with lack-lustre eyes. Suddenly he took up a small hammer, and would have smashed to atoms the labour of three years. But a pair of soft arms wound tenderly round his neck, a cheek soft as peach-down laid against his own, prevented him.

"Darling Dick, won't you go out for a little?" a sweet voice pleaded. "You are ruining your health sitting constantly over that horrid little machine."

"And what about you?" the man asked, turning round fiercely. "Is your health nothing? Have I not dragged you down with me, down from luxury to poverty, down from Trevor Towers to a beastly two-roomed flat in Ninth Street? Is it not a fact, too, that you, who once never knew an unsatisfied want, are literally starving?"

He sprang to his feet and glared like a caged animal round the little room that served as kitchen, dining- and drawing-room.

"Don't, Dick, don't!" the girl wife pleaded. "All will come right some time."

"You always say that, my sweet," and his voice became as tender as in the old days before misfortune came. "You always say that."

"And I know it to be true," she exclaimed impetuously. "I know it! I feel it! All this misery will end in great happiness."

"May God grant it."

"He will, sweetheart. I know He will."

"I wish I had your faith."

"Now, darling, do run out for a little fresh air while I transform our kitchen into our drawing-room." The attempt at a joke was pitiable. With quivering lips the man placed a cover over his model and left the house.

As Richard Dudley passed through one mean street after another he thought bitterly of the time when he won the heart and the promise of the hand of Essie Trevor. His father was then supposed to be immensely wealthy, and he was his only son. An awakening came when his father died suddenly, and Dick found himself as poor as any beggar. Essie defied her parents, and refused to give her sweetheart up. Dick had some mechanical knowledge, and obtained a post in one of the large manufacturing establishments in his own city. He married Essie, who was promptly disowned. For a little the pair got along wonderfully well. But misfortune seemed to have marked Dick for its own. He lost his situation through the failure of the firm, and to-day, though he believed that a fortune was in the machine he had nearly perfected, he and his young wife were on the verge of starvation. In fact, his brain was, even now, occupied with the problem of finding food for the morrow.

"By Heaven, I have it!" he suddenly exclaimed aloud to the utmost consternation of an aged vegetable woman who was passing. "I know every window, every bolt, of the Towers. It will be for his own daughter's life, and I will break into the place to-night."

His face broke into a hard, mirthless smile, as he thought out his scheme. He had arrived, by this time, at one of the main thoroughfares, and the flashing equipage, containing the harsh-faced stepmother of his wife, dashing past him, served to confirm the resolution he had taken.

When he returned home, evident traces of tears were upon the face that tried to smile bravely. "Cheer up, dearie," he said. "Perhaps the end is in sight."

Between one and two o'clock the following morning, Dick rose and dressed noiselessly. He crushed back the feeling of guilt and shame that caused the blood to rush to his face, as he looked at the pure but pallid face of his girl wife. Lighting a tiny spark of gas in the little kitchen, he selected such implements as he thought he should require, and then stole, like the thief he already felt himself to be, from the house.

When half-way down the hateful little street, it occurred to him that the gas which he had left burning in the kitchen might direct suspicion to him afterwards.

He hurriedly retraced his steps. As he entered the kitchen, the bedroom door suddenly opened, and his wife stood before him.

Dick crushed back the exclamation that rose to his lips. As he retreated into the darkest corner of the room, it became evident to him that his wife had not seen him. Her eyes were open, but expressionless. She moved with a peculiar gliding motion quite unlike her usual walk. Never before had Dick seen anyone walk in their sleep, and it was some minutes before he realised the truth.

Meanwhile his wife glides quietly to the table where the model rests. With a woman's quick, deft fingers she removes the cover. She gives a touch here, a pull there —the machine works for a moment but comes to the usual and hated deadlock. The woman pauses. She bends over the machine. What is she doing? Is she about to destroy the toil of years, the fruit of his brain? She has taken out a long shaft with four wheels fitted. She arranges the wheels differently, and with even more skill than the man who watches her, fascinated. She makes some slight alterations in the corresponding parts of the model. The shaft is inserted with the same marvellous dexterity. The driving wheel is rotated. The machine runs as smoothly as a dynamo. His discovery is completed!

With a heavy sigh, the woman leans back in a chair, her great sightless eyes directed straight at her husband. For full three minutes she remains thus, then rises and glides back to her bedroom.

As soon as she is gone, the man, with mingled hope and terror surging through his veins, rushes to his model. He touches the driving wheel, and waits in mortal agony, expecting the horrible click that always locked the action. It does not come. A glance of his practised eye shows how the discovery had been completed. The blood rushes to his head. He reels, staggers, and falls unconscious on the hard, tiled floor.

When he came to himself, he wondered vaguely what had happened. Little by little the events of the night returned to him—the resolve to rob his father-in-law—the return to the house—the appearance of his wife walking in her sleep—and, last of all, the completion of his invention. Was it all a dream? Had he gone to sleep in his chair, dreamed all that had happened, and fallen to the floor? He feared as he approached the model. He could not see distinctly as he looked upon its intricacies. For a full minute he hesitated, his finger resting upon the driving wheel. He rotated it at length and his model worked perfectly. It was true! His wife had, in her sleep, accomplished what he had so long failed to do. With a full heart he thanked God that the contemplated crime had not been committed.

Suffering had not yet driven youth and romance from Dick Dudley's heart. Carefully he packed the model in its case, and retired, not to sleep, but to plot how he might most successfully spring the great surprise upon his young wife.

After a breakfast that completely exhausted the larder, Dick went out bearing his precious model under his arm. He knew exactly where to go, the firm that was only too anxious to buy his discovery. In less than two hours he had in the breast pocket of his well-worn coat a cheque for ten thousand pounds, an agreement for patent royalties, and a hundred pounds loose money for present needs. As he walked homewards he was as one intoxicated.

Passing through King Street, he saw his wife hurry along on the opposite side of the thoroughfare. He followed her. She entered a well-known jewellery establishment, remained twenty minntes, and then hastened homewards.

Dick entered the shop almost as soon as she had left. Essie's betrothal ring lay upon the counter. Tears rushed to the poor fellow's eyes as he thought of what it meant for her to give up her most cherished possession next to her wedding ring. In a couple of minutes the ring was safe in his vest pocket.

When Dick returned home he found his wife busy over the tiny range. "Why, darling, I thought our stock of provisions was exhausted," and he tried to hide the exultation in his voice.

"Trust a woman to find out ways and means."

"But how did you do it?"

"No matter. I am almost a better inventor than yourself."

"Better indeed. For you have succeeded where I have failed."

"Well, never mind, my dear old boy. Success will come some time. Now go and make yourself tidy for our frugal meal." The poor girl was very brave, but she was not far from tears.

Dick returned to the kitchen, and Essie in turn went into the tiny bedroom to remove the traces of her work. When she returned Dick had placed an extra covered dish at her end of the table.

"Why, Essie, actually a joint!" His eyes sparkled, for the young fellow was truly very hungry.

"It cost only three-and-sixpence."

"But last night you had not even sixpence."

"Woman's wit, my dear sir! If you would

only let me spend an hour at your model, I believe I could make it work."

"Perhaps you could."

"I dreamt about the horrid thing last night."

"What did you dream?"

"That it only required some trifling change to make it right. I wish I could remember what it was."

"I wish you could."

"By the way, what have you done with it?"

"Taken it away. Are you not going to help yourself to vegetable?"

"You wretch! How dare you make me feel the poverty of my dinner table by placing empty dishes upon it? Our funds could not run to vegetables."

"Try the dish, anyhow."

She raised the cover, and instantly let it fall to a thousand pieces on the tiled floor.

"Dick!"

"Well, darling, I am glad you can afford to smash our small store of crockery in this extravagant fashion."

"But my ring! How did it come here? I—I sold it in Gibson's this morning."

"What? You sold it?"

"Yes, darling. I knew that you were hungry. But how did it come back?"



"Meanwhile his wife glides quickly to the table where the model rests."

"Some fairy, I expect, brought it. Maybe there is something more."

Essie kissed her ring as she again placed it on her finger. "There is an envelope—perhaps some clue to the return of the ring."

"Dick, Dick! It is a cheque, and for ten thousand pounds. What does it all mean?"

The man came round behind the girl's chair, lifted her face and kissed her. "It means that I have sold my model, and that we are comparatively rich."

"Oh, Dick! I am glad. And so you finished it last night while I slept?"

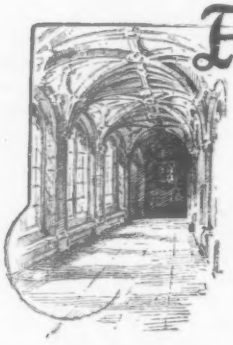
"No, dear. It was you who finished it while you slept."

And then he explained.

THE WAY OF REMEMBRANCE.

By the Rev. Hugh Black, M.A., Author of "Friendship," "Culture and Restraint."

"I stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance."—2 PETER iii. 1.



AT first it looks merely like a graceful courtesy for the writer to declare that he is giving his readers not so much new truths as only reminding them of what they already know; just as previously in this same letter he says, "I will not be negligent to put you always in remembrance of these things, though ye know them." Again and again in St. Paul's Epistles also we find marks of the same gracious courtesy, as if his readers knew the things he desired to teach them and possessed the virtues he longed for them to have. In the Epistle to the Romans we are touched with this sweet humility and courtesy in the implication that all he hoped to do for them was to remind them of something they knew as well as he. "I myself also am persuaded of you, my brethren, that ye are full of goodness, filled with all knowledge, able also to admonish one another. Nevertheless, brethren, I have written the more boldly unto you in some sort, as *putting you in mind*, because of the grace that is given to me of God."

This courtesy of the Apostles, however, in assuming previous knowledge is not just meaningless flattery. That attitude, for one thing, is the true teacher's instinct. To assume knowledge is often the way to bring out into consciousness what is either latent or is in danger of being forgotten. It is more than a mere trick to gain the confidence of an audience by giving them a good opinion of themselves. It was really true that their readers knew the facts and conclusions they sought to bring before their notice: they had been taught in the faith; they were aware of the story of God's grace in Jesus Christ, and also of the religious import of that story. And so, as a matter of fact, what they did need was to be reminded of it, to have it impressed on conscience and heart. It bears repetition. All subsequent progress in the Christian life is attained by bringing out into thought and practice what they already know and believe. What can one do to a Christian congregation but stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance? Thus, these words are more than idle courtesy; they are the statement of a fact that, in moral living, men need to be reminded of what they know, and that only by repetition are faith and knowledge deepened.

But there is more in it than this evident truth. The words of our text suggest an even deeper thought of religion and life. We are led to look for this deeper idea when we think that all the Apostles followed this method. To take another instance, this time from St. John: "I have not written unto you because ye know not the truth, but because ye know it." In fact, the great appeal of religion seems to be an appeal to memory. In the promise of the Holy Spirit to His disciples our Lord states that the work of the Spirit to them would be "to bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

XUM

By way of remembrance is the method of religion. It is so in the life of the Church at large. A revival of religion comes when the Church is recalled to the facts and forces that underlie her very existence. A revival comes not by novel doctrines of a novel creed, but by a firmer grasp of the things that cannot be shaken, a recovery of faith in God and Jesus Christ and the human soul and eternal life. It is when the Church is stirred by way of remembrance that new life seems poured through her veins. Every religious advance is got by a return, as the advancing tide falls back on the basic bosom of the sea to prepare itself for an increased sweep up the shore. All through the history of the Church we see this, ever going back to the fountain-head, returning to Christ to gain fresh vigour and new insight. It is got not by new discoveries, but by a completer grasp of what it already has, digging deeper to find the treasures of wisdom and knowledge hid in Christ. The Church falls back, as it were, to review her possessions, to remind herself of them. Every revival of religion is to save the Church from forgetfulness—forgetfulness of the essential things. The progress of religious truth is by way of remembrance with a new light in it, not by discovery of the new, but by recovery of the old, seeing more clearly into what it contains, dispensing with all that is temporary and accidental, and laying hold of what is of the essence of truth.

In the individual life also the method of religion is by way of remembrance. It is a going back to something we possessed before, listening to an old voice, submitting to an old inspiration, accepting an old instinct. It is a reawakening of our real nature. The religious appeal is ever to something innate, to spiritual capacity which we have by right of birth, though that capacity be smothered by the mass of secular concerns that fill so much of our life. It is really, we feel, a coming to ourselves, having our minds stirred by way of remembrance, as the Prodigal Son at last in the far country came to himself and remembered his father's house. Religion is simple, elementary, going back to the primordial type of life. When we bend to God, it awakens in us echoes of long-remembered and long-forgotten strains; it is like a sweet and solemn and holy memory. When we waken to religion, we are struck with our folly that we did not see it before, since it lay to our hand all the time, and we just needed to be recalled to it by way of remembrance. It is nothing foreign to our nature, but is our natural life, as God is our natural home. Religion in its essence is to become again a little child, to go back to what we were—what, indeed, we really are when all the wrappings of worldliness are stripped off us. We see the Kingdom of God when we come thus with the child's eyes and the child's heart. When we are so converted, it is not like being transported into a strange and foreign land; it is like being restored to our own native land after a long and dark exile. We are home at last from a far country, where we should never have been but for our own folly and sin. We are reinstated in our own rightful place. It is by way of remembrance that every religious message comes to us, touching a string of early memory. This is the deep thought in the Platonic fancy of which Wordsworth made such beautiful use in his "Ode on Immortality": that our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting; that the dream-like vividness and splendour of sight in childhood speak of a prior state of existence, and the soul comes from God with vague memories of another life; and that through time shades of the prison-house begin to close upon us, and so the way to true joy is by way of remembrance, by "those first affections,

> "Those shadowy recollections,
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
> Are yet a master light of all our seeing."

Religious teaching is thus distinguished from all other teaching. It uses some of the same methods, but it points to a different end. It is not just information, the acquisition of new facts, however true. It cannot be satisfied until it touches that chord of the spiritual nature which proclaims man akin to God. That is reached when we recover faith and attain the simple, trusting, artless attitude of a child. Other education can go on by set rule, by prescribed task, from text-book to text-book; but this education must also go back and within till it regains the sense of God's presence. The method of preaching, therefore, is not merely stating truths which men may accept, but is also to

stir up pure minds by way of remembrance. Religion is concerned not only about views and systems of truth, important though these be, but chiefly about bringing men to self-consciousness and consciousness of God; bidding them reflect, turn in upon themselves. This distinction between religious teaching and all other teaching is a fundamental one. When all has been done in the most perfect system of religious education, nothing has been achieved unless the heart is touched and the soul has been held in recollection. It is not just true information about God and about human duty and the like, part and parcel though this is of any religious training worth the name; but it needs to be something more than all this. It must touch a personal chord and move the heart till the whole man gets into a right relation to God. Religion works therefore by inspiration rather than by information. The mind must be stirred; the soul must be stirred to holy recollection. The heart must be wakened to its birthright, to the great vocation among the sons of God.

Anything may do this; anything may open the gate of memory. God is not far from any of us. We dwell on the borderland of the unseen, and though the shades of the prison-house have gathered round us, we may be recalled by any of the surprises of life. Any event—of sorrow or joy, of loss or gain—may suddenly remind us of God, and thus be an agent of religious education. Should we be so dull of heart and so slow to believe, when everything can speak to us of the spiritual world? What opportunities we have! How mind and heart are stirred by way of remembrance! Are we not pulled up every now and then by some hint or some lesson reminding us of the inward and higher life which we acknowledge to be our true life, although the things of sense keep us blind to its claim over us? But the way of remembrance is never quite closed up. At any point we can be surprised by our own soul; at any point we can be surprised by God. Though we take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, though we ascend up into heaven or make our bed in hell, we cannot escape from the witness to the Divine which our own nature declares. It is not easy to get away from God, so long as the mind may be stirred by way of remembrance.

How true it is that the method of religion is by way of remembrance we see at the very first step of all religion. At the threshold stands repentance, and repentance is awakened memory. It may be the good of the past or the evil of the past that stirs the heart. In any case it is an appeal to memory. How a revived memory can burn into the conscience, and melt the heart, when nothing else can! It may be the recollection of an early paradise, an innocent youth, a happy home, the sweet affections of other days, the angel faces that smile on us still. The ache of desire for some buried past can turn all the present to ashes. That appeal of memory can move a man when all other motives have lost their grip, and bring him back to God as the prodigal turned at the soft thought of his father's house. Or it may be that repentance is induced by a sin that will not be forgotten or a shame that will not be buried.

> "What can assuage the unforgotten pain,
> And teach the unforgetful to forget!"

It is part of the burden and the glory of moral existence that we do not forget. It is because we have a life all our own, with a past all our own; it is because we are spiritual entities, with unbroken continuity of personal life, that religion can get at us thus by way of remembrance. No man is safe from his past, be it of good or evil. So repentance comes often as a form of recollection. When we consider and remember and come to ourselves, when memory revives, conscience awakes. The buried past reappears as on some awful Resurrection Day.

We are all open to this appeal, all open to have our minds stirred by way of remembrance: and it is not all sad memory or recollection that carries with it a sense of shame. We bring to mind the ever-old, ever-new fact of God's eternal love; we see the gracious providence, goodness, and mercy that have followed us all our days. Our hearts are stirred into gratitude as well as into contrition by the backward look; and surely also into renewed aspiration and resolution to let the consoling, inspiring power of our faith move us to larger service and more loyal devotion. By way of remembrance we think of the love with which the Saviour loved us and gave Himself for us, and we are stirred to walk worthy of our great vocation as the children of God.



A Complete Story.

BETTY'S little house was in a by-street in Southwark. Towering behind it was a great blank-visaged factory, upon the gaunt walls of which its back windows peered closely, as though they were short-sighted, and were trying to make out what the huge object was. Through the long hours, from morning till night, the great engines throbbed, and the machinery rattled and groaned, and the heavy waggons jogged and jolted over the rough stones of the courtyard. Every sound penetrated with startling distinctness into the back rooms of Betty's house. When the heavy pistons thumped and thundered amidst a commotion of hissing steam the windows shook furiously, and the sound penetrated with dull reverberations, even to the front room which looked out upon the small street. When the men, busily loading the huge boxes from the swinging cranes high in mid-air into the waggons below, talked and shouted to each other, you might hear every word they said, supposing you had been sitting in any one of the back rooms. Betty largely measured her life by the factory. When she heard the hoarse hooter ring out in the morning she used to say: "Six o'clock! In half an hour I must rise to get Tom's breakfast ready." When she heard the same signal at one o'clock she used to say: "I must lay the table. Tom will be here in ten minutes."

Everyone has some characteristic of temperament which impresses itself upon his or her friends as the days go on. In superior circles of life they would call it a trait of character. In the circles in which Betty moved it would be described as "a way." "That is So-and-So's way," they would say. "He's got that way about him." "Oh, it's her way—that's all." Betty most decidedly had a "way." In the vernacular of the district, it might be called a "cheerful way." More educated people would describe it as a perennial optimism, a buoyancy of spirit, which would persist in rising above all difficulties. Even if you filled the glass with water from Marah, or with the bitterest of fluids, or even with the blackest ink, Betty's optimism would still shoot upward like a cork, and float triumphantly upon the surface. Whatever trouble was looming, however bitter or black it was, Betty had that "way" about her that she could throw it off, and dismiss it with a fine carelessness, and the cheeriest of smiles. Her favourite expression was wonderfully characteristic of her temperament and nature. It was always uttered with as cheery a laugh and as merry a smile as though the incident which had called it forth were the best joke in the world. Whatever the nature of the difficulty which brooded over the day, Betty would throw down her gauntlet to it with as defiant an air as any knight of old, and would laugh, and exclaim with a fine scorn, "Poof! If I never get anything wuss nor that——" The sentence never went further. It was enough for Betty. It expressed all that she meant It met and wrestled with every trouble. If it did not actually overcome the difficulty, Betty believed that it

did, which was quite as good. There was nothing more to be said after she had delivered herself of this exclamation. "There might always be something wuss"; that was the text of her life; and it never failed to convert the darkest cloud into a simple passing shadow, with the sunlight behind it. "We'll soon get over that! If we never get anything wuss nor that——"

Betty was small and spare and almost fragile in build. Her face was redeemed from absolute plainness by her eyes, which were bright, and quick, and kindly. Their almost limpid blue beamed upon you with a smile as she spoke to you. Her words were accompanied by energetic action of the head, with which she emphasised in the affirmative or negative any remarks she was making. If she said "No," she shook her head. If she said "Yes," she nodded it. It was like a dose of quinine to see Betty toss her head, and smile, and say: "Well, if I never have anything wuss nor that——"

Betty never married. She found another and a distinct call in life from the time her brother Charles died. He was already a widower, and the family of three children was thus rendered completely destitute. Betty was at the time in service as a cook at Brighton. She was the only sister of her brother; and he had been the only son. "There is no one but me," said Betty, "to look after them." And so she gave up her situation, withdrew from the savings bank her laborious savings of fifteen pounds, took that house in the small street in the Borough, bought a sewing-machine, and set herself to earn a livelihood by needlework and letting lodgings. She had wonderful "ways" about her, had Betty. This according to the report, in vernacular, of the neighbours. She had a "way" of making both ends meet. She had a "way" of making clothes last. She had a "way" of meeting the obligations of rent-day which was perfectly inexplicable to the other residents of the street, and which certainly outraged the local custom. She had a "way" of getting the better of every little financial difficulty by her shrewd and far-sighted methods. Those methods may be interesting enough to earn a few lines of description. Betty, if she had been born a man, and in a higher sphere of life, might have been a great Chancellor of the Exchequer. She certainly had a genius for financing. She used to control her moneys by means of what I should call "funds," but what Betty called "pockets." There was, for instance, the "housekeeping pocket," which was responsible for daily expenses of commissariat and sundry domestic needs. So much per week. There was the "rent pocket," which was rigidly kept apart for its mission. So much per week. There was also the "clothing pocket." So much. And last of all, there was the "giving pocket." Yes, Betty even kept a "giving pocket." And she did not fill it last, as so many people do. "I reckon I ought to be able," said Betty, "to put threepence a week by for the 'giving pocket.' I shan't miss threepence a week. That's a penny for myself at church on Sundays, a penny for Tom, and a penny for Bill. They can't expect a penny off Fred yet; he's too young." And so, week by week the "giving pocket" was replenished, and week by week was emptied. For as regularly as the Sunday evening came round, Betty put on her plain little bonnet and neat jacket, with the fur round the edge, both of which she kept scrupulously in some mysterious cupboard wherein you might distinguish the odour of camphor. People who had known Betty for five years had never known her in any other outdoor gear than that bonnet and the jacket with the fur round it.

Betty's laws and methods in regard to her "pockets" were rigid, inflexible, immovable as the laws of the stars. One pocket was never allowed to interfere with the province of another. If one began to limp towards the end of the week it must fight its own battle. "Oh, you are gettin' short, are you?" Betty would sometimes exclaim with a little frown. "Well, serve you right for buying that there bony meat! If you will be foolish you must put up with bein' short. You've got to last out to the end of the week, anyhow. Well, if we never get any wuss trouble nor that, we'll do. But you've got to last out." And by means of much anxious puzzling and planning the defaulting "pocket" was measured and meted out so that it lasted until pay-day came round again. It was due to this rigid and methodical economy that Betty was never in debt; that she could look back with a sigh of content upon every week as it merged into the next, and say, "Another week gone and everything cleared up."

Betty's age, when she had given up her situation and had taken in hand the family of her brother Charles, had been thirty-two. From that time until she was fifty-one—that is to say, for nineteen years—she lived in the little house underneath the tall factory in South London. How faithfully she acted the part of mother to the orphan children; how neatly she kept them dressed and booted and stockinged from the day she adopted them; the neighbours can even yet tell you. She was a wonderful hand at patching and darning. That was why Tom and Bill and Fred always looked so neat, despite their ardent efforts during the day to undo what Betty had so carefully mended. Tom was the veriest street-arab in proclivities. He had

a great *penchant* for trudging through muddy pools, for instance, with a view to seeing how high he could splash the water. He also took a scientific interest in "suckers," which, as you may know, are not conducive to cleanliness of the hands and clothes. He also had a passion for playing knuckle-down, preferring rainy days as a matter of choice, and choosing by way of predilection that part of the ring which was muddiest wherefrom to kneel to take his aim. Bill and Fred, as a matter of course, took after Tom in these respects. They did everything as Tom did it, regarding him as a sort of hero and lord whom they emulated in every small trick of manner and habit. Despite their united efforts, Betty was too much for them. Her clothes-brush (it was an uncomfortably hard one when it played about the neck, and its hairs had a way of pricking the knees as she worked at the mud on their trousers) was too vigorous; her boot-brushes were too active; her needle too quick. It took Tom some time to get used to the indignity of having his boots polished: and though he used to do his best during the day to wipe out the disgrace, he could never keep up with Betty. They all three could not keep up with her. At last Tom gave it up in despair. In a melancholy and aggrieved way he used to pull out a piece of brown paper whereon to kneel before playing marbles. That clothes-brush did prick so. He also thought twice about trudging through pools. If there was anything calculated to annoy Tom it was to have to stand with his boot on the egg-box in the back yard, with Betty pounding away at it, while he could hear the boys shouting at play in the street.

For fifteen years the factory behind the house thumped and rattled. For fifteen years Betty put her head to the waves, and surmounted them one after the other as they came along, paying her debts, managing her various "pockets," and bringing up her adopted family in the cheeriest and bravest manner. And then Tom, who had been ten years of age when she took the family "in hand," and who had latterly been working at the factory hard by, obtained a better position as warehouseman at the East India Docks. He had only been waiting for this improvement in his prospects to enable him to marry Mary Thompson, with whom he had been "walking out" for two years. Mary, on her part, welcomed the prospect of release from drudgery as a shop assistant with undisguised satisfaction. So Tom and she were married and went to live at Plaistow. This was a great wrench to Betty, who missed the daily round of duties, the getting up in the early morning, the preparation of dinner at a certain hour, the time-table, so to speak, which Tom's working hours rendered necessary. Tom did not of course feel it half so much. A new interest had entered into his life. And, moreover, he and his brothers looked on Betty as their aunt and nothing more. She had been in very truth a mother to them; but there was this difference—that she was not their mother. She had brought them up tenderly and well: working for them cheerfully; tending them in sickness; holding no sacrifice as too great for their sakes. But yet she was not their mother. She had entered into their lives of her own free will at a period when they were too young to realise things. They had accepted her as a natural fixture. They had learned to look upon her as an adjunct of their existence. But she was not their mother. It is the way of the world.

Tom, when he first married, used to visit Betty once a week. Soon it became once a fortnight. Then it dwindled down to once a month. Then Tom's wife, who had some high and mighty ideas, became dissatisfied with Plaistow as a place of abode; and they moved to West Ham, as being more fashionable. They did not even communicate their new address to Betty. Tom's wife would not have liked her aristocratic neighbours to see that shabby old bonnet entering her doors. And Tom the careless, Tom the light-hearted, Tom the easily led, was unconsciously influenced in the same direction. No one would have been more surprised and indignant than he if you had pointed out to him that he was perpetrating a cruelty upon Betty. He did not realise it in that light. There was no *malice prepense*, no intentional unkindness about his action. It was simple carelessness of character, and nothing more. And she was not his mother.

Twelve months after Tom's marriage Bill had an offer of a carpenter's post at Gibraltar, and he, too, went off. He spoke a few words of regret as he said good-bye, and made some remark in half-jovial fashion about hoping to see Betty looking "well and fit" when he came back to England; and so he went off, with the outfit which Betty had so lovingly, so carefully, and so tearfully packed for him. And Betty was left alone with crippled Fred.

He was yet only an apprentice to the boot-making trade, and was for the most part dependent on Betty. That is to say, she supplied him with food, and he devoted his small wages to the purchase of clothes. Fred was not what you might call a genial character. What he had to say he said in as few words as possible, and that was the end of it. There was not the shadow of demonstrativeness in the whole of his nature. He never displayed the slightest affection towards Betty, although she had brought him up from childhood. Not that he intended to be cold. It was simply his nature, and to his nature he remained

true, even after Betty and he were left alone. He was subject to long, moody, almost morose silences. He would brood over things with taciturn, unhealthy brooding; over some fancied grievance in the workshop; over his crippled condition; over any morbid subject that occurred to him. There are people who are of that nature. Betty understood him well, and never obtruded herself upon him save when he was in the mood for sociability. But she was always cheerful, always pleasant, always ready to meet him more than half-way.

Two years after Bill had departed Fred completed his term of apprenticeship and obtained a situation in one of the Northampton boot factories. So he, too, went off, and Betty was left alone. She continued for a time to live in the house beneath the factory, and occasional lodgers came and went in fluctuating instalments after the manner of their kind. There were so many housewives in the neighbourhood who were anxious to add to their scanty income by taking in a "respectable man" that poor Betty, hidden away in her little house at the further end of the street, under the shadow of the great gaunt factory, stood but slender chance of securing an inmate for her rooms when they became empty.

None but those who have endured the experience can realise what an utter, grey misery of loneliness a solitary life in a dark London street means to a heart that has aught in it of human kindness or warmth of feeling. Betty found it out for the first time. Her life had been such a busy one that she had never before known what loneliness was. With her work to do in her busy situation; with the boys to look after in later years; with her cheery nature making of every household task a keen pleasure; the days had passed like swings of a pendulum, and she had been happy. But somehow life became very dull and clogged and long-drawn-out when she was left all alone. The winter had fallen, and in a poor London street winter means dreariness indescribable. Moroseness everywhere, from the heavy-laden, truculent sky to the scowling gloom that ever hangs upon the perspective of the dingy thoroughfares. Grey dolour everywhere, from the sombre faces of the houses across the way to the dismal hideousness of the muddy road and slimy pavement.

When Betty found that lodgers were few and far between, she called her optimism to her aid. "Soon get over that," she said to herself with her cheery smile. "If I never get anything wuss nor that!" And so she applied herself with tenfold vigour to needlework. By her earnings at this she managed to keep her head above water, and to pay with precise regularity the rental of the one room to which she had now been obliged to reduce herself. There was no one now to expect home at mid-day, no one upon whom to lavish her wealth of affection. It was a very lonely life in that one little room. But she used to derive great comfort from speaking fond sentences to a stuffed cat with beaded eyes, which she kept upon the mantelpiece. "You dear!" she used to say. The cat was by no means a "dear." It was stiff and vacuous and rigid. But somewhere there was a swelling in Betty's heart, a lonely seeking for companionship, which made even the stuffed cat a comfort to her. "You dear!" she would often say, in impulsive bursts of affection, and then a strange inexplicable yearning would come over her, which caused the tears to well to her eyes. Only for a moment. For she would pull herself together, and smile, and say, "What's the matter now? Oh, well, if I don't get no wuss nor that!"

Sewing work is very trying for the eyes. Working in the dim, grey light of London wintry days, in a small, dingy, ill-lit room, what else was to be expected than that which happened? Betty's eyes had never been strong. Coming home one evening in the drizzling rain, after making a few simple purchases of food, a strange blur came over her sight, and she found herself walking blindly in a dense blackness, across which came flickers of feeble light. She came violently against the railings, and stood grasping them in dumb consternation. A little sob of fright sprang to her throat, and she looked helplessly round. All was dark around her save for a dim glimmer of lamp-light which palpitated before her eyes. Almost as her fingers closed round the railings the blur passed away, and once more she could see clearly. She went on her way smiling through her tears and saying, "Oh, it's only a cold. If I never get no wuss nor that!"

The next morning broke in dull and lowering. All day long the clouds hung heavily over the great city, and the grey light glimmered sombrely through the window of Betty's little room. All day long, too, she sat at work at her sewing before the little table underneath the window, only pausing to get her simple meals, and to walk to and fro occasionally until that lump in her throat had gone away. It was a strange and inexplicable lump, and it had troubled her more on this day than ever before. Occasionally, to be sure, it had come there before—when she was talking endearingly to the stuffed cat, for instance, or when she thought of the days when the "boys" had been with her. But she had swallowed it triumphantly with a smile and her usual



"'Will you come and be my mother—the mother of both of us?'"—*p.* 490.

phrase. To-day the lump asserted itself, and would not be swallowed. When it became very troublesome she rose from her sewing and walked the length of the room (it was only five steps). Then she walked back again. Once she went to the side of the table and looked out upon the dismal scene. And even as she did so, that strange blur came again upon her sight and made all dark around her, and as suddenly left her again. She found herself clutching the window curtain with frantic grip. Her knees were trembling. Her tongue was parched and clove to the roof of her mouth. This sudden darkness terrified her beyond endurance. And there was her sewing not finished. If she could not sew, how could she. . . . The very thought paralysed her. . . . She must sew or . . . She had no money. . . . She must earn it. . . . She half staggered, half crept to the chair, and placed her feet upon the treadles of the machine. Then she attempted to smile. "If I never gets any wuss nor that," she said. Then she suddenly leant forward over the machine, and wept as though her heart were breaking.

* * * * *

"This must be the place," said Fred. "They told us the top floor, back room." He had a trim, neat, girlish-looking woman with him.

"Knock at the door, Fred, and ask," she said.

Fred knocked, but there was no response.

No sound but the lumbering of a cart in the roadway, the swishing of the rain upon a small skylight above the landing.

"It must be the place," he said in an undertone. And he knocked again.

Again no answer, but the patter of the rain.

"They seemed sure she was in," she said, in a low voice. "Hadn't you better open the door and see?"

Fred softly lifted the latch and peered in. The twilight was fast falling, and the place was in semi-darkness. For a moment he stood on the threshold, unable to trace the outlines of the room. But the sharper divination of the woman behind him bade her step forward quickly towards the machine. She leant over Betty, placed her hands gently upon her shoulder, and raising her head, laid it against her own bosom. Betty started, as from a dream, and looked up through her tears at the face above her. She turned to Fred and peered at him through the twilight. She put her hands out towards him, and swallowing a sob, tried to speak. Her voice would not come. She shook her head, laid it against the bosom of the woman, and burst into another flood of weeping.

"You are to come and live with us," said Fred's wife. "That's what we have come up for. We'll take no refusal. You are to come straight away to Northampton. No more of this drudgery at the sewing machine. From the first time that Fred told me all about you I told him what our duty and pleasure ought to be. Aunt Betty, I have no mother. Will you come and be my mother—the mother of both of us?"

There are times when the heart is too full for speech. When a friend comes to you in the darkest moment of your life; when you think you are forgotten, deserted, alone, and suddenly find the grip of a hand; when you turn your face to the wall in desolation and suddenly find your head drawn close to a warm-beating heart: mere words at such a time are impossible. Betty, blinded by tears, put out her hand towards Fred's wife and clutched her arm. There was a world of pathos in that clutch.



ROUND ABOUT THE HOME OF A FAMOUS HYMN-WRITER.

By W. J. Roberts.

(Illustrated from Photographs by the Author.)

WHEN William, Prince of Orange, intent on the accomplishment of his glorious Protestant mission, landed at Brixham in 1688—although the manner of his landing was anything but glorious, if report be true—he found it but a tiny village of fishermen's huts.

Set back in a sequestered, rock-girt cove on the southern shore of Torbay, it must have appeared to the sensitive William as but a poor omen for the success of his venture that the fickle winds of the Channel should have driven him there for a landing, where, indeed, the friendly but dull Devon fishermen must have seemed to him in his impatience, as so many barbarians, as he watched them staring open-mouthed at his fleet lying just beyond their tiny harbour, nor put forth a helping hand or word of advice when he strove unsuccessfully to land.

One hears much to-day of the phlegmatic Dutch—the Brixham men of William's day must have been infinitely more so to have caused even a Dutchman to rouse them from their lethargy, and we can almost picture him as he stood in his galley, irritated that he should have been driven by the adverse winds to such an out-of-the-way, uncouth spot, fuming at the delay as each attempt of his rowers to find a safe beaching-place proved ineffectual, until at last, his exasperation mastering him, he cried in broken English, "Ach! mine goot peoples, I haf only come for your goots, for all your goots!" and requesting that some help might be afforded him in his predicament. If Brixham wit had been keener—as keen as it is to-day—a foreigner crying for help because he had come for their goods, for all their goods, would have obtained anything but a welcome; but if its wit was not keen, its heart was warm, and its sympathy, roused at last by the distress of its would-be visitor, went out to him; and one of its sturdy, impulsive sons, Peter Varwell by name, waded out through the mud



MADE SNUG FOR THE NIGHT.

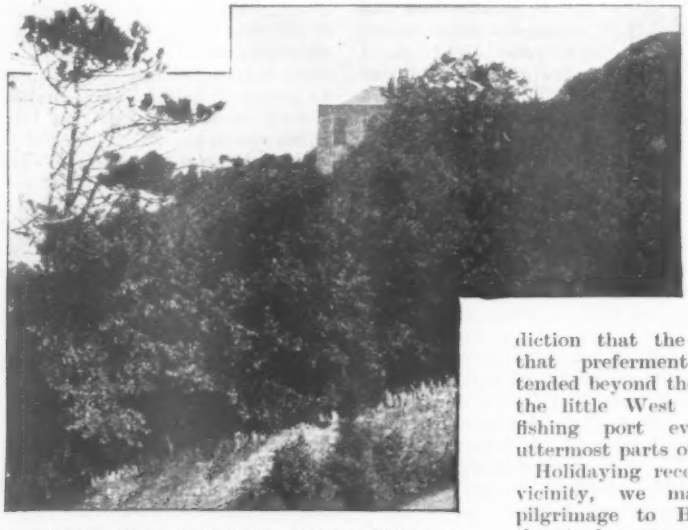
of the foreshore to where the galley bobbed and danced at the water's fringe, and boldly carried the not unwilling future monarch of Britain, pick-a-back fashion, on to dry land.

Such was the event which first made Brixham hold up its head with pride and gave it a distinctive place in the history of our country. Such a stirring episode was never repeated, however, and although so proud, Brixham still remained a tiny fishing village, with never a thought of or from the outside world. Only when the Napoleonic scare was gripping the minds of men, and Torbay was made a rendezvous for the Channel Fleet and a military station created at Berry Head, in the neighbourhood of Brixham, did the village merge into a town, adapting itself to the manners and customs of the up-to-date soldiers and sailors, and, we regret to add, at the same time adopting their vices.

Thus, from being a quiet, well-behaved, religiously inclined little community, the fisherfolk were metamorphosed into a rowdy, sinful people; and it was thus that, about the year 1819, the Rev. Francis Henry Lyte found them when he was sent to minister to their spiritual needs.

Very frail and delicate, refined, and with a poetic nature, he was the last man in the world, one might have thought, to cope with these rough, blunt folk; yet possibly this very weakness of body was as a saving grace in the eyes of the muscular men of Brixham, for without a doubt he won their hearts for his Master, and, ere his frail life flickered out, had laid up in their minds such a store of memories of himself and his goodness that even to-day, fifty odd years since he died, his name is venerated, stories of his gentle yet manly ways are told by fathers to sons, and the influence of his life may be distinctly traced.

His preferment to Brixham was fraught with rich blessing to himself and his people, and inasmuch as it was whilst there he received the inspiration for, and wrote, that beautiful hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," we may say without fear of contradiction that the blessings of that preferment have extended beyond the confines of the little West of England fishing port even to the uttermost parts of the earth.



BERRY HEAD HOUSE, "ENSCONCED AMIDST A WEALTH OF TREES," WHERE "ABIDE WITH ME" WAS WRITTEN.

Holidaying recently in the vicinity, we made a little pilgrimage to Brixham, led thereto by reason of its association with the gifted hymn-writer. We found it a quaint, whitewashed, tar-smeared old place even in these go-ahead, twentieth-century days: there is an unmistakable old-worldishness about it that at once strikes the visitor as being different from anything he has yet seen. The shed-like railway station at which we alighted is perched high up on the edge of a precipitous cliff—a curiously inconvenient spot for the fishermen, as it is hundreds of feet above the harbour, and only approached by a steep and rugged road. A few steps down this road we obtained a magnificent bird's-eye view of the place.

Looking down over terrace after terrace of quaintly built houses, one catches a glimpse of the harbour lying far below, from whence ascends the clatter of the caulkers' mallets as they patch up some weather-worn old trawler lying stranded on the mud. Across the harbour is another hill—Brixham is a town of hills and lung-trying vistas of steps—terraced with houses

and zig-zagged with roads, chief among the latter being one to Berry Head. Carrying the eyes to the left, we note first the confines of the harbour; then, sheltered by the long arm of the breakwater, some half-dozen trawlers curtseying at their moorings; and so right out and away to the open, breezy Channel. Continuing down the road, we arrived at Lower Brixham Church, a plain structure both externally and internally, but interesting to us as being the scene of Mr. Lyte's ministry, and as containing a memorial to him erected by his parishioners. A fisherman's wedding was in progress, and round the gates the usual group of female sightseers had gathered, hatless, discussing the finery of the bride-elect. The fixing up of our camera at once arrested their attention and tongues, and it was a source of supreme satisfaction to them when they found that



WHERE WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE, LANDED: A GROUP OF "IRREPRESSIBLE 'PRENTICE LADS."

they had been "tooked." Brixham has never relinquished its pride with regard to its association with the memorable episode in 1688, and is always ready to show the visitor the exact spot where William landed, and to repeat the story of Peter Varwell's act. The very stone—it is averred—upon which William first set foot is enclosed in a granite pedestal, surmounted by a lamp, which is erected on the historic spot; and some few years ago this memorial was augmented by the erection of a statue of William (from funds publicly subscribed) on the Strand. It is reputed to be the ugliest public effigy in England, but, remembering the wasting disease from which William suffered and the affairs of State which weighed heavily upon him, we have charity enough to believe that, with this knowledge in his mind, the sculptor has given us an admirable portrait of his subject.

Brixham streets, the visitor will perforce notice, are curiously bereft of menfolk, a condition easily accounted for by the fact that in plying their hazardous calling the fishermen are often out for weeks together, the majority of them resorting to the far-off fishing-grounds at Milford, famed for the quality and quantity of the fish there to be caught.

It is only on a bank holiday or Sunday that one really sees Brixham at its best. Then the harbour is a vast animated picture of moving colours, with its lines upon lines of neatly moored trawlers, and their apparently inextricable tangle of masts and cordage. Circling about them, the screaming gulls poise and sweep in graceful evolutions, as they watch and dart for the floating morsels of food and fish which the home-coming of the fishing fleet make plentiful, chasing each other in mid-air as they struggle each to possess some more than ordinarily tempting find.

The men stand about in groups, clad in costly broadcloth and velvet (for your Brixham fisherman is nothing if not well

tailored on a Sunday), discussing the lines of some new boat or other topics dear to their hearts, whilst the boys—the irrepressible 'prentice lads of the fleet—exhilarated at their freedom,



LOWER BRIXHAM CHURCH.

go about in bands, getting more or less into mischief and the bad books of the indulgent policeman. With all this life the little township seems very gay on a Sunday, but it must not be inferred therefrom that the heart of it is not religiously inclined. The fishermen have their own pet church—appropriately named St. Peter's—and to them there is no place like it in the whole world. One of the pleasantest sights is their harvest festival, for then, with the grand old hymns roared out by hundreds of sonorous voices, the service is wonderfully impressive. On these occasions, as a rule, the font is left to be decorated by the fishermen themselves, and generally takes the form of an elaborate and tasteful design composed of fresh fish and variegated sea-weeds—veritably the harvest of the sea. One might dwell at length in extolling the graces and virtues of these rugged yet kindly men; telling of their love for home and kindred, or of their unflinching obedience to duty's call when stranger or friend is in deadly peril on the storm-tossed sea.

Leaving the harbour and taking the road to Berry Head, a walk of a little over a mile brings us to Berry Head House, where Mr. Lyte lived during his twenty-five years of ministration at Brixham—a house described by his daughter as "the spot of all others most dear to him from long and affectionate association." It lies ensconced amidst a wealth of trees, which almost shut it off from the eyes of the passer-by, on a rocky cliff at whose feet the sea washes all day long. From it a view of some portion of the Brixham heights may be obtained, and a glimpse of the haven which lies within the breakwater. Here of an evening, when the sun dipped down to rest behind the tree-clad hills away westward, he could sit and watch the homecoming of the brown-sailed trawlers scudding and swirling before a favouring breeze, until at last they were brought up smartly at their moorings and made snug for the night. The rattle of the windlass as the anchor was let go and the clatter of the mast-hoops as the sails were lowered would be borne over the waters to him, whilst from below the murmurings of the surf-washed pebbles ascended to mingle with the sad, sweet whisperings of the wind among the fir-trees waving round about him. Small wonder, therefore, that, with the gift of poetical expression, and amid such scenes, he described the moods and fancies of the changeful waters, weaving many a ballad with the sea for its theme, ballads which the fishermen used to sing when away at the fishing-grounds.

Toward the end of his saintly life he suffered severely, and at the last had perforce to try what a summer clime could do for his weakness. Just before leaving Brixham he placed the manuscript of his now famous hymn in the hands of a near relative, and in less than two months from that date his death at Nice was announced.

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day," he wrote in September, 1847, and in November for him "earth's joys" had grown "dim, its glories passed away,"

THE CADGER

A Story in One Chapter by L. G. Moberly.

"WOULD it be poached eggs or fish for your breakfast to-morrow, sir?"

My thoughts were abruptly wrenched from the joys and sorrows of my heroine to the contemplation of my morrow's meal. I looked vacantly at my landlady, who repeated her question.

Then my vacant look turned to an earnest one, for I saw that her usually hard eyes were red, as with weeping, her usually grim mouth softer than I had ever seen it.

"Poached eggs, please, Mrs. Martin, and—and I hope you are not in any trouble?" I ventured to add. I had been at Mrs. Martin's for so long that I felt I should not be considered interfering if I took an interest in her concerns.

"Thank you, sir," she said, and I saw her eyes filled again with tears; "it is nothing of importance, sir. Little things do worry occasionally. Then it will be poached eggs?"

She said the last words with so evident a desire to change the subject that I could not pursue it.

Nevertheless, her manner, and above all her tears, left me wondering, for I had hitherto looked upon Mrs. Martin as indued with about the same amount of feeling as the average millstone.

I shortly plunged into my book again, and the fascinating task of rescuing my heroine (who was far more real to me than any flesh-and-blood landladies) from the perils into which her kindness of heart had led her sent Mrs. Martin and her "little things that worried" completely out of my head.

In the course of the morning, however, I was again reminded of my landlady.

Walking up and down my room, as is my custom when engaged in working out an idea, I presently found myself by the window, gazing abstractedly across the area, into the street beyond, in search of new ideas.

All at once my mind was brought back from soaring heights to present realities by the soft creaking of the back door, followed by a stealthy step in the area.

The sounds all seemed so intentionally surreptitious that I craned my head out of the window, and over the geranium and mignonette in my window boxes, to see who could be coming from the house in so stealthy a fashion.

A man's form slouched up the steps, a man whose appearance in so respectable an area as Mrs. Martin's surprised me enormously. He was one of those men who haunt the corners of streets, loaf round public-houses, tout for cabs, and, in fact, spend their lives in elaborately striving to do nothing with all their might.

The gentleman now on our area steps was an exaggerated specimen of this type, and I was puzzled to imagine why Mrs. Martin had ever allowed such a being to enter her back door.

His coat was green with age and patched from top to bottom, he wore a battered hat jammed low upon his forehead, and his boots were trodden down and full of holes.

What was visible of his face did not impress me favourably. The cursory glance I caught of it led me to infer that the man drank as well as loafed, and that his downcast, out-at-elbows appearance was entirely his fault, and not at all his misfortune.

With bent head and back, and heavy slouching movements, he climbed the steps, opened

the area gate, looked furtively up and down the street, and finally loafed away in the direction of the Marylebone Road.

"Never did a stroke of honest work in his life, and never will," was my reflection, as I returned to my seat and my neglected heroine, forgetting all about the occurrence again until Mrs. Martin appeared with my lunch tray.

Then I remembered the loafer, and, being the only man in a household of women, I bethought me that it would be only common kindness to tell my landlady of what I had seen. Probably she knew nothing of the furtive gentleman's comings and goings; it was more than likely he was a friend of the grubby maid-of-all-work, who was rarely allowed to penetrate into my sanctum.

"By the way, Mrs. Martin," I said, as I cleared a space for the tray, "I saw a rather queer customer come up your steps this morning, and he looked about him so oddly that I fancy he was here on the sly. I thought I ought to mention it."

She gave such a jump that I thought the tray and its contents would be scattered over the floor; but she quickly recovered herself, and put her burden on the table, breathing heavily as she did so.

"That tray is rather heavy!" I said sympathetically; and she gasped out:

"So it is, sir."

But at the same time she gave me an odd, furtive glance, which in some queer fashion reminded me of the loafer in the area.

"I thought I would mention to you about the man I saw," I went on; and at my words she started again, and a spot of red showed on each cheek.

"He—I—he came to beg," she said hurriedly, stammering in evident embarrassment. "I don't think he will do any harm, sir; but—but, thank you for mentioning it."

She got herself out of the room after this speech, and I sat looking at the door, my brows drawn together in thought.

Why was she embarrassed by my warning about a man whom no decent householder would welcome to his dwelling? Why did she leave the room so hurriedly? And why had she started and flushed at my words?"

To none of these questions could I find a satisfactory answer, for I at once dismissed from my mind any idea that Mrs. Martin *herself* could have any dealings with such a type of man as the loafer. She was in every way what is known as a "superior person," and to the meanest intellect it must have been palpable that she had seen better days, *much* better days was my own opinion.

A week or two passed away, the incident above related had passed out of my mind, and late one afternoon I was walking home from my club, when I noticed in front of me the figure of a man which seemed in some way familiar.

Where had I seen that down-bent head, and slouching form, and green, patched coat before?

Why, of course! it was the loafer who had slunk up the area steps, the very man whose personality had interested me a week or so ago, the man Mrs. Martin had declared had come to beg, and whom I had guessed to be her slavey's friend.

I slackened my pace, moved by curiosity to see whither he was bound, and I confess to a feeling of sharpened interest when he turned down the very street in which my own lodgings were situated.

And not only that. Lingering still a little further behind him, I next saw him turn the handle of Mrs. Martin's area gate, give a furtive look up and down the street, and then disappear down the steps.

"Very odd," I reflected, as I resumed my normal pace, reaching the house just in time to hear the soft click of the back door latch, which told me that the wretched-looking loafer had certainly entered the house.

Feeling it more than probable that Mrs. Martin was out, and that the slavey was entertaining her exceedingly disreputable friend on the sly, I rang the bell, determined to investigate matters. A long pause followed my ring, but after a while I was surprised to see Mrs. Martin enter the room.

She looked considerably flustered; her cheeks were flushed; I could have sworn she had just been shedding tears, and her manner was distrait and worried.

"Did you ring, sir?" she asked.

"I did, Mrs. Martin. I imagined you were probably out, and I rang because I thought I ought to ascertain why your servant's disreputable friend is again downstairs. That same man I mentioned to you the other day, who had come to beg, you told me."

Mrs. Martin grew white, and then crimson again, and her eyes looked startled.

"Thank you, sir," she stammered. "Yes—I mean—I knew, sir. He has come for—for a morsel of bread, sir. He is very poor."

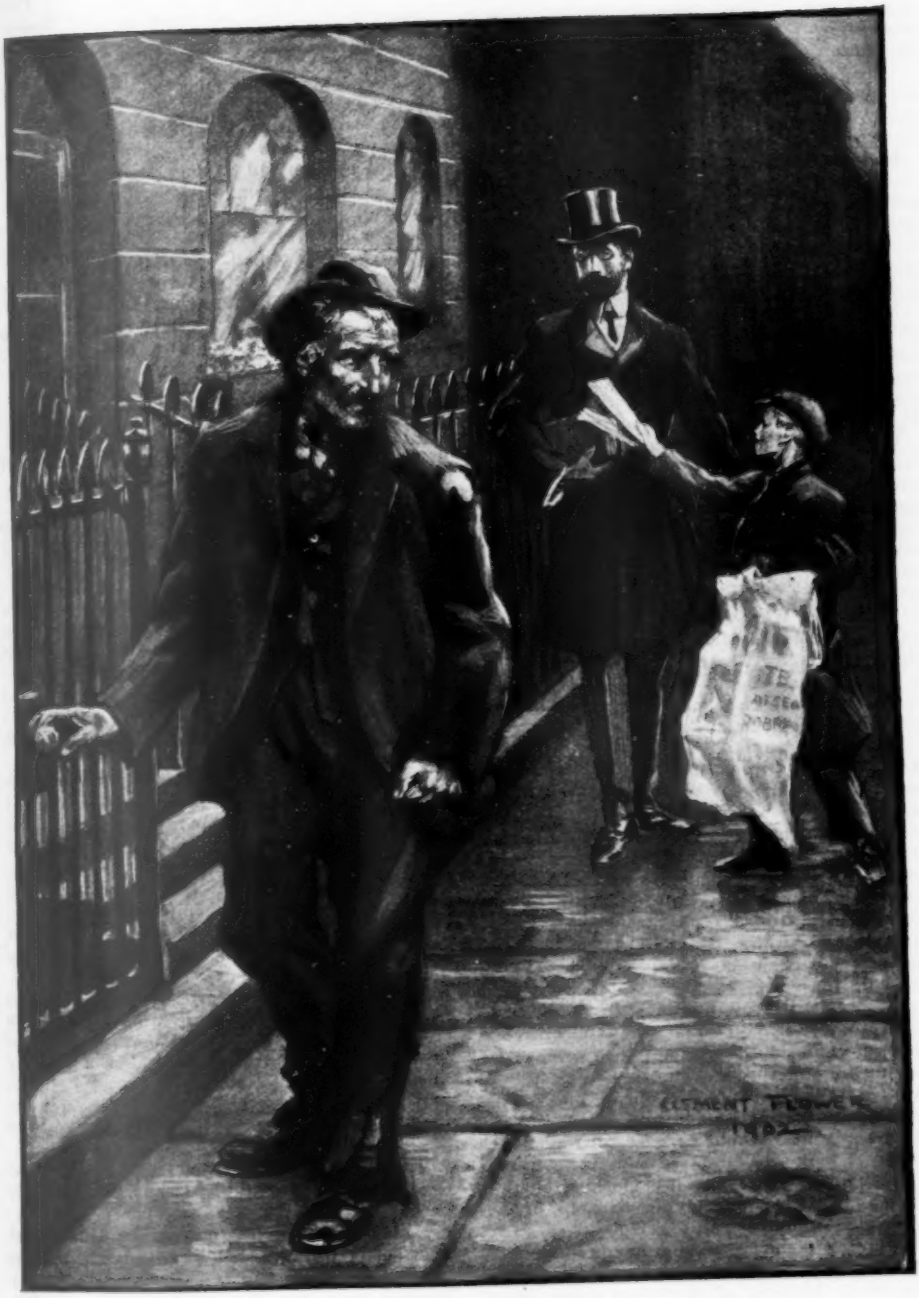
In her voice was a deprecating note very unlike the grim tone she usually adopted when beggars were mentioned. "He—he was starving," she murmured finally.

"I should say he had drunk himself into that condition," I answered drily. "Don't let the man impose on you, Mrs. Martin. These professional loafers trump up stories very cleverly."

She stirred uneasily.

"I—I know this one's story," she said; "he has told me a—a good deal."

I smiled, the superior smile of the man of the world.



"I next saw him turn the handle of Mrs. Martin's gate."

"Don't let your kind heart run away with you," I said. "These men are regular cadgers, you know. He will tell you fairy tales by the dozen if you choose to listen."

"I—I——" she began; then she seemed to change her mind. "Thank you, sir," she said gently; after which she left the room with surprising abruptness.

In the weeks following this episode I could not help noticing that Mrs. Martin's appearance grew shabbier and shabbier. She looked less and less as if she had seen those much better days in which I had always imagined her, and her face began to wear quite a worn and haggard expression.

It seemed to me that, for some unaccountable reason, she was far poorer than when I had first come to her; and yet the house was in a flourishing condition. Every room was occupied, and the lodgers were the kind of people who pay their rent regularly.

The shabby loafer occasionally came to the house, shabby and disreputable as ever, and once or twice I was convinced that I heard my landlady's voice talking to him at the back door—talking, not as I should have expected, sternly and sharply, but in a gentle, almost deprecating, voice which surprised me greatly.

"Who and what *is* the fellow?" I reflected, "and why is Mrs. Martin so absurdly kind to him? He is an arrant loafer, and if she is helping him she is simply being quixotic to no purpose. That man will never do any good, he is not the sort who could."

A day or two later, Mrs. Martin lingered in my room when she had cleared away my breakfast things, obviously wishing to say something.

After brushing from the carpet the last imaginary crumb and clearing her throat several times, she said nervously:

"If you please, sir, I was going to ask you a great favour."

"Ask away, Mrs. Martin," I said. "You know I will grant it, if it is possible. What can I do for you?"

"Well, sir, if I might make so bold, I was going to ask if you could allow me to have some of your clothes that I heard you say you meant to throw away. I—I——" She twisted up a corner of her apron, and looked everywhere except at me. "There is someone I know who would be grateful for them."

"Now look here, Mrs. Martin," I said severely: "if you want my clothes for that loafing fellow you are trying to help, I've a very good mind to refuse. He——"

"Oh, sir!"—she clasped her hands suddenly—"I wouldn't have asked you, but I knew you were thinking of throwing them away, and the person I want them for needs decent clothes so badly."

"He certainly does," I murmured. Then, glancing up, I saw big tears in Mrs. Martin's eyes, and as I looked they overflowed and rolled slowly down her lined face, giving it a pathetic expression which I had never observed in it before.

She caught her breath with a little sob too, and that sob went to my heart! That anyone so grim and hard as Mrs. Martin usually was should sob in such a fashion seemed pitiable.

I rose from my seat.

"Now look here, Mrs. Martin," I said firmly, "let us get to the bottom of this. I am perfectly ready to help any decent fellow in difficulties to make a fresh start, or anything of that sort; I'm not the man to refuse another man a chance. But can you deny that the man who comes so often to your back door is simply and solely a cadger—neither more nor less?"

She looked at me wistfully through her tears.

"No, sir, I can't deny it," she said.

"Has he ever done—will he ever do an honest day's work?" I went on with my catechism.

She shook her head in a mute negative.

"Very well," I continued; "then why waste your energies and your kindness of heart on him? Why not let him go to the dogs a bit faster than he is already going? Why not——"

She put out her hand—the hard, bony hand on which the blue veins and the lines that work had carved showed so plainly—and touched my arm.

"Don't, sir," she said, "don't go on. I can't let him go to the dogs, sir—I can't indeed. I daresay I'm a fool for my pains, everybody says I am. But—but—he is my brother, and I can't let him go."

"Your *brother?*" Sheer amazement prevented my saying another word.

A flush of shame crept over her face, her eyes shifted and sought the ground, and she spoke in hurried accents.

"Yes, he is my brother, and he has sponged on us all his life." There was a trace of indignation in her tones. "He went wrong as a lad, and he has kept on going wrong ever since. Weak as water he is, poor chap, and easily led; and oh, sir! I'm not pretending that he hasn't done plenty of evil, but I *can't* let him go to the dogs."

My private opinion was that he had practically gone there already, but I waited for her to say more.

"You might have guessed, sir, that I had seen better days. I—we—well, my father was—a gentleman," her voice sank, "and my brother was brought up a gentleman too. But—he dropped down to this, and I am what you see me. Money was lost——"

XUM

"Given to your brother, I expect?" I queried, and she flushed more deeply.

"Yes—it was partly that," she said. "He has had plenty of money spent on him, but it never seemed to do any good; and now I am the only one out of my brothers and sisters who will do anything for him. He has worn them all out except me, and he's worried me all my life."

I glanced at her curiously. What had made this hard-featured woman softer-hearted than the rest of her family, I wondered.

"Why do you still help him?" I could not help asking.

An odd little smile came creeping round her mouth; a far-away look shone in her eyes.

"Well—you wouldn't ever guess why," she said simply; "it sounds a silly, sentimental sort of reason, but I can't ever seem to go against it. It's like this: I can't forget the days when he was a little toddling chap of four, with yellow hair that we used to curl up into a big cockatoo, as we called it, at the top of his head, and with big blue innocent eyes that looked at you all openly and frankly. I can't ever forget that he was the little brother I used to tuck up in his cot at night; and he'd say, 'God bless you, Sis,' and I'd say, 'God bless you, Jack,' and I'd stroke his curly yellow head, and kiss his pretty eyes till he fell asleep. When I look at him now, and remember," her voice faltered, "I can't help doing all I can for him, because—come good or ill, he's still my brother, the same as in the old days."

There was a lump in my throat, and I could not answer her for fully a minute. Then I said gently:

"Of course you shall have the clothes, Mrs. Martin; and if—if I can do anything to help your brother to get a job, I'll do my best."

She looked at me gratefully.

"Thank you, sir," she said. "I—don't want to deceive you about him; he's just what you said—he's a cadger. But I can't forget the days when he was the dearest little boy you ever saw, with his curly yellow head. I can't forget that."

Ah me! What wonderful memories some women have!



NEGLECT OF READING THE BIBLE

By the Venerable the Archdeacon of London.

"These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the Word [of God] with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so."—ACTS xvii. 11.

THAT those who are in name Christians and desire to claim the Christian hope of future life and happiness should neglect the reading of the Bible is indeed the most astounding anomaly that human nature presents.

If we are Christians, we believe that God spoke to the writers of the Old and New Testament in a way by which He has spoken to no other minds however exalted. We believe that He intended to reveal Himself gradually to mankind, till the time was ripe for the appearance of His Son on earth; that He was willing to make that revelation to any nation; but that from the time of Abraham the Hebrew people showed themselves more capable of receiving and interpreting Divine truth than the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Medes, the Persians, the Hindus, the Chinese, the Greeks, the Romans, or any other nation whatsoever. Accordingly, it is from the Hebrew people that we expect to learn the knowledge of His will. Spiritually, we are all Hebrews; of them our Lord was born according to the flesh. Their writings are of supreme importance to us all.

Now the word Bible means properly "Books": a collection of books; a library. St. Jerome called them "The Divine Library." Others speak of them as the Holy Scriptures, the Divine oracles.

The Bible is strictly a library of sacred literature. In its very title it conveys the miscellaneous character of its contents. It is the literature of the chosen and inspired people. We find it divided into two parts. They are called respectively the Old and New Testament, or, to use a better translation, Covenant.

The Books of the Old Testament owe their name to the fact that they give all the history, circumstances and results of the covenant into which God entered with that remarkable race who understood Him. By virtue of that covenant they were made the recipients of a certain special communication of God's will, and of certain unique and special privileges, on condition of their obedience to the duties laid on their conscience. This older communication from the Divine Being to the inhabitants of the world was obviously preparatory to something further, higher and better that was to come. That supreme and perfect communication is conveyed in the books of the New Testament, which give the actual words of the Son of God Himself, and of those who obtained all their knowledge and teaching from Him.

There is another light in which I think we are bound to regard the Old and New Testaments, and that is given us in a word used by the Hebrew historian Josephus, and constantly since his time. The word is "theocracy," the special government by God Himself; God governs the whole earth, the whole universe; but in a special way, through inspired prophets, priests, and kings, He governed His people Israel, and prepared them for the full and complete knowledge of His truth. Viewed in this light, the Old Testament describes the establishment of the theocracy in a pure and ideal form; on the failure of this, through human imperfections, the institution of a modified and imperfect theocracy; and in spite of the influence of the prophets, this in its turn fails. Finally comes the unfolding of the spiritual kingdom of God and a kingdom of heaven in the New Testament; the coming of the true King; the establishment of a new spiritual kingdom no longer confined to a single people, but open to all the world, and intended to be its transformation and salvation.

If we do not study such a unique

collection of writings with the utmost reverence and attention, where is our Christianity?

To take only the first, earlier, and less perfect portion of Holy Scripture, however much may be discovered about the authorship and structure of the books of the Old Testament, the fact that underlies them all is sure and unassailable; and it is contained in the words of our Lord Himself: "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of Me."

That was the way in which our Lord and His Apostles regarded the Old Testament. They used it as the oracles of God, with as much zeal as the Jews and with greater enthusiasm, because everywhere they found in them the preparation for the supreme and most glorious truth of the Incarnation. "Had ye believed Moses," said our Lord, "ye would have believed Me: for he wrote of Me. But if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe My words?" All the types and sacrifices of Moses were to be fulfilled in the person of the Redeemer and the sacrifice of Calvary. "'O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken: ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into His glory?' And beginning at Moses and all the Prophets He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself." Once more, to the eleven disciples, He said: "'These are the words that I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the Law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning Me.' Then opened He their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures."

"They searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." That was the mind of the Apostles as well. Every doctrine, every teaching of the New Testament is founded on the Old, and depends on it. "I came not to destroy the Law," said our Lord, "but to fulfil." In the brief space of the New Testament there are one hundred and sixty-five direct quotations from the Old; when those that are indirect are added, it brings the number up to seven hundred. "All Scripture," writes St. Paul of the Old Testament, "given by inspiration of God, is profitable also for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." St. Paul, you will observe, gives the true key for the interpretation. It was not intended for the teaching of science; scientific truth, in all its various branches, man must discover for himself by patient and reverent investigation. The revelation of God through the Old Testament writers was moral and religious. Listen again to St. Peter: "We have a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day star arise in your hearts: knowing this first, that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not of old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." So St. Peter had said before to Cornelius. "To Him bear all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." And again, "Of which salvation the prophets have enquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you; searching what, or what manner of time, the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow. Unto whom it was revealed, that not unto themselves, but unto us, they did minister the things, which are now reported unto you by them that have preached the Gospel unto you." To all the Apostles, to all the Christians, throughout the New Testament, the written word of the old Sacred Oracles is the very breath of the spiritual life, the ground and confirmation of all their hopes, the sanction and authority of all their beliefs.

"They searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." That is entirely and absolutely the mind of the true Catholic Church. That is the mind and habit of all the Fathers. If you ask what about the early Church after the time of the Apostles? Did they treat the writings of Christ's companions and evangelists with the same awe and reverence with which Christ and His disciples had treated the Holy Scriptures of the Old Testament? Nothing can be more absolutely certain than that they did. Nothing is more remarkable than the consciousness which the Fathers who

succeeded the Apostles show of the immeasurably superior authority of the inspired writings. The earliest of any, Clement, who is mentioned in the Epistle to the Romans, apologises to the Corinthians for writing to them at all; he is unworthy even to address those who had been taught by St. Paul. "Look carefully into the Scriptures," he adds, "which are the true utterances of the Holy Spirit." And again, "Take up the Epistle of blessed Paul the Apostle; what did he write to you in the beginning of the Gospel? In truth, divinely inspired, he wrote unto you Corinthians." We have in like manner a letter of St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, a disciple of St. John, written to the Philippians. He declares that "neither I, nor anyone like me, is able to attain perfectly to the wisdom of the blessed and glorious Paul, who, when he was with you, before the men who were then living, taught the word of truth perfectly and surely." St. Ignatius of Antioch, writing to the Romans in A.D. 107, assures them, "I do not command you like Peter or Paul; they were Apostles." The famous writer and bishop, Irenæus, who in his early days was connected with St. Polycarp, the pupil of St. John, speaks thus of the inspired writers: "After that our Lord rose from the dead, and the Apostles were clothed with the Spirit of Power from on high, they were filled with a perfect knowledge of all things." And again: "The Apostles, being disciples of Truth, are beyond all misstatement." Tertullian, the ablest, and in some respects the greatest of all the Latin Fathers, put the distinction with great force: "The four Gospels are built on the certain bases of Apostolical authority, and so are inspired in a far different sense from the writings of the spiritual Christian. All the faithful, it is true, have the Spirit of God; but all are not Apostles." And the famous Alexandrian master, Origen, whose marvellous and brilliant teaching has always been a subject of the deepest study and attention in the Church, tells us that "The Holy Spirit inspired each of the Saints, Prophets and Apostles. . . . The same Spirit was present in those of old times as in those who were inspired at the coming of Christ." And again: "There is nothing," he says at the end of one of his homilies, "whether in the Law or in the Prophets, or in the Evangelists, or in the Apostles, which does not descend from the fulness of the Divine Majesty." One of the greatest names in the Church is that of St. John Chrysostom. "Whatsoever is required for the salvation of man," he says, "is fully contained in the Scripture of God. He that is ignorant may there learn and have knowledge. He that is hard-hearted and an obstinate sinner shall there find everlasting penalties, prepared of God's justice to make him afraid, and to mollify and soften him. He that is oppressed with misery in this world shall there find relief in the promises of everlasting life, to his great consolation and comfort. He that is wounded by the Devil unto death shall find there medicine whereby he may be restored again unto health; if it shall be needed to teach any truth, or reprove any false doctrine, or rebuke any vice, to commend any virtue, to give good counsel, to comfort or exhort, or to do any other thing requisite for our salvation, all these things," says St. Chrysostom, "we may learn plentifully of the Scriptures." In the same key St. Augustine, who was the strongest upholder of even literal and verbal inspiration, says: "By the Scriptures all men be amended, weak men be strengthened, and strong men be comforted." "The knowledge of Holy Scriptures," says the same eminent Father, "is a great, large, and high place; but the door is very low, so that the high and arrogant man cannot run in; but he must stoop low, and humble himself, that shall enter into it."

"They searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." That was the mind of all the great Councils of the Church. Scripture was the standard of orthodoxy, Scripture the test of heresy. It was this fundamental difference between what is inspired and what is uninspired that made the members of the four great General Councils of the assembled churches of Christendom appeal in every case to the exact words of Holy Scripture. Every one of the Fathers who has left writings behind him proves every one of his opinions by appeal to the revealed Word.

When we come to the Church of England, its view of Scripture is equally clear. "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary

to salvation," says the Article. "Unto the Christian man," says the Homily, "there can be nothing either more necessary or profitable than the knowledge of Holy Scripture, forasmuch as in it is contained God's true Word, setting forth His glory and also man's duty. And there is no truth nor doctrine necessary for our justification and everlasting salvation, but that it is, or may be, drawn out of that fountain and well of truth. Therefore, as many as be desirous to enter into the right and perfect way unto God must apply their minds to know Holy Scripture; without the which they can neither sufficiently know God and His will, neither their office and duty."

And if you ask in what spirit we are to approach the great and varied mass of Holy Scripture, no two answers are possible to a Christian. From the time of the Fathers downwards it has been recognised that, on the one hand, there should be humble prayer for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and great deference to the interpretations of the greatest theologians; on the other, a right and proper use of reason. It was said by Hooker: "Whatsoever is spoken about God, or about things appertaining to God, otherwise than truth is, though it seems an honour, it is an injury. And as incredible praises given unto men do often abate and impair the credit of their deserved commendation, so we must likewise take great heed, lest, in attributing to Scripture more than it can have, the incredibility of that do cause even those things that it hath most abundantly to be less reverently esteemed." And again: "That authority of men should prevail with men either against or above reason, is not part of our belief. Companies of learned men, be they never so great and reverend, are to yield unto reason." And again: "For men to be tied and led by authority, as it were, by a kind of captivity of judgment, and, though there be reason to the contrary, not to listen to it, but to follow like beasts the first in the herd, this were brutish."

St. Augustine said that in the great poets and philosophers of pagan antiquity he found many things that are noble and beautiful, but not among them all could he find, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

> "We search the world for truth (wrote Whittier):
> we cull
> The good, the pure, the beautiful
> From graven stone and written scroll,
> From all old flower-fields of the soul;
> And, weary seekers of the best,
> We come back laden from our quest,
> To find that all the sages said
> Is in the book our mothers read."

As he was nearing death, Heine, the German poet, wrote, "I attribute my enlightenment entirely and simply to the reading of a book. Of a book? Yes! and it is an old, homely book, modest as nature—a book which has a look modest as the sun which warms us, as the bread which nourishes us—a book as full of love and blessing as the old mother who reads in it with dear trembling lips—and this book is *the* book, the Bible. With right is it named the Holy Scriptures. He who has lost his God can find Him again in this book, and he who has never known Him is here struck by the breath of the Divine Word."

Listen to the testimony of Rousseau: "I must confess to you that the majority of the Scriptures astonished me; the holiness of the Evangelists speaks to my heart, and has such striking character of truth, and is, moreover, so perfectly inimitable, that if it had been the invention of men, the inventors would have been greater than the greatest heroes."

Very striking are the words of John Wesley: "I am a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit coming from God, and returning to God: just hovering over the great gulf: a few moments hence, I am no more seen: I drop into an unchangeable eternity! I want to know one thing, the way to heaven; how to land safe on that happy shore. God Himself has condescended to teach the way. He has written it down in a book. O give me that book! At any price give me the book of God! I have it; here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be a man of one book. Here, then, I am, far from the busy ways of men. I sit down alone; only God is here. In His presence I open, I read His book; for this end—to find the way to heaven!"



SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—XVI.

Basil Pierpoint, curate-in-charge of Lynton St. Maurice, visiting his church one evening with a friend, finds a girl, a stranger, writing in the parvise chamber. His peremptory manner of requesting her departure rouses her wrath. The girl, Evelyn Retallack, a High School mistress, out on a holiday with two friends, is engaged in writing a story. In her anger she now resolves to pillory Pierpoint therein. As all Lynton St. Maurice is Retallack property, the girl's name rouses interest in Pierpoint and others. His friend, Claude Winwood, visiting Lyntonstowe, the Retallacks' place, meets Snell, the old librarian. From him he learns that Colonel Retallack had two sons: John, who, by refusal to obey his father's wishes, had been disinherited, and Arthur, who had obeyed, had married the heiress of the neighbouring property of Lynton St. Mary, and died, leaving one daughter, Elinor. Almost immediately afterwards Colonel Retallack was killed in a carriage accident, leaving Elinor his sole heiress. Circumstances incline Winwood to suspect Evelyn's close relationship to Colonel Retallack, and a chance meeting of the four young people in the parvise chamber reveals the fact that Evelyn and Elinor are first cousins. This meeting ends in an unlucky *contretemps*, whereby Evelyn and Pierpoint are delayed till late in the church by reason of a violent thunderstorm. Next day Elinor comes to see her cousin and to invite her to Lyntonstowe. Evelyn, however, has to return to town next day. Pierpoint follows her, asks her to marry him, and is refused. The same evening he is much hurt when, accidentally, he learns how she has made "copy" of him in her story. A little later Evelyn is surprised by receiving a letter with the postmark "Lynton St. Maurice."

CHAPTER XVII.

EVELYN'S DIARY.

"DEAR COUSIN EVELYN," ran the letter, "it would give me much pleasure if you would come and spend some time with us this Christmas. My mother, too, hopes you will come. Will you?—Your affectionate cousin, ELINOR RETALLACK."

After a third perusal of this short note, Evelyn started up to find her mother.

Mrs. Retallack received the news calmly, as was her wont, then, always practical, bade Evelyn pass her wardrobe in review before her. Visits to friends rarely occurred in Evelyn's life, and this revision of her dress was very necessary. She pulled out garment after garment from cupboard and drawers, Mrs. Retallack steadily inspecting each item as it was added to the pile.

"There!" cried the daughter, throwing a white sailor hat on the top of all. "That's the very last, 'the sole remainder biscuit'—all, as you see, in a state of abject decrepitude."

But her eyes danced as she spoke, and her heart danced still more gaily.

Ways and means and clothes formed the staple of her conversation with her mother and her two friends for the next few days.

But not so did she speak to herself. It would be delightful to see dear Devonshire again, charming to make Elinor Retallack her friend, a great happiness to see her father's home. Thus she played with her outer thoughts. Judith, however, one day pulled aside the curtain, and Evelyn went in further.

"You will miss Mr. Pierpoint, I suppose."

"Miss him? Why?"

XUM

"He will be gone, and therefore no more 'copy' for you."

"Gone?"

Evelyn was unaware how wide her eyes opened.

"The Rector was expected back in December, I understood."

Evelyn dipped her red-ink pen into the black ink pot, and heavily underscored the innocent sentence, "*Puella rosas habet.*"

Lyntonstowe without Basil Pierpoint! She could not conceive it. And yet fate held that in store for her.

It was with a distinct flutter of the heart Evelyn bade her mother good-bye. Vague possibilities loomed before her, such edgeless imaginings as her soul delighted in.

Ten days later saw Evelyn seated by the fire in her bedroom at Lyntonstowe, a perfectly new and absolutely blank diary open on her knee. It was the second of January, and the page for that date lay invitingly open. Also on the little table beside her lay the diary for the year just closed, the end pages of which were still a void space. It was some time before dinner, and, having dressed quickly, Evelyn decided to spend the spare half-hour in writing up her diary. Then those many blank pages were discovered. She had written nothing since her arrival in Lyntonstowe. All had to be gone over. And now she sat, pen in hand and eyes on the fire, performing a process known to her as "boiling down." To Judith she had once described it:

"Take all the events of the day, throw them into the crucible of thought, stir with the spoon of reflection, adding thereto the flavour and fragrance of all the emotions undergone that day—but this is difficult, for emotions are as volatile oil and very evanescent—then skim, but don't throw away, for in this dish——"

"Prepared in a crucible?"

"Well, you old realist, say saucepan, if you like! In this dish"—resuming—"the 'skim' is the all-important thing: it is the resultant thought, the idea of the day. Then pour off slowly and throw away, for *that* is all unimportant, mere detail. At the bottom you will find a residuum of fact which may or may not be useful; chronicles of small beer have sometimes served their turn."

But in the present "boiling down" she could find apparently neither "skim" nor "residuum"; the truth being that, as her mind travelled back over those past few days, there was so much to think about that she fell into an unconscious reverie, going over again mentally all that had befallen her from her rather dreary arrival until this hour.

For it was a dreary arrival, she confessed to herself: a carriage and servants to meet her, but no face she knew; and then, after a long drive, a rather chilling reception by Mrs. Retallack. This Elinor sought to atone for. She received her cousin with effusiveness, busying herself greatly about her comfort.

Later, Evelyn came to the conclusion that Mrs. Retallack's cold manner was not due to dislike of her or anybody, but to a certain weariness of life, a weariness inconceivable to the young and ardent spirit of Evelyn; especially incomprehensible when she reflected on the luxuries which surrounded and always had surrounded her aunt—how could she want for anything?—till it dawned on the girl that there are things desired and yet unpurchasable, that happiness is not an absolute thing, but depends on having our lives arranged to scale. Mrs. Arthur Retallack's life, so viewed, was far poorer than that of her sister-in-law, though the one had never known the lack of all that money can buy, and the other had often spent a sleepless night trying to make one shilling do the work of two. In the hard-working world to which Evelyn belonged she had not met many disappointed people, or at least none suffering from intangible disappointment, and very few who found life a bore.

Evelyn found herself the only guest for the first three or four days.

"We are always very quiet just for the Christmas days," Elinor explained, "and also I wished to have you all to myself, that we might get to know one another."

Evelyn felt this a very delicate attention. At first she was stiff and Elinor shy; but these obstructions to the flow of the cousins' friendship wore down after a few days' intimate intercourse. Elinor's warm-heartedness and her evident admiration for her cousin had melted that lady's reserve; while Evelyn's gracious acceptance of this new affection bestowed upon her overcame Elinor's shyness, a shyness intensified by her keen and regretful realisation of the difference in the position of the two cousins.

As Evelyn soon learnt, Elinor had known since a child the whole history of the Retallack brothers and their father's will. She could tell Evelyn many tales of the past concerning their grandfather and his sons, tales which were quite new to Evelyn.

The source of this information was revealed when Evelyn came to know old Mr. Snell. Her first meeting with him took place two days after her arrival, when Elinor took her cousin on a voyage of exploration over the house. It was a square-built, massively comfortable mansion, quite uninteresting except to one whose forebears had seen the light there. Naturally Evelyn was deeply

interested. The little turret-room her father had occupied, the schoolroom where he had learnt his lessons, her grandfather's study—all raised in her an emotion that made her almost impatient of Elinor's presence. At length they reached the library. It came back to her now, sitting by the fire, the rather gloomy December day, the darkly furnished room, the grey wraith of an old man starting into sudden life when Elinor said,

"Mr. Snell, this is my cousin, Evelyn Retallack."

"Evelyn!" the old man cried, raising himself from the books he was stooping over, "Evelyn Retallack!" Then, the light dying out of his eyes, "Ah! a girl; but you had a brother—was it true? Is he dead?"

"He died many years ago," the girl answered gravely.

"And you are Evelyn's daughter?"



"'And you are Evelyn's daughter?'"

"Do you remember my father?" she asked wistfully.

"Remember Evelyn? Of course I do. Have I ever forgotten him? Ah! if my poor words could have persuaded your grandfather in time—well—things would be different now. Rightful heirs are rightful heirs."

Evelyn's colour rose. She did not venture to look at Elinor, feeling how very ill-timed the old man's remarks were; but to her surprise Elinor added cheerfully,

"And rights are always rights, Mr. Snell, are they not, and must be put to right?"

"True, true," he replied, crushing in his fingers his bit of old black ribbon. "And if—if I could only remember and do my part in setting things to rights; but I seem to forget more and more." He looked sadly at the rows and rows of books as he spoke.

Afterwards the girls discussed him.

"What does he do?" asked Evelyn.

"Nothing but dust the library books now. He had an accident once, leaving him, as you see, a little peculiar—at least, people say so. I find him very nice and quite sensible. We quite understand each other. Of course it's an odd idea to spend his whole time searching through those books."

"What is he searching for?"

"I could never find out, but he once told me it was for a recipe, a recipe to make a man rest quiet in his grave. Is it not odd?"

Away from the freezing influence of Mrs. Retallack, the girls thawed more and more towards each other during those first few days.

"Is it not strange," began Elinor, putting her arm through Evelyn's, one day when exploring the grounds—"is it not strange that our fathers were brothers and knew each other intimately? Do you remember your father?"

"Yes; quite well."

"Oh! do you mind telling me something of him? You are like him, are you not?"

"I believe so; I have been told so."

"You remind me of the miniature of him as a boy."

"Have you a miniature of my father?" asked Evelyn quickly.

"Yes; I mean, our grandfather had, and it is there still."

Evelyn was silent. They were walking under a row of leafless limes. She looked steadily at the tops of them.

"Would you—don't you think you would like to have it?" asked Elinor impulsively. "I think *that* ought to belong to you."

"I should like that very much," Evelyn said steadily.

"Oh, cousin Evelyn, you don't know—Do let me once tell you how unhappy I am about that absurd will of our grandfather's! It is so unfair, and I cannot even undo any of it until I am twenty-five, for he put that in the will, that I was not to have the management of anything until I was twenty-five, for 'nobody has sense until then,' says the will, 'and some not even then.' I have seen a copy of it, and I thought that so strange to be put in a will; don't you?"

"My father was twenty-five when he married," was Evelyn's reply.

"Was he? Perhaps grandfather meant—Oh, I don't know," nervously. "There are daffodils here in spring. Do you like daffodils?"

"Yes. He meant that to refer to my father, who had gone against his wishes."

"I know," returned Elinor. "I have heard it all from Mr. Snell. I have never heard anything from mother, and I am afraid she thinks I don't know, but I do; for Mr. Snell is very good to me, and he often tells me long stories of the time when my father was a boy. He seems to live quite in the past. He is such a mysterious old man. One day I ventured to say to him what I feel about my grandfather's will, and he answered: 'It is worse even than you think.' What could he mean, do you suppose?"

"I don't know," returned Evelyn, but as if she had not heard.

"There is a good view of the house from this little hill—and do you see those distant trees? That is my mother's home at Lynton St. Mary."

"That will be yours, too, I suppose?"

"Yes; it is rather stupid having two homes so close together. At present we are keeping up both, but we always live here. Wouldn't it be nice if you and your mother lived in one and we in the other?"

"I know you mean it very kindly, of course, Elinor, but, if you don't mind, I think we had better not talk like that. Our grandfather had full legal right to leave his property as he liked, and he preferred your father to mine—"

"Oh, no; Mr. Snell has told me he cared much more for your father; only I believe mine was more yielding, and our grandfather was dreadfully obstinate. Obstinacy is a Retallack quality, they say."

"I am sure one at least of the family has escaped inheriting it," smiled Evelyn.

Elinor shook her head.

"I can be awfully obstinate, if I like, as people will find out when I at length come of age. And Mr. Snell agrees with me, dear old man!"

A log fell from the fire, and Evelyn awoke to the fact she had not yet written a word. She plunged her pen into the ink at her elbow and began.

"Disappointment," she wrote, "is truly the common lot. We are all Prisoners of Hope." This, with a sudden bend of thought from Mr. Snell's evidently disappointed life to her own late experience. For Evelyn now told herself frankly that she too was disappointed. She liked her cousin, she tolerated her aunt; she put up with the other visitors who had arrived. These rose before her now: fat Lady Phipps, her silent old husband, Sir Grosvenor, their mercurial daughter, Violet, and that absolutely intolerable young man, Mr. Laughton. Only the day before, Evelyn had written a hasty description of them and their ways to her friends:

"All four bore me," she wrote, "and each in a different way and degree. Perhaps, truly, Mr. Laughton is the only absolute and utter bore, for Violet Phipps irritates me, and her mother worries me, while I grant the stolid silence of Sir Grosvenor has something so eminently British about it that it commands respect. As to Mr. Laughton, one wonders why on earth he exists. Why he is here is easily explained: he is very rich, and the Phippses are poor. He is the son of a man who made his money. Pins, I think, were the medium. Evidently a wife of good family is the last grace to be added unto the son. This Violet no doubt will supply. Lady Phipps and Mrs. Retallack are distant cousins. We have one bearable visitor, Lord Rainsford. He is here nearly every day, and certainly dines here five days out of seven. His wife cannot live except on the Riviera, and, though he dutifully spends much time there with her, he is only *really* happy when plodding about his own fields here near Lynton. I like him. His chief accomplishment is making fences, on which subject he will talk all through dinner-time. But that is better than the weather. For my first few days here we rarely rose above the weather and brief spasmodic questions, my aunt's chilling, Elinor's warm. Can you imagine a shower-bath where the shower part is done in trickles—a cold trickle on one side, a hot on the other? Then I knew my fate. No butt of Malmesbury for me, but drowning in floods of commonplace. How I shall relish Judith's sarcasms in future! However, I am bearing up, and the comforts and luxuries heaped upon me help thereto. But then we know they always wreathed

the victims for the sacrifice. One evening, after a discussion through three courses on—*bed-socks*, a wild longing possessed me to see the door open and enter—whom? Mr. Winwood. I don't know why I should think of him, unless because I was in Lyntonstowe, and he was always nice to me and never commonplace."

Quite true: Evelyn did think of Winwood often during those first few days at Lyntonstowe, but only as background to another face, which she hoped soon to see. Judith's surmise that Basil Pierpoint would have left disturbed Evelyn's visions. She found herself thinking more and more of his brown face, and she listened for some intimation of his whereabouts, yet somehow she could not ask anyone. She hailed with pleasure the advent of Sunday on the third day of her visit. Now she should see him.

A long drive and much paraphernalia fretted the edge of her calmness. In church, it was with a strange expectancy she awaited the advent of the choir and clergy. As the white-robed procession passed her, Evelyn never turned her head, but scanned each chorister and lay-clerk as he passed on beyond, seven, eight choir boys, three, four men, and then—a figure unknown to her—*not* Basil Pierpoint. She knelt down with a feeling of cold disappointment. So he had gone, and she became fully aware that half the pleasantness of her holiday went with him. When she gave herself time to look at the officiating clergyman, the contrast between the feeble, wrinkled man before her and the alert young face, with the keen yet boyish eyes she had looked for, was distinctly painful.

"Poor Mr. Burton seems decidedly worse, and not better," her aunt remarked, on the homeward drive. "He ought to have taken a longer holiday."

Now it was when Evelyn flashed to this point in her reflections—the core, indeed, and sum of them—when, in short, she told herself the whole truth, she wrote, as the result of her "boiling down," that original sentence given above concerning the common lot of disappointment. And, after a slight hesitation, added: "Mr. Pierpoint has left Lynton St. Maurice——"

The second bell rang.

Evelyn closed her diary, and put it carefully away.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PETER ARRIVES.

As Evelyn reached the drawing-room, Lord Rainsford, who generally acted as host when he dined at Lyntonstowe, was just giving his arm to Lady Phipps. Evelyn was aware of new faces and a few hasty introductions, but her aunt's last words swallowed up all recollection of these:

"Mr. Pierpoint, I think you know my niece. Will you take Miss Evelyn Retallack in to dinner?"

The girl started. A meeting glance, a touch of fingers, then she laid her hand on his offered arm, and they followed with the others.

"I did not expect to find you here, Miss Retallack."

"I arrived ten days ago," she said in a voice that did not sound quite like her own.

His was so still and level it made her angrily conscious of the vibration in hers and also of her heightened colour. But then he had known of her presence in Lyntonstowe some minutes before her arrival in the drawing-room, and he had had time to recover.

"Mr. Burton telegraphed for me last night," said Pierpoint, "and I came at once. I had intended staying at the inn in the village, but Peter Phipps and I met by chance on the journey, and he insisted on my coming here, instead, just for to-night."

Evelyn was aware that he was laboriously explaining and justifying to her his presence in the house with her.

"Is Mr. Burton ill again?"

It did not in the least matter to her, although she liked what little she had seen of the old man, but one must talk.

"He is not at all well, I fear. How are—your friends?"

"Alice and Judith? Quite well, thank you."

Each was very conscious of the nervousness of the other, and when they were seated at the table momentary silence followed. Evelyn racked her brains for her next remark. It was not felicitous when found.

"Have you been in the parvise chamber lately?"

He flashed a look at her. Was she laughing at him?

"You forget. I have said good-bye to Lynton St. Maurice."

"But you are back now."

She could have laughed at the vapidity of her own remark.

"Yes, and to stay, I believe. At least, Mr. Burton has asked me to stay on as his curate. He finds he must have a permanent help."

"The people will be glad to have you back," Evelyn said, breaking her bread.

Their eyes had barely met, and now she kept her lashes lowered. Even while trying to steel his heart to her, he felt to the full the winsomeness of her bright face, to which some nameless charm had been added. The

lady at his left asked a question, and he turned to her.

Mr. Laughton was Evelyn's neighbour on the other side. She glanced at him now in an unseeing fashion. He pulled up his collar and put his eyeglass right. How could he know that the smile on her lips was not for him? As a rule, she took no notice of him beyond slight sarcasms which passed over his head. Now, under this direct though momentary gaze, Edwin Laughton mentally sat erect. She was a clever girl; he must say something clever to her, something quite out of the common.

"Miss Retallack—oh - your dress is white, I perceive."

"It *was*," she laughed, turning a tithe of her attention to him. "Frequent washings have, I fear, yellowed its whiteness."

"It washes? Does it?"

"Yes. It is nun's-veiling, you see. Do you understand woman's dress, Mr. Laughton?"

"No; at least, only a little. I like your



"'I did not expect to find you here.'"

dress always, don't you know? But I—I'd like to know more about dress."

"Really? Well, shall I give you lessons?"

"Oh, do!"

There was a note of appeal in his voice. She nodded gaily.

"A guinea an hour is my charge."

"That's very cheap. I'd give more than that, you know."

"Would you? Why, you are princely, Mr. Laughton."

"Oh, no," returned that gentleman; "but I like talking to clever people—don't you know?—like you."

Evelyn could not possibly return the compliment, but she laughed.

"That is very nice of you."

And she continued to chatter to him, to his delight and to Violet's anger.

Mr. Laughton was Violet's especial property, and why on earth that Retallack girl should suddenly take upon her to fascinate him was more than Miss Phipps could understand.

On the other hand, while conducting a sober and decorous conversation with Lady Phipps, Pierpoint was acutely conscious of the flying words on his right. He knew Laughton, his wealth and his stupidity, and Basil's lip curled.

If only, when we break our idols, we could also sweep away all remembrance of them!

And if he could only know that Evelyn, through all this idle chatter, listened with all her heart to his own grave voice while talking merely to tide herself over this strange new feeling of shyness, a feeling that came over her every time those steady tones fell on her ear. Afterwards, while she could not recall one syllable uttered by Mr. Laughton, she knew all that Basil had said to Lady Phipps.

In the drawing-room the sudden advent of Peter and Pierpoint was discussed. Now Peter was the one and only person in the world who dared take *carte blanche* with Mrs. Retallack, explained by both on the ground that he was her godson.

"And I am very glad to see Mr. Pierpoint," Mrs. Retallack remarked to her knitting; "I have given him a general invitation here. I am only sorry I did not know a *little* sooner, for then he could have had the south red room; now he must have the north one. Peter says he sent a telegram—I don't understand."

"He has promised to stay till the end of the week," Elinor added.

A swift calculation on Evelyn's part: four whole days he would be with them.

Presently Lord Rainsford, having satisfactorily proved to the menfolk that our national existence depends on quick-set hedges, with the rest of the party came in from the dining-room.

Evelyn looked up brightly; but Pierpoint's glance passed over her. He went and sat beside Elinor. They had much in common, and soon Pierpoint was really absorbed in the parish details poured forth by Elinor.

Laughton, emboldened by his recent brilliant conversational efforts, approached Evelyn. She was, however, speedily relieved of him by Violet, who bore him off in triumph. A moment later the vacant chair was again occupied.

"What are you thinking of?" asked a crisp young voice.

Evelyn turned quickly, to see Peter Phipps' laughing face.

"Don't be afraid," he went on encouragingly; "we have been introduced, though I never got such a snub in my life; you were so taken up with the Parson," with a nod towards Pierpoint. "Fact; you looked straight over my head."

Evelyn's cheeks were very bright by now, but she bore herself bravely.

"I—am very sorry," she said.

"And well you may be. But I forgive you. Well, how did I start? Oh, yes; what are you thinking of? Don't you find that a good way of starting a conversation? And if people said what they were *really* thinking of, wouldn't it be fun?"

"It might prove very awkward at times."

"But a good joke. Let's begin. What are you thinking of?"

She caught the boy's mood.

"You," she laughed.

"Me? I hope it's something nice of me."

"Yes, very."

"Well, I'm sorry I cannot return the compliment; but I was thinking of the good time I'm going to have to-morrow. He," with a jerk of his head towards Lord Rainsford, "has asked me to one of his shoots to-morrow. Jolly, isn't it?"

Evelyn agreed expansively, as seemed to be required of her. The boy rattled on and amused her.

"Jolly 'cute of me to tow the Parson here, wasn't it?"

"Very."

"I like him awfully. Don't you? Very decent sort of chap. Just see him and Elinor! I guess they have reached Mrs. Hill's rheumatics by now. There's my mother bearing down on them. Now what's that for? I must go and see."

He left her to join the other three. Lady Phipps had evidently broken up the *tête-à-tête* and had involved Elinor in one of her long-winded stories. Pierpoint rose and looked about him. His glance met Evelyn's. With a murmured word of apology he crossed the room to her. Again she looked up at him.

"You must be glad to be back again in your own parish," she said with a little rush.

"I could wish it were my parish," he answered with a half-smile.

"Mr. Burton ought to give it up to you."

He shook his head.

"It isn't his to give—apart from the fact that I hope he has many years to live."

"Who is the patron, then? Lord Rainsford?"

"Lynton St. Maurice is in the gift of the owner of Lyntonstowe."

He was still standing and looking down at her.

"Elinor? How very odd! Of course—I had not thought—I am not used to territorial dignity, you know."

Now he took the vacant chair beside her, and there was a moment of silence, while he fidgeted with some trifle he had taken off the table.

"Miss Retallack," he began, with the old bluntness, "I feel I owe you an apology for being here at all. I had no idea I should meet you here, or—well, I should not have come without your permission. I hope my presence—in short, pray forgive my having yielded to Peter's persuasion, and I shall try to get away as soon as possible."

Evelyn's cheeks were crimson. The thought of her heart almost burst from her lips: "Could anything be more tactless?" She restrained herself, however, and answered with the stiffness born of intense repression.

"I am glad to meet you again, Mr. Pierpoint, and I cannot see any reason why you should leave Lyntonstowe on my account. My cousin, I think, expects you to stay until Saturday."

"We do, indeed," broke in Elinor's voice. She had just moved up and caught the last sentence. "You will be of great use here, Mr. Pierpoint."

"It is very good of you," he replied. "I shall be very glad to be of use to you, or—to your cousin."

His eyes were on the carpet, but Evelyn could not fail to detect a touch of irony in the voice.

It suddenly occurred to her that the "use" she had made of him was not, perhaps, quite as excusable as she would fain think.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE "IRIDESCENT."

A SMALL pile of letters and a roll which looked like a periodical lay waiting beside Evelyn's plate next morning. At sight of the rolled package she started and faltered in her greeting of Peter Phipps. Seizing the roll, she quickly tore off the wrapper and hastily turned the pages of the magazine disclosed to view. What she found there absorbed her to the point of forgetting to greet the other inmates of the house as they entered the breakfast-room. At length she laid down the magazine. Raising her eyes, she met the glance of Basil Pierpoint. He looked away at once. Evelyn's lashes drooped, and the red ran up her cheeks. A sudden thought flashed into her mind. Did Basil know? Could he ever guess the "use" she had made of him?

"Do you take that magazine?" Elinor's voice broke in. "I like it so much. I wonder where ours is?"

"Here it is," and Mrs. Retallack passed it down the table to her.

"And you have never even opened it, mother!"

"I do not care for it. I find it flippant."

Elinor turned over the pages of the book.

"Look at the pictures first," cried Violet Phipps over her shoulder. "I always do. Indeed, I rarely look further. Life is too short for reading. Don't you think so, Mr. Laughton?"

"Well, I don't know. They teach us, you see, before we can help it."

"What sweet pictures! 'In a Devon Corner'!"

"Yes; are they not? and the tale is interesting, too. I am anxious to know how it gets on, for it seems just written for Lynton. See, that is surely Mist Tor, and *isn't* that like our church, Mr. Pierpoint?"

Evelyn sat very still, apparently buried in a letter.

Pierpoint took the book and looked steadily at the illustrations.

"They illustrate those things from photographs," put in Peter. "I know a chap who does that sort of thing."

"These don't seem to be photographs."

"No doubt," Pierpoint's level voice broke in, "no doubt the artist recognised the places from the description, and perhaps—more than the places."

He could not help it. One glance at Evelyn; but her eyes were now on her plate and her face was very white. If he should ever guess! What could she do?

"I wish I could write stories," cried Violet. "People sometimes get paid well for it, I believe—and, indeed, it's rather the thing nowadays. Shouldn't you like to write stories, Mr. Laughton?"

"Stories?" He had been looking at Evelyn's face and dimly wondering why she was so quiet. "No—er—I don't tell stories, Miss Phipps. It isn't—quite nice, you know, is it?"

"*I'd* tell them," cried the girl recklessly, "fast enough if I got paid for it!"

"Violet!" exclaimed her mother reprovingly. "Indeed, I hope I shall never hear of your having anything to do with writing. It does lead to such dreadful habits. Lady Adeline Gore *began* with writing, and now——" An ominous shake of the head. "No, I can't have you end like that, Violet, and I am sure your father would never consent; would you, Grosvenor?—Grosvenor!" in a louder key.

"Eh?" from behind the local morning paper.

The question was repeated with circumstance.

Sir Grosvenor looked first at his wife, then at his daughter, finally at the kidneys just served on his plate, and turned all his attention to these last. There is nothing so non-committal as solid silence.

Breakfast over, Evelyn escaped as quickly as possible with her magazine. She betook herself to the library, always deserted at that hour. Yes, it was quite empty. Not even old Mr. Snell had yet wandered in. She chose a distant window, found a deep arm-chair, and subsided into it.

Evelyn read her own sketch with entirely new feelings. She read it as if Basil were looking over her shoulder. The plot was slight, being only the well-worn theme of love sacrificed to ambition. The hero, by name Eustace Vavasour, was represented as curate-in-charge of the given Devon corner, and the usual complement of characters took their parts around him. These last were almost all without prototype, creations of Evelyn's imagination. But for anyone who knew Basil Pierpoint and recognised the setting of Lynton St. Maurice, there was certainly a kind of grotesque likeness to him, approaching caricature, even certain phrases of his recurring; and on one page the points of a sermon, really preached by Pierpoint that summer, were given and unfavourably criticised; while the description of the country was so close and accurate as to be almost photographic.

On her, thus absorbed, the door opened, admitting Pierpoint himself. So still she was, he never perceivèd her, but throwing himself into the first chair, he too opened the *Iridescent* and began to read.

He had borrowed Elinor's copy! He was reading her (Evelyn's) tale, and—she did not finish her thoughts.

A few breathless moments, then Evelyn could bear it no longer. She rose quickly. He turned at the sound and started up. Again their eyes met. This time the whole long room lay between them. He stood and waited as if to open the door for her.

"I hope I have not disturbed you," he said gravely. "I did not know there was anyone here."

"No; thank you. I cannot expect to keep all this big room to myself; and, besides—I have finished my book."

He was silent.

A sudden desire seized her. She would brave it out.

"Do *you* condescend to the *Iridescent*, Mr. Pierpoint? What can you find to read in it?"

"Only what you found," he answered, a kind of smouldering light in his eyes: "'A Devon Corner.'"

"Oh! What do you think of it?" she asked lightly.

"Miss Retallack, I am not agile. I cannot fence with you, and it is not possible for me to discuss this—this life-sketch with you."

Evelyn's cheeks grew rosy red.

"I have no desire to discuss anything with you, Mr. Pierpoint—unless you wish it."

He bent his head slightly.

"This second number will justify my refusal, I fancy. I understand the editor said there would be two."

Evelyn had not known he could assume an air of such hauteur, but real wonderment made her ask:

"Two? How do you know?"

"I have friends at court—if nowhere else," with a bitter little smile. "You can understand, I wish to know how you—how the tale ends."

Then she faced him steadily.

"What do you mean, Mr. Pierpoint? What do you suspect? Please say it right out!"

"I will not," came the answer, brusque to rudeness.

Evelyn stood mute a moment, then turned and left the room abruptly.

Much of the old anger blazed in her heart.

"I'll write a third part," she cried to herself, "and—and it shall describe what a life he led his poor wife!" Then she suddenly laughed at herself. "I have given him a little soft cushiony wife, one from whom every pin has been withdrawn, and yet—once at least—he certainly preferred one who was all pins and hardly any cushion. I wonder if he has quite got over that, or——" and she fell to musing.

The residuum appeared in her diary later: "I like him when he loses his temper. He doth well to be angry."

The pronouns were left unclaimed.

CHAPTER XX.

PETER INTERRUPTS.

THESE two souls, possessing an indefinable and irremeable attraction for each other, while yet at open war, did not meet again till dinner-time, and then Peter Phipps took Evelyn in. Basil was far away at the other side of the table. For this Evelyn was soon very thankful. It was easy to talk to Peter, and still easier to listen. He was a bright and entertaining youth, so interested in his own doings and projects that he compelled interest, by attraction, in his hearers. Across a graphic account of Peter's morning bag fell, however, an arresting word from the upper end of the table.

"Doesn't Vavasour remind you of anyone, Mr. Pierpoint?"

"Of no one."

XUM



"He caught her hand in his and led her through the open window."—*p.* 515.

"Who is Vavasour?"

"Have you not read 'In a Devon Corner,' Mr. Laughton?"

"No; I was reading in the smoking-room. I think it too cold to read out of doors just now."

Violet laughed, and returned to the attack on Pierpoint.

Peter Phipps' prowess fell on unheeding ears.

"Well, I don't want to be personal, but there *are* people who remind me of—people!"

"Indeed! Do you skate, Miss Phipps?" asked Pierpoint abruptly, and, to the relief of one hearer, the hero of 'A Devon Corner' disappeared from the conversation.

Afterwards, however, he reappeared again in the drawing-room.

"Why, it is as like as possible, Elinor—only you're such a friend of Mr. Pierpoint's you won't see it. I *don't* like him. He is so solemn, and cares for nothing but his work; and—though he has never done so to *me*—I am sure he loves to set everybody right. I never met anyone more self-satisfied."

Homœopathy is the best of medicines. When Evelyn saw in this futile young person a weak copy of her own sentiments of erstwhile, she experienced quite a revulsion of feeling. Violet was intolerable in her present mood. But in a few minutes that volatile young lady had quitted the topic of Vavasour and his prototype, and was giving her views on riding-habits. Evelyn had nothing to say on this subject, having never yet ridden. She wandered down the room instead. The large drawing-room opened into a smaller, and this in turn led on to a wide balcony, a stone terrace almost, overlooking the lower ground of the avenue. Through this little room she made her way. The night was clear and starlit. Evelyn opened one of the long windows and stepped out on to the terrace. It was so mild that she ventured across it and leant against the stone balustrade. She felt a longing for quiet and time to think. Leaning there and looking out on the wide expanse of lawn and wood, she questioned with herself. But the answers were vague and wandered off into reverie.

How long she had been there she knew not, when the sound of an opening window broke in on her musing. She woke with a start to the cold of the January night and shivered, but grew still at the footsteps behind her.

"Miss Retallack—is it?—yes. Mrs. Retallack has sent me to fetch you in."

She turned away her head a little. An unaccountably wilful feeling came over her.

"I don't want to come in," she said.

"But it is so cold——" Pierpoint hesitated. "Are you quite wise?"

"You know I am not. I am never wise. If there is a mistake to make, I am sure to make it."

Pierpoint was silent from sheer surprise.

"Well?" she flashed round at him, "Won't that plenary confession satisfy you? Why do you always make me feel like a naughty child? I *have* behaved ill—I know it—I confess that too."

"I—I do not want any confession, Miss Retallack," he stammered; "I only want you—not to stay out in this cold night air in your thin dress."

She turned again and leant her arms on the balustrade.

"You do not fulfil your office, sir. Your care is for my material comfort only; you do not care for my peace of mind."

"Do I not?" he returned a little sadly.

She turned quickly to him, a childlike change in her voice.

"Mr. Pierpoint, will you be friends with me?"

A quick step forward, then a sudden stop.

"Miss Retallack, friends must be quite honest with each other. I—we were discussing that story—I know all about it."

She shrank back a little.

"You do?"

"My friend Winwood knows the editor of the *Iridescent*. He found out all about it. I believe your name was on the manuscript."

A moment's silence till she said in a low voice,

"How long have you known this?"

"Since the time I was last in town—in November."

"When—when I last saw you?"

"Yes; I learnt it the evening of that day."

"And you don't hate me!" she cried impulsively.

He half smiled in the starlight.

"Tell me—what did you think of me? What *do* you think of it?"

He answered after a moment, in that peculiarly steady voice which with Pierpoint indicated much suppressed emotion,

"In one way I think—the same as ever—if you will let me tell you——"

"Oh, I don't mean——" she interrupted quickly; "I mean, didn't you think it was *horrid* of me?"

"What do you want me to say?" He asked low; "I will say it at your bidding."

"No; you don't understand," she cried, a little wearily. "I had rather you were angry with me. You do well to be angry!"

"You, too, in your turn, will not understand," he replied again after a moment. "Anger is not my feeling; it is—you seem to wish for frankness," he went on desperately, and, as she nodded affirmation—"well, it is

disappointment. That you should make mockery of me hurt me, I confess, but the feeling has almost passed away. Your right to laugh at me—if you choose—is clear, and if you have emphasised my faults, I trust it will help me to amend them. I am only sorry you should think so ill of me, but——"

"Yes?" in a half-whisper, as he paused.

"But that you should have regarded me from beginning to end merely as a study, and for that end have allowed me to grow to care for you, as I did—well," with a smothered sigh, "I suppose we always set up ideals that our deriding destinies may have the breaking of them."

He stood by her side, gazing far out over the quiet fields in the starlight.

Evelyn started and looked intently at him. Where could he have got such a dreadful thought of her? For a moment a burning defence rushed to her lips, then died away unspoken, and a strange feeling of lassitude stole over her. After all, what did it matter? What did anything anywhere matter? A few words echoed in her heart: "Care for you as I did." She shivered a little.

Pierpoint woke quickly to the present.

"Oh! how could you let me keep you here?" he cried, "Please forgive me, and pray, pray come in! What shall I do if you get ill?"

His tones and looks were full of solicitude. He caught her hand in his and led her through the open window. She went in like a little child, her eyes downcast lest unshed tears should fall. He turned to close the window. She waited for him. Then he looked at her. There was only one low light in that first room they entered, but it was enough for Pierpoint to note the paleness of her face and the droop of her mouth. Young, crude, impulsive, full of mistakes as she was, his heart went out to her with a sudden rush, an aching longing to draw her to him, to encircle her in arms that would shield her even from herself. She raised her eyes to his questioningly, a childlike, pathetic glance. It intoxicated him, and the words broke from him in a rapid whisper:

"Forgive! As if there is *anything* I could not forgive you—Evelyn!"

A burst of laughter from the large drawing-room beyond broke on them.

With a quick start Evelyn withdrew the hand Pierpoint had seized. No one had seen them, but a gay voice cried—

"I'll go and see!"

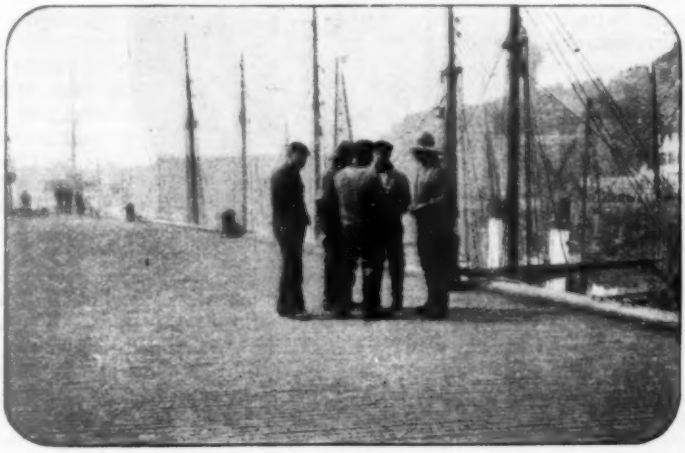
And in a second there was Peter Phipps in the further doorway, the curtain drawn aside in his hand.

"Well!" he cried. "You're a nice errand-boy, Parson! We sent him to fetch you to join us at ping-pong, Miss Retallack, and there he has kept you all the time in this dim little room—preaching to you, I'll be bound!"

Evelyn only smiled slowly.

The diary for that day consisted of one word: "Basil."

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY.]



GOD'S BEAUTIFUL CREATURES.

THE CAT.

By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

WHO knows fully the inscrutable nature of the common cat? The sphinx of the household hearth is proposing a continuous riddle to us, which no one can clearly solve. Familiar as we are with it, enjoying the comfort of our fireside, receiving our caresses, as old as the age of Rameses, as young as to-day, alternately worshipped and feared, a god in Egypt, a witch in the Middle Ages, now persecuted and again loved and petted, living closely in fellowship with us, and yet remaining strangely and unsympathetically aloof all the time, with the velvet paw and the fierce claws, we cannot comprehend its ways, or understand the curious combination of opposite qualities that meet in it. Mr. St. George Mivart, the English physiologist, and M. Fee, the French naturalist, tell us much that we did not know about the wonders of its subtle and flexible organisation; and poets and artists innumerable picture to us the matchless grace and beauty of its form and movements; but how shall we explain that dignity of bearing, that proud reserve, that almost supercilious independence of character, which receives our kindness without gratitude, and solicits and rejects in the most capricious fashion our attentions? How differently does a dog behave! His master is the god whom he adores. He obeys our lightest word; he fawns upon us, and is grateful for any favour we bestow upon him, and is our attached servant and friend. But no cat owns any man or woman, master or mistress. It lives with us, and accepts our hospitality, and the shelter of our home, but it will not follow or obey us. It will not give up its sense of absolute freedom, to suit any will or word of ours, or stand in any servile relation to us. There is a primitive self-sufficiency about it which it has preserved through all its association with man, and all the changes of his civilisation, which we cannot but respect. Where can the creature have acquired this grand air of indifference in its human surroundings? Is it because it belongs to the blood-royal of the animal kingdom, and has such big brothers on its side as the

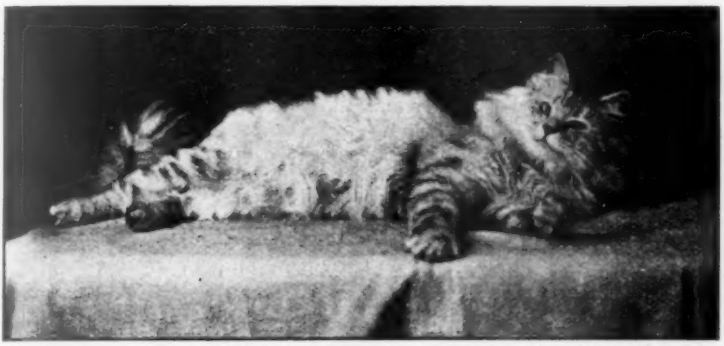


(Photo: E. Landor, Ealing, W.)

"SILVER LOTUS."

lion and the tiger and the leopard; and the king of beasts is himself only an exaggerated cat?

Owing to this independence, which is the key-note of its character, the cat has not varied so much in its appearance as the dog, which enters into closer fellowship with men. There are not nearly so many breeds of cats as of dogs; and most cats have a wonderful resemblance to one another, from the tabby to the Persian. Owing to this general likeness, we are apt to imagine that their character is also very much the same. But while they all have the typical cat-nature in large measure, each animal, if closely observed, has a certain degree of individual peculiarity. He who attentively studies their little ways finds that they have many interesting personal traits, which identify them more even than outward appearance. We once had a very graceful grey cat, which, without any teaching, instinctively fetched and carried things. It loved to run for a quill thrown at a distance, and bring it back in its mouth, and lay it at one's feet; and it would repeat this time after time with unerring certainty. Its favourite amusement was to abstract the pens from my desk, to sit beside me while I was writing, and watch with a wise look every stroke I made, and even with its soft, outstretched paw pat my pen as it scribbled on the paper: an attention somewhat distracting! How did this pussy acquire so strange a habit? Was it a sporadic inheritance from the far past ages, when its ancestors in Egypt were employed to hunt, as the cheetah is in India at the present day, before the animal was domesticated? We had another cat, of Spanish descent, a splendid large sleek creature, with black stripes upon its dark grey body, which could do a great many tricks, give a paw, turn head over heels, and die for its country. Alas! it soon suffered the fate of too many domestic pets; and we noticed how a primitive habit came out in this highly educated cat. A day or two before it died it disappeared, and could not be found. At last we discovered it in the bath, where it had hidden itself.



(*Photo: E. Landor, Ealing, W.*)

INNOCENCE

This seems to be not an uncommon instinct of cats, and is a certain precursor of death. Social animals in a wild state leave the company of their fellows at the approach of death, and seek some solitary spot, in order to escape being torn to pieces, as the ill or wounded creature is apt to be by its fellows, and die in peace.

Cats have shown the extremes of cruelty and devotion to their offspring. We read of a London cat that crawled four times under the stage of a burning theatre to rescue her kittens, and perished with the fifth in her endeavour to bring it to a place of safety. And, on the other hand, we read of a cat drowning its kittens in a water-butt to save herself the trouble of bringing them up. Theophilus Gautier, who was a great lover of cats, had one particular pet, called Éponine, which sat with him at table at dinner. He says of her that she went regularly through all the courses of the meal, from soup to dessert, awaiting her turn to be helped, and

behaving all the time with a dignified propriety. There are two mysteries about every cat which puzzle one. Why has it such an extraordinary passion for fish, a diet which seems remote from all its habits; and why, after catching it, does it release and play with a mouse, before devouring it? There is one peculiarity common to all cats. When brought to bay by its enemy the dog, every cat arches its back, hisses forth its scorn and wrath, puffs out its tail and enlarges itself to twice its usual size, so as to make itself as formidable as possible; and when it has succeeded in clambering up a window sill, just above reach of its adversary, how aggravatingly it seems to enjoy the situation, and to look down with quiet contempt upon the frantic leapings and barkings of the dog beneath! The cat has a keener sense of sight than the dog. There is a pretty fable of a cat and dog lying in a dark room, that shows the keenness of the different senses of the two animals. "Listen! I heard a feather drop," said the dog.



Photo: E. Landor, Ealing, W.

WAITING HIS TURN

"Oh, no," said the cat, "it was a needle: I saw it!"

The cat is an animal of great antiquity. We have numerous evidences of its existence in Egypt at a very remote period. At first it was used for hunting game, having been partially tamed for the purpose. It was only in much later times that the Egyptians of the Upper Nile had gone so far as to domesticate it. Along with the ichneumon, they considered it a sacred animal; and when it died, the members of the bereaved family shaved off their eyebrows, and either burnt its body in some central place of cremation, or else buried it, along with bronze effigies of it, in some great public cemetery, such as that of Bubastes, dedicated to the goddess Pasht, usually represented with a slender female form and a cat's head, having at her feet four crouching kittens. In this great cemetery, containing many acres, the cats were not mummified; but in other cat cemeteries, like that of Beni Hassan, they were embalmed and wrapped round with sacred clothes; and some years ago there was a great discovery of such mummified cats, which were brought to this country and used as fertilisers of the soil.

Although the animal had been reverenced from a very early age, the custom of giving it a sacred burial cannot be traced further back than the Twenty-second Dynasty. Examination of the remains in the cat cemeteries by Professor Virchow showed that they belonged to several native species; but the majority of the bones belonged to the African type, which, according to the most eminent authorities, is the original stock of our domestic cat, and abounds in Ethiopia and the Upper Nile. There can be no doubt that the animal with which we are familiar is of foreign origin, and that we must look for its primitive resort to Egypt. It is quite different from our native wild cat, which used to abound in the rocky fastnesses of Scotland, and is not yet extinct. This latter species is much bulkier, has a larger and bushier tail, and is altogether a much more formidable animal, incapable of being tamed. It has left many traces of itself in the names of localities, and in the traditions and folk-lore of numerous districts. The origin of the great Clan Chattan, the Macphersons, is derived from the totem of this native cat, and its motto is very suitable in regard to such a fierce creature: "Touch not the cat but a glove."

The Egyptian cat came to Europe by way of Cyprus, at a time when its "fallen divinity" in Egypt saved it from Mahometan fanaticism on the one hand and Christian asceticism on the other. What Dick Whittington first brought the domestic cat to our country is altogether unknown. May not the familiar folk-story of the future Lord Mayor of London, as the possessor and distributor of the cat, be a mythological account of spread on the grass, were eagerly watched by hungry, scarecrow cats from the neighbouring village, and with what famishing voracity they pounced upon any crumbs thrown to them. At Shunem particularly, where we lunched in a vineyard, there was the most sketchy cat I ever saw, whose suggestive outlines it was a pleasure to see visibly swelling to a comfortable appearance while we were feasting.



(Photo: E. Landor, Ealing, W.) (From "The Book of the Cat.")

"IN A PLAYFUL SORT OF WAY."

the introduction of the breed into England?

An animal so closely associated with domestic life could not fail to occupy a large place in the world's literature. It is a singular circumstance that, though it was so well known, and so reverently worshipped in Egypt at the time that the Israelites sojourned in the land, there is no mention made of it in the Bible. At the present day it is more common in sacred lands even than in our own country; every home having a domestic cat, though it does not seem to fare better than the dog, being left pretty much to its own resources to find food. I cannot recall a single instance of a sleek, well-cared-for cat in Palestine; but I remember well how our open-air luncheons, Except in connection with Egypt, there is hardly any trace of its name found in classical authors; and we have no information that it was domesticated among the ancient Greeks and Romans. It first comes into notice in connection with Mahomet, who had a love for animals and plants quite remarkable in a native of the East. He was always companioned by his cat Muezza, which often exposed him to inconvenience, when working, by its attitude, but whose slumbers he carefully avoided disturbing.

Since his day, the cat has been honourably mentioned in connection with men who have made history. Cardinal Wolsey, while Lord High Chancellor of England, loved to work with a magnificent cat that sat in a cushioned armchair by his side, and seemed to reflect

in its grand air his pomp and pride. Richelieu also delighted in caressing his favourite cat; and Micatto, a gift to



(Photo: E. Lander, Ealing, W.)

THE SERAPH.

Chateaubriand from the Pope, often soothed his troubled spirits by its antics. Sainte-Beuve, Baudelaire, and Theophilus Gautier had their literary labours lightened by the presence of a little furry friend, who sat on their desks, roamed at will among their manuscripts, and flopped its ringed tail across their "copy." Montaigne said regarding his cat, "When I play with her, how do I know that she does not make a jest of me? We entertain each other with mutual tricks." Lord Chesterfield found something suitable to his cynical temperament in the association of an animal which maintained its own aloofness, and had no need of human company, while it suffered his blandishments and claimed his intimacy and confidence with a proud disdain. Sir Walter Scott had a much valued cat called Master Hinse at Abbotsford; and on one occasion, when feeling the loneliness of a London inn, he wrote home: "There are no dogs in the hotel where I lodge, but a tolerably conversable cat, who eats a mess of cream with me in the morning." And President Lincoln found frequent relief from the overwhelming cares of state, during the terrible times of the Civil War in America, in the gracious attentions of his pretty little cat, to which he often alluded in his conversations with his friends.

One of the most interesting literary associations of the cat is that with our great English historian, James Anthony Froude. A good many years ago he published in Edinburgh a charming drawing-room book, entitled "The Cat's Pilgrimage," in which we see the philosopher unbending from his dignified chair to gambol with the children on the floor. He adopted the quaint conceit of sending the cat, a philosophical animal, on a voyage of discovery, to find out in its intercourse with other animals what we are here in the world for. Its dialogue with the dog is full of character, but it is not satisfactory to the scientific mind, and it thinks in consequence that the dog is a lazy, careless beast that does not trouble its head about the reasons of things, but accepts whatever turns up. It inquires of the blackbird what one should do to be as happy as this bird seems to be; the answer to which inquiry is simply, "Do your duty." Finally, at the interview between the cat and the owl, the bird of Pallas tells it to "Meditate, meditate," as it does from morning to night, and from night to morning; the subject of its meditation being whether the owl or the egg first came into existence, the probability upon the whole suggested by the more finished organisation of the owl being that the owl first appeared. It is delightful to get this glimpse of the gamesome mood of a strong mind! And who does not remember the weird feeling connected with our familiar pet, which Edgar Allan Poe has used so wonderfully in his story of "The Black Cat"?

The most remarkable association of the cat is with the magic and witchcraft of the dimly imagined Middle Ages. The same stealthy, independent habits, the same clear and yet unfathomable gaze of its sea-green eyes, the same electricity in its fur when rubbed the wrong way, which made it a god in wise old Egypt, made it an uncanny and unholy creature in the dark days of our forefathers, capable of inspiring sentiments of dread and aversion. This old spell of mystery and witchery has survived in the instinctive shrinking from it which some persons manifest, in spite of all assurances to the contrary: a feeling entirely different from the alarm which an unknown dog, barking at their approach, awakens. It cannot be expected that the long entail of superstitious fear should be everywhere and

altogether dispelled by the enlightenment of modern science, and by the quite different footing on which the cat is now admitted into fellowship with man. It is more than two hundred years since we have emerged from the grim belief that the cat habitually stole out from its familiar place beside the hearth in the dark to take part, in some lonely trysting-place, in the diabolic rites that were practised at Whitsunday and Hallowe'en. Human beings, often the wife of the house, were said to be transformed into cats on such occasions; and one of the commonest forms which witches habitually assumed was that of this animal, which took a part in all sorcery. A frequent pastime of this cruel age—for cruelty and superstition are only different phases of one feeling—was to throw a holocaust of cats into the fires kindled on St. John's Eve; and it ought never to be forgotten that Louis XIII. of pious memory, with a humanity far beyond his years and beyond his epoch, when a child, interceded with Henry IV. for the preservation of the poor victims that were about to be sacrificed to this senseless terror. A black cat without any spot of white on its fur was supposed to be a witch in disguise, and persecuted as such; and Heine, in his charming "Mountain Idyl," tells us of the little girl who regarded her cat as a supernatural being who on stormy nights left the household fireside to hold impious revelry with the spirits of the dead in some lonely ruin.

Poets have sung almost from time immemorial the praises of the cat, from the pretty gambollings of the innocent kitten—surely one of the most graceful and beautiful objects in creation—to the staid dignity and composure of the most experienced puss, which looks at a string or a ball at its feet, wondering if it had ever seen it before. Wordsworth in his poem on "The Kitten and Falling Leaves" refers with touching simplicity to its want of self-consciousness in its play, "overwealthy in the treasure of its own exceeding pleasure." Heine gives us a graphic picture of the purring cat increasing the cosiness of his fireside, "wrapping his mind in a realm of dreams." And Shelley notices how essential to the feeling of home-enjoyment is the drowsy cat coiled on the hearthstone, in a letter to Peacock, in which he depicts the worship of the Penates as consisting of "the purring of kittens, the singing of kettles, the long talks over the past and dead, the laugh of children, the warm wind of summer filling the quiet house, and the pelting storm of winter struggling in vain for entrance." Some of the most graceful of the poetic tributes evoked by this "cat-cult" are contained in a small but charming anthology gathered by Mrs. Graham R. Thomson, entitled "Concerning Cats," wherein we find a few delightful verses by herself conjoined with dainty selections from the French of Baudelaire, Cowper's graphic fireside sketch of "The Retired Cat," and Calverly's "Sad Memories," recording the sincere grief often caused to many a home and heart by the departure of creatures whose presence while living added so much to the happiness of domestic life.

We might expect that an animal so much petted, whose every feature and movement are full of vivacity and grace,



(Photo: E. Lander, Ealing, W.) (From "The Book of the Cat.")

CHAMPION "FULMER ZAIDA."

would be a favourite subject of the artist's pencil. Many have attained high eminence in this department of art—such as Burbank, the celebrated English painter of cats; Cornelius Wisseler, the Dutch limner; Delacroix, the French artist, whose sketch-book was full of studies of cats; and Hokusu, the Japanese genius. Madame Henriette Ronner has painted to the very life the irresistible ways of the fascinating animals; and Mr. M. H. Spielmann in an exquisite volume has described in glowing terms, illustrated by numerous lovely examples from her facile pencil, their many claims to our admiration and love. Arthur Thomson exhibited some time ago at the Dutch Gallery, Hanover Square, pictures and studies of cats, which had a wonderful originality, and attracted the attention of many spectators, not much given to sentimentality.

But perhaps the greatest devotion that was ever drawn forth by the cat was that which Gotfried Mind, who was called the "Katzen-rafael" (the "Cat Raphael"), expended upon his pictures of it. Few of my readers can have heard of this artist, for he lived a very obscure life, and the admirable quality of his work hardly attracted any notice after his death. There is something peculiarly pathetic in his short biography. He was a most notable example of genius depressed, but never extinguished, by unusually unfavourable circumstances. From a short notice of his life, illustrated by ten plates of cat-groups from his pencil, published at Leipsic upwards of seventy years ago, we learn that he was born at Berne in 1768. At school he could not be taught the simplest elements of knowledge; he had great difficulty in writing his own name, and his mind always remained at the lowest grade. But he early developed an extraordinary talent for representing cats, and through his whole life he applied himself to his one task with the most absorbing zeal. With all cats he struck up a most remarkable friendship, which conquered their natural reserve, and made them devoted to him. While painting, a cat always sat on his back or shoulder, and he would keep for hours the most awkward postures so as not to disturb it. Frequently there was a second cat sitting on the table beside him, watching how the work went on; sometimes a kitten or two lay in his lap under the table. With these cats he kept up a playful, loving style of conversation; while if any human being interrupted him at such times he was greeted with frowns and growls. He had the art to seize the general nature of the animal, and in his portraits of their various physiognomies he delineated with the utmost truthfulness the specific character of each. To all his pictures he imparted a peculiar charm by a happy imitation of the soft velvety fur of the cat.



(Photo: E. Landor, Ealing, W.)

"WHO'S THAT?"

The story of "Puss in Boots" is one of the most curious of the variants of folk-stories from the East. It is one of the great moral instructors of the world: its moral being that kindness to animals will not go unrewarded, although that moral is illustrated in the story by what we should call very questionable means! In conclusion, I wish to draw attention to "The Book of the Cat," by Frances Simpson, now publishing in monthly parts by Messrs. Cassell and Co. It contains all that requires to be known about the cat, and is written in a very graceful and graphic way by one who has a most exhaustive and sympathetic knowledge of the whole subject.

AN HONOUR TO HIS NAME.

A Complete Story by Ethel F. Heddle.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
A MAN
AN HONOUR TO HIS NAME:
LIEUTENANT MALCOLM McNIALL,
OF THE 92ND REGIMENT,
WHO AFTER SERVING HIS COUNTRY IN
HOLLAND, PORTUGAL, AND SPAIN,
ON THE FIELD OF ALMEDA
GLORIOUSLY FELL,
JUNE 1811.
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY HIS WIDOW
EUPHEMIA McNIALL.

CHAPTER I.



"I ALWAYS liked the dear old inscription," Effie said. "It is difficult to read now, but I know it by heart. My grandmother used to tell me that grandfather liked this place better than any on the island. She said he told her his mother used to bring him here and read the inscription to him. Poor grandfather!"

"It is very sweet of you to pity him, Effie," the young man by her side said. "I don't think you owe him much pity! I suppose I'm a bit hard-hearted, but for your sake I can't quite forgive the old reprobate! What? Mayn't I call him that? You see, but for him and his fine on-going, you would be the heiress of half the countryside, and I your humble servant! I always feel as if my father had reft the land from you—even though he did pay your grandfather in very hard cash. And even yet, Effie, it always seems to me as if we were the tenants here, and you the real owner!"

Effie shook her bright head at that, regarding him lovingly. "I, who have not a rood of land anywhere, except my share in the 'Coffin Island,' the McNiall's burial island. Poor old reprobate, as you call him; it is all he has, too!"

"Unless he redeems the seventy thousand pounds to-morrow! Do you know it is the last day? I made my father very angry last night," and young Colin Sinclair laughed half ruefully. "I said I wished the McNiall would turn up after all, with the money in his hand! It is too bad to extinguish the name, Effie—to think of the last of the fine old race buried in a nameless grave!"

The girl's face clouded. Something tugged at her heart as her lover spoke. "Yes," she said, "and he will never hear the message grandmother left for him on her death-bed. She told me I was to tell him—as if she felt sure I would see him. But he must be an old, old man now, and no trace has been heard of him for years. They say he used to go to and fro, from the States to Spain and France, always losing money, always getting into trouble. He fought in the American war and in Spain. He must be a very weary old man. But I always think of him as like the portrait in the hall—the grand head, the reckless, handsome face; no one ever wore the kilt as he did, grandmother used to say. He broke her heart, and squandered poor father's inheritance, but she loved him to the last."

They wandered out of the little grassy chapel then, which stood in the midst of the strange, coffin-shaped island. To Effie McNiall there was no such sacred spot on earth. The last rood of ground left in Scotland to her race, and she was the last of that race. Here the McNialls lay buried; the chiefs and their ladies in the ruined chapel, the clan humbly outside, under the beech-trees and Scotch firs, with little rifts of pine-needles over the green mossy mounds, and the wild masses of the Lochert river rolling in tumbling streams of brown water and creamy foam on either side. She had lived all her life in the village nestling under the foot of the mountains, tending her ailing grandmother—an orphan, and the last of her race. Lady McNiall would not part with her; but for an occasional trip to Edinburgh—where the great lady of the county took her gladly, telling Effie that her forbears were "parcel-tying" while the McNialls served their king with covered heads (a proud privilege no McNiall would forego)—she had scarcely set foot in the great world. But it was out on the purple muir, where she was roving with her splendid yellow collie, that the heir of the Sinclairs saw her, and there and then lost his heart.

"I shall never marry anyone but Effie McNiall," he told his father; and when the old man growled out that she was the penniless last of a reckless and improvident race he was met by a calm obstinacy which baffled all discussion and objection.

Long ago the Sinclairs and the McNialls had fought for centuries, raiding each other's cattle, burning each other's villages, harrying each other's clans. Even the island had been

a source of intermittent warfare, for the property of the Sinclairs began at the very edge of the foaming river which swept round either side of the high, wooded island; but the Sinclairs' hour came with the ruin of Sholto McNiall, gambler and spendthrift, the hottest-headed and most violent-tempered man in all the Highlands. For Sholto went to borrow from the enemy of his race, and finally mortgaged the whole of his land to the Sinclairs, and sailed for the States, with fifty of his clan, there to gamble, to quarrel, and, from all accounts, to lose every penny. To-morrow the last day of the pledge expired, and the McNialls' estates passed for ever into the hands of the Sinclairs.

To Effie, alone now in the world, it could not but be a bitter hour. And as Colin Sinclair, senior, held firm still against the marriage, the lovers were to part till Colin had carved his way and made a home for himself.

They left the island after a little. It was October, and the leaves were falling thick and fast, red and yellow and rust-coloured. The river, swollen by the late rains, poured under the bridge from the road in a mighty current of rich peat brown which swept all before it. The sound of the waters almost drowned their voices as Effie gave her lover her hand. He was leaving next day for London. Effie was only to stay to shut up the little empty house, and then go to the situation the kindly Marchioness had found for her. It was farewell to Killeter for years.

They walked down the road together—Effie meant to return later for her farewell to the island; somehow, she wished to see it last of all quite alone—and then Colin went striding off, upright of figure, handsome, gay; quite ready for the tussle with fortune, secure in the knowledge that the love of a fair and sweet woman was worth all the money his father could bestow. He looked back and waved his Scots cap to her. Then a bend in the road hid him from sight.

CHAPTER II.

THE LAST OF THE CLANS.

"THE young leddy had the key. You will find the gate in the wall open. Will you be knowing the way? You pass over the bridge. I would be coming myself, but it iss late, and I am getting old and stiff—yes, and blind too. I am saying to my wife that I am as old as the hills! I feel it. I hef been here, man and boy, for eighty-five years. And I will be buried yonder, on the McNialls' island, before long. There are no McNialls left of the clan. And the old chief is dead, and buried in a foreign land. They are saying that."

"Is he, indeed?"

Old Sandy McNiall, leaning on his stick, did not hear very well, and he was quite unconscious of the inflection in the voice of the bent white figure which stood before him. Also he had almost lost his sight, and he saw very few details of this strange old man's personality.

A white, ivory face; strange, sunken, restless eyes, glittering still with the embers of old fires; high, finely cut features; long, unkempt hair; the mark of pathetic old age and illness in the trembling hands, the sunken cheek, the heaving chest. And then this strange old man raised his voice, speaking closely in the other's ear:

"Is all the old family gone? Every one?"

"All but the lass—the little lass—and she hass neither gold nor land. The old leddy had not a penny but her annuity. Miss Effie McNiall iss a penniless lass. They are saying that young Colin Sinclair would fain marry her, and that the laird iss sending him away and cutting him off with a shilling for that ferry thing! She wass here only yesterday, and 'Alastair,' she wass saying, 'you and I are the last of the clan that will be buried in the island, I think,' she said; 'but we will sleep there very sound, Alastair, with the sound of the Lochert in our ears and the leaves from the dear old trees falling above us.' That wass what she would be saying."

"And so he refused to let him marry her! Refused the last of the McNialls! Well, we are in the hollow of his hand, the hollow of his hand. The chief—did that. The reprobate!"

He walked away very slowly, leaning on his stick. His were slow steps. The strangely bright eyes looked around him like those of a hunted animal. He felt hunted—haunted as if with shadowy beckoning figures. He had roved here, a happy boy. He looked up at the wild jagged outline of the mountains, and knew their every curve and scaur. When he came to the island, he stood on the bridge as if petrified.

The river foamed under his feet, circling over a wide bed of boulders and breaking into little falls before it separated on each side of the island. There was the very pool he fished in as a lad, when he caught his first silver trout. He could lean over on the very stone. Voices called to him—dead voices. His mother came up and took his hand; he could feel again the clasp of her soft fingers. Time rolled back, and gave him a long-gone yesterday.

"Come into the island, Sholto! Do you see the three gates? The centre for the

chief, the right hand for his eldest son, the left for the clan! So we pass here, my boy, you and I!"

He heard the words, but walked in, an old, old man, with weak trembling steps, and passed through the proud centre gateway. He looked up and saw the island, the green mossy grass, the ruined chapel; his weary feet led him straight up to Lieutenant Malcolm's monument on the wall. It had been spring when she led him there: he remembered your hope, my boy. Your aim. So to live that honour ever walks with you, and courage and purity!"

"And will they write that for me, too?"

What did she say? The vision ended—broke miserably—grew again. He was here with his wife. He mocked at the story, at the old place, at the inscription. He saw her tightly shut lips, her sad eyes. "You think they'd write the word with a 'dis' before it for me; don't you, Syb? The reprobate! The



"For the moment he thought he was going mad."

the line of pale blue hyacinths, the nodding azure bells—the soft crumpled beech-leaves, the ferns, newly uncurled. Autumn now; wet sodden leaves—a cold, keen air—the hoarse, insistent roar of the river swirling, dashing on either side.

He was standing under the wall, reading the inscription.

"*Sacred to the memory—A man—An honour to his name!*"

He had forgotten that! And she had said—her voice was in his ear again; he inclined his head to hear.

"What does it mean, mother? '*An honour to his name*'?"

"That his life and his death did his name honour—shed a light upon it. That should be black sheep! Ah well! I've no desire to crumble to dust in the old Coffin Island, so it doesn't matter."

And now years—æons of time, it seemed—after, the aching longing to lie here had brought him over oceans, over weary miles, to this very spot.

The Coffin Island! He must lay his bones there. See it before he died. Lieutenant Malcolm's stone, and his mother's and *her* grave! She must have cursed him before she died. Still—oh, the heart-hunger to see where she lay!

A step beside him—a soft, rather reluctant step. He turned round, and, almost staggering, stood staring up at her. For the moment he thought he was going mad, and that it

was his wife! The same winsome face, the same wonderfully bright and gentle expression. Surely the same sunny hair!

"I think I startled you," Effie said gently. "Are you a stranger here?"

"Yes. But I came to see the place. A man I knew abroad told me of it."

Effie's eyes wandered over the piteous rags and patches, the dreadful boots, the trembling hands grasping the stick. "Then you know the history? This is the McNialls' island. I am the last of the race if my grandfather is dead. And they say he is."

"I suppose you hope he is?"

Effie, lapsing into a little reverie, answered as if unconsciously, "Oh no! I have a message for him."

"A message?"

"Yes, from my grandmother."

"What is it? I knew them both."

He was very old. He spoke with a curiously eager ring, a curiously imperative ring. Effie, still as if half absent-minded, answered slowly: "She said to tell my grandfather that there was no such word as despair! She said to tell him that God loved him, and that *she* loved him! That was all."

It seemed to strike her then that it was curious she should answer him so obediently. She looked up at the broken and dim lettering, and sighed.

"Lieutenant Malcolm was *his* father! '*An honour to his name.*' I sometimes feel——"

"What?"

"Such loving hearts prayed for him, my grandfather must have come to the haven before he died!"

No answer. She looked more closely then, and felt in her pocket. He had not begged, but he seemed so desperately poor and ill. Coming close, she slipped a shilling into his hand. "Will you please take this? It is so late. Have you any place to sleep?" He was looking at the coin strangely. He looked up at her then, an odd smile on his lips. "Thank you. Yes."

"You know someone here?"

"Yes. She sent me a message."

"Will you come back with me now? Back to the village?"

"No. I'll wait a bit, if you don't mind. And I'll hand Alastair McNiall in that key. Good-night, and thank you. Will you shake hands?"

They shook hands. His felt very cold. Effie fancied, though she was not sure, that he murmured something. And then she went away, looking back pitifully at the gate.

"Poor old man! I wonder who it is he knows here?"

* * * * *

The moon came out by-and-by, and the sky cleared. The silver light caught the roaring river, and the jutting boulders, and the pines on the island, and the three gates—for the chief, the heir, and the clan. The letters on the old cracked stone were quite distinct; so were the grassy mounds of the clan's graves.

Inside the chapel Lady McNiall's grave had a fresh wreath of heather and fern. It was close under the wall, in a sheltered nook. Her name, freshly cut, and the date of her death; that was all. The old man, apparently worn out, sank down beside it. By-and-by he pillowed his head on his arms. A smile, curiously contented, was on his waxy face; it was growing somehow oddly rested, oddly quiet. "The smoothing of the hand," which, Gaelic-speaking people will tell you, softly touches every dying face, might have touched him. The night fell. The river rushed on, and ever on; the three patient firs kept watch above him.

He never moved.

The last of the McNialls had come home at last, to the last of his inheritance. He fell asleep above her dead heart.

* * * * *

"Oh, Colin, did you hear? An old man was found dead this morning on the island. A poor weary old man. The doctor says death was due to exposure and heart failure, but that he had no strength left in his body. And I had seen him, and *spoken* to him!"

Colin, oddly grave, took her hand slowly in his. Should he tell her? Would it grieve her, vex her?

"My darling, I heard. My father was passing this morning, and saw the dead body. He recognised him. He knew the face, and there was a signet ring on his hand. Effie, it was your grandfather!"

She spoke never a word. She clung to him instinctively. Old, poor, desolate, ragged. That weary old man. The proud kilted figure of the picture. The chief of the clan!

"My father seems so softened, so strangely moved," Colin went on; "he is giving orders to have him buried beside Lady McNiall. He has told me, Effie, that he once loved your grandmother, and could never forgive Sir Sholto for winning her. And Effie, he has yielded! He says he only wanted to try my love and yours. He is coming down himself to take you home to-day!"

She listened, as if struck dumb, still. The clouds had lifted; there was to be no waiting, no probation. Looking up, she could see the laird descending stiffly from his carriage and advancing towards her. There was sorrow in his face—remorse, affection, pleading. And Colin, with eager and loving touch, led her on. But all she could think of, very tearfully, very gratefully, was, "I gave him her message!"

XUM

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES.

FOR BIBLE READERS AND TEACHERS.

BASED UPON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

MARCH 15TH, 1903.—**The Riot at Ephesus.**

Passage for reading—*Acts xix.* 29—40.

POINTS. 1. The Apostle desires to preach Christ.
2. A riotous assembly of idolaters opposes him.
3. The town clerk defends the worship of Diana.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Love of Preaching Christ.** The late Rev. Rowland Hill once wrote in a letter, "Old as I am, I am just returned from a missionary ramble; but I feel that I am getting old. Oh that I may work well to the last!" In all his journeys, even when he had reached a period beyond that usually allotted to man, he was disconcerted if he did not find a pulpit ready for him every evening. In one of his letters, fixing his days for preaching on his road to some place, he says: "Ever since my Master has put me into office I have ever esteemed it my duty to remember His admonition, 'As ye go, preach.'" His general answer to invitations to houses on his route was, "I shall be happy to come to you if you can find me a place in which to preach Christ."

Folly of Opposition to Christ. You have heard of the sword-fish. It is a very curious creature, with a long and bony peak or sword projecting in front of its head. It is also very fierce, attacking other fishes that come in its way, and trying to pierce them with its sword. The fish has sometimes been known to dart at a ship in full sail with such violence as to pierce the solid timbers. But what has been the result? The silly fish has been killed outright by the force of its own blow. The ship sails on just as before, but the angry sword-fish falls a victim to its own rage. Even so it is with the folly of those who oppose the cause of Christ. They cannot succeed; and, like the sword-fish, they only work out, sooner or later, their own destruction.

Image of Diana. The temple of Diana at Ephesus was magnificent, but the image of the goddess enshrined within was primitive and rude. It seems to represent Diana as the deity of fountains. The material was wood, a bar of metal was in each hand. The dress was covered with mystic devices, and the small shrine where it stood within the temple was concealed by a curtain in front. Yet, rude as the image was, it was the object of the utmost veneration, and believed to have fallen from the sky, and it was the model on which the images of Diana were formed for worship in other cities. ("Life and Epistles of St. Paul," by Conybeare and Howson.)

MARCH 22ND.—**St. Paul's Message to the Ephesians.**

Passage for reading—*Ephesians ii.* 1—10.

POINTS. 1. The world lying in sin.
2. The pardoning love of God.
3. The riches of grace in Christ Jesus.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Ruin of Sin.** It is said of some of the heathens in China that to please their gods they put themselves to death by going out on a deep river in a little boat, and with a vessel in their hand filling it with water. By degrees the boat becomes fuller and fuller, sinks to its edge, trembles for an instant, and then goes down with its poor deluded occupants. And this is just what is continually going on with every sinner and with the world at large. Every day, every month, every year, the souls of the ungodly and unbelievers are filling with sin, till at last will follow everlasting ruin upon those who fear not God.

The Forgiveness of Sins. A woman came to her minister one day carrying a bundle of wet sand. "Do you know what this is, sir?" she said. "Yes," was the reply, "it is wet sand." "But do you know what it means?" "I do not know exactly what you mean by it," he answered. "What is it?" "Ah, sir," she said, "that's me; and the multitude of my sins, like the grains of this sand, cannot be numbered. Oh! wretched creature that I am, how can I ever be saved?" "Where did you get the sand?" asked the minister. "At the Beacon." "Go back, then, to the Beacon. Take a spade with you; dig, till you raise a great mound. Pile it up as high as ever you can, and then leave it there. Take your stand by the sea-shore and watch the effect of the waves upon the heap of sand." "Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, "I see what you mean—the blood, the blood, the pardoning blood of Christ, it would wash all my sins away."

The Beginning of Grace. Trace back any river to its source, and you will find its beginning small. A little moisture oozing through the sand or dripping out of some unknown rock, or a gentle gush from some far-away mountain's foot, are the beginnings of many a great river, in whose waters tall ships may anchor and gallant fleets may ride. For the river ever widens and gets deeper till it mingles with the ocean. So is the beginning of a Christian's or a nation's grace. It is first a tiny stream; then it swells into a river, and then a sea. There is life and progress towards ultimate perfection when God finds the beginning of grace in any man.

MARCH 29TH.—**The Principles of Missionary Work.**

Passage for reading.—*St. Matthew xxviii.* 16—20.

POINTS. 1. To teach the truth as it is in Christ.
2. To make disciples of all nations.
3. To bring men's lives in conformity with that of Christ.

Preach the Gospel. A missionary in South India writes: "The question is sometimes put to us, 'Are you encouraged in your work?' I do not much like the form of the question, as it but faintly expresses what we feel in regard to our work. Our feeling is, 'Woe will be to us if we do not preach the Gospel to the heathen.' It is the fact of preaching and winning their hearts that makes

us so confident that by-and-by they will come to Christ, and will be His. Encouragement! In the last great Indian famine, when we were surrounded by multitudes of poor starving people, many of them too weak to come forward and stretch out a hand to ask for relief, we did not say, 'Have we encouragement to feed these people with bread?' We were too enthusiastic for that. We said, 'We must have bread for these people. They are perishing, and we must give them to eat.' And we must say the very same thing with regard to preaching the Gospel."

Enthusiasm for Missions. A short time before the late Mr. Cox, an American missionary, sailed for Africa he visited the university at Middletown, United States. In conversation with one of the students he said, "If I die in Africa, you must come after me and write my epitaph." To which the other replied, "I will; but what shall I write?" "Let a thousand missionaries die before Africa be given up," was the reply. In this spirit he died, and in this spirit have hundreds of missionaries died in different parts of the world. "Preach the Gospel to every nation" is the Master's command, and it must be obeyed.

The Result of Preaching. A countryman once complained to the minister of his parish that he preached on the same subjects over and over again. He admitted that the lessons taught were of the most serious and important nature, but he said there was not enough variety. "My friend," said the clergyman, "for what purpose do you imagine the precepts are given you?" "That we may obey them, I suppose," said the man. "You are right," was the reply; "and have you, then, learned to practise all the duties which I have already put before you?" The man was obliged to admit that he had not as yet. "When you have," said the minister, "I will either put before you some new duties to attend to or else I will keep silence, for practice is the end of preaching, and when your life entirely conforms to the life of Christ you will need no more sermons."

APRIL 5TH.—**St. Paul's Farewell to Ephesus.**

Passage for reading—*Acts xx.* 28-38.

POINTS. THE DUTY OF PASTORS.
1. To feed the Church of God.
2. To remain steadfast in the faith.
3. To work for and support the needy.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Growth in Grace.** Young Christians must be looked after like young trees, or they will never bear much fruit. The roots must be seen to and nourished, the tender shoots must be supported. The whole tree must be protected from cold blasts, and watered in dry weather. Then, when the right time comes, blossom may be looked for, and fruit will follow. So with the Church of Christ. Its roots must be firm, its faith strong. The young converts will need much watching, much support against temptation, much watering by prayer, much feeding with the milk of the Word; and then much fruit may be looked for and growth in grace. It will become a good tree of the Lord, and show forth His glory.

Dying in the Faith. As Luther lay dying a friend said to him, "Reverend father, do you die firm in the faith you have taught?" Luther opened his eyes, which were half closed, looked fixedly at his friend, and replied firmly and distinctly, "Yes, I do." He then fell asleep. Soon after, those nearest him saw him grow paler and paler; he became cold, and his breathing was more and more faint. At length he sent forth one deep sigh, and the great reformer was dead.

Care of the Poor. Thomas Willet, one of the old Puritan divines, was a man of remarkable benevolence. He spent the income of his two livings in comforting and entertaining the poor of the parish, often inviting them to feast in his own house. When asked why he did so, his reply was, "Lest Joseph and Mary should want room in the inn, or Jesus Himself should say at last, 'I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in.'"

APRIL 12TH.—**The Resurrection of Christ.**

Passage for reading—*1 Cor. xv.* 20-21, 50-58.

POINTS. CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.
1. An earnest of our resurrection.
2. A victory over our death.
3. A pledge of immortality.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Realising the Resurrection.** An Abyssinian convert was once brought to England to be educated as a missionary The climate, however, proved fatal to him. He caught cold and became very ill. It was soon seen that he could not live long. He wished to return to Abyssinia to tell his friends what the Lord had done for his soul; yet he was willing to die. "I shall be gone in a short time," he said. When asked where he was going, he replied, "First to the grave; then I shall rise again with a clear understanding, not so dark as it is now. Jesus rose from the dead, and because He lives I shall live also. I shall see the Lord Himself, and know all truths clearly." And then he died.

A Natural Resurrection. All nature teaches the resurrection from death to life. The day dies into the night, and is buried in silence and darkness. The next morning it revives or lives again, opening the grave of darkness and rising from the dead of night. This is daily resurrection. See, too, how the summer dies into winter. The sap lies buried in the ground. The earth is covered with snow or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre. But when the spring comes all begins to rise. The plants peep out of their graves, revive, and grow. This is the annual resurrection. The corn by which we live is cast upon the earth and buried in the ground that it may corrupt, and being corrupted may live again and multiply. Our bodies are fed by this yearly process, and we continue this present life by a constant succession of resurrections. Thus all things by which we live are repaired by corrupting, are preserved by perishing, and revive by dying.

Resurrection to Eternal Life. Passing by a house the other day, I saw a notice at the gate, "This house to let." "How is this? Is the former tenant dead?" I asked the caretaker. "No, sir," was the reply, "he has moved to a larger house in a better situation." And as we look upon the clay tenement in which some loved Christian friend has dwelt we can say, "He is not dead, but moved into the enduring house in the Better Land, where is eternal life."



BRINGING A LINE ASHORE.

(From the Drawing by S. W. Hunter.)

GIPSIES IN THEIR WINTER QUARTERS.

By D. L. Woolmer.

IT is Sunday afternoon, and the van-dwellers of Battersea are at home to a limited number of privileged friends. November has just come in, and glows with satisfaction at giving its detractors a pleasant surprise. That much maligned month smiles on caravans—red, blue, yellow, and all the colours of the rainbow, not to speak of black decorated with moresque carving and scarlet curtains, and others of the smart wasp-like combination of dark brown and gold. They are grouped with picturesque irregularity, and transform back-yards and patches of waste ground, otherwise during six months of the year as blank and dreary as London's half-hidden and uncared-for open spaces can be, into interesting and artistic scenes.

How many of the ratepayers living around them know of their existence? One ubiquitous charge—whether true or untrue, a fault or a misfortune, an advantage or a disadvantage—is continually brought against Londoners: they may live for years without making the inquiry, "Who is my neighbour?" But it is not given to everyone interested in the Romany tribes to take the gipsies' winter quarters under their personal observation. There are at least eight colonies of van-dwellers in Battersea alone, and to visit one would give by no means a just or fair idea of all. Society on wheels, like every other sphere, has its patricians and plebeians, its upright and religious, its idle and undeserving. But good, bad, or indifferent, the Travellers know what is due to themselves. Strangers who, simply to satisfy idle curiosity, should take it upon themselves to walk into private yards and call without an introduction would probably soon find themselves apologising for the intrusion.

On their visiting list, however, the van-dwellers have admitted Mr. John Dyer, Superintendent of the Ragged School Union, who nine years ago opened a mission specially for them. Anyone visiting them under his escort is secure of a civil and friendly reception. This, at least, was my experience as I accompanied him into some *culs-de-sac* hidden behind bricks and mortar, and generally enclosed by gates and palings. The first was an L-shaped yard which contained on this occasion about fifteen vans. Just within the entrance two neat little girls were deep in conversation. One with golden curls, a spotless dress of almost the same colour, and a muslin pinafore that might have just come from the hands of the clear-starcher, looked up with a smile of welcome. Such children match the ideal van, brilliant with new paint, polished windows, and white curtains.

"Good afternoon," says the visitor as the mistress of the first van appears at the upper half of the door. "Did you come to the 'Welcome Home'?"

She had received the invitation to the annual entertainment given to the "Travellers" in the Shaftesbury Welcome, Doddington Grove, but, as she imagined that it was for children only, her own little ones had had the enjoyment, but she had missed it; and also missed the gift of a Bible which had been provided for each grown-up guest. This

last disappointment would be remedied, and she would know better another time—that is, if she should live until next autumn and nothing unforeseen should happen to change the ordinary course of events. For as regularly as the encampment breaks up in spring, the vandwellers return before winter. The ideal gipsy life on the common may be all that the poets describe it while the summer lasts; but when every blade of grass stiffens into crystallised spikes, or when the hills sleep under a white coverlet, beautiful as the landscape may be, the town offers an escape from the most severe hardships that are an integral part of nomadic life.

"I've been roaming, I've been roaming
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming
With its pearls upon my feet."

Whether they sing for joy at coming away from the meadows where the pearls are transformed into sharp cutting diamonds, away from the chill October's driving wind and drenching rain, away from the spongy woods to seek the shelter of a forest of bricks and mortar, is more than doubtful. A small child shook her head gravely and decidedly in reply to the question whether she was glad to return to town. Not even the "Welcome Home," when two hundred guests, old and young, availed themselves of the invitation to a meat tea followed by addresses and sacred music, could make up for the freedom of the open country. The wanderer's life has its joys as well as its hardships. Next-door, a long experience of both enabled the mistress to speak with authority on this point.

"I am coming up to shake hands with you, Mammy," said Mr. Dyer, climbing up the steps of the van. "Have you been telling any fortunes lately? You know that you offered to tell mine once."

A face that might have been any old lady's fortune looked over the lower half of the door. It twinkled with gleeful humour as she owned that in past days she had had some fun in this respect. But lately she had not been strong enough even to carry out her basket of combs to sell. Her intelligent countenance changed from gay to grave as she listened and assented to the remark that her own and everyone else's fortune was written in Heaven, and to each one preparation for life in the next world was a solemn concern of the present time.



"'AND SOMETIMES I FEEL VERY TIRED OF IT.'"

"I sometimes lie awake thinking of the world's fortune," she said. "With so much that is terrible happening, it seems to me that a great change must be coming near. Don't you think so?"

She was up in present-day history, and took the news of earthquakes and eruptions of volcanoes to heart. Mammy's dress was a survival, and enhanced the impression, of gipsy traditions. Short silvery curls hung on her neck below the dark green handkerchief tied round her head. Ear-rings with bright red stones, and a necklace of amber beads, completed the effect. She had lived all her life in a van—"And sometimes I feel very tired of it," she added, her dear old face assuming once more its habitual expression of chastened endurance. "I should like to settle down in a little cottage in my native place."

Would any country cottage look so cosy as her own neat little home? Yet the

interior that glowed in the ruddy firelight was not sufficiently spick and span to please her; she had not felt equal to setting it thoroughly to rights, and just now she was alone. "I have a very good son," she said, "but he works amongst horses, and is sometimes away for a fortnight at a time. We used to be horse-dealers, but we have come down in the world."

So she and her family probably belonged to a superior class of gipsies called Griengroes, or horse-dealers, whose business to buy ponies in Wales and sell them again in the Eastern Counties or East Midlands used to be well known. Some yards of very slushy walking divided her van from the next group, and the social distinction between them was equally marked. Here rags and squalor were the order of the day. In one corner, some girls with a basin on the ground were making their toilet. A child, under the process of having her shock head reduced to the order of civilisation, profited by the diversion that the entrance of visitors created to escape from the comb and assist in the duties of hostess; but she was captured and again subjugated to the torture. All were equally friendly, and when Mr. Dyer proposed to open a Sunday school in this yard, the mothers warmly encouraged the idea, saying that it would be very good for the children; they found it difficult to send them so far as the school already opened for them.



"'MY MOTHER NEVER SLEPT IN A HOUSE IN HER LIFE.'"

To that school it was now time to repair. The modest centre of the Mission to Van-dwellers is the half of a railway arch. A partition down the middle divides it from a blacksmith's forge. Despite the fact that smoke from the bellows will creep through crevices and contend for the mastery with the whitewash, despite cracks in one wooden wall and peep-holes which young rascals have bored through the other, despite the lack of numerous conveniences generally regarded as essential to any educational establishment, the place attracts overflowing numbers. As long as there is room to spare, children of the neighbouring streets flock in; but a word or sign of objection on their part to sit beside their neighbours of the caravans is met with a reminder that other schools are open to them: this is the only one where the Travellers are secure of a welcome. Rough and restless as these sharp children may be, the inducement to take up lighter labour in a quiet airy building fails to tempt the teachers to forsake them. Some have worked on year after year, almost from the beginning of the mission, and do not leave the railway arch from the opening of the afternoon Sunday school until the close of a magic lantern service for van-dwellers of all ages which is held at 6 o'clock.

But between the two services there is time to visit another colony, larger and more picturesque than the last. Within the entrance of the yard stands a one-storeyed cottage, gay with its setting of beds and window-boxes of yellow chrysanthemums. "You ought to have seen it when

the nasturtiums were out," the mistress said. One solitary little orange-coloured flower remains among the clustering leaves. It tells of the glories of summer days that are past, just as here and there in an encampment one rare specimen of a gipsy claiming pure breed is scattered amongst the other van-dwellers. What account do they give of themselves and of the causes that separate them from the rest of the world? They probably know less about their own origin and traditions than poets and scholars who find the derivation of the various names by which they are called a fascinating study, and trace them back by various routes to Rome, Egypt, or farthest Ind.

"Zingara," George Borrow explains, is derived from the Sanscrit, and the name first attracted the attention of historians, early in the fifteenth century, when claimed by immense numbers of immigrants who appeared in Germany. They were of dark complexion, some of nearly negro blackness, and spoke a language of their own. They had come from Lower Egypt, they said, and were doing seven years' penance for the sin of their forefathers, who had refused hospitality to the Babe of Bethlehem when Joseph and Mary escaped with Him from the sword of Herod. The exact inventor of this fable is veiled in mystery. The name of Zingara betrayed the professing penitents, and proved that they hailed from Hindustan. It signifies a man of mixed race. Their characteristics and occupations have stuck with singular fidelity to their descendants. In the fifteenth century, dexterity of fingers and a reputation for telling good or bad luck possessed the women, whilst fiddlery, farriery, and horse-clipping were the favourite professions of the men.

To come back to present-day history, this second colony could boast of most of the idiosyncrasies noticed in the gipsies five hundred years ago. Van-dwellers now, however, perhaps from intermarriage with Gorgios, as they term men of a different race from their own, deserve more than ever the name of Zingara, or mongrel. A very smart, superior man—to all intents and purposes, as far as could be judged from appearances, an Anglo-Saxon, invited me to enter his van, where he was already entertaining two guests, and offered me a seat, cushioned and covered with fresh blue-and-white chintz. A bed which just showed behind muslin curtains looked very inviting, and the glowing firelight might search the corners without discovering any untidiness. He remarked that one advantage that a van possessed over a house was that it could be more



MR. DONOVAN, THE OWNER OF THE COTTAGE DESCRIBED AND CHIEF MAN OF THIS YARD.

easily turned out and cleaned, and he pointed to an arrangement in the roof which admitted of its opening with a hinge so as to obtain plenty of air in hot weather. Here was the ideal home on wheels, apart from the fancy portrait of a gipsy. Not far off, however, was a representative of breeding altogether innocent of house-pride.

A dark-complexioned lady, with a broad face and curly black hair growing low on her forehead, sat smoking a pipe on the steps of her van. With a group of acquaintances she was watching some lads playing at bowls. Their green was a patch of broken ground about a quarter the regulation size, and as smooth as a stubble field. The elders of the party entered into conversation. At first the subject was education, in which they were greatly interested. The lady

complained of the difficulty of finding a suitable school for her boys; her repeated applications had met with the answer that there was no room for them. These young students had uncommon and trisyllabic names. She called one and introduced him to bear out her assertion that her children were as good and as clean as others. As though to demonstrate his hearty approval of a representative of learning, a pretty little urchin ran into the arms of the superintendent of the Railway Arch Sunday school, whom he recognised, clasped him round the legs, and buried his unkempt head as near to his breast as he could reach. The talk increased in animation when it was casually suggested that the child's mother was not a real gipsy.

"Indeed I am," she declared indignantly, rising to the bait, and she cited proofs positive of her pure blood, including her husband's and her own maiden name, which were the same. "My mother never slept in a house in her life," she added, "and it is not many who could say that."

"Your father slept in a house," remarked a good-looking man somewhat mischievously, as though pride of birth and pedigree must be kept within bounds. She retaliated with an allusion to his own family history, and the chaff and fencing that followed led to voluntary revelations of the need of mission work among the community. Unanimity was restored when the talk turned on the relative advantages of town and country life. Nothing that London could give compensated the gipsy for the open common, with its savoury delicacies of mushrooms and hedgehogs so easily attained. Now, the men were obliged to go as far as Wimbledon to bring back a bag of prickly balls; but, for all that, it was not unusual for them to be killed, roasted, and eaten in this yard.

"I have one roasting at my fire now," a woman said, looking out of a van where she had been a silent listener to the discussion. All agreed that outsiders had no appreciation of the value of hedgehog. Not only was its flesh far richer and more delicate than rabbit, but its fat was a very efficacious cure for deafness.

Gipsy lore and Board school learning, hereditary instincts and acquired conventionalities, primitive diet and the quickly procured tinned provisions—how long can these and many other diverse and contending elements exist together? A glance at the smartest and most aristocratic colony, the one consisting of the Travellers regularly employed by the owner of a fair, is enough to make one hope that the cheerful scene will steadily resist all dissolving agencies, and long break the dreary monotony of the surrounding sordid streets. One last look on a less prosperous community when evening has closed in, veiling squalor that is only too evident by daylight, leaves an impression that the Romany life is all that poets and painters have depicted it. The fantastic habitations with glowing windows, silhouetted against the deep blue sky, assume a deeper sable in contrast to ruby, emerald, and topaz lamps. What if these dots of brilliancy are only prosaic railway signals giving warning of "danger," the need of "caution" or the assurance that "all is right"? Familiarity with them need not breed contempt.

The various three conditions of the railway lines find their parallels in the humankind now lost in the darkness and in the fine effects of Nature's own painting. Here are stern realities of the suffering of a wanderer's life and grand opportunities of doing good. Dirt, ignorance, degradation that might be remedied are too common; vans out of repair with only a tarpaulin to keep the shivering inmates dry are a melancholy spectacle by daylight; perhaps the offer of a prize for the neatest and cleanest home in the colony is just the incentive required to bring many of them up to the standard reached by the minority. Here is native dexterity that weaves baskets or turns out clothes-pegs, and well deserves encouragement; there, a sick Traveller, sleepless for want of warm covering, and longing for a hospital letter. Everywhere there is a call for help to live a holy, righteous, and sober life, for these strangers are apt to be overlooked by the organisations of churches already overburdened with poverty and numbers. Religious work is not lost on van-dwellers. A Traveller's career may be perfectly consistent with that of a disciple of the Master Whose life was spent in going about doing good. One in the winter quarters may prove his practical Christianity by industry in the gasworks, which employs a certain proportion as

stokers, another by honest trade with a hawker's basket or a costermonger's barrow. This last calling is the favourite amongst the restless, roving tribe.

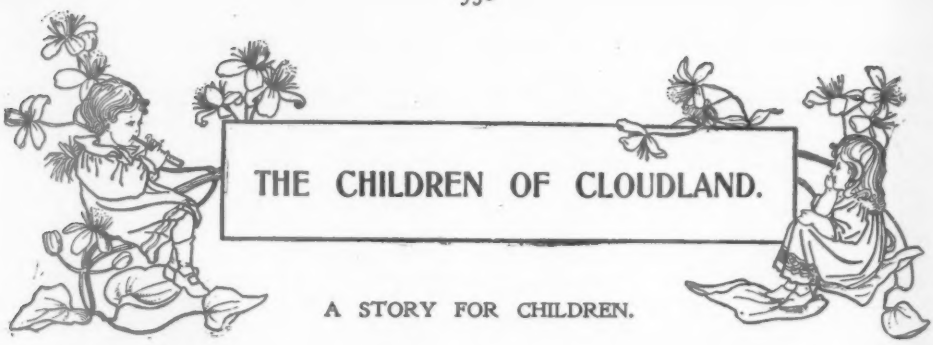
"I turned over £2 on one Saturday night," said one industrious rabbit dealer. This was just in the favourable season, and he emptied his truck. What then? It was time to enjoy himself, so he stood upon it and preached to a congregation who would probably have never listened to an exhortation to repentance and righteousness from any other pulpit. The gifts of homely wit and eloquence, possessed in a very large degree by the van-dwellers, will find a vent, and it is well when they are dedicated to God's service. I came upon one of these irrepressible orators standing at a corner, and heard his closing words. His only serious auditors were two constables, who seemed resolved to keep an eye upon him. "Very plausible," the younger interrupted, with all the scorn he could muster, whilst looking round to see the effect of an ultra-polite remark of the coster.



THE SMARTEST AND MOST ARISTOCRATIC COLONY.

"We cannot speak too highly of the vigilance of our police," proceeded the orator, in a tone of lofty patronage. "There they stand, to protect our property," with a graceful flourish which took in at once the dignified representatives of law and order and all his valuable stock, which consisted of about half a dozen rabbit skins on a barrow, "and under their care all is safe." As he glanced around, the twinkle in his eye was irresistible to any other that it could catch, except perhaps to the companions of the bull's-eye.

Such a man as this keeps his wits sharpened by living upon them. How many and various are the methods by which van-dwellers keep body and soul together, it is impossible to say. A very slight experience of them is enough to prove the truth of the hackneyed statement that "One half of the world does not know how the other half lives." Certain it is that the surprises hidden under the surface of life in the great city are far from being exhausted.



THE CHILDREN OF CLOUDLAND.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

OF course it was her fault, from the beginning, although Mrs. Marchmont would sooner have cut off her little finger than have said so to her.

She had come down to stay with the rector and his wife in order to learn English at the lonely little house on the hill which went by the name of Carthell Rectory. Moreover, she was young—very, only about eighteen—and Mrs. Marchmont had thought that a point in her favour at the beginning, because she could help to amuse the children.

Cécile Felersen was very ignorant of the ways of children, having been brought up entirely by a maiden aunt. Consequently, when the small Marchmont son and heir and his sister took her for a playfellow, she found their games and amusements a little hard to understand.

When she had made sufficient progress in the language, she hit upon the happy expedient of telling them stories, and from that day onwards she had no peace. One afternoon, towards the end of March, Cécile and the children made a pilgrimage to some marshy meadows, where the golden daffodils danced in the breeze:

> "Continuous as the stars that shine
> And twinkle on the milky way,
> They stretched in never-ending line."

They had picked enough for the church decorations, they had filled a basket for the old invalid village postmistress, and were going home, when the children called their companion's attention to the artistic shapes of the pink sunset clouds which rose from behind a belt of dark fir-trees on the horizon, outlined against a pale sea-green sky.

"Ah, that!" said Cécile thoughtlessly, "that is the golden Cloudland!"

"Why?" asked little May, with all a child's curiosity.

Cécile laughed. "It is because in my country we believe that the pretty fleecy clouds at sunset are inhabited by good children, who are busy lighting up for the night their little pink candles!" she said.

Little Jack gazed at the clouds as if expecting to see the child inhabitants forthwith, and was bitterly disappointed when they suddenly melted away, and a cold grey pallor overspread the sky instead.

"They are gone," he cried, seizing Cécile's arm.

The girl stooped and kissed the regretful little face.

"They have only blown out their candles and gone to bed, like the good little children they are!" she reminded him. "Come along, or we shall be late blowing out *our* candles too!"

But later on that evening, when they had both been tucked into their little cots for the night, the children, instead of sleeping, plotted busily for a visit to Cloudland. One afternoon they would slip away from the Rectory, and go to the dark wood, behind which lay the golden Cloudland, just to see the children who lived there. They had no intention of staying; they were merely going to pay a call—as "Mummie" often did, dressed up in her Sunday best. And their last waking thought was how they should circumvent old Nursie in order to get possession of their Sunday clothes!

It so happened that fortune, which proverbially favours the brave, lent a helping hand to the children's scheme. Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont were called away suddenly to go and see an aunt who was dying, and Cécile had an English lesson to prepare for the following day. The children asked the old Nurse if they might go and play outside, meaning, of course, the distant wood, the way to which they knew perfectly well, having driven there with their mother sometimes for picnics in the summer. The Nurse, who was busy mending some stockings, granted her permission without the least hesitation, thinking they were only going in the garden, and knowing that Mrs. Marchmont always trusted them alone there.

But how to get the Sunday clothes? Jack



"Hand in hand they slipped out on to the high road."—*p.* 538.

said it was no good asking Nurse, because she would not understand that they did not want to *play* in them; so they must try and get them out of the big drawer in the cupboard on the landing outside the nursery where they were always kept.

This they did without being found out, and carried them off in triumph to an old summer arbour at the bottom of the garden, where they quickly changed their overalls and made themselves smart enough to pay calls.

Then, hand in hand, they slipped out on to the high road, and ran as fast as their legs could carry them towards the dark wood, which seemed particularly far off, just because they wanted to get there quickly. But it was some miles, and little May's fat legs carried her with difficulty over the ploughed fields they had to cross sometimes in order to take what Jack called, with the wisdom of his eight years, short cuts; but which seemed very long ones to six-year-old May.

The pink clouds, however, rose gently behind the great belt of trees, and the sight of their goal gave the children fresh courage. There were ever so many good children lighting their pink candles to-night, they decided, because the Cloudland stretched right across and beyond the wood.

The wood, however, when reached, inspired them with awe. It was very dark, and the paths a little disconcerting; moreover, they completely lost sight of the pink candles which had seemed so near only a very short while before entering the wood. Many birds were building in the tree-tops, and their noises sounded uncannily in the children's ears as they trudged bravely on through the darkness. It was really getting very dark now, and May had lost a shoe, which had to be hunted for unsuccessfully. Then they began to feel very hungry, and the good children lived such a long way off that they thought they would put the visit off until another day, and—perhaps—take Cécile with them, in order not to lose their way.

Having come to this decision, Jack, holding May's little hand, turned back, meaning to go home. But the way was puzzling—the darkness grew deeper, and he could not remember which of the many paths he had taken. He was a brave little boy, but he had to confess himself beaten.

"It's no use," he said to his little sister, standing still in the middle of the short grassy path: "I don't know the way, and it's so dark; I think we'd just better wait here until it gets lighter——"

"All the night?" echoed May, shuddering, her baby face puckering itself into a picture of misery. "Shan't we get home to-night, Jackie?"

"We can sit down here and wait," he replied, putting his arm round her and kissing her face, "and perhaps—who knows?—the Cloudland children will lend us some of their candles!"

Cheered by this little forlorn hope, the children sat down on the mossy trunk of a fallen tree, as close together as they could to keep warm. But never a candle did the children of Cloudland bring them, and at last, tired out, they fell asleep and forgot their sorrows in dreams.

When they woke they were conscious of a light in their eyes, and a voice, which they recognised as their father's, saying:

"Thank God, the children!"

Then they were lifted in strong arms, and carried so far that it seemed as though they fell asleep again until "Mummie's" lips were kissing them as if she had never expected to see them again.

"Thank God, Arnulf!" she whispered to her husband, as the two little ones were tucked into their own little cots. And her husband echoed the thanksgiving from the bottom of his heart.

The next day they heard how the children had started off to pay a call on the inhabitants of Cloudland, and Cécile, with tears in her eyes, told Mrs. Marchmont the story she had previously told the children, little dreaming that they would seek to prove the truth of it so soon! And Jackie promised never to pay calls again without first asking father's advice—not even on the children of Cloudland.

E. C. GIDLEY.



TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S CHAIRMAN.

THE National Temperance League during the half-century of its most useful work has been exceptionally fortunate in its Chairmen. The more recent occupants of this office have been Mr. William Isaac Palmer, J.P., of Reading, Mr. T. Marchant Williams, J.P. (the present stipendiary of Swansea), and the Hon. Conrad Dillon, upon whose death Mr. John Young Henderson stepped into the breach. His interest in Temperance work has grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. Born in 1851, he went out to Japan in 1873, and was instrumental in starting Temperance work in Yokohama. With one or two kindred spirits, Mr. Henderson allied himself with the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and, as a result of their efforts, the first Temperance Hall in Japan was erected at Yokohama. Upon his return home he established himself in business in the City of London, and has for many years past been prominently identified with the Temperance work of the metropolis. He is a member of the Corporation of the Borough of Wandsworth and Vice-Chairman of the Committee of the Christian Union for Social Service. He is also a member of the Committee of the Army Temperance Association and Chairman of the Surrey Band of Hope Union. In the Temperance work of the Presbyterian Church of England, of which he is a leading elder, he takes the deepest interest, and Mr. Henderson upon several occasions has done much to enlist the hearty co-operation of his co-religionists. He has frequently travelled on the Continent, and in the United States and Canada, and was one of the important deputation sent out by the London Chamber of Commerce in December last on a fraternal visit to the Chamber of New York. As a speaker he is clear, methodical, convincing, and, as becomes a Scotsman, logical. It is an open secret that on more than one occasion Mr. Henderson has been invited to come forward as a candidate for Parliament, and there can be no doubt that his all-round knowledge of affairs would make him an admirable representative for any constituency, while his presence in St. Stephen's would be cordially welcomed by the earnest band of Temperance men who look after the legislative interests of the movement.



(Photo: S. E. Pollard, Streatham, S.W.)

MR. J. Y. HENDERSON.

THE SAME OLD THEME.

"Still harping on my daughter," someone will say, but really believing as I do "that the intelligent use of the Press lies at the basis of all real progress in Temperance work," I cannot help making a quotation from a paper which recently appeared in a popular magazine, on "The Business Side of Literature." The writer says: "Our national drink-bill is now something like £160,000,000 per annum; our national book-bill, including the purchase of school books and text-books, has been reckoned at between £2,000,000, and £3,000,000, which, for a population of forty millions, works out at something less than two shillings a head, as against nearly four pounds a head for liquor." What a text for speakers! How every printer, publisher, bookseller and newsvendor ought to be on the side of the Temperance movement. And yet many of our leading Temperance workers have no knowledge of Temperance literature past or present, and by their apathy are doing their best to ensure that there shall be no Temperance books in the future!

A NEW EFFORT FOR THE U.K.A.

To Mr. William Williams, of Southampton, has been entrusted the herculean task of raising a special fund of one hundred thousand guineas for the United Kingdom Alliance. It says much for his enthusiasm and for his belief in the righteousness of his cause that he has entered upon his great task in the most optimistic frame of mind. If "well begun is half done," Mr. Williams is certainly entitled to shake hands with himself, and although the workers in Southampton, in which town he has been stationed for so many years, regret

to part with him, they naturally feel a satisfaction that one who has been so much to them has been thought worthy of being chosen to



(Photo: C. Gould and Co., Southampton.)

MR. W. WILLIAMS, FINANCIAL SECRETARY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.

pioneer an effort which is likely to be of such service to the development of aggressive work throughout the United Kingdom. Mr. Williams's work in Southampton as representative of the United Kingdom Alliance, Chairman of the Band of Hope Union, and a leading Good Templar has brought him into personal communication with every phase of Temperance effort.

THE FIRST BANK HOLIDAY OF THE YEAR.

What arrangements, if any, are Temperance workers making for Easter Monday? Twenty years ago every properly conducted local Temperance society went in for a Bank Holiday entertainment as a distinct counteractive to the public-house. A thorough revival in this direction is much needed, and it is to be hoped that some of our readers will take the hint and act upon it.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

After the soldiers we must certainly take the sailors; indeed, in strict order the older service should have had first place. We have in these pages more than once commended the noble work of Miss Agnes Weston in the Royal Navy. It is a matter for congratulation that there is now not a single ship in commission in the King's service which does not contain some members of Miss Weston's noble society. In the great school at Greenwich there is the largest Band of Hope in the world, over one thousand lads in training who have voluntarily allied themselves with the Band of Hope. This work has also been fully dealt with in THE QUIVER, so we shall now give one or two testimonies of another kind bearing upon Temperance as it relates to the men "who go down to the sea in ships, and whose business is on the great waters." In a report of the Pennsylvania Temperance Society, so far back as 1831, it is stated: "The brig *Globe*, Captain Moore, has lately returned from a voyage to the Pacific Ocean. She had on board a crew of ten persons, and was absent nearly eighteen months. She was, during the voyage, in nearly all the climates of the world; had not one sick person on board, and brought the crew back all orderly and obedient. All these advantages Captain Moore attributes, in a great measure, to the absence of spirituous liquors. There was not one drop used in all that time; indeed, there was none on board the vessel." Commodore Goodenough, whose tragic death in the South Seas in 1875 made such a deep impression, was greatly beloved by the men under his command. It was for their sakes that he became a total abstainer. Upon first taking an interest in the Temperance question he was not a teetotaller, but, reflecting upon the matter and examining it in its several bearings, he soon changed his opinions, and came to the conclusion that he could not consistently advise his men to do what he did not do himself. Henceforward he rigidly abstained from the use of all intoxicating liquors. Sympathy with those who were endeavouring to raise and rescue his men in the first place considerably influenced his decision; but he was not long in discovering that his example not only furnished him with an answer to those who affirmed that it was impossible to do without stimulants in hot or cold climates, or after much hard work, but that his own health improved under the cold water treatment, and, as he expressed it at a meeting in Sydney, a few weeks before his death, he was "as much up to hard work, as ready for any enjoyment, any exertion, or exposure (even to passing a night under a tree), as I have ever been in my life, and even more so." An instance of Commodore Goodenough's uncompromising manner of viewing things is thus recorded: "Discussing one day with a friend some of the difficulties of young officers with regard to expenses and extravagance, his companion, a younger man, spoke of being more careful. 'No,' said he, 'it's no use talking about being *more careful*, and trying to ease a thing off; my principle is, that if I found a thing interfering with my duty to my life, I would cut it off, root and branch, make an end of it at once; that is the only way.'"

SHORT ARROWS.

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.



(*Photo: Russell and Sons, Southsea.*)

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND MRS. DAVIDSON.

The New Primate.

WE are glad to be able to give our readers this month a recent portrait of the new Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Davidson. The new Primate, Dr. Randall Thomas Davidson, comes of a Scottish family, and was born on April 7, 1848. He graduated from Trinity College, Oxford, and was three years in a curacy at Dartford before he was appointed private secretary and chaplain to Archbishop Tait, whose second daughter, Edith, he married in 1878. For a few months after the death of his father-in-law Dr. Davidson continued to serve his successor as chaplain, but in 1883 he was appointed Dean of Windsor and Domestic Chaplain to her late Majesty, and these offices he held until 1891, when he was appointed Bishop of Rochester. Four years later he was translated to the see of Winchester, and a couple of years ago he was appointed Clerk of the Closet to the King.

"Famous Hymns and their Authors."

A STORY is told of an old North country man who was taken by a friend to a great "revival" meeting. When the service was over and the two were on their way home, the stranger's opinion on what he had heard was asked. "Ah, man," he is said to have replied, "I don't think so much of your preaching, but your ballads are grand!" Some such reflection may well occur to the reader of Mr. Francis A. Jones's "Famous Hymns and their Authors," which has just been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Differ as we may about the effectiveness of our preachers, our hymns, as a whole, reach a very high standard of excellence.

The proverbial permanence of the written word doubtless helps each generation to keep only the tried and best of the hymns passed on to it by its predecessors. But it is still true that the place of the hymn in the life of British Protestantism can hardly be over-estimated. Mr. Jones has grouped the hymns of which he writes according to their subjects, and has not followed the usual method of writers on this topic in taking up each author's work in its chronological order. Each method has its advantages, but that chosen by Mr. Jones tends somewhat to break the thread of the personal narrative. Apart from this he has very cleverly gathered together the stories of many of our best known and best loved hymns, and he has taken special pains to procure authentic information from, or of, living or recently dead writers. His book is illustrated by many excellent facsimiles of autograph copies of the hymns, and by some interesting portraits. Much has been written on this subject before, but Mr. Jones has succeeded, in an unusual degree, in combining reliable information with a popular presentation of it.

A Row of Peas.

I HAVE been very much struck, says an observer, with the very human behaviour of a row of peas in the garden. It was sowed in March in cold, dry weather. Its youth was hard, slow of growth, and not untried by mice and birds. At last, in spite of all delays and difficulties, it became a very presentable row. It is forty feet long. It has reached about two feet in height. On one side of it galvanised wire frames have been fixed upright in the ground to serve as stakes, very neat, symmetrical, mathematical. On the other, as there were not enough of the wire supports, a row of rough branches of larch was put in. Though the wire supports are on the sunny side of the row, to which the plants would naturally grow, the whole row has bent to the north-west and laid hold of the larch branches. That is, they have accepted the rough but kindly help offered them by the wood, and shrunk away from the regular, admirable, but cold support of the metal. Is there not Nature's hint here of how it is that young people often seem to reject the influence of home and church? Where family life is over-regulated, not very bright, not very affectionate; where the church is conventional and lifeless, is it any wonder that lives eager for brightness, freedom, warmth, bend away from these and accept the offers of less safe and less admirable allies? Is it not well that fathers and mothers should remember that there is often a pleasant enough company in the public-house parlour? Don't let them think that there is no good talk or good fellowship there, or, at least, what their young son might take for such unless he has something better at home.

Pride's Grievances against God.

OF all the modern successors of those who, in the parable, falsely and frivolously excused themselves from the King's marriage feast, the most contemptible, perhaps, are those who seem to try to revenge a fancied slight, on the part of one of His creatures, upon their Creator. The idea sounds blasphemous, but the practice is common. So-and-so has been offended by somebody, or by something, connected with such-and-such a church, and leaves that church for evermore. The rector's wife, being short-sighted, did not bow to Mrs. Jones yesterday in High Street; the Jonesian pew (the sheltered one, out of the draught) must be relinquished next quarter day. How can Miss Smith's Monday sewing class expect to see her, when the curate (who went opposite the very first week he came) has omitted to call? A lady we know, of a lethargic tendency, had deserted a church because the vicar stared straight at her, in the most marked manner, when he ventured to express a disapproval of sitting down during an act of praise, such as the anthem. Only his intimate friends are aware that the vicar, owing to a shooting accident in his youth, has his left eye made of glass. In a country parish, a clergyman was speaking to an old man, who lay dying, and whom he had never seen at church, about his neglect of religion. "I will tell you, sir," said the dying man, "how it was. I used to perform in the band in the gallery at your church. Nineteen years ago, when they restored the church, they knocked down that gallery, and I said I would never go to church again until I was carried there." And the obstinate rustic instrumentalist never did. The pretexts, surely, of these blind victims of self-conceit will have even less colour than the poor excuses of the men of the parable in the Day of Judgment.

No Boots Thrown.

IN her book, "The Yangtze Valley," Mrs. Bishop states that a Chinese servant of hers said that he liked to serve missionaries because he never got boots thrown at his head "in the foreign teachers' houses." The often trifling but always continued troubles of life in the tropics have a tendency to arouse the tempers of people who are not under the sway of "gentle Jesus, meek and mild." The Chinese, with their Eastern repose of manner, think that the racket which Europeans living in the East make with their tempers is a note of barbarism. They soon realise that those who really belong to what they call the "Jesus religion" have a power of self-control of which ordinary heathens, not to say nominal Christians, have no experience.

The Torrey and Alexander Mission: The New Moody and Sankey.

DR. R. A. TORREY and Mr. Charles Alexander, who are following in Moody and Sankey's footsteps as world-wide evangelists, are now in Great Britain. They came to London from Australia by way of India in January, and after conducting a three weeks' mission at Mildmay Conference Hall were bound for Edinburgh and Glasgow, and an evangelistic campaign in Scotland. In the summer, Dr. Torrey, who is the Superintendent of Mr. Moody's Bible Institute at Chicago, will cross the Atlantic to resume his work there, but with his colleague is expected to be in Britain again in October for a vigorous and perhaps prolonged

campaign. Dr. Torrey has a fine face, with a firm mouth, and sharp eyes, which can beam with a genial smile. He is forty-six years of age, the son of a New York banker, and was educated at Yale. He studied divinity, and became a Congregational minister. He then studied in Germany, and, returning to America, founded a Congregational church at Minneapolis, also superintending the



DR. R. A. TORREY.

City Missionary Society in that town and organising great evangelistic meetings in theatres and halls. While thus engaged he attracted the notice of the late Mr. D. L. Moody, who invited him to superintend the Chicago Bible Institute. This invitation he accepted, and combined with it the pastorate of Chicago Avenue Church. Being a prodigious worker, he also devoted some time to the organisation of evangelistic missions in great cities. From such work it was but a comparatively easy step to conduct missions in the large towns of other countries, and, receiving an invitation to visit Australia, he went, accompanied by Mr. Charles Alexander, the Sankey of the movement. According to reports, the two evangelists enjoyed most extraordinary popularity, thousands flocking to the meetings, and all the churches co-operating in the mission. Visiting New Zealand, and repeating their experiences in that colony, they then conducted missions in India, also, it is said, with remarkable success. Mr. Charles Alexander, who is, like Dr. Torrey, an American, is younger than his colleague; he is tall and somewhat thin, and possesses a fine baritone voice. He not only sings himself, but can make his audiences sing also. People cannot help singing, remarks the *Southern Cross*, when Mr. Alexander smiles, waves his arms, and shouts, "Sa-a-y, sing it, will you? Don't sing 'That will be Glory for Me' as if you were at a funeral! Shine up your faces, and let's see you sing it again." And so, having shone up faces in the southern hemisphere, he has now come on the same errand to the Old Country.

Some New Books.

"My Life Work" is the simple title under which Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., gives to the world his autobiography, published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. He has been a strenuous worker in good causes through good report and evil, and no fear of ridicule or scorn has seemed to prevent him raising his voice in protest against abuse or wrong. Many who have heard him speak, or who have shared his aims and hopes, will



"EVERYBODY SING!"

(A portrait of Mr. Charles Alexander, especially drawn from life for The Quiver.)

be glad to possess this simple but interesting record of Mr. Smith's life-story. Our recent article on "Bunyan's Christian in Art," has brought us a copy of a new edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress," issued from the Astolat Press, Guildford. Tastefully bound, beautifully printed, and sympathetically illustrated, this is an admirable edition of the immortal work for library use.—Archdeacon Wilberforce, the Speaker's chaplain, publishes a second series of sermons preached, for the most part, in Westminster Abbey, under the title of "Feeling After Him." The thoughtful little volume is issued by Mr. Elliot Stock.—The life of Chundra Lela is well told by Mrs. Ada Lee under the title of "An Indian Priestess," and is published by Messrs. Morgan and Scott, with an introduction by Lord Kinnaird. It is an interesting record of a Hindu lady's search after truth and of the steps by which at length she found it. We have also received from Mr. C. H. Stockwell a volume of bright short stories by our contributor, Mrs. A. J. Home, to which, from the first of its contents, she gives the title "My Prize Translation."

Be Courteous.

Two colliery villages, in the northern midlands, stand a short mile apart. A clergyman, who took temporary duty in one of them, remarked on the extraordinary contrast in the manners of the two sets of inhabitants. In the village not under his care he was treated, as he walked down the street, with absolute neglect, and even, now and again, with a mild sort of rudeness. In his own village the roughest collier, whether a stranger or not, always touched his hat as he passed. There was nothing sycophantic about the greetings, no "toadying to the parson"; the salutations savoured more of the friendly than the respectful. When the Vicar, on his return, was asked the meaning of this curious difference, he answered: "The reason for the civility which has surprised you, is simply this. Four years ago, the manners of my village of A. were exactly like these of yonder village of B. When I came, I made a point of invariably taking off my hat to the roughest collier. The change took time, but the result is what you see to-day. I am sorry to say that many of these men are but rarely seen at church or chapel; but I have at least aroused in them the latent instincts of gentlemen; and I hope that, during my next four years, courtesy may lead to yet higher virtues."

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from December 29th, 1902, up to and including January 29th, 1903. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For THE QUIVER *Waifs' Fund:* M. T. F., Stuttgart, £1; J. L., £1; Beattie, Clifton. 10s. 6d.; "A Friend," 7s.; Miss Emma Bastin, Exmouth. 5s. 1d.; L. R., Newcastle, 5s.; C. B. X., Kirby, 5s.; A Mother, 3s.; Miss Elizabeth Anne, 2s. 6d.; F. M., Hull, 2s.; E. J., 1s.; "A Constant Reader," Mortlake, 1s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "An Irish Girl," 10s. 6d.; E. T., Bramley, Leeds, 5s. The following amounts have been sent direct: W. E. £10; "Alpha," £1; M. E. B., 15s., and useful clothing; E. H., Plymouth, 5s.; Hatfield, 5s.; "A Friend," 3s., 2s. 6d.; A. W., Cambridge, 2s.; "Eunice," 1s.

For *The Waifs' and Strays' Society:* Collected by Mrs. J. S., Bromley, 7s.

For *The Mission to Lepers in India:* "Two Readers of THE QUIVER," Jersey, 5s.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

49. What was the chief object of worship at Ephesus?

50. What are we to understand by "the prince of the power of the air," of which St. Paul speaks in his epistle to the Ephesians?

51. What does St. Paul say is God's great gift to man?

52. In what way did the chief priests try to hide the fact of our Lord's resurrection?

53. What declaration of His divinity did Jesus make to His eleven apostles before His ascension.

54. What great work did Jesus give His apostles to do?

55. In what way did St. Paul foretell that imprisonment which ended in his death?

56. How long did St. Paul reside at Ephesus?

57. Quote passage which seems to show that while at Ephesus St. Paul maintained himself by working as a tentmaker.

58. What remarkable statement made by our Lord does St. Paul quote in his address at Miletus?

59. In what way does St. Paul urge Christians to be diligent in their work for God?

60. What statement does St. Paul make as to the suddenness of our Lord's second coming?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 448.

37. The difficulty concerning the eating of meat offered in sacrifice to idols (1 Cor. viii. 4).

38. It was the custom, after an animal was killed and the blood offered to an idol, to sell the flesh in the marketplace, and the question naturally arose, Was it right for Christians to purchase such meat? (1 Cor. viii. 7-9).

39. To avoid any and every occasion of giving offence to others by the laxity of our own conduct (1 Cor. viii. 10-13).

40. Love towards God and towards our fellow-man (1 Cor. xiii. 1-4; St. Matt. v. 23-25).

41. Unselfishness (1 Cor. xiii. 4, 5).

42. By the difference between the knowledge of a child and that of a man (1 Cor. xiii. 9-12).

43. Apollos, a Jew born at Alexandria in Egypt, where was a very influential Jewish settlement (Acts xviii. 24-26).

44. Twelve men, who seem to have been converted to Christianity by Apollos and baptised by him unto the baptism of John the Baptist (Acts xix. 2-7).

45. It was one of the seven churches of Asia to which the Revelation of St. John was sent, but it is now scarcely in existence, Ephesus itself being in ruins (Acts xix. 1; Rev. ii. 1-7).

46. After many evil spirits had been cast out by St. Paul, the seven sons of one Sceva, a Jewish priest, attempted to cast out an evil spirit, but the man in whom the evil spirit was attacked them so furiously that they fled out of the house naked and wounded (Acts xix. 13-17).

47. Yes. Josephus tells us the practice was common, and was handed down from Solomon; and both our Lord and St. Paul refer to it (St. Matt. xii. 27; Acts xix. 13, 19; Josephus, "Ant." viii. 5).

48. Demetrius, a wealthy silversmith, got up a great demonstration against St. Paul to prevent him preaching (Acts xix. 24-28).

UNIV. OF MICH.

XUM



THE FIRST EASTER MORN.

FROM A PAINTING FOR "THE QUIVER" BY W. H. MARGETSON.

XUM

XUM


EASTER TEXTS
1. Corinthians XV. 20
for E. W. F.
"Newness of Life"
Rom. vi 4
Knowing that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more: death hath no more dominion over him: .... Sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace. Rom. vi 9, 14.
I Know that my Redeemer
"Ye shall live also"
11 am 1 Cor. XV. 21
7 pm St Mark XVI. 3

SOME EASTER TEXTS.

With Autograph Easter Texts from Canon W. Hay M. H. Aitken; Professor J. S. Banks, President of the Wesleyan Conference; the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A., Brighton; the Dean of Canterbury; the Bishop of Carlisle; the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe; the Rev. A. H. Drysdale, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England; the Bishop of Durham; Prebendary H. E. Fox; Canon Hensley Henson; the Rev. Robert Howie, D.D., Moderator of the United Free Church of Scotland; the Dean of Norwich; the Rev. J. Watson, D.D. ("Ian Maclaren"); Prebendary H. W. Webb-Peploe; the Dean of Westminster; the Dean of Windsor; the Rev. J. R. Wood, Chairman of the Baptist Union.

"Athens kept her Parthenon,
Egypt had her Sphinx of stone;—
Gaunt stood Golgotha, alone!

"Then, through Asian cities wide,
Full of Greek and Roman pride,
Went the Man they crucified!

"Nineteen hundred years have sped,
Heralds of the morning red,
Crying, 'Risen is the dead!'"

DEAS CROMARTY.

FROM the mists of those immemorial ages when the Sphinx first asked her unanswerable riddle across the grey reaches of the desert, and the records of those younger centuries, when the greatest of all the Greeks, before his martyr's draught of hemlock, "doubted men's doubts away" beneath the sunny skies of Attica, the one stupendous question, "Are we indeed immortal? Are we really to live again?" has been the question of supreme importance to the human race. Though the world, by its wisdom, never knew God, it would be ungenerous to assert that some glimmerings of the mightiest truth of revelation were not apprehended by the higher and more spiritual heathen minds of antiquity. Plato, of whom a Christian Father could say that he "touched the very gates of truth," did his best to establish philosophically the doctrine of a future life: but such teaching never widely influenced his countrymen. The Roman Cicero sadly confessed that bright and sanguine anticipations as to what might happen after death were only shadows after all, while Seneca declared that immortality, however desirable, had been rather promised than proved by great men. Nor, outside the circle of light cast by the Gospel of Christ, are the resources of human speculation one whit more convincing to-day. We should be hard put to it to cull "Some Easter Texts" out of current modern philosophies or popular scientific manuals. Science has taught us much during twenty centuries, but, with regard to this most crucial of all enigmas, she is still as veritable a sphinx as old Egypt ever knew.

It is for the consolation and instruction of those who believe that the only clue to the eternal secret was found in the unsealing of Joseph's rock-hewn sepulchre on the morning of the first Easter Day, that seventeen prominent preachers, representing various shades of Christian thought, have obligingly sent us the verses of Holy Scripture upon which they founded their discourses last Easter Sunday. We shall be glad to see how these accredited heralds of the Glad Tidings, who bear the only authentic message of immortality for their fellowmen, deal with that theme which the Rev. A. H. Drysdale (Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England) has plainly set forth in his text, "Jesus and the Resurrection." It is convenient to group those who have been good enough to help us, rather by subject than by personality; the reader will have no difficulty in picking out the particular verse or name which may be mentioned.

Directly we analyse the texts, there emerge results of special interest in the case of instructors so widely different. Out of eighteen texts there are only two

which do not deal straightly and specifically with the Easter subject. The exceptions are easily explained. Dr. Chadwick, Bishop of Derry, who chooses the words "This is My body," no doubt desired to emphasise that Easter reception of the Lord's Supper upon the duty of which the English (and Irish) Prayer-book lays peculiar stress. "The Bishop of Derry is one of those men whom a bishopric improves," an admirer remarked to us the other day. Prebendary Fox may be assumed to have been pleading for that Church Missionary Society to which he is able gratuitously to devote his energies—"Even so send I you——" The first disciples were commissioned by their Risen Master to be witnesses of His resurrection.

The Bishop of Durham's topic also stands a little apart, as forming a subsidiary picture. All who are acquainted with Bishop Handley Moule's method of preaching will understand how, in his quiet, even voice, dwelling, in his homely and affectionate way, upon vital lessons, he would expound the narrative of the walk to Emmaus as it is set down in the precision of the Revised Version.

We next notice that five texts are selected from the famous fifteenth chapter of that first Corinthian letter so familiar from its use in the Burial Service, and that no less than eleven texts are taken from the writings of St. Paul. This preponderance again reminds us how the central purpose of the Apostle's teaching is contained in the words which the Rev. A. H. Drysdale quotes from the historian of the Acts.

Ethically, the seventeen texts which have been sent us (counting only one of Prebendary Webb-Peploe's) will fall into three divisions.

I. Six preachers fix as their root idea the plain fact of the Resurrection. They are wise, for, as Dr. Arnold of Rugby said, if historical evidence can prove any fact at all, it has proved this. Futile, as we saw, were the best efforts of Pagan philosophy to win popular acceptance of a simple truth for which twelve honest men were willing to live and to die. "The Lord is risen indeed," quotes the Bishop of Carlisle, that gentle and genial prelate in whom his clergy find a genuine father in God. The Rev. J. R. Wood uses the Revised Version: "But now hath Christ been raised from the dead." Baptists love and admire this dignified, cultured, and kindly President of their Union. They delight in his sermons, quiet in delivery, richly devotional in tone. They tell stories about him—grave sometimes, as when they relate how, in his youth, he brought one of his own brothers definitely to God by a sermon preached in his father's pulpit; or playful, as when they assert he is so methodical in his habits that the neighbourhood sets its clocks by the walk, always the same, which he takes daily after breakfast.

II. Seven preachers (the Dean of Westminster's text comprehends I. and II.) choose those portions of Scripture which lay stress upon the efficacy and actuality of the resurrection life within the believer's soul. They are thus pressing home to Christian hearts and consciences a phenomenon as unique as the miracle upon which it was founded. The virtues that blossomed in the lives of those early followers of the Saviour, who knew (to quote Dean Lefroy's text) "the power of His resurrection," were unknown through Pagan centuries. An absolutely new standard of character was evolved for all who accepted the gift of eternal life which the Lord had promised, and who were filled with His supernatural strength. This Easter summons to "newness of life" (we can imagine how it would be sounded forth from the lips of an impassioned missioner like Canon Hay Aitken) is given in many tones. "Ye shall live also," says Dean Eliot, of whom our one homiletical memory is his dexterously weaving into an unwritten sermon a local detail which we heard submitted to him just before he went into church. "Sin shall not have dominion over you" proclaims the official who guards the honoured ashes of the highest and holiest among the Anglo-Saxon race. "Seek the things that are above, where Christ is," is the Pauline admonition offered, from the Revised Version, by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of Brighton. If he be the destined successor of Dr. Parker, he will at least accomplish an aspiration which we heard that orator make some years ago from the City Temple pulpit, that the man who should come after him might preach no garbled Gospel. Readers familiar with Dr. John Watson's "Mind of the Master" may fancy that his somewhat difficult text would lead him into a dissertation on the ideals of conduct suggested by the Risen Life. Dr. Howie, who took for the


Acts XVII 18 He preached Jesus & the Resurrection
A. H. Drysdale
I Cor 15-20 But now hath Christ been raised from the dead:
J R Wood
John 12.32 And I if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me.
Robert Norrie
"If ye then be risen with Christ seek the things that are above where Christ is." Colossians 3.1.
R J Campbell
I Cor XV. 14
J S Banks
II Corinthians V 16
John Walsh
"Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not vain in the Lord"
H. Hanley Stanton
St. John. XX. 21.
A. E. Fox
"Behold two of them were going that same day to a village called Emmaus which was threescore furlongs from Jerusalem" Luke 24 13
Hanley Dunelm.

subject of his inaugural address last year, as Moderator of the United Free Church of Scotland, the necessity of a revival in the Church, and the blessings that would flow from it, shadows forth, in the majestic pronouncement from St. John's Gospel, the sole motive force of every real revival—"All men unto Me."

III. It remains for Professor Banks and Canon Hensley Henson to indicate by their texts the practical outcome in every-day work and conversation of a stable faith in the Resurrection. The President of the Wesleyan Conference states the negative side, the awful alternative, "If Christ be not risen——," and the selection strikes one as likely to be the keynote of a calmly reasoned, incisive, logical sermon, after the manner of the studious and reserved author of "A Manual of Christian Doctrine." During the long years of his labour as a missionary in Mysore, Professor Banks, who is one of our most trustworthy authorities on Hindu religion, had the opportunity of observing the uselessness of all forms of his pet aversion, Pantheism, as substitutes for Christianity. From that conclusion of the great Funeral Chapter, Canon Henson would have us learn what an incentive it is to human constancy and endeavour, if we are sure that we, and aught that is good in what we have done, are to endure eternally. The compilers of the Burial Service did well to dismiss mourners, about to commit the bodies of their loved ones to the dust, with certainties so divine and exhilarating lingering upon their ears. "*Belle immortalité!*" scornfully exclaimed the Napoleon whom men called great, when a connoisseur told him that a canvas of the "immortal" Raffaelle might still last for some four or five hundred years. The Canon's text sums up, for us poor frail and wayward mortals, the inestimable practical benefits of Christ's Resurrection: "Be ye stedfast, unmoveable . . . forasmuch as ye *know*——"

There is one passage of St. Paul, the choice of one preacher, which, though its proper place would be in the first of our three divisions, we have designedly kept till last. The simplest, the most obvious, perhaps the most musical and memorable of all Easter texts, is appropriated by Dean Farrar: "The first fruits of them that slept." Visitors to afternoon Evensong at Canterbury Cathedral, on week-days of last summer and autumn, would be grieved to notice under what physical disabilities the great Dean bravely read the lessons, and we know by how heroic an effort he uttered a few words of benediction over Archbishop Temple's grave. Friends of The Quiver, and of the House from which The Quiver emanates, will recall the treasures they have owed, for more than thirty years, to Dean Farrar's indefatigable pen. "The mere penmanship of Farrar's enormous books and innumerable articles," said a fellow-Canon of Westminster, now deceased, "would be a task for any ordinary man's lifetime!" We shall pray that God may yet restore to the Dean some measure of the vigour of old days; but we are conscious that, whatever his extremity of bodily weakness, his swan-song would always be a testimony to the reality of the Eternal Strength.





Being the History of the Adventures of Three Englishmen in Spain at the time of the Great Armada. Written by Rupert Hamstead, second son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, situated near Barnet in the County of Hertford, and now first set before the public by

JOSEPH HOCKING,

Author of "Lest We Forget," "The Purple Robe," "All Men Are Liars," "Mistress Nancy Molesworth," Etc. Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—XV.

In the year 1587, the year before the coming of the Great Armada to English shores, Rupert Hamstead, son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, near Barnet town, having returned wounded from the wars, and having spent some time at his father's house, hears, through John Trenoweth, of Cornwall, that an old friend of his mother's is in the power of the Inquisitors of Spain. Being also desirous of finding out the Spanish plots concerning England, he determines to go to Spain with Mawgan Killigrew, of Cornwall, and John Trenoweth, in order to rescue the unfortunate lady, and to discover Spanish secrets. He therefore starts for Cornwall with John Trenoweth, and on his journey falls into the hands of Jesuit spies. Rupert Hamstead and John Trenoweth are accused by their fellow-travellers as Jesuit spies, but afterwards discover that they themselves are agents of Father Parsons. They at length reach Cornwall, where they are met by Mawgan Killigrew. Here they also come into contact with two Spaniards, whose behaviour is so suspicious that they decide to start for Spain secretly and without delay. The Englishmen leave England, and on first seeing the Spanish hills enter into a solemn covenant concerning their mission. They afterwards fall in with some Spanish gipsies, the young queen of whom greatly impresses Killigrew. She afterwards rescues them from Spanish officials, and gives them directions how to reach Toledo. After some little difficulty they enter the city. Here they hear the Archbishop's sermon, in which it is announced that heretics are to be punished by death. Here also Rupert Hamstead sees Isabella de Valencia, and presently all three take part in a terrible scene at the Circo Romano. Here John Trenoweth recognises his sweetheart, and endeavours to rescue her from her enemies. His two companions go to his assistance, with the result that all three are made prisoners. In the dungeon they are visited by Señor Toledo, an old enemy and rival of Rupert Hamstead's father.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW I FIRST SAW FATHER PARSONS.

A MINUTE later the priest returned, and by his side was a tall form, clothed in a long mantle, her face and head covered with black lace. Mawgan Killigrew and I looked towards them with eagerness, but John Trenoweth seemed to take but little heed. Evidently he was thinking of the woman he loved, and of the way she had been saved from the flames.

"The Señorita de Valencia hath come to add her entreaties to mine," he said.

We remained in silence, waiting for her to speak, but she spoke not, neither did she move, although I thought she watched us through the lace which covered her face.

"I saw the señorita's mother to-day," I said. "She appeared to have suffered much for her faith. I wonder if her daughter's face in aught resembles her mother's?"

Still she did not speak, neither did she remove her veil, at the which I wondered, for I knew she would not have come to us, had she not something of importance to say.

"The señorita hath never seen England," I went on, "never visited her mother's old home. It is very beautiful there. During the summer the whole country-side is covered with a wondrous green, and the birds sing gaily. The river Fal is as clear as crystal, not like the muddy Tagus. Surely God was boun-

tiful of His gift when He created that part of the world where the señorita's forefathers lived! Sir John Tremayne is an old man, but so good, so kind! If his daughter were to return, his days might be lengthened into many years, and his sun would go down in a clear sky."

This I said because I wished to make her feel more at ease, and because I wanted to make her think kindly of the land and people that she has been taught to hate. Still she did not speak, but stood before us as immovable as a statue.

"It is no use trying to hide from the señorita that we have come to save her mother," I went on. "We would save her body from torture, and her soul from thraldom."

"What do you know about the soul," she said, "you who deny our Church, and set your heart against the truth?"

She spoke like one in anger. Her voice quivered with emotion, and I thought I saw her tremble.

"We believe in the truth that maketh free," I replied. "We have learnt that the Gospel of Christ is not to be spread with rack and fire; and we are beginning to learn that God would have no man coerced into faith."

"I did not come here to hear this," she replied, "but to help you to save your lives."

"We are not anxious to save our lives in the way which hath been suggested."

At this she threw back her veil, and revealed her face to us, and then I knew that we had seen each other before. This was she whom I had seen in the great cathedral, when the Archbishop was proclaiming the fact that the power of the Inquisition was to be again manifested in order to bring heretics to repentance. The light was dim, and I could not see her face plainly, but I thought she looked pale and anxious. There were dark rings round her eyes too, as though she had suffered from sleeplessness. Otherwise she was the same haughty, beautiful woman I had seen a few days before. I saw now why she was different from the other Spanish women, why she was more tall and stately, why her face was not large and fleshy like theirs, why her form was not given to stoutness. She had English blood in her veins, and while she suggested the land of her birth she also made one think of the home from which I had come.

"You do not seem to realise, señors, that you are in the power of the Spaniards," she said.

"Our bodies may be for the present," I replied, "but neither King Philip nor the Pope hath power over our souls," I replied.

"You say that because you are in darkness, señor, because the light of the Gospel hath been taken away from you."

"Nay, rather, it hath been brought to us," I made answer, "and because it hath given us liberty; but doubtless the Señorita de Valencia desires rather to speak of other things than of religion."

"Yes, I would save my mother," she replied.

We all waited in silence, Mawgan Killigrew watching her face like a man who would remember every feature.

"I may not profess to you what I do not feel," she said presently. "For you three I care not a straw."

At this Mawgan and I bowed profoundly, but John Trenoweth seemed to pay no heed to her words.

"For what are you?" she went on. "You are heretics who are worse than heathen. Had you never known the light of the Gospel, you might be worthy of pity, but, having had the light, you have chosen darkness. Therefore is your offence unpardonable."

"Then why trouble us?" I asked bluntly, for the words nettled me.

"Because I love my mother, and because I would save her," she replied.

We waited in silence for her to proceed.

"Oh, you English are a noble race!" she cried, like one in great anger—"so noble, so wise! You talk of chivalry, and of devotion to womanhood. You come to Spain on a mad-brained journey, thinking to take a Spanish lady from her people, and yet you will not do a little thing—a little thing!"

"Not when that little thing is an act of cowardice—aye, and worse!"

"And why, señors? If you were to do this, I might perchance save her from—— But what is the use? Your countrywoman is in torture, and yet you will not do this little thing! Money, money! What is it? Yet it might save her body, if it would not save her soul! But you care not, you care not!"

"If the señorita loved her mother," I replied, "she would herself have saved her from pain; she would have planned to take her to a land of liberty. She would remember that some of the best blood of England runs in her own veins, and have spared herself nothing to take her back to the home of her fathers!"

"Aye, and doomed her soul to a worse punishment. For myself I care not. As soon as my work is done I shall give my life to religion. I shall go to a convent and give my life to prayer, and holy thoughts; but when money can save my mother from torture, when it can give her time to repent—— Ah! but what would you? You are English."

"And doth your mother desire this, señorita?"

"My mother is still under the influence of the dark night of heresy," she replied.

"Your mother is the daughter of Sir John Tremayne," I replied. "She is the child of a man who hath never done a base deed, and because of this she would rather suffer and die than that the home of her fathers should become the property of those who have tortured her and dragged her to the stake. She is an Englishwoman, and not a Spaniard."

Her eyes fairly blazed as she looked at me.

"But for my mother I should rejoice that—that—— But why need I trouble? Every acre of English land will soon be in the hands of the faithful Spaniard. It is his right. He hath been faithful to the Church, and God will reward him!"

"If you believe that, why trouble about this letter?" I made answer. "Ah! but the señorita knows that the Spaniard can never take English lands. She hath the blood of the Tremaynes in her veins, and she knows that the Spanish swine will be driven into the sea, even as those others were driven in the days of our Lord."

"Then, even although it will save my mother from torture and death, you will not write this letter?" she cried angrily.

"Aye, we will do it on one condition," I replied.

"What is that?" she asked eagerly.

"That it be remembered that we ask naught for ourselves, and that, in return, your Archbishop will swear by the Mass that Señora de Valencia and her serving-woman, Esther Truscott, shall forthwith, and without further harm, be sent to their own country."

"And if not?"

"Then I shall have proof that this is but a means to get English money into the hands of the Church," I replied.

"The señors ask nothing for themselves!" she said mockingly.

"No," I replied. "They have never asked favour of a Spaniard yet, neither will they."

"The Lord hath saved us, and the Lord will save us again," interposed John Trenoweth.

"You care naught for the sufferings of an English lady, then? You will allow her to be tortured—aye, dragged to the stake—and will not even do this to save her?"

"If we did care naught, it would be no wonder, especially when her daughter, who might have saved her, plays into the hands of the Jesuits," I replied.

At this she laughed a bitter, mocking laugh, and, as I thought, made ready to leave us. And this, I saw, made Mawgan Killigrew angry, for he came towards her, his eyes ablaze.

"Aye, we do care!" he cried; "and because we do care we have come hither."

Then she laughed again. "But when you come you will do nothing," she cried. "You behave like ploughboys, and think that by loud words and foolish deeds you can save her."

"There you lie, señorita," he replied. "Aye, I use the word freely—you lie. And to prove it I will do this. Let your Spanish fiends cease persecuting poor weak women, and give their attention to men. If they have a spark of manhood in them, let them set the women at liberty, and we will take their places. Aye, let them put me into the señora's dungeon, but for the sake of God let the women go free. Do you hear, master priest? I offer myself in the lady's place, trusting to God and my own right arm for the future."

"The señor is safe in making such an offer," replied the señorita. "Had he been at liberty, he would not so freely make such an offer; but he is already in the Spaniards' power. And he need not fear! He will surely receive the punishments of God!"

"You are unworthy to talk about the punishments of God, Isabella de Valencia," I said angrily. "Had you a spark of womanhood in your nature, you would scorn every Spaniard, and hate their cursed ways! But you, what do you? Knowing that your mother and poor Esther Truscott have suffered torments for their faith, you yet aid and abet those who ply thumbscrew and rack. You kiss the hand that would light the faggots."

At this I thought she would have struck me, for, in truth, all her control seemed gone; but she mastered herself presently, and spoke quietly again.

"Very well, Señor Hamstead," she replied; "I have offered you liberty, and——"

"Aye, *offered* it," I laughed mockingly.

"I have heard that Englishmen know not how to respect a woman," she said scornfully; "now I know it."

"Those who will consent to a mother's tortures are no longer worthy the name of woman," I replied, for she had aroused me to a great passion. "She who for many a long day hath been content to lie on a soft bed, while her mother hath been suffering the torments of hell, is not a woman at all. Had she been a woman, she would have denounced those who made her suffer, and taken her place by her mother's side. But leave us, señorita, for we be weary of such talk. And bethink of this, too: we will even yet set your mother free, in spite of your unfaithfulness."

"Well spoken, Master Hamstead," said John Trenoweth. "By the mercy of God, we will

set her free, for the Lord is our shield on our right hand. He also is our sure defence."

At this the señorita left us alone again, I being ill pleased with the words I had spoken, and yet rejoicing that she knew what was in my heart. And after that no one spoke to us for two days, save the gaoler who brought us our food three times a day. During this time we talked of many things, and, moreover, we debated warily as to a way of escape. In truth, we came to the conclusion that Mawgan Killigrew had not spoken falsely when he said it was possible for us to make our way out of our prison. It is true we knew not what would meet us when we got into the open air, but the getting there was not impossible. For this we found: the grating which let both light and air into our prison was not so securely placed but that we could remove it, impossible as this might seem to those who guarded us. But we did not deem it wise, for more than one reason. First, we were told by the gaoler that he had been informed that Señora de Valencia and Esther Truscott were to have fourteen days for instruction and repentance, before being again put to the torture, and that because of the King's letter they were to be well fed and housed during that time. Moreover, I did not see how we could help them by escaping. For I knew that the moment we got out of prison a hullabaloo would be created, so that our only safety would lie outside Toledo walls, even if we could get there. Therefore, as we had come to Toledo, not to fly from it, but to fulfil our purposes, we judged that we were better off where we were. And this was not all. We believed that we should be visited again, and perchance learn many useful things. Besides—and this may seem like foolishness—but John Trenoweth pleaded hard that we should stay there. It was the will of God, he said, and if we were patient He would as surely deliver us as He delivered Daniel from the lions' den.



"'They have never asked favour of a Spaniard yet, neither will they.'"

Although I believed we could have escaped, therefore, we stayed quietly in prison, asking what questions we dared of the gaoler, and talking over many plans which we hoped to carry out in the future.

At the end of two days we were visited by

three men I had never seen before, neither did I know their estate or authority, for they were covered by long cloaks which concealed whatever gay attire they might have worn, neither did they speak many words, as will be seen. I judged, however, that they were of good substance, because the gaolers paid them marked reverence, and they carried themselves as men used to command.

"Which of you is Señor Ruperto Hamstead?" one asked in Spanish.

"My name is Rupert Hamstead," I replied. "What would you, señors?"

"Follow," said one curtly.

"Whom, and whither?" I asked.

"That you will know soon," he replied. "At present it is for you to obey."

"And my friends?"

"They remain."

"Go, and God be with you!" said Mawgan Killigrew, when I told him what had been said. "We trust you, and we will stand by what you shall say or do."

I therefore followed without further parley, and soon I discovered that this same Alcazar under which we had been immured was, indeed, full of prisons. We walked along gloomy passages, to the right and left of which were, as I judged, many dark cells, where, as I believed, many people were lying at that moment. For once or twice I heard moans and, as I thought, the clanking of chains. Whereupon I could not help wondering that we had been treated with so much kindness, seeing that we had had light, and air, and wholesome food, besides being allowed to remain together.

Presently we began climbing some steps, and ere long I found myself in a large room where was, as I thought, dazzling light, and much display in the way of costly furniture. But to this I paid but little heed, for I saw in the room more than one face that set my heart beating hard.

One was that of the Señorita Valencia, looking very proud and very beautiful, although I thought her face showed signs of suffering, at the which I somewhat repented the hard words I had spoken. I also saw some ecclesiastics, who, as I believed, had taken part in the ghastly procession wherein Sir John Tremayne's daughter, together with Esther Truscott, had walked. I judged, moreover, that they were of high degree; and this made me wonder all the more, for I reflected that I was but a younger son, and therefore would not, according to Spanish ideas, be worthy of such high consideration. But it was not even the face of Señorita de Valencia which held my eyes. It was rather that of a man, who sat at a place of honour, and who looked at me as though he would read my soul. For I saw at a glance that he was no ordinary man, and, although his apparel was plainer than that of the others, all seemed to pay homage to him.

And this was no wonder, for at first glance I saw that he was a man who commanded obedience. He was a born ruler, if ever man was, but he ruled by fear and not by love. His face was very pale—in truth, his skin was like parchment—and although he could have been but little over forty he showed signs of age. He wore on his head the biretta which we in England had learnt to associate with the Jesuit priests, while from high up around his neck to his feet his form was covered with a long black robe. The blackness of this robe was unrelieved in colour, save by a loose white collar which encircled his neck, and which formed itself into points by his chin, and a rich dark brown fur tippet which partly covered the white neck-cloth, and hung down over his chest. This attire, however, simple as it was, seemed to accentuate the power of the man, and to reveal his face with more clearness. His hair, which was iron-grey, was almost hidden by his biretta, nothing but a short, closely cut fringe being seen. This arrangement, however, revealed his broad, much-lined forehead. His eyes were very large and very dark. They were not round, I remember, but almond-shaped, and he used them in such a way that the skin of his forehead just above them was dragged into great furrows. His nose was long and large, and on his cheeks at each side of the nostrils were deep marks, which made me regard him rather as a man of sixty than of about forty-five. His mouth was plainly to be seen, for, although he wore a beard, it was trimmed very closely to his face—so closely that the parchment-like skin could be seen plainly.

On the whole, it was one of the most striking, yet one of the most forbidding, faces I had ever seen. Every feature seemed to say to me, "We belong to a man who is clever beyond words, who possesses a thousand secrets and formulates a thousand plans, but we also belong to a man cruel as death, and selfish as Judas himself."

He fixed his dark eyes upon me, and looked, I should think, for nearly a minute without speaking. Not an eyelid quivered, while his lips were immovable, save that I once thought I saw them relapse into a scornful smile.

"Rupert Hamstead?"

"Yes."

"From near Barnet, situate not far from London town?"

"Yes," I replied again, my eyes fastened on his, as though he held me by a charm.

"I, too, am an Englishman."

I was silent, for I knew not what to say.

"I, too, am an Englishman," he repeated. "Perchance you may have heard my name."

"It is possible," I said quietly and steadily, for I was desirous that he should not fancy that fear was in my heart.

"You *have* heard it. It is Robert Parsons."

My heart gave a great leap, and I could scarce refrain from a cry, for now I knew I was face to face with the great Jesuit, whom even Queen Elizabeth feared.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ARGUMENT OF FATHER PARSONS.

"CAN you speak the truth, Rupert Hamstead?"

"I always do," I replied.

"Ah!" and he seemed to regard me with increased interest. "When it suits your purpose," he added presently; "but when a lie bringeth the greater profit, what then, young man?"

"I hold my peace," I replied.

"You know you have put your head into the lion's mouth."

"No, I do not know."

"But you have—and a calf's head at that."

At this I did not reply, although I felt my anger rising.

"You and your friends came to Spain for two things, Master Hamstead. First, to steal away from mercy and justice two Englishwomen; second, to play the spy. Do I not speak the truth?" he continued, for I made no answer to his words.

"When a lie may bring the greater profit I hold my peace," I replied.

"What now, sirrah!" he cried angrily. "Remember you are not in England."

"It would be difficult to forget," I replied.

"And I will tell you something else," he replied. "You will never see England again, unless you obey my will. What think you of that?"

"I think more than I shall say," I replied, for now I was face to face with Father Parsons he rather angered me than made me fear.

I thought for a moment that his own anger was getting the better of him; but he repressed hot words, and went on more quietly.

"I told you that I, too, am an Englishman," he went on. "Once, indeed, like you, I was in the gall of bitterness, and denied the faith. Now I forswear my country; do you know why?"

A pert answer was upon my lips, but I held my peace, for I saw I should do no good by giving way to wrath.

"I forswear my country because she hath departed from the true faith. She, like the swine, hath returned to her wallow, and hath accepted an evil she-wolf as her ruler. Because of this the Lord is angry with her, and He hath given Spain, His chosen and faithful people, the mandate to go forth, and drive out the heretic English, even as the Israelites drove the Philistines of olden time. For why hath He given Spain the victory on every hand? Why doth the blood of other peoples become as water when they meet the armies of the Lord? It is because He hath chosen the Spaniards for His peculiar people, and because they, having the one true faith, must triumph everywhere."

My heart grew hot with vexation, but I said not a word. And this, I believe, was because I wondered much what was in his mind. For of this I was sure: he would not have had me brought to him, neither would he speak to me in such a way, did he not desire something at my hands.

"Your father is of the true faith, Master Hamstead?"

"He doth not accept the Reformed religion," I replied.

"And yet he continueth to serve—well, we will be kind, and call her what she hath no right to be called—the English Queen?"

"He is not a traitor to his country," I replied.

"But to his God he is."

"There you lie, Master Parsons," I said, for I could ill brook evil words being spoken of my father.

At this he laughed. But there was no true merriment of heart in it. It was rather the expression of grim amusement.

"Well, perchance you are right," he said, after a moment's thought. "He is still of the true faith, and therefore wishes the true faith to be triumphant. He will rejoice when the servants of the Lord have driven out the uncircumcised Philistines, and delivered the land into the hands of the faithful."

To this I made answer that, although my father stood by the old faith, he was still an Englishman, even as were many others belonging to the Catholic families. After this he asked me many questions, the purport of some of which was plain, but many others were a mystery to me. Sometimes he aroused me to anger, and again he made me laugh at the ignorance I thought he displayed. But now I know that he had a purpose in his mysterious questions, for, in spite of myself, I was led to tell him all I knew concerning the condition of my country, the which he doubtless desired me to do. It is true the Spaniards boasted that they knew of all that took place in England through their own agents. But this, I believe, was false. As all the world knows, all priests who had received their ordination out of England were in 1585 forbidden entrance

to English ports, and, although they doubtless set the law at defiance, they were much hindered in their endeavours to gain information.

I, on the other hand, had been in a position favourable to learning all that took place. I had sailed with those great heroes who had shaken even the Spaniard's confidence in himself, and, added to this, I had, during the period when I was confined to Hamstead Manor, on account of my wound, learned many things from my father concerning the general condition of our land.

And all this Father Parsons squeezed from me just as a man might squeeze the juice from an orange, the which he repeated to those who were around him.

At the end of this part of our interview I was therefore in an ill-humour with myself, and determined to be more on my guard. Not that I had gained nothing by our conversation; for, although I do not believe he thought I learned aught, I discovered many things. One was that Father Parsons was in constant communication with the Pope, and that it needed all his powers to persuade him to promise money to Philip in support of the great armada which he proposed sending. Moreover, I discovered that the Pope was not so confident of the success of King Philip's enterprise as the Spaniards desired him to be, and could only be persuaded to offer support on the condition that he should receive much gain in money when the English power was destroyed. I learned, moreover, that the Jesuits were King Philip's constant advisers, and that he, in spite of much need of money, had granted large sums to them. But this was not all. I found out that the Jesuits were poor, and were constantly plotting to add to their treasury; that, in truth, they were in sore straits, so sore that they had, much to their pain, been obliged to abandon work they had begun.

These things I learnt, not through so many definite sayings, but because, although I was far from wise in my answer to Father Parsons' questions, I nevertheless played a game of see-saw with many of them. Besides, sometimes Father Parsons and those with him got to talking among themselves, and they, perchance forgetting or not knowing that I knew something of their tongue, let out things which they, I am sure, desired to keep quiet.

I presently saw, however, that information concerning the feeling in England was not their chief desire, for presently Father Parsons harked back upon the subject concerning which Señor Toledo had visited me, and concerning which I had been first led to speak to the Señorita de Valencia. And here again I discovered that it was well known to them that Sir John Tremayne was not only the richest man in Cornwall, richer even than the Boscawens, the Edgecumbes, the Molesworths, or the Trevanions, but was one of the richest men in England, and that, should he dower his daughter with his possessions, the Jesuits could make terms with one who could fill their coffers, and enable them to carry on the work so dear to their hearts. It soon became clear to me, moreover, that those trickeries of Church law concerning which John Trenoweth had spoken when first he came to Barnet, and through which the Jesuits hoped to gain Sir John Tremayne's wealth, had come to naught, and they had been led to use what other means might come to their hands.

The coming of Mawgan Killigrew and myself was therefore much to their minds, and, seeing we had, by what may seem a foolhardy deed, placed ourselves in their power, they deemed us a valuable and, at the same time, an easy means whereby they might accomplish their purposes.

The truth of these conclusions came to me partly while I was in the presence of the men who had brought me hither, and more fully afterwards when, in silence, I mused over what had taken place.

I found that dealing with Father Parsons was far more difficult than with Señor Toledo, or, for that matter, with the Señorita de Valencia. For not only had he a specious way of putting things, but by his very presence he made it hard to disobey him. Indeed, at one time I thought I should have promised to write the letter he desired. Not for my own sake, but for that of the two Englishwomen who lay at the mercy of the Spaniard. For Father Parsons promised so many things, and with so many wily words, that it seemed to me that I was the veriest churl not to obey his will.

"Look you," he said, "you are young, Master Hamstead; but, although young, you have a wise head. What you say will not be according to the will of that thick-headed Cornishman, for you are a wiser man than he, and a stronger. What will you gain by refusing longer? This! I tell you, you will be put to torture, and at a word from me you fall under the ban of the Inquisition. Think of it, young man, for the tools thereof be not pleasant to the flesh, and I would fain save you from them. The faggot is not the worse part of a heretic's doom; it is that which precedes the faggot. Oh! you be brave: I know that right well. So, for that matter, be your companions. But why should you die? Verily, it will go to my heart to see a brother Englishman die. Then what good will it do? Will you save the Englishwomen? Nay, rather you will anger the Church,



"'Thank God, she is but partly English; otherwise, I would deny my country.'"—*p.* 558.

and cause their sufferings to be greater. Ah! and you, an Englishman, cannot stand by and see them suffer their doom, as, by the Mass, you will have to do, before suffering your own. I tell you there is no escape. You have seen Toledo: you know how the city is guarded. Hitherto you have been treated kindly; but this is because of my will; but continue to refuse, and I tell you the very devils may pity you. On the other hand, obey. Write the letter as I shall dictate, and what happens? Why should you not denounce your heresy, and—well—ah! I need not say what. There be maidens in Spain, fair and rich: you have seen, and you know. Why may not Master Hamstead, and Master Killigrew too, for that matter, live here in the sunshine, instead of under the dark English skies? Now choose, Master Hamstead, and save your countrywomen as well as yourself."

All this he said in a far more pleasing and telling way than I can make it out on paper, said it too while his curiously shaped eyes were fixing me just as a serpent fixes a helpless bird, while his voice so affected me that I could scarcely judge of the issues aright.

It was at this time I was on the point of promising him, even although I should curse myself to my dying day for doing so, and I believe he would have mastered me, had I not at that moment turned and saw the granddaughter of Sir John Tremayne. Then the power of Father Parsons was destroyed, and, instead of promising, I felt I would rather die a thousand deaths than do so. For the sight of her angered me beyond the telling. It came to me in the twinkling of an eye that this inhuman maid was in league with her mother's enemies. That, even while they had tortured not only her, but Esther Truscott, she had aided Father Parsons and Señor Toledo in heating the pincers, and seeing to the screws of the torturing instruments. Aye, I remembered how she had told me of her intention to go away into a nunnery even while her mother was left in the hands of the persecutors. I saw, too, that what I had been asked to do was not to aid the Señora de Valencia, but to give the Jesuits her father's money. I remembered that they had given me no sufficient promise that her sufferings should cease, or that her liberty should be restored, even although her father might dower her with all his possessions. And the Señorita knew this. All the time Father Parsons had been seeking to play with me as a spider plays with a fly she had watched and listened, and aided.

"She cannot be a woman, she must be of the devil," I thought. "Did she possess a woman's feelings, had she but the spark of the feeling which a daughter should feel for a mother, she would place herself on her mother's side. She would toil unceasingly, she would undermine the power of these priests, and set her free. But, instead, she aideth and abetteth them. She will consent to her mother's torture, even while she sees her grandfather's estates come into the hands of the Jesuits."

Although the fires of anger burned hot within me, I did not cry, nor rave. Rather I seemed like one who had grown cold, and I remember well saying to Father Parsons:

"And supposing Sir John Tremayne dowered his daughter, would she be able to keep it? To whom would it go eventually?"

"Ah!" said Father Parsons, with a smile, "naturally, we care for the children of the Church. It is because the granddaughter of Sir John Tremayne is robbed that we are anxious to do her justice. If you write this letter, and Sir John is wise, his wealth will fall into the natural course, and become the property of the señorita."

Then I bethought me that she had told me she would go into a nunnery, the which made me still more determined not to yield an inch.

"And now the business is concluded," said Father Parsons. "Master Hamstead is a wise young man, and will do our will. I will dictate such a letter as will lead Sir John to do his family justice, and in the meantime both he and his friends shall be better housed."

"Nay, Master Parsons, the business is not finished," I made answer.

"What, sirrah, you dare to disobey!" he cried in anger.

"I would rather put my hand in the fire and watch it while it burned than I would take a pen to write such a letter. And this, too, I say for Mawgan Killigrew." This I said not loudly, but with enough voice for him to hear plainly.

"By the Mass, and it *shall* burn too!" he cried, his eyes gleaming like coals of fire.

"Think you I will become a cat's-paw to her!" I cried, pointing to the señorita. "Thank God, she is but partly English; otherwise, I would deny my country. What! Play into the hands of a creature who will stand by and see her mother robbed and burned, and who smileth upon her murderers! Did I, my father would curse the day I was born, and my mother, who was snatched from the fires on the day that Queen Mary died, would sorrow that she had not died for her faith, rather than a son of hers should live to do so base a thing!"

"Stop his mouth!" cried Parsons. "Gag him! Away with him to the dungeons!"

"Aye, that is ever your argument," I cried, for now I no more feared Father Parsons than Master Latimer feared Bishop Bonner.

"You claimed just now that we were of the same country. It is a lie, master priest. You be but a son of perdition, and do but carry on your father's trade. As for you," I cried, turning to the maid, "did I not know what a Spaniard is, I could not have believed that one in whose veins one drop of English blood flowed could have sunk so low as you. The sluts who live by robbing the dead bodies—aye, even the offals of London streets—have more right to the name of woman than you!"

As I said this Father Parsons looked at me open-mouthed, while others, not knowing the language which I spoke, gazed at me in apparent wonder, for I know my voice was hoarse with passion, and every bit of me trembled as though I had a shaking fever. But no sooner had I finished than I almost repented, even against my judgment, for such a look came on the señorita's face as I never saw on a woman before. Ghastly terror came into her eyes, her cheeks became as pale as polished bone, while she fairly gasped for breath.

At the sight of this I say I almost repented me, for I bethought me that, after all, she was a woman, and trained to hate those was professed her mother's faith. I remembered, too, that He Whom I called my Saviour prayed even when on the cross that those who murdered Him might be forgiven. Besides, even as I watched her, I heard a mocking laugh, and, turning, I saw Señor Toledo, his eyes all aglow with evil pleasure, even as though he saw me torn by instruments of torture.

But the Señorita de Valencia spoke no word, neither uttered a cry, and before I well knew what happened next I found myself dragged out of the room, to be presently placed in a stinking dungeon.

It was here that, for the first time since I had come to Spain, despair filled my heart. While I had been with Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth, and while I could see a ray of sunlight, I was brave and cheerful. But now I was alone, neither did one ray of light pierce the darkness of the place. The smell of it, too, was nauseous beyond words, while as I sat alone I heard noisome and, as it seemed to me, pestilential creatures crawl around. More than once creatures as large as rats crawled over me, and when I tried to catch them and throw them away the things bit me, and caused me much pain.

How long I was here I know not even to this day; for I had no means of marking the time, but I know that it seemed eternity to me. Then it was that I realised something of what I had been told concerning the darkness of hell, and had I not been supported by the thought that I had in no way betrayed my conscience, neither had I been faithless to the Gospel, I verily believe I should have gone mad.

After I had been there for a great length of time, tortured by insects, and made sick by the smell of the dark hole, filled with noisome creatures as it was, the pangs of hunger got hold of me, and the dread thought came to me that I was doomed to die of starvation, or perchance, when I was too weak to defend myself, be eaten alive by the rats which swarmed everywhere. Not once did I sleep, although my eyeballs ached for the want of it, neither did I have one moment's peace.

After a time a gaoler appeared, carrying a light and bringing some food, and so starved was I that I snatched it from him and gnawed at the coarse meat as though it were a dainty fit for a king's table. All the same, it was corrupt, evil-smelling stuff, not fit to give to a dog. When I had eaten, the man watching me all the time, I asked him where I was.

"Still under the Alcazar," he replied.

"And my friends, where be they?" I asked.

"They be dining with Father Parsons," he replied.

"That cannot be," I answered.

"Aye, but it is true, señor, for the younger of the two hath promised to obey Father Parsons' bidding."

At first this cast me into a deeper gloom than ever, but the feeling did not last long. We had sworn to trust each other, and when I remembered this, I knew that Mawgan Killigrew would never do such a thing, and this comforted me mightily, as any man may judge.

"Have you any message to deliver?" he asked presently.

"Aye," I cried, "tell Father Parsons his treatment of me is worthy of him and his calling."

At this the man went away, leaving me a little more hopeful, for it is wonderful what food does for a man, even although it be vile, and fit only for vermin, even as mine was.

As I have said, how long I stayed there I know not, neither will I try to set down all the ghastly things I suffered while I was there, for, after all, a man should not bemoan his pains, especially when he suffers in seeking to do his duty. This thing I will say. I was comforted by three things. First, I felt sure that Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth were faithful; second, I knew that my dear mother was praying for me; and third, because of this, I had a feeling that God would never let me suffer beyond what He knew was for my good, and that He would deliver me in His own time.

Not that darkness did not sometimes fill my soul, but I will not dwell upon that, although the memory of the time makes me shudder even now. It came to an end at length, however, the manner of which I will here set down.

"Follow me," said the gaoler to me, after I had partaken of one of the meals he had brought.

"Whither?" I asked.

"The saints alone know," he replied. "But first you are to be tried."

"By whom, and for what?"

"By the Holy Inquisition," he made answer; and then he led me out of this foul-smelling place into a passage where some light came. I followed the man until I came to an open space, where I found myself amidst a medley company.

At first the light almost blinded me, and I could not see plainly; but presently, as I was able to bear the bright sunlight, I looked around me, and to my great joy I saw Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth.

"Thank God you are not dead!" I heard Mawgan say; and after that little was said, for I found myself taking part in a procession which presently passed out of the city, towards a building I had seen on the day when the fires were lit in the Circo Romano.

It did not take us long to descend the steep road which led towards the river, and ere long we entered the gateway of the little church called in the Spanish tongue El Cristo de la Vega, where such things befell us as surely were never before experienced by any man.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EL CRISTO DE LA VEGA.

WHILE on our way to El Cristo de la Vega, I could not help thinking of the other procession in which we took part but a few days before. For, as it came to me, this procession was but a continuation of that, and, had we acted otherwise, we might not have now been on our way to judgment. In one sense we had acted like madmen, and yet, as I reflected even then, we could not have done otherwise. John Trenoweth could not stand by and see his sweetheart burned, neither could Mawgan Killigrew and myself have refrained from defending them from the mad rage of



"'Laugh, will you!' cried Parsons, his eyes gleaming with passion."—*p.* 563.

those who attacked them. Foolish we might have been: nevertheless, we did only what any man who has the blood of an Englishman in him must do, and we did not repent.

Not that we had much reason to hope. We had defied Father Parsons to do his worst. We had denounced not only Señor Toledo, but the Señorita de Valencia. Indeed, I had called this woman names which must make her my enemy for ever. Moreover, we knew what being brought before the Inquisition meant, for the whole world had rung with the Spaniards' cruelty, while many an Englishman who had been captured on Spanish soil had been burnt by Philip's command, for the "welfare of religion and the glory of God." Thus, as I have said, there seemed little hope of our escape. We had, according to the Spaniards' ideas, not only come as enemies and spies, but we had defied their will; and this was to them an unpardonable sin. For before the coming of the great Armada they deemed themselves commissioned by God to make the world bend to their will. They, according to their own ideas, were the one people who defended the true faith, and, because of this, God had everywhere given them victories. They claimed much of the New World and the Indies, and they believed that ere long the wealth of the whole world would be theirs. For this reason they could not understand that any people could regard them as other than the chosen of God, and as a consequence their pride and arrogance knew no bounds. Especially were they angry the English should have defied them, and they therefore took special delight in venting their wrath upon them.

Still—and I am proud to recall it—not one of us showed fear as we found our way to the Church of El Cristo de la Vega. Mawgan Killigrew walked with a jaunty air and with a smile upon his lips. He even looked with contempt on those who guarded us. For, as I have said, I do not believe that Mawgan knew what fear meant, neither did he ever give up hope. He was one who never despaired even in the darkest hours, and would have defied his tormentors even if they were putting him on the rack. As for John Trenoweth, he was buoyed up with the belief that God would interfere on our behalf. Since the day that Esther Truscott had been saved from the fires, as he believed, by the special intervention of Providence, he paid no heed to threat nor danger. As he said, his heart was all aglow with faith, and the delivery of Esther on the day of the fire was but the earnest of the greater delivery which God would surely bring about.

Indeed, if the truth must be told, I was the most downcast of the three. For one thing, I had not Mawgan Killigrew's hopeful nature; neither did I possess that faith which made John Trenoweth sing hymns of hope even while lying in the dark dungeon. Perhaps this was because I had been lying alone in a foul hole among rats and other poisonous vermin, or perhaps it was because I had seen the look on Father Parsons' face when I had refused to do his bidding. Besides, I knew Señor Toledo better than either of these men. I knew his hatred of my father, a hatred which I was sure descended to his son.

Still, I walked uprightly with the rest. Perhaps had we been put to torture, this might not have been, but the Spaniards had a law that no heretic should be put to torture until he had been brought before the judge, and his heresy proved.

As I have said, the Church of El Cristo de la Vega is but a little place, and contains not room for more than a hundred people in all, and I remember even now that I reflected, on entering, that only a little of the crowd who followed could gain admission. I was calm enough, too, to take note of the pictures which hung around the church, as well as the figures of the saints and apostles which were placed all over the building.

Sitting near the altar I saw the Archbishop who had preached the sermon in the cathedral, and beside him I saw Father Parsons, who gave me a look which made a shiver creep down my back.

Near Father Parsons I saw Señor Toledo, who watched me steadily, his small eyes being so closely placed together that the narrow bridge of his nose scarce seemed to divide them. These and other men I saw, but I did not pay much heed to them owing to a strange figure which was placed in a recess behind the altar. And this was no less than the figure of Christ, curiously carved and strangely misshapen. The face of Christ was but little different from that set forth in the faces of a thousand other statues which may be seen in Papist churches all over the world. It represented great agony and ghastly terror, which has always seemed to me to be wrong. For I do not believe that the face of the Son of God was ever full of agony and terror. If it were, He would not be the Son of God, neither would the little children have nestled in His arms, as they did when He walked the tortuous paths of men. But it was not the face that chained my attention. It was the right shoulder, which looked, as I thought, dislocated. And this fact was, as I afterwards found, peculiar to this little church, and did, indeed, give it much importance. For, more than three hundred years before, it is said that a Jew was accused of great sin, and was brought to this very church to be judged. And after many charges had been brought against him, which seemed to prove that he was guilty, the

Jew prayed to the God of Abraham to testify to his innocence. Whereupon the priest who was the judge said that if God would work a miracle on his behalf he should be set free.

"And what miracle would you that God should work?" asked the Jew.

"This," replied the priest; "if thou be guiltless of this crime, then let God cause that the right arm of the Saviour, which thy forefathers did crucify on Calvary, be uplifted."

Thereupon the Jew prayed again, that the God of Abraham would testify to his innocence; after which he arose from his knees, saying that he was ready.

Then the priest turned to the figure of Christ, and said, "If this dog of a Jew be guiltless of the crime of which he is accused, lift, O Lord Christ, King of heaven and earth, Thy right arm." Whereupon, it is said, a shiver passed through the carved statue and the right arm was slowly lifted, after which the Jew was set free, and for many years the people of Toledo were more kind to the Jews, granting them many privileges.*

From that day many other judgments took place in the church of El Cristo de la Vega, and the figure of the Christ was appealed to, even as the priest had appealed to it when the Jew was tried, but never since then had the arm moved. Rather it had remained in the position in which it was left at the Jew's trial, and this, as I have said, gave it the appearance of being dislocated.

The day on which we were brought into the church was bright and sunny, but the windows being much darkened by painted figures, and there being only one of any great size, the place seemed to me drear and cold.

Now we three were examined together before the tribunal which had gathered at the little church, and I would that I could write down in detail all that took place; but although I have racked my memory sorely, I can call to mind only a little of what took place. For this I have found: there be times in a man's life when the mind will not retain what it takes hold of. And that not because one is prone to forget, but because of various happenings which blot out what one would fain remember. Nevertheless, there be some things which come back to me, the which I will set down for the sake of the curious.

First of all, I remember, prayers were said in Latin, after which there was much doleful chanting, the very remembrance of which makes me think of wintry rain. Presently the chanting took, as it seemed to me, a more savage character, telling rather of vengeance than of sorrow, and when it came to an end there was a great silence, so great that I could hear my heart beating. This silence, however, did not long continue, for presently a stern, harsh-looking man spoke to us in the Spanish tongue.

He told us that we were accused of many evil things. We were enemies to the Spaniards, who were the servants of the Lord, chosen by Him to establish in the world that one true faith. We were, moreover, avowed servants of Elizabeth of England, who was the child of an enemy of the faith, and who for her deadly crimes had, in the merciful kindness of the Holy Church, been excommunicated, and was therefore anathema maranatha. That this same Elizabeth had no just claim to the English throne, which by right belonged to Philip of Spain, not only because of his marriage with that most Christian Queen Mary, but because of his descent from one of the English kings. That as servants of Elizabeth we were therefore enemies not only of the true King, but of God Who had chosen him. We had come to Spain with two evil purposes. First, to take away from the loving arms of the Church two women who had hitherto rejected her mercies, refused her forgiveness, and defied her Heaven-given powers. Second, we had come to spy out the land, and, if possible, to go back to the sons of Belial with such reports as might help them to resist the servants of the Most High God. We had also intervened on behalf of the two children of darkness, and that through our intervention the punishments of the Church had been for a little while delayed

"For these things," he said, "the Lord hath delivered you into our hands, to do with as we shall deem right and just. Did we act according to our lawful powers, we should have put you to death without trial; but to show you, and the world, how false have been the judgments of our enemies, we have brought you here that you may speak for yourselves.

"Nevertheless, it is not of these things that you will speak. The charges we have brought against you merit death, but these be but the smallest of your offences. For kings, divinely appointed as they may be, are but men, and nations are but the mere breath of God. But you have denied the Holy One of Israel. You have denied the doctrines of the Church of God. You denied her powers, pulled down her altars, and refused to obey her behests. Being a traitor to your King is but little, compared with the denial of your Lord, and it is concerning this that you shall be judged this day."

* This story is still told to visitors at Toledo who desire to know the history of the Church of El Cristo de la Vega.—J. H.

Whereupon he asked us many questions, the which I have, in a number of cases, forgotten; but I do know that, even as he asked me them, I remembered the words my mother had spoken to me on the day I left my home, and I also called to mind the promise I had made never to deny my Lord. This, moreover, I call to mind with great joy: not one of us did in aught give way to their demands, neither did we use honeyed words concerning the abominations which they would have us accept. Not that we knew much of the mysteries of divinity; but I had read the Bible which had been translated by Master Wycliffe, and had found therein nothing which supported Popish claims, but otherwise. Moreover, we had had enough of Popery during Mary's time, and had learnt its meaning. In truth, as Mawgan Killigrew said to Father Parsons, when he spoke to him in his own language concerning these things, it was against a man's common wit to believe that a bit of bread or a cup of wine could become Christ's blood and body. As for the claim of the Pope, it was so much nonsense, as any man out of Bedlam could see.

And this Mawgan said with a good-natured laugh, as though he enjoyed the saying, as I believe he did. As for John Trenoweth, he spoke harder words than either of us, so that when Father Parsons translated his language, the Spaniards put their fingers to their ears, in order, as they said, to be deaf to such blasphemy.

The upshot of the whole business was that we refused to yield one inch to their demands, neither did we in aught deny one article of the Reformed faith. Moreover, we declared most fervently that salvation was obtained by faith in our Saviour alone, together with repentance of sin, and newness of life, without the aid of Pope or saints, or priests of any sort whatever.

"And what expect you, sirrahs?" said Father Parsons angrily.

"We expect to see you all confounded," cried John Trenoweth confidently.

"The Lord who saved Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego will save us from the fiery furnace, even as He saved them."

At this both Father Parsons and Señor Toledo laughed as though they saw in his answer food for merriment, and presently Father Parsons said: "We shall hear you tell a different tale presently, you blasphemer. Remember, we have powers temporal as well as spiritual, and it is neither wise nor kind to be gentle with those who have denied their Lord. I have seen stronger and braver men than you plead for mercy, and verily you will remember my words before many hours have passed away."

At this Mawgan Killigrew laughed like a man filled with merriment, for even yet he did not seem to realise what torture may make a man do.

"Laugh, will you!" cried Parsons, his eyes gleaming with passion. "Away with them to the dungeons, and let them taste of the hell which shall be theirs for ever!"

"Nay, that may not be," said the Archbishop. "Richly as they deserve all they will surely suffer, for never have I seen heretics so stubborn and so blaspheming, they must yet be dealt with according to our law and our custom here at Toledo."

"Aye, and what is that?" asked Father Parsons, with a scowl.

"We must appeal to the arm of Christ."

At this both Señor Toledo and Father Parsons laughed merrily.

"As to that," they cried, "let this test be proceeded with without delay. If they be saved in this way, well—I will not interfere;" and with that, although he had a little while before knelt to the figure of Christ which stood behind the altar, he now looked at it, as I thought, almost scornfully.

"What is to be done next?" asked Mawgan.

And this I could not tell him, although there was a general movement among all our judges. Whereupon I saw that what was next to follow was to be done with much formality. Some of the priests commenced chanting again, while there was much waving of censers and ringing of bells. After this all the people, saving only Mawgan Killigrew, John Trenoweth, and myself, fell prone before this figure, and abased themselves with much ado, chanting prayers in Latin all the time.

After they had continued this for some minutes they all arose as if with one accord, and then, standing still, they kept their eyes on the carved image of Christ.

Presently the priest who had first spoken to us addressed this carved figure. He spoke also in the Spanish tongue, so that I could follow his words, although I cannot repeat them all here, for he said many things which I may not set down.

But this he did. He called upon the figure of Christ to make manifest His will concerning us. He asked whether we were guilty of the things laid to our charge, and therefore worthy of the anger of the Church, or whether we were guiltless, and must therefore be dealt with mercifully.

Now this seemed to me a mere matter of mockery, for the thing was but wooden, and although I, unlike some who had accepted the

Reformed faith, did not deem that the Papists' worship of idols called so much for anger as for pity, it did seem to me blasphemy to call upon a senseless figure carved in wood to make known the will of God, as to whether we were guilty of the charges brought against us, and therefore worthy of torture and death. For I did not know what I learnt afterwards. As I have said, I found out later that ever since what I have told about the Jew took place this wooden figure was constantly appealed to, but that never since, so just had been the judgments of the Church, had it once moved, and that the arm had remained even as it had been when it moved to save the Jew from death.

Not knowing this, as I said, I felt the whole performance to be a mockery. Nevertheless, I watched intently while the priest addressed the wooden image; and presently, when, as I thought, he was concluding the addresses made on such occasions, I felt my heart beat faster, while Mawgan's eyes were fastened on the silent figure, as though someone had cast a spell upon him.

"Make known Thy will, *El Cristo de la Vega*," said the priest, "and proclaim whether they be guiltless or worthy of death. If Thine hand be still, they shall die, but if Thou dost lift it they shall have mercy."

At this there was a deathly silence for some moments, although I noticed even then that a scornful smile rested on the faces of both Father Parsons and Señor Toledo. Then a great cry arose from the spectators, a cry such as I have never heard before. Surprise, dismay, terror, was in it; such a cry as one might make if the grave of a dead man were to open, and he were to come forth therefrom.

"Look!" gasped Mawgan: "the arm moves!"

He spoke the truth. There, right before us, we saw the bare arm lifted upward and then fall back to its place again.

This, I say, took place as I have here set it down, so that, not knowing what was to be revealed in later days, it seemed as though God had worked a miracle on our behalf.

[END OF CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.]



THE PRAYER OF SOCRATES.

A YOUNG girl, with an earnest look,
Once pored upon a time-worn book
With golden words on every page,
The wisdom of an earlier age;
The old translation from the Greek
Seemed like a living voice to speak;
And suddenly a sentence caught
Her glance, and touched her inmost thought—
Sweet as some message from above,
Thrilling her soul with awe and love!
It was the Prayer of Socrates
(Fit monitor for days like these,
When myriads hurry to and fro
In quest of pleasure, pomp, and show);
He prayed, intent one grace to win—
"God make me beautiful within."

In that lone prairie home, there came
God's voice that called her by her name,
And her whole nature made reply
In swift obedience, "Here am I."
She made this prayer, through toil and strife,
The inspiration of her life—
Thrice blessed prayer that asked not wealth,
Or rank, or fame, or ease, or health!
Thus, Frances Willard chose the good,
The glory of her womanhood,
And still beneath the angels' eyes
The harvest of her sowing lies!
O reader, even now, to-day,
Do thou in secret kneel and pray;
Ask for a heart made pure of sin—
"God make me beautiful within."

J. R. EASTWOOD.

Easter Triumph.

Words by JOHN MASON NEALE.

Music by SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, M.V.O., Mus.D.
(Organist of Westminster Abbey; King Edward Professor of Music, University of London.)



PICTURES OF THE PARABLES.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

By Arthur Fish.



Photo: Braun, Clément et Cie., Paris.)

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

(From the Picture by Rembrandt van Rijn, in the Musée de l'Ermitage, St. Petersburg.)

NOWHERE is there to be found a story so enthralling, so pathetic, so tragic, so entirely representative of all the passions of humanity, as that of the Prodigal Son. It stands alone in the literature of the world, at once the noblest and most simple story ever given to mankind. The pride and self-assertiveness of youth; the patient acquiescence of the father in the desire of the son to seek experience; the folly and debasement of the lad given up to pleasure in "a far country"; the humility of the ruined spendthrift; the great and everlasting love of the parent; the indignant rectitude of the elder brother—was there ever such a terse summary of human nature, in its many moods, presented to the world before or since this divine parable was given to the world by our Lord?

It has inspired writers innumerable with themes for their pens, but none has ever approached the sublimity of the sacred original; it has formed the subject of eloquent discourses, but the simple language of the Gospel story gains nothing from them. Its force is in its homeliness, its strength in its simplicity.

So, too, in the matter of its artistic treatment. The story is told in such a graphic

manner that pictures do not aid us in the least to grasp its incidents and characteristics. It is in itself a series of word-pictures of such strength and distinctness that every detail of the different scenes presents itself at once to the mind of the reader: its illustration by an artist is rendered unnecessary by its simple clearness of diction.

It may be that this fact has precluded many artists from attempting to depict the story, or it may be that they felt that the work of treating the whole story as it demands to be treated in a series of paintings was too great a work for them to embark upon. Certain it is that few of the world's great painters have touched it in their work: some of those who have we purpose to notice here.

It will be seen from the illustrations that the favourite incident with artists is the return of the prodigal, and at that no one can marvel. Therein is the dramatic climax of the story; in it is centred its great passion. It was chosen by Rembrandt for his version. Painted about 1668, when the old painter had passed through the deep waters of trouble, when his life was saddened by continued misfortune and darkened by poverty, it would seem as though he braced himself, Samson-like, for one supreme effort before laying down his brush for ever. With the memories of his success and triumphs thickly upon him, stung by his loss of wealth and the fact that his work was so lightly esteemed that a portrait by him was valued at threepence, the old man of sixty determined to paint "The Return of the Prodigal." The passion of a lifetime was infused into the canvas, and those who have been fortunate enough to penetrate the portals of the Hermitage Museum at St. Petersburg, where the picture now hangs, tell us what a superb work it is. Photographs can give but a faint idea of the original, but even they impress us with the grandeur and power of the picture: the loving gladness of the father as he embraces his son; the humility and shame of the son as he kneels, overcome, before his father. The tragedy of the artist's life's story affects us as we look upon his last great work,



(Photo: X., Paris.)

THE PRODIGAL SON AT TABLE.

(From the Painting by David Teniers in the Louvre.)



(*From a Photograph by Cameron and Smith.*)

THE PRODIGAL SON.

(*From the Painting by Lady Waterford.*)

executed under such depressing circumstances. It was in 1668 that his only son died—after barely a year of married life—and in the next year the old artist himself was carried to his grave.



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

(*By Sir John E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. By permission of Messrs. H. Virtue and Co., Ltd.*)

Of a far different character is the work of David Teniers, the Flemish painter, represented on page 567. Smiled upon by fortune all through his life, prosperous and surrounded by luxury, Teniers was never affected by the tragedy of life; his paintings are gay and vivacious, bright in colour, sparkling with light and atmosphere. Born in Antwerp in 1610, he was a recognised "master" when still a young man. In 1632 he was admitted to the Guild of St. Luke, and in 1644 he was appointed by the Common Council of Antwerp to preside over the Guild of Painters. Over seven hundred accepted works by him have been catalogued, and it is said that he painted with the greatest ease. Our National Gallery possesses fifteen subjects from his brush, most of which are representations of "boors" drinking or otherwise disporting themselves. His treatment of religious subjects, it must be confessed, is trivial in the extreme, as may forcibly be seen in the "Dives in Hell," which hangs in the National Gallery. The



THE PRODIGAL SON.

(From the Picture by David Teniers, in the Dulwich Gallery.)

picture of the Prodigal Son which we illustrate on page 567 hangs in the Louvre, for which collection it was purchased in 1783 for about £3,000. Entitled "The Prodigal Son at Table," it represents the prodigal in the height of his prosperity. He is entertaining at dinner two female companions; standing behind them are two musicians, and on the left of the picture may be seen a servant-maid chalking the score on a slate. On the extreme right of the picture Teniers has introduced the sequel to the entertainment. The prodigal is seen in the next stage of his progress kneeling outside a stable. The picture was painted in 1644, and, as may be seen from the illustration, Teniers has simply transferred the story to his own time



THE PRODIGAL SON.

(From the Painting by J. M. Swan, A.R.A., in the National Gallery of British Art.)

and country. The costumes, the accessories, the landscape, the men and women, are Netherlandish; and of course in this Teniers was following the usual practice of the artists of his time when dealing with Scriptural subjects.

In the Dulwich Gallery is another representation of the subject by the same artist, where the prodigal is shown tending swine. Yet another illustration



THE PRODIGAL SON.

(From the Painting by Harrington Mann, in the possession of Duncan MacKellar, Esq., Glasgow.)

of the story, "The Prodigal Son at Table in an Interior," in a Continental private collection, seems to suggest that Teniers painted a series of illustrations to the story. Teniers died in 1690.

Coming now to the modern pictures illustrated in this article, we take first that by the Marchioness of Waterford. This talented lady, who was ranked by Mr. G. F. Watts as one of the greatest artists of our time, divided her life beautifully between painting and works of charity. She was the daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, and was born in 1818. She married the third Marquess of Waterford, and died in 1891. An exhibition of over three hundred of her works was held at Carlton House Terrace in 1892, and in the following year a selection of her paintings and drawings was included in the Old Masters Exhibition at Burlington House, among them the painting of "The Prodigal Son." It is a charming composition, full of pathos and entirely in the spirit of the story.

The drawing by Sir John Millais is another of the series of the "Pictures of the Parables" to which reference has already been made in these articles. It is not so satisfactory as some of the others, as the figure of the prodigal is rather stiffly drawn.

The pictures by Mr. John M. Swan, A.R.A., and Mr. Harrington Mann deal with the same aspect of the story. Mr. Swan's figure of the prodigal is full of

suggestiveness of the misery and wretchedness he is suffering. The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1889, and purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. It hangs with the other Chantrey pictures in the Tate Gallery. Mr. Mann exhibited his picture at the Academy in 1886.

The final illustration is one of a series of the story of the prodigal executed in colour by a Chinese artist. The artist was not a Christian; he had the Gospel stories read to him by a native convert, who suggested that he should illustrate them in the Chinese manner. A set of six illustrations to this special parable was the result. The first illustrates the passage, "He divided unto them his living"; the second the departure of the prodigal with a mule and three servants in attendance; in the third the prodigal is shown indulging in riotous living in a tea-house; in the fourth he is feeding the swine; the fifth, illustrating the passage, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him," is here printed; and the last of the series shows the entry of the elder brother upon the scene while the feast—partaken of at the round table shown in the illustration—is in progress.

These pictures, then, of the parable, extending in the dates of their execution from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, and painted by artists of various countries and dispositions, serve but to centre attention on the story by which they may be in themselves, they but reflect they were inspired. Beautiful though the beauty of the original. As I have said, they do not help us at all to understand the story, or to appreciate it the more, as do pictures of other Bible stories. The parable of the Prodigal Son stands alone—it is the epitome of the whole Bible story; it interprets in brief the whole scheme of Christ's mission to men. Simple, terse, irresistibly strong in its appeal, it needs no aid from artists in its presentation. The interest in the pictures based upon it lies in the consideration as to how far the artists have yielded to the passion of the story.



"BRING FORTH THE BEST ROBE."

(A Chinese artist's rendering.)

POWER FROM ON HIGH FOR DAILY LIFE.

A Sermon for Easter by the Rev. John Watson, D.D. ("Ian Maclaren").

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."—1 CORINTHIANS XV. 58.



ERE one obliged to select two passages from the correspondence of St. Paul, he had better choose the eulogium on charity and the Hymn of Immortality from this epistle, and, were he deprived of all other Scriptures, he might yet with these two aids accomplish his earthly pilgrimage, and find his way into the heavenly places. St. Paul's treatment of death in this fifteenth chapter is sober, as becomes the subject; death is neither to be forgotten nor belittled; death is, to sight, weakness, corruption; and St. Paul gives the pledge of reality when he writes, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." He also faces the situation with intellectual courage, and does not close his eyes to the issue. He is not dealing with that wistful speculation which, like a faint twilight, illuminated the most austere souls of Paganism; he is concerned with that hope which rests upon the Resurrection of Jesus Christ—not with the chance that somewhere in the world of shadow our departed still exist, but with that fulness of life in which they who are absent from the body are present with the Lord. If Christ has not risen from the dead, then the hope of St. Paul has been dashed to the ground; as Christ has risen, then the hope of everlasting life has been set at the right hand of God. "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." St. Paul is always reasonable—neither browbeating his correspondents into faith, nor refusing to meet their difficulties. He argues out the relations between life and death, reminding his readers that there are the natural and the spiritual, and showing how the natural must come first and the spiritual afterwards. "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." From the beginning, the Apostle discounts victory, but it is only after he has reasoned and explained that he causes the trumpets to sound. Since Christ is reigning and death is under His feet, since the grave is open and become the passage to a splendid immortality, St. Paul lifts up his voice and sings the triumph song of faith. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" This classical passage is not only a sustained argument and a convincing illustration, it is also a majestic epic poem celebrating the defeat of death and the glory of life. "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

St. Paul upon occasion could accomplish an amazing transition either from the depths to the heights or from the heights to the depths of thought, but even he never made such a descent elsewhere as from the fifteenth to the sixteenth chapters of this epistle. One moment he is standing on the mountain top, with the mists which encompass earthly life wreathing beneath his feet, and singing into the clear sunshine the victory of life; the next he is amid life's most ordinary circumstances and enforcing its most commonplace duties. It is almost incredible that one who cried in an ecstasy as he looked across the valley of humiliation to the high plains of Heaven, "O grave, where is thy victory?" should continue, "Now concerning the collection." Victory—collection! Were ever two such incongruous ideas yoked together? It is the marriage of the loftiest poetry and the homeliest prose; the fellowship of an archangel and a day labourer. Had it been "concerning" martrydom—"be ye faithful unto death, and ye shall receive the crown of life"; or "concerning" holiness—"be ye crucified with Christ, that ye may live"; or "concerning" faith—"hold fast the beginning of your

confidence unto the end"; or "concerning" love—"love on, love ever, for the greatest thing is love," it had not been unfitting. But "concerning the collection"! No doubt it was for the saints in Jerusalem, it was an act of winning charity, it would be performed at a severe cost of self-denial. If you translate "collection" into its spiritual equivalent, it would fill out wonderfully and shine radiantly, yet what a stretch between the celebration of immortality and the discharge of this modest virtue!

St. Paul himself does not consider that he has broken the laws of thought or flung together ill-mated experiences; he would not admit that he strains our nature by this rapid change or does any despite to the highest theme when he yokes it with daily duty. He reasons naturally, joining the victory and the duty as cause and effect; he reasons logically, linking the song and the service with this unemotional word "Therefore." Never before or since has this coupling in the machinery of reason been used with such felicity. "Therefore" is always a strong and necessary word, but usually cold and hard; now it is full of grace and of beauty. If it be a key to open the floodgates, it is a key of gold such as is given to a royal person; if it marks a consequence, it is the opening of the flowers in the valley when the sun shines in the heights. There is a contrast, if you please, between the view from the top of an alp, where the sunlight is reflected from a world of dazzling whiteness, and the scene in the glen beneath, where the stream is turning the creaking wheel of a little mill, and the outlook is limited to a few fields; but the valley depends upon the mountain, and the mountain is not indifferent to the valley. From the bosom of the glacier high on the mountain side comes the torrent which fertilises the peasant's field and drives his homely wheel. There had been no greenness below without the resplendent glory above. What a distance between the high place where Jesus sits Conqueror over death and the narrow sphere where we work and suffer! And yet it is from the throne that power comes to the humblest of Christ's disciples to do his daily task and to triumph over the temptations which assail his soul. There was not a Corinthian slave who did not toil after a nobler fashion, because Christ had finished the work which His Father gave Him to do; not a Corinthian citizen who overcame the seductions of that evil city, but he owed his strength unto Him Who had broken the power of sin upon the Cross; and there was not a Corinthian mourner whose tears were not dried as he thought of the departed in their glory with the Lord. From the height comes the power both in the physical and in the spiritual worlds. "Therefore," cries St. Paul with victory ringing in his voice. The rising of Christ was no lonely resurrection: He was the first fruits: His was no exclusive glory, it was riches of grace for all His brethren. "Lift up your eyes," cries St. Paul, "from the darkest defile which the sun penetrates only once a day, and the lowliest cot where thou doest thy daily work, from the narrowness and hardness, the darkness and despair of earthly life, to the hills where the sun is shining and Christ is reigning. Although He be in the glory of the Father, and thou art the most broken of all His disciples, yet Christ and thou are so linked together that there is nothing which can touch thee in the depths and not affect Him in the heights, and none of His unlimited and unimaginable power which He does not hold and wield for thee. "Therefore——" The reasoning does not stand in our poor thoughts, but in the eternal purpose of God, and in the Almighty achievement of Jesus Christ. "Therefore," because He stood fast, stand ye fast, whatever come; because He hath put His foot upon the neck of thine enemies, be not moved by anyone; because the success of thy work is already assured to Christ and the harvest is already His, labour on.

When St. Paul in this splendid application of spiritual truths to practical duty brings in the new world to redress the old, he is relying on a principle which operates through every province of human thought and activity. It is that the unseen is greater than the seen, that behind every action lies a dominating idea. No subject of human thought is apparently further removed from everyday use than pure mathematics in their higher development, and yet upon one abstruse formula iron bridges are built, and upon another is fixed the strength of a telephone wire. Italy was delivered amid picturesque circumstances of heroism,

but there had been no redeemed Italy unless Mazzini had saturated the minds of his countrymen with the love of liberty. Prussia had never roused herself against the bondage of the First Napoleon had not Fichte taught his people that no tyrant can bind him who does not bind himself, and never flinched preaching freedom in Jena, where

> "Unawed he sung amid a slavish band";

and Fletcher, the Scots patriot, was right in declaring that he cared not who made the people's laws if he were allowed to make the people's songs. It is within the soul, and not in the outer life, that the battle of freedom is really fought. He that is defeated in the soul is broken in his life; he that wins in the soul can never be beaten in his life. He who with the vision of his mind sees noble things will attempt noble actions, and he who believes in the victory of righteousness will fight the good fight with a high heart. It is from the highest that our strength comes, whether we study or labour, endure or sorrow.

This principle has its most convincing illustration in religion, for here everything depends on whether our faith makes her home in the highest places and among the most spritual truths. If it be true that we view the other world through human images and experiences, projecting upon it both our fears and our hopes, and

> "Life, like a dome of many coloured glass,
> Stains the white radiance of eternity,"

it is also true that eternity pours its light upon this present sphere, changing its colours and its proportion so that life, to its humblest duty and bitterest trial, becomes another thing because Heaven is bending over us. Another world touches us on every side by faint and elusive evidences, "like snow upon a blind man's face"; and this unseen world is proved to us and revealed by the resurrection of Christ. That is the imperial event in human history and the influential fact in human life. It makes a new centre for thought, to which every idea must be adjusted, it affords a new basis for hope, opening endless vistas of development, and it is the sure consolation for every form of sorrow. Since there is a spiritual world, then, the chief part of a man is not his body, which passes away, but his soul, which belongs to eternity. Since Christ is Lord of the spiritual world, that soul is destined to know the riches of everlasting life; since Christ has conquered, it matters not how keen our conflict may be, the victory at set of sun shall be with goodness, and they who have followed the Lord shall stand in white with palms in their hand. And since Christ is for ever alive, they who have left us, but whom we cannot forget, have passed, not into unconsciousness, but into the shining of God's face. "Therefore," if we sorrow, let it be in the Lord; if we fight, let it be in the Lord; if we labour, let it be in the Lord; for in Christ living and ruling we live, we stand, we labour, and we conquer.

Ten years ago there was a valley in Southern California which was a waste of barren sand and unlovely shrubs, a place wherein nothing beautiful could grow, and whereon the sun beat with cruel glare. Far off stood the high hills against the eastern sky, and amid their fastnesses there were fountains of water. An inspiration came to some man as his thoughts turned from the desert places to the distant streams, and he brought the water from the heights to the arid plain. Three years ago I stood and looked down upon that valley, and, behold, it was as the garden of the Lord, for it had changed into fields of fruit lined by hedges of roses. The air was perfumed with the scent of orange blossom, and drowsy with the hum of bees, while the sound of running water could be heard on every side. The glory of the hills had come unto the plain, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed like the rose.

There come times to every one of us when life stretches before us like an arid waste, when our best thoughts and deeds are like withered and shrivelled plants, when our hearts fail within us for thirst and we are nigh unto despair. Then it is the hour to lift our eyes to the horizon where heaven and earth meet; from ourselves to Christ, from the grave to the resurrection, from the battle to the victory, from the weary and inhospitable desert to "a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." "Therefore"—and with this single word Heaven is brought down to earth and earth is lifted up to Heaven.

A DEFERRED HONEYMOON.

A Complete Story by K. E. V.

"FINE morning, ma'am. Hope you like the place."

Mrs. Clinkscales straightened the shawl on her comely old shoulders, and moved towards the fence. The fresh morning air had given her more colour than usual, and her grey eyes were clear as a child's.

"I shall like it when I get used to it," she said, "and am a bit straight. Things aren't in their right places yet."

"It's a deal of trouble, moving," Mrs. Parsons said sympathetically. "Well I know it, and me and my sweetheart say we don't want no more of it."

"Have you lived here long?" asked Mrs. Clinkscales.

"Just over a year—that's all," said Mrs. Parsons, who had got on with her morning work and could afford to be talkative. "My sweetheart and me took rooms first, but they wasn't noways comfortable, so when he saw this nice little place to let he took it and we moved. There was only us two then, and now baby, bless him! is near nine months old."

"You must bring him in to see me," said Mrs. Clinkscales, attracted by the pleasant manner of her neighbour.

"If you'd let me do a turn at helping you, I'd be right down glad," said Mrs. Parsons cheerfully. "I could come this afternoon, and baby would be that happy in his bassinette."

"Thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Clinkscales, rather to her own surprise, accepting the offer, "and you must stay and take a cup of tea with me."

"I'd like to," Mrs. Parsons said simply, "and my sweetheart is wonderful handy in doing things, if you'd like him to give you a turn to-night."

"You seem very fond of your sweetheart," said Mrs. Clinkscales, who found that designation for a husband rather strange.

"I had ought to be, he's that good to me," Mrs. Parsons said, her homely face made quite beautiful by its look of love. "I thought I'd known him before we was married, but it was nothing to him on our honeymoon."

"So you went away for your honeymoon?" said Mrs. Clinkscales, with a curious inflection in her voice.

"Yes, to the sea for a whole week. My sweetheart, he said——"

"Em'line!" called someone, and Mrs. Clinkscales turned. "Em'line, where's my best boots?"

"Mr. Clinkscales seems a bit impatient, Jo," Mrs. Parsons confided to her husband that night; "makes her run about for him—but there, I daresay she's used him to it."

Mrs. Clinkscales and her young neighbour grew very friendly, and their respective husbands often smoked their pipes in peaceful conjunction, while little Jo was made much of by all. The Clinkscales had two sons of their own, but they were both married and settled in Australia, where they were doing well.

The old folks were in very comfortable circumstances, and Mr. Clinkscales did no regular work, but looked after some cottages he owned. His wife did most of the work of their own house, for she was hale and strong for her years; but, though the house was always in exquisite order, Mrs. Clinkscales had a curious air of detachment from it, and her fresh-looking face often wore a look of discontent and dissatisfaction. She read a good deal, and delighted in sentimental love stories about impossible lords and ladies, often retailing their doings to Miriam Parsons, who had less time for reading to herself.

Mr. Clinkscales could neither read nor write with ease, and thought a good deal of his wife's attainments in those ways, though he never could understand her pleasure in the books over which she grew so eager and excited.

"Hosea don't care for reading," Mrs. Clinkscales said one day to Miriam Parsons. "I've got a splendid story about a duke who died on his honeymoon."

"I'd like to hear about it," said Miriam. "I'm glad Jo didn't die on ours."

"Some people might be better off if their husbands did," Mrs. Clinkscales said, so bitterly that her neighbour thought to herself that Hosea had been worrying that morning.

"Where did you go for your honeymoon?" Miriam asked rather timidly after a pause.

"Didn't go anywhere, and Hosea'd said we should; but when it came to spending the money, I s'pose he thought he'd rather keep it: but there, women folks aren't supposed to have things to enjoy."

She had never spoken like that before, and Mrs. Parsons was rather frightened. She should not like to speak of Jo like that, she thought. Still, perhaps, it was rather hard to be expected to stay at home and work, yet never get a word of thanks.

XUM

Jo Parsons was surprised that night by his wife's lack of cheerfulness. She had cooked him a nice meal, but made no pleasant remark as she set it before him, and he wondered what could be wrong. Once he asked if baby were in bed, and she snapped him up as though he had no right to ask the question.

He sat smoking thoughtfully as his wife stepped about the room, watching her with a grieved wonder that would have touched her had she stayed to see it, but she did not look into his face.

"Seen her to-day?" Mr. Parsons asked, jerking his thumb over his shoulder towards the next house.

Miriam did not look up from the work she had just taken in hand. "Mrs. Clinkscales has been in this afternoon for a bit," she said coldly.

Jo sent a puff of smoke towards the ceiling. "Seems to me she ain't a particular good friend for you," he said.

Miriam flushed angrily. "It's just like you men; you go out and get changes yourself, but you don't like us even to have a friend in. I may toil and slave, with never a word of thanks, but mustn't choose my own friends.



"'Where's Em'line?' he demanded."

Oh, Jo! I don't mean all that," for she had caught sight of his grieved, astonished face.

"I should hope not," he said drily, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and went into the garden, leaving her alone.

It gave her time to despise herself for what she had said. She well knew that in Jo there had never been any lack of consideration for her. Mrs. Clinkscales had made her think it only right to be discontented, but she could not bear to see Jo look at her like that.

Jo came in rather awkwardly, but his slippers were ready for him, and Miriam turned to him with a little smile, though her eyes were full of tears. He patted the hand she held out to him with a light for his pipe, and there was no need for words.

Still Jo Parsons, simple-hearted, good fellow as he was, felt vaguely uneasy, and could not help wondering whether the friendship with Mrs. Clinkscales was doing his wife any good. The companionship of a woman so much older, who had had so much experience of life, ought to be a help to her, and, perhaps, after all, Miriam was not feeling quite well. But poor Jo had rather a trying time; for though Miriam was sorry for what she had said, and did not break out in the same way again, she was apt to be dull and short-tempered, and he greatly missed her bright cheeriness.

"Isn't it a lovely morning, Mrs. Clinkscales?" Miriam said one day in late October, as she came into the garden after settling Joey for his morning sleep. "Every day was like this when we had our honeymoon."

Mrs. Clinkscales gave a little sound between a grunt and a sigh; she was sore on the subject of honeymoons, and, although Miriam Parsons knew it, she had not the thoughtfulness to refrain from speaking of what she so much loved to remember. The elder woman had been brooding a good deal of late, and she said bitterly, "There's some men never think of what their wives like: so long as Hosea's comfortable, he don't care what I'm wanting. You mark my words, Miriam Parsons. Don't you give way to your Jo too much: you make him wait for things, and want them—he'll think a deal more of you."

"Oh! I shouldn't like to," said Miriam rather startled by the other's vehemence.

"Em'line!" called out Hosea Clinkscales, coming to the door. "Where did you put my handkerchers?"

"There," said Mrs. Clinkscales, "and they're close to his hand. Didn't I tell you? I'm coming, Hosea."

That afternoon, as Mrs. Parsons was getting her tea, there was a knock at the door, and there stood Mr. Clinkscales, without a hat, his white hair rumpled, and a rather injured look in his mild eyes.

"Tell Em'line, I want my tea," he said complainingly. "I told her I must have it early, as I'm going into the town."

"Why, she ain't here," said Mrs. Parsons, surprised. "I ain't seen her since the morning."

"Well, why ain't she at home, then?" Hosea asked fretfully. "She ain't never out when I come in."

"Perhaps it would be a bit better if she was sometimes," Miriam said rather severely, but the old man's look of grieved surprise rebuked her.

"Em'line does just as she likes," he said quaveringly, "but I do want my tea."

Miriam felt a rush of pity for him: he looked so old and feeble, as if he wanted taking care of. "You sit down here by the fire, Mr. Clinkscales," she said cheerfully, "and I'll get you some tea."

"Thank you kindly," said the old man, "but I can't think where Em'line is."

"She's got kept somewhere—don't you fear," Mrs. Parsons said, and, comforted by sympathy and tea, Mr. Clinkscales presently went away.

Joey was fretful, and his mother could not leave him, or she would have gone next door to see after her neighbour. She had cooked something specially nice for Jo's supper, and they were sitting down to it when they heard footsteps up the garden path. There was a knock at the door, but, before they could answer it, it opened, and Hosea Clinkscales stood there. "Where's Em'line?" he demanded in the tone of one who would have an answer.

Jo looked at his wife, who said, "Surely she's at home by now!"

"She ain't; I don't know where she is," and the old man burst into tears.

"Here, don't you take on so, Mr. Clinkscales—she's been kept somewhere, you may depend," said Jo Parsons. "I'll come and see if I can't find her."

"Do have your supper first," begged Miriam, and he stayed to take a little; then the two men went out together.

Left alone with her sleeping little one, Miriam thought a great deal. Most likely there was some simple reason for her neighbour's absence, she told herself; yet all the time at the back of her thoughts a fear was forming—a fear which took shape when, an hour later, Jo ran in to say that they had heard nothing of the lost one, and were going out again.

"You ain't afraid of being left, are you?" he asked kindly, seeing how white his wife looked.

"No. Oh, Jo! take care of yourself. I hope you will find her."

He patted her shoulder cheerfully, though he looked a little anxious. "Women don't get lost like that! Don't you wait up, Miriam."

"Oh! I must," she said; "and you'll want a cup of hot tea when you come in."

"Maybe I'll be glad of it," he said. "It's pretty cold out."

The wind had risen, and blew gustily against the window, and Mrs. Parsons shivered in response. She remembered that Emmeline Clinkscales had sometimes threatened to run away and leave her husband: he would see

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then how much depended on her. Once or twice she had even talked of taking her own life. Surely she could not have done anything so wicked and mad! Yet Miriam felt she could not rest: if it were not for Joey, she would have gone out to search. As it was, it was plainly her duty to stay there.

That night's vigil helped to change Miriam: she had been rather shallow, too apt to be swayed by others, too ready to find out grievances that did not exist. Now, as she watched by her boy, she thought of her husband's patience and goodness, and she had made the former very necessary to him of late. Sometimes even she had been ready to despise him as slow and dull. She had been very impatient of her happy home life, but it should be different, and, kneeling beside her baby, Miriam said a very earnest little prayer for forgiveness for the past and help for the future. At half-past five Jo came back with Hosea: they were too utterly worn out to search any more, and Jo must get some sleep before going to his work. He would not go to bed, but he and the old man would sit by the kitchen fire and perhaps get a little rest.

Miriam got them some tea, but Hosea had fallen asleep before she brought it to him, and she would not rouse him to take it. Jo had his, and was dropping asleep when his wife touched him, and he looked up, to see her in her hat and cloak.

"I've thought of somewhere to go," she said. "Please let me, Jo dear. I've made up the fire, and Joey's sleeping beautiful. Anyway, I shan't be very long gone."

Her words mingled with Jo's dreams; he felt a cold air as she opened the door, but it was shut directly, and he sank into a dreamless sleep of utter weariness.

Something dragged him at last out of the abyss of sleep, and he sat up and looked about him uncomprehendingly at first. The first light of a lovely autumn morning was struggling through the drawn curtains, the lamp looked out of place, the fire had burnt hollow, and there, in a chair opposite, slept Hosea Clinkscales, a forlorn heap of wretchedness.

But it was Miriam who had roused him, Miriam with tearful eyes and tremulous, smiling mouth.

"I've found her, Jo," she said.

He sprang to his feet with an exclamation that made Hosea sit up and look round him bewildered.

"Eh?" said the old man, "found my Em'line? Bless you, my dear! I'll go to her."

Miriam laid a detaining hand on his arm, and looked appealingly at her husband. "Not now, Mr. Clinkscales," she begged: "she's that tired and poorly, and she'd like you to go to bed in our room, and you'll wake and see her then."

"She ain't dead?" wailed the old man.

"No, I should think not—only dead tired, and I've got her to bed. Now, like a dear soul, you go into our room and rest a bit."

Jo answered the appeal in his wife's eyes by carrying off Hosea, and putting him comfortably to bed in their room. Then he went back to his wife.

She was shaking all over, and clung to him, crying, "Oh, Jo, Jo!"

"What is it, my dear?" he asked soothingly.

"Oh, Jo! she'd meant to drown herself, and then she didn't dare, and I found her by the river."

"She's a wicked woman," Jo said indignantly. "What did she want to do that for?"

"Oh, Jo! she's so miserable: I couldn't hardly get her home, and she's ashamed to see her husband. That's why I wanted him to go to bed here."

"Well she may be," said Jo, unsoftened. "A wicked woman that throws her happiness away. Look at that poor old chap."

"Yes, Jo, I know; and I've been rather like her, but I do want to help her—she's that ashamed. She's ill, too, and may have caught her death."

If Jo Parsons felt hardly towards Mrs. Clinkscales, he was very tender to his wife, and even fetched a little girl to attend to Joey that Miriam might be free to go to her neighbour.

Joey had been a model of goodness, but now he woke and demanded some attention from his mother, and Miriam grew calmer as she washed and dressed the little one. Then she peeped at Hosea, who was still sleeping, and, leaving full directions with the little maid as to what to do, she went into the next house.

Mrs. Clinkscales was not asleep, and turned to her neighbour with a shamed face.

"Where's Hosea?" she asked.

"Sleeping beautiful," Miriam answered cheerfully.

"Miriam Parsons," said the old woman impressively, "if I'm ill, don't you bring a doctor to me; you get me through, if you can, but I don't want any doctor here to shame Hosea by knowing what has happened. Promise!"

"I'll do all I can," said Miriam.

"Now, I feel that sleepy—if Hosea wakes, let him come in."

Hosea came in presently, looking frightened and unhappy—he could not understand things at all—but when his wife held out her hand and said, "Hosea, I'm so sorry," he patted it gently and kissed her.

She did fall ill, but Miriam was able to nurse her without a doctor being called in: it

was a thorough chill and the effects of the excitement she had undergone. She was sometimes light-headed, and talked all sorts of nonsense, often going back to the foolish stories she had read. She very often talked of her disappointment about the honeymoon, but Miriam was glad it was when she was alone with her.

Miriam had grown to love old Hosea, and to understand him, perhaps, better than his wife did. He looked so miserable with no "Em'line" about him that Jo devoted himself to him a good deal, and the two grew very friendly.

One day, when Miriam went in to Mrs. Clinkscales, she found Hosea sitting beside her with tears running down his face.

"Ain't I made her happy?" he asked wistfully, and Miriam did not know what to say. "She talks a deal about a honeymoon. I thought she didn't want nothing but to come to our little home when we was married." He looked at Miriam appealingly.

"Well, Mr. Clinkscales, she has spoke to me about it as if she was a bit disappointed," said Miriam.

The old man bent over the bed. "Em'line," he said, "I didn't know as you cared about it; but make haste and get well, my maid, and you shall have the best as ever was, Em'line dear. I want to make you happy, Em'line."

Miriam was crying softly, and went out of the room, leaving the two alone.

Mrs. Clinkscales struggled through her illness unwillingly. At first there was only shame, and not the right sorrow for what she had intended to do. But Hosea's gentleness made her see her conduct in the true light, and bitterly she repented.

The winter had settled in, and it was nearly Christmas when at last they persuaded her to come downstairs. There, everything spoke a welcome—there was a new easy-chair, and Hosea had papered and whitewashed the front kitchen, and there were pretty new curtains at the window.

Mrs. Clinkscales began to cry as she looked round. "I don't deserve it; I've been a wicked woman."

"There, three, my dear," said Hosea. "I hope you like it all."

"I don't deserve it," she repeated. "I've been a wicked wife to you, Hosea, and meant to give you more trouble."

She tried to tell him all about it, but he grew so distressed and unwilling to hear that in her new thoughtfulness she made up her mind that she must not make him understand—it only hurt him, and could not do good—but it made her all the more sorry and repentant.

"I've been thinking," he said as they sat by the fire, "that we will ask them kind young people next door to spend Christmas with us—it's a bit dull for you, now our lads are so far away."

"I don't want anybody but you, Hosea," she said.

"Well, my dear, and maybe I'd like a bit of company myself; that baby there is wonderful, and they're learning of him to call me grand-dad, and to know me like anything."

"They're all very kind," Mrs. Clinkscales said heavily; "a deal better than I deserve."

"Now, now, my dear, I ain't going to have that. There's a deal of things I've been thinking about lately, Em'line. Maybe I haven't made you as happy as I might, but I love you true, and you'll have to excuse my blundering ways that can't say things like your story-books."

"I hate them," Mrs. Clinkscales said; "I don't feel as if I'll ever enjoy a story-book again."

"Well, my dear, I hope you will: there's a deal of entertainment in a good story, though I wasn't never a reader myself—but it's time you had your beef-tea."

He rose and set about getting it, awkwardly enough, and his wife refrained from saying anything when he set the jar down on the polished fender, leaving a mark that would be troublesome to remove. He had found a little tray-cloth that she had put away as too good to use, and it was crumpled in a way that quite distressed her.

"Is it good?" he asked, anxiously watching her as she tasted the beef-tea. "Have a bit more salt?"

"No, thank you," she said. He had already salted it till it tasted more like brine than anything else. "It's fine and warming."

"Aye, it'll stand by you," he said as he took the tray.

"There's something else I've been thinking," he said, as he washed the cup in a way that made her long to do it herself. "Maybe, when spring comes, you'd like us to have a bit of a jaunt together. How'd it be to go to the place where you was brought up?"

"Oh, Hosea," she cried. "I've longed and longed to go!"

"Why didn't you tell me?" he asked tenderly; "I never thought you cared about it. Now you make haste and get better, and we won't find ourselves too old for a bit of a honeymoon after all these years."

She gave a little sound between a sob and a laugh. "It's like beginning over again; I don't deserve it, but I'm that thankful I can't say."

Miriam, coming in a little later, saw Hosea's lifted finger of warning to her to make no noise, and saw that his wife was sleeping against his shoulder, all the fretful lines smoothed out of her face, and even in sleep her hand holding his fast.

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ONCE A TAVERN, NOW A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A BIRMINGHAM SCHEME.

By Bernard Alderson.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

PRINCE OF WALES ADULT SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM.

ONCE a public-house, now an adult Sunday school! Such a transformation possesses a peculiar significance, but the inner meaning of the change is only fully realised and valued by those who frequented the place when it dealt out liquor, and who now attend it and enjoy its advantages and helpful influence under its new management. The name remains unchanged. It is the "Prince of Wales" still, but in its new garb much more worthy of its royal title.

Situated in the heart of one of the poorest districts of Birmingham, the "Prince of Wales" was formerly a tavern of not the highest class. Under the licensing scheme organised by Mr. Arthur Chamberlain—a brother of the Colonial Secretary—in conjunction with the brewers of the city, about ninety public-houses of the smaller type have been or are in the course of being closed. In return for surrendering these licences the brewers have received permission to enlarge other public-houses. By sifting out the bad and improving the remainder, it is hoped that the drink-

ing habits of the people may be regulated and wanton excess and drunkenness discouraged. The scheme aims at giving the police a better supervision of the public-houses of the city, and eradicating those which are not needed, and especially those of a doubtful character.

When the licence of the "Prince of Wales," in Hospital Street, ceased to operate, it occurred to the band of workers at the Farm Street Friends' Hall that it would make a suitable branch school, and, putting the thought into action, they completely revolutionised the place, and at the present time not even its oldest customer would recognise it in its new capacity. This process of converting disused taverns into adult schools is being carried on with great zeal by the Society of Friends, and, largely owing to the generosity of Mr. George Cadbury and other philanthropists, there are now six schools flourishing as it were upon the ashes of their former existence. The movement was inaugurated as a memorial to the late Alderman White, one of the founders of the Early Morning Adult Schools and a prominent Temperance worker in Birmingham.

The "Prince of Wales" is not an imposing building. It rises to three storeys, and the front is neatly painted and embellished with a beacon lamp. But if the exterior, from an architectural point of view, has no special attraction, the interior possesses numerous features of great interest. It was a keen, frosty Sunday morning when the writer passed through the doorway, which told one that it led into the "Prince of Wales Social Club." But, while outside the air was raw and cold, over the threshold the atmosphere glowed with warmth and vitality. To the right, where formerly the bar had stood, a huge urn was pouring out hot coffee, and on a counter rose a pile of buns. Some members were "breakfasting" preparatory to the morning's school, but one and all as they stepped inside were greeted with a hearty "Good-morning" and a genuine hand grip.

The school begins at eight o'clock, and



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

MEN'S CLASS

on the stroke of that hour the "scholars" assemble in an oblong room on the second floor for an opening hymn and prayer. The stairs leading to this room are almost perpendicular, and not distinguished either for stability or breadth. They were never intended for numbers, but, having climbed them, the men pass to rows of desks and forms, meanwhile exchanging greetings and news.

Comfort and cleanliness are written everywhere. The walls are neatly painted and hung with pictures, and the stove at the far end of the room throws out a welcome warmth. But while the room with its transformed effect presents a striking scene, it is the men who throng it who give to it a singular fascination. What a wealth of experience the faces show, and what past misery they reveal!

But while some are men who have been buffeted by the world, the larger number are of middle age. The well-to-do artisan is not prominent, the neighbourhood is not to his liking; but although the men are poor and principally of the unskilled labouring class, their clean faces and knotted scarves are symbolic of a change which is gradually revolutionising every feature of their daily lives. It is unmistakably evident they have come to spend a pleasant hour, to enjoy each other's companionship, to enlarge their minds, and to increase their moral strength and Biblical knowledge. They are habitually used to early rising, and the eager, expectant look on their faces



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

TYPE OF SCHOLAR.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A KNOTTY POINT.

provides an excellent testimony to the joy with which they have anticipated the morning's school. There is no patronising or cringing. Every one is on the same social level. The men greet each other by their Christian names, and between some of them the closest of friendships exist.

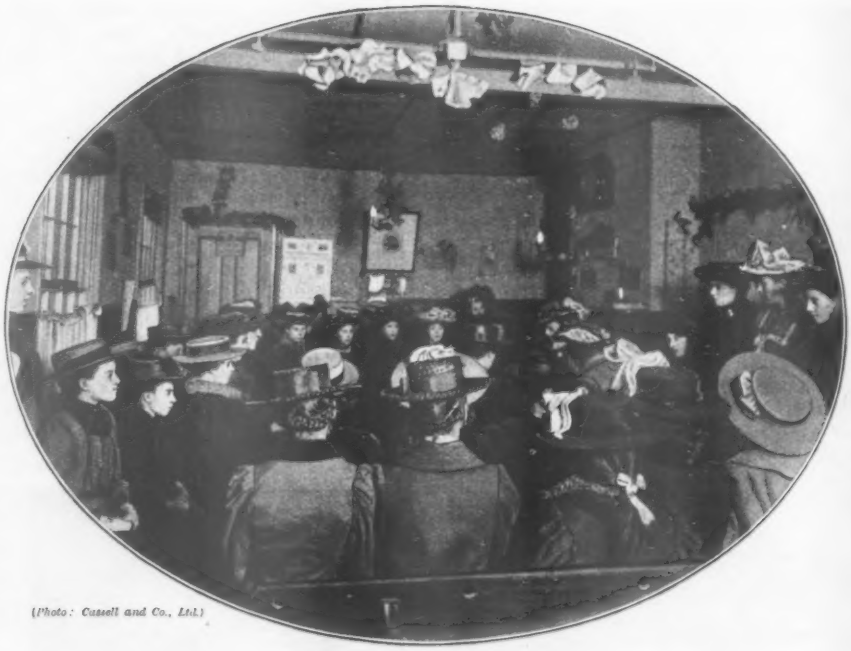
The superintendent, a typical working man, with a pervading atmosphere of cheerfulness, and possessed with a good voice and a ready command of homely language, announces one of Sankey's hymns, and, aided by the harmonium, leads the tune. The singing is hearty, and the refrain, "To the work, To the work, There is labour for all," seems particularly appropriate. The singers are men who like the simple and straightforward tunes which need volume to endow them with lifelike vitality. After prayer, there is usually a ten minutes' conversational chat and then Bible reading, but on this particular morning one of the members who had acted as a delegate to an Adult School Convention gave an account of his visit.

Meanwhile, in a small class-room at the front of the building, about a dozen members are practising writing. One of their number having served out copy-books and pens and ink, the task of cultivating what is a lost art to the educated is pursued with zeal and energy. Occasionally the silence is broken by a casual remark concerning the school or with reference to some sick member, but the work continues unimpeded until half-past eight, when the writing materials give place to the Bible reading which then commences. A chapter is chosen, and each member in turn reads a verse. Here and there some big word causes a stoppage until the difficulty is removed by the teacher. By this method of reading aloud the men not only become better readers, and afterwards useful speakers, but they gain a more intimate knowledge of the Scriptures. The teacher briefly reviews the chapter and explains its teaching, and afterwards the members are invited to express their views and ask questions. The attendance is then registered, and it is while this is taking place that one gathers how punctual the "scholars" are, and how eagerly they strive to win the full marks. Many of them take a pride in the fact that they have never missed once, and one member related with singular pleasure how he had occupied that particular corner since the opening of the school. The book prizes are highly



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE CLUB-ROOM.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

WOMEN AND GIRLS' SCHOOL

valued by their recipients, and afford the greatest pleasure and profit during the long winter night in homes which, although clean and tidy, are not blessed with too many comforts. The Bibles are stored away, and the class joins the larger one in the other room for the closing hymn. It is now nine o'clock, and, with hearty good wishes mutually given, the members wend their way homewards to breakfast.

This is, however, but the opening of the Sabbath, and although the building is primarily an early morning adult school, the work continues throughout the day. At half-past nine a school is held for women and girls, and this is followed by a children's service in the afternoon and a mission meeting at night. On Monday a mothers' meeting is held, and on Tuesday a Band of Hope. But the principal agency at work during the week is the social club. This is held in a large room on the ground floor, where formerly the bar parlour was situated. It is a well-lighted, cosy room, heated by a big stove, and its walls reveal the many branch agencies of work which are in active operation in connection with the club, such as a savings bank, a sick society, classes for first aid instruction, and lectures on social science and other subjects of interest. Every evening during the week this room presents an animated scene, as there are always a good proportion of members present who find in its recreative facilities more genuine pleasure than can be obtained at the public-house. On the question of cheapness the club easily holds the lead in competition with the public-house. The subscription is only a penny a week, while many members know to their cost that not infrequently the public-house has claimed nearly a sovereign out of a wage of twenty-five shillings. But regarded from a higher standpoint—that of beneficial pleasure and moral growth—the members unanimously admit that the club has been a priceless boon to them. After their monotonous toil of the day, the men say a change of environment and occupation is necessary, and hitherto, as the public-house formed the only resort where amusements and companionship could be found, they visited it partly out of necessity and partly as

the result of an ingrained habit. Now all that is changed. They admit they have now no excuse, with such a club available for their use at so low a charge; and, having tried the new room *without the drink*, many of them have made it their permanent meeting place, or, as some regard it, *their home*.

In addition to the daily papers and magazines, and such games as draughts, chess, and ping pong, the room is fitted up with two handsome bagatelle tables. These, as may be expected, are in constant use every evening, and the men justly appreciate the opportunity to play their favourite game without having to resort to the public-house. It was after considering the matter from this standpoint that the bagatelle tables were allowed by the committee. Betting and stakes on games are, of course, strictly prohibited. There is no bigotry or narrowness in any part of the work. No undue liberties are permitted, but the men are not tied down by any hard-and-fast restrictions. They are induced to regard the club as *their own*, and to safeguard its honour and reputation. When a company of working men is invested with such a trust they value the confidence it carries with it, and it is very rarely they prove unworthy of such an endowment of co operative power. On the drink question the club adopts a firm attitude. No intoxicating liquor is allowed on the premises, but while the drink has been for ever banished from the place, and the men are induced to sign the pledge, as the safest course, the fact that a man is a moderate drinker does not debar him from membership. He is gladly enrolled, as it is this class of men which the school aims at saving from the snares of the public-house. This broad-minded policy has already borne good fruit, and after a trial of the club and the character of its companionship many have given up the drink altogether. Quite a long list of cases might be given of men who have been reclaimed from a drunkard's grave through the helping hand held out by these reformed public-houses, which, under their new management, encourage true manliness, sobriety, healthy recreation, knowledge, charity, the spirit of brotherliness and comradeship, and the fear of God.

There are six of these beneficial agencies at work in the poorer districts of Birmingham, in addition to the ordinary early morning schools, and as opportunities arise to acquire suitable premises, on the expiration of the surrendered licences, the work will be enlarged, and by this means many a wilderness will be transformed into a fruitful garden.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

WRITING CLASS.

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THE SECOND TIME.

By Katharine Tynan.

IT was difficult to think of Aurelia Dimsdale as a woman no longer young. She had never been pretty, but hers was a strong, ardent, compassionate face, which the discriminating had often declared lovely, while the duller ones stood by and wondered what they could mean.

Her face had altered little between girlhood and middle age. Perhaps it even grew comelier, as those beautiful, plain faces have a way of doing. Its strongly marked features, its deep brown eyes, were set in masses of hair that had a charming natural way of its own. Now it was powdered rather thickly with grey. Women of Aurelia's own age were apt to be cross with her that she would not call in the hairdresser to conceal those grey hairs. Yet to people who knew Aurelia's immense pity for her kind, the grey hair seemed well in keeping with the tenderness that revealed itself in her face more and more the older she grew.

The only inalienable thing of youth about her was her beautiful figure. Aurelia was very tall, and her figure had nothing at all of the middle-aged spinster about it. The beautiful rounded curves, the softly flowing, graceful lines that had no hint of the artificial, suggested the mother in Aurelia. She ought to have been the beneficent mother of beautiful children.

Aurelia knew her figure was beautiful, and was glad that it was so. She was a rich woman, and thought it one of the duties of her state to dress well. It was no extravagance in her to go to one modiste for her day and visiting gowns, to another for her evening frocks. Gowned by these distinguished firms, her height and grace were done full justice. A new curate, just fresh from Oxford, murmured of Demeter when he saw her move across the lawn to meet him. It was an apt comparison. There was nothing if there was not brooding, maternal compassion in her face and the gracious movement of her figure.

She had never married—would never marry now, said the gossips. It was a thousand pities. Aurelia as mistress of the Chase would no doubt be succeeded by Amy, the young cousin she had reared so tenderly. But carefully as she had watched over her, closely as she had held her to her side, Aurelia had not succeeded in making Miss Amy like herself; and her little world knew it.

Some of them grumbled over her years of absorption in Amy Langdale following the years in which she had devoted herself to Amy's mother.

Miss Bruen, who had been Amy's governess, and had been Aurelia's companion before ever Amy and her mother came to the Chase, was one of these. She grumbled to herself, not daring to do it to Aurelia and being too loyal to do it to others.

"She'll repay her benefactress just as her mother did," Miss Bruen thought, "if ever she gets the chance. Little hussy!—I can't bear to see her getting all that precious love, and fawning on Aurelia when she is just as incapable as her mother of any genuine feeling. But for Rose Langdale, Aurelia would have had a husband and children of her own. And to think of how nobly she repaid that injury, nursing the mother to the end with her own hands, and setting up the daughter in the place of those of whom the mother robbed her. Indeed, and indeed, it will be the sad day when Aurelia lets fall the ownership of the Chase, and the power over all the poor people's happiness, and Miss Amy steps in. A sad, sad day. I pray my own eyes may be closed before that happens."

Miss Bruen had seen and understood more than anyone else of the quiet tragedy that had robbed Aurelia of husband and possible children. She could see Captain Philip Stanhope as though it were yesterday, and not fifteen long years ago since he left the Chase. She could recall that bonny face, with the laughing grey eyes, long-lashed, and the boyish smile. The brown head that

betrayed its original curls through the regulation cut had carried all the sunshine of the world for Aurelia. They had met and fallen in love with each other before Mrs. Langdale had come home from India, widowed, with one little girl.

The faithful Bruen gnashed her teeth when she remembered Mrs. Langdale and her kittenish face, her little airs and graces, her semi-invalidism, which was the thing certain to appeal to a big, strong, handsome young man, who had never been ill in his life, even although his ideal at the moment was a superbly healthy young woman.

Captain Philip was young: it was an element in Aurelia's tenderness for him that he was some years her junior. Mrs. Langdale was a past-mistress in the subjugation of men.

A moment's folly on the man's part, following a long course of allurement on the woman's, and Aurelia's happiness had been laid in ruins. She had come on the scene at a luckless moment. The young man could not exonerate himself at the woman's expense, even if he had not believed that it was her innocent passion for himself which had made her throw everything of gratitude and honour towards her benefactress to the winds.

Anyhow, he could not blame her, he who had yielded to a poor masculine impulse, and forgotten for one unhappy moment the goddess who had stooped to him.

"You had better go," Aurelia had said, in the first shock of discovering her cousin in her lover's arms. "Give me time to get used to it before you come again."

"I have been a cad and a fool!" he answered, a dark flush marring the beauty of his haggard young face, "but I have loved only you. I shall never love anyone else."

Then he went, and had never returned. The next thing Aurelia heard of him was that he had exchanged into a regiment going on foreign service. After that she saw his name now and again in the newspaper. Why, even yet she read the military news, and knew something of his movements. But there had been the years when she had carried Rose to Egypt and Algiers, to the Engadine and the Riviera, in pursuit of health: the sadder years during which she had nursed her, knowing that it was a losing fight.

You grow fond of a thing which needs you. It explains the love for children and all helpless things. Aurelia had forgiven her cousin, had restored her to the full plenitude of her love, long before her nursing came to an end.

She had seen with wondering pity how soon Mrs. Langdale had ceased to look for Philip's return. It was just as well, since he never came, but her dim realisation of what a poor thing it was for which he had lost her made her, if possible, more tender to her cousin. Poor Philip, too! He was young; and she had a large wisdom, despite her secluded life, which kept her from judging him too hardly. She had a great humility of thought regarding herself and her own want of attractions. Poor Philip! It was perhaps unfair to him to have set by her own plain face that face which she had often compared to a pansy. He had been very fond of her, poor Philip. But of course he had not really loved her, or he would not have fallen in love with Rose.

It was only Bruen who had perceived the true state of affairs, the steady sapping and mining that had pulled down the young man's honourable faith for one mad second.

"I couldn't help it, Aurelia," Rose had pleaded. "I didn't want him to fall in love with me. I never want any of them to fall in love with me, but they will do it. Poor Hubert! If Hubert had not left me!"

And then the widow had dissolved in tears.

Aurelia herself honestly believed that Rose had tried to keep faith with her, that Philip had not willingly betrayed her. Ah! well, they had sinned against her despite themselves. She was the woman, the one woman out of a thousand to have put Rose into Philip's arms and bid them be happy and forget her. But Captain Philip made no such call on her abnegation. When the great doors of the Chase closed behind him, it seemed that they closed for ever.

And now there was nothing for her to think of or hope for in this world but Rose's child.

Amy was as like her mother as it was possible to imagine. Aurelia, who had no pretty little ways and was conscious of it, often sighed over the tender allurements

given to some women. Amy was always sweet to her. Amy delighted her as a winning child delights its mother.

She planned for Amy as a mother might. She was delighted when she found that a tenderness had sprung up between Amy and Hilary Montrose, the son of a neighbouring squire. Hilary was a laughing, bright-eyed, brown-skinned boy, but he had a character of his own. He would develop into a masterful man. Aurelia watched him closely. She approved his ways with Amy. She liked his firm chin and the strong yet not obstinate mouth. He would supply what Amy lacked. She loved Amy with maternal love, yet she was not without judgment regarding her.

She watched the love affair grow and thrive with eyes and a heart that rejoiced. It was like being loved, loving, herself. Already she had planned out what she would do for Amy, on a nobly reckless scale of generosity. She longed for everything to be settled, that she might begin to give on a more lavish scale than she had hitherto given.

She would ask the young people to live with her. Hilary was not an elder son. Of that she was glad, since she meant him to succeed her at the Chase, and she was jealous for the Chase and its people. They should have the best of everything. The finest room would be theirs. She herself had been satisfied with the bedroom she had had as a young girl while her father and mother lived, while she had brothers.

She had had no delight in bestowing on herself. Now she wanted to give with both hands to the young people. She was so happy that she must needs take someone into her confidence, and Miss Bruen was the natural person. Bruen gnashed her white teeth over Aurelia's dreams, while tears were in her eyes.

However, she did her best to pretend sympathy, and Aurelia in the full flush of her own generosity, detected nothing more than usually cold and dry in the faithful Bruen. Bruen had never been what one might call expansive on any other subject than Aurelia herself. Aurelia had thought her a little insensible where Amy was concerned. How anyone could have known Amy as a little rose-leaf child and resisted her was beyond imagination to Aurelia. Bruen was certainly insensible.

One mid-winter afternoon, when Amy had been out from lunch time decorating the church, Aurelia sat in the drawing-room at the Chase, expecting her. Amy was to have had tea at the Rectory, and Hilary was to bring her back and stay for dinner. Miss Bruen also was out. Aurelia had had her solitary tea, had written some letters, and had then gone upstairs and dressed for dinner. Amy was late, but then Aurelia was accustomed to Amy's flying in at the last moment with five minutes to dress, and appearing, after all, as dainty as though she had taken an hour to it.

Aurelia had put on a warm dress of fine scarlet cloth trimmed with bands of fur and exquisite old lace. She always wore unusual things, and the result was always justified in her case. Her beautiful white shoulders, her nobly shaped dark head, could hardly have had a better setting.

She was standing by the fire, one scarlet slipper on the marble kerb, reading a letter when Amy came in.

"Is that you, my darling?" she asked, without looking up. She was interested in her letter.

"It is I, Aunt," said Amy. Aurelia had taught her to call her by that name. "I have brought home an old friend of yours to see you. He was at the Rectory, and he came home with me because Hilary could not come. He would have left me at the door, but I would not let him. I said you would be glad——"

Aurelia heard no more. The letter fluttered from her hand. For a moment her heart seemed to stop, and then went on again with great pulsations.

"You!" she said.

Amy had fluttered from the room and left them together.

"I did not mean to come," the man said humbly. Why, how little the years had altered him! He was broader, more dignified; his hair curled less; it had a sprinkling of grey. But the face was the face she remembered, the face for which she had sickened in spite of herself after they had been parted.

"I wanted to prepare you for my visit, to ask if I might pay it," he corrected himself hastily. "But your niece would not hear of it. She is a charming child, and so impetuous. I don't remember her in the old days. I did not know you had a niece."

"She is only my cousin Rose's daughter. Don't you remember Rose?"

"I remember now," he said, and his face flushed darkly. "But won't you shake hands, Aurelia?"

She laid a cool hand in his. No one could tell from its coolness what waves of emotion were passing over her.

"I have always wanted to come back," he said. "I thought I might at last, after all these years. I have so often thought of this meeting. My regiment has only been home a week."

"You know that—Rose died?"

"I heard it," he replied almost indifferently, although again the dark flush rose to his cheek.

Aurelia wondered. He spoke as though Rose's death had not affected his life to any appreciable extent.

Then Amy fluttered into the room. She was very fine. Aurelia noticed that she had put on her newest, most becoming frock. It was pink silk, with bands of roses across her dimpled shoulders. She looked more like a rose herself than ever, and so young. Aurelia sighed involuntarily. She felt so far away from that radiant youth.



"'I couldn't help it, Aurelia,' Rose had pleaded."—*p.* 587.

Amy made things easier for the pair, between whom old love and an old wrong stood like a river. Amy chattered gaily, and was charming. Philip Stanhope looked at her with frank pleasure. She was the petted child of the house, and she was delightful, as a much-loved child is apt to be. If Amy were superficial, there was no need for her to be

anything else just now. No one touched on serious subjects. Only Miss Bruen, facing Amy across the board, looked grim. She was saying to herself that, whoever capitulated to the little minx, she would never do it. How could anyone with eyes in his head and come to years of discretion, look at Amy while Aurelia sat at the head of her table like an empress?

Bruen had always taken Philip Stanhope's part. She stole glances at him now and again from the faithful brown eyes under the thick lashes which redeemed her face from plainness. Would it be necessary, after all, to reconsider her opinion of him? Was it possible that her judgment concerning the author of that old unhappiness might have been a fallible one?

Hilary came in after dinner. Philip Stanhope had been standing on the hearthrug, just as of old, talking of things that interested them. He had forgotten for the moment how he and Aurelia had parted, and Aurelia had forgotten. His narrative was a stirring one, and the colour was in Aurelia's cheeks. His gaze went from her face to the flushed prettiness of Amy's, to and fro; you could hardly say on which his eyes rested the longest.

He had a sense of irritation when Hilary came in presently and broke up the sitting. Amy had implored him to go on; but the young fellow's entry seemed to have broken a spell. He had been talking of the heroism of others, not of his own. But suddenly he felt crushed, disillusioned: he remembered.

"I've been a silent man for so many years," he said, with a short laugh, "that I've been betrayed into being garrulous for once. That was the end of it, Miss Amy. The camp was saved, but the Afghan knives had accounted for Leslie, poor fellow, before we could save him."

Amy was as keen as a child for more, but Colonel Stanhope's straight lips had closed over his reminiscences. He looked after Hilary and Amy, when they went into the moonlit balcony presently, with a curious expression. Miss Bruen knitting in her corner could not make out if it were envy.

He looked down at Aurelia's dark head with the fan of peacock's feather shading her face from the fire. The steadfast kindness of her eyes was hidden from him. He coughed in a constrained way. The spirit had gone out of the conversation. After a little time he took his leave.

But he came again. He seemed, indeed, as though he could not stay away. And the oftener he came the less they seemed to see of Hilary Montrose. At first Hilary came as often as ever, and bore his lady's caprices with patient, sweet-temperedness. Presently a frown, black as thunder, was often seen on his young brows.

Amy was absent-minded, impatient with Hilary. When Hilary was not there and Colonel Stanhope was, she was as sweet as possible. Nothing could be prettier than her manner to the man who had done heroic things. She had a way of sitting listening to him, with her cheek in her hand, her violet eyes upon him. Few men could have resisted the flattery of her manner. Certainly Colonel Stanhope did not seem to try.

One day Aurelia came into the drawing-room, and seeing them, as she thought, absorbed in each other, she withdrew. Her face was a little stern as she went on to her morning-room, where Miss Bruen was sitting mending a length of exquisite old lace.

She went straight up to Miss Bruen and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Tell me, Esther," she said, "have you noticed any unusual friendship between Colonel Stanhope and Amy?"

Something in her voice hurt Miss Bruen intolerably.

"It is nothing," she said hastily. "It is only her way, you know; girls often have that way with distinguished men of middle age like Colonel Stanhope. What could there be? There is young Mr. Montrose——"

"Hilary has not been here since Thursday. I asked Amy about it, and she answered me indifferently. I do not know if they have quarrelled."

"They must not be allowed to quarrel," said Miss Bruen vehemently. "She seemed very much in love with him and he with her. She must be made to see that she can't play fast and loose with him like that. I should give her a good talking to. Forgive me, Miss Dimsdale. It is a liberty, I know. But I don't care for anything in the world outside this house. I should not permit it——"

"Dear Esther, we cannot force the young couple against their will. There is no engagement, though I certainly hoped there would be."

"She'll be sorry enough when she's lost him, and I hope she may be," said Miss Bruen vindictively.

"She may not be sorry at all," Aurelia went on calmly. "It certainly seems to me as though she prefers someone else. And if someone else returns her feeling, which seems probable enough, too, there is no reason why she should not be very happy. If it is so, I am very sorry for poor Hilary."

Miss Bruen choked. She could not have said a word without an explosion of either tears or anger—she the sensible, staid woman, who had borne great troubles of her own with great heroism. She did not want Aurelia—oh, not for worlds!—to see how dreadfully sorry she was for her. To avoid such a thing she put down the piece of lace carefully and, muttering something about fetching a finer thread, she hastened from the room.

Before she closed the door behind her she glanced back, and saw Aurelia stand in an irresolute way as though she did not quite know what to do.

That attitude of hers was the last straw to Miss Bruen. That Aurelia's life should be disordered again, that life so full of duties and unselfish cares, which kept its channel every day like some broad beneficent river, struck her as intolerable.

Instead of going upstairs, she took a garden hat and went out through the open door across the lawn and into the shrubberies beyond. The mossy path was flecked with light and shade, and a robin was singing in the cold clear air. She saw without observing a snowdrop pushing up its head here and there through the mass of green things which made the floor of the shrubbery.

Suddenly she dropped on a seat by the path, and a few big tears rolled down her nose and dropped into her lap.

"Why, she is even turned out of her own drawing-room," she thought, the little thing striking her more sharply than the great. "To think I should live to see it all done over again! And she so incapable of defending herself, so simple and generous! She'll do nothing to prevent it; the other way about, rather. If I had my way, Miss Amy——"

What Miss Bruen would have done to Miss Amy remains uncertain to this day, for she became suddenly aware of a step in the shrubbery, and the scent of a cigar close at hand, and looking up she beheld the gentleman of whom she had been thinking such hard thoughts. Why, he was handsomer even than her memories of him! He did not look like a heartless person and a fool. Yet no one but a brute would have come back to Aurelia's own house to repeat the old wrong as this man was doing.

Colonel Stanhope was aware of an odd glare in Miss Bruen's eyes, which he had always remembered as kind and friendly eyes for him. He saw, too, that she had been crying, but he did not pretend to notice that. He paused by her and stood looking down at her, very tall and dark, and rather grand-looking, Miss Bruen acknowledged to herself in spite of her indignation.

"Miss Bruen," he said, "do you know where Miss Dimsdale is? I want to see her."

A sickly apprehension came into Miss Bruen's mind. What was he going to tell Aurelia? His presence without Amy—what did it mean?

He saw the fear in the little woman's eyes and wondered.

"She is always so busy," he went on. "An idle man hanging about the house must be no end of a nuisance to her. But I do want to see her very particularly. Miss Amy thought she was out, so I am going to walk up and down here where I can watch the hall door till she returns."

"Colonel Stanhope," Miss Bruen broke out in uncontrollable agitation. "We used to be friends long ago, when you used to be here so much. I always believed in your love for her. You are not going to break her heart again, not in this house? If she must be passed over again, let it at least not be here——"

She stopped abruptly and stared at the surprise in the man's face.

"Great heavens!" he said. "What are you talking of? What are you thinking of? I would do anything in the world to save Aurelia—Miss Dimsdale—the least pain. Heaven knows I have suffered in the knowledge that I had made her suffer, that I had lost her. Heaven knows it was punishment enough. What are you thinking about? Perhaps I ought never to have come back."



"For a moment her heart seemed to stop."—*p.* 588.

Miss Bruen looked up at his agitated face, and her own suddenly became calm.

"I thought you were in love with—with someone else."

He caught at her meaning.

"With that child? Did you think I had so little respect for my grey hairs? Is it possible that—anyone else could have thought the same thing?"

"I think it extremely probable." Miss Bruen's eyes were dancing now. "I should ask anyone else—who might possibly have made the mistake."

"Ah! you would."

He tugged at his moustache and looked at her reflectively.

"I have talked to the little girl about nothing but Aurelia," he said. "She is a sweet little person and has heard me with great patience. But I think her patience has a limit. She's been quarrelling with that lad, and I've been giving her fatherly advice. I told her nothing on earth was worth it. Why, I told her not half an hour ago that I'd loved a woman all my life and lived in the hope of yet winning her; but that I could never regain the years which my folly had lost me in which we might have been together."

"Ah!"

"She thanked me with tears in her innocent eyes. I have left her writing to the lad. My dear Miss Bruen, I'm afraid you and I have been talking everyone's secrets."

"I left Miss Dimsdale in the morning-room when I came out. You remember the morning-room?"

Colonel Stanhope remembered it. He could see as plainly as though she stood before him Aurelia, in a blue gown, watering the rows of hyacinths in the morning-room window, that day long ago when he had told her he loved her.

"I will go to her," he said, turning away.

The things he had been saying to the child who was, as he thought, trifling with her happiness had vaguely excited and stirred himself. He had not meant to risk anything so soon, but the sight of Amy going away, sobbing, to write her letter of recall had somehow pushed him forward. He had less time than the young, he thought. He had fancied that Aurelia had been avoiding him. Now he would know, once and for all, whether there was hope for him.

Miss Bruen looked upon him with a smile. A "God-speed" formed itself on her lips. The smile deepened humorously as she thought of Amy. Amy was not the one to be without a lover when such things were going, and no doubt her fancy for the man so much older than herself had died a natural death with the discovery that he was not thinking of her in that way at all.

Aurelia was standing in the morning-room much as Miss Bruen had left her. It struck him oddly—he had not been in this room since he came back—that the hyacinths were just as of old. They were beginning to come into bloom. Aurelia had her back to him as he entered, and he noticed with a vague pleasure the waves of her hair where it was gathered up from her neck.

"Aurelia," he said.

She turned round then and put out her hands almost as though she would keep him off. For a moment her face was strongly agitated. Then she controlled it.

"I guess what you have come to tell me," she said with great sweetness. "If you are sure, and she is sure, there is nothing to be said—only to wish you joy."

"Wish me joy," he said almost roughly, "if you are going to take me back, Aurelia. If not, I shall be a more unhappy man than anyone can wish me. How could you think that of me, Aurelia? A man who had once loved you——"

"Oh, Philip!" she said, trembling. "Are you sure now? I am not very young. I was never pretty."

"Only beautiful," he said, drawing her to him.

After all, Aurelia's intentions towards the young couple had to be somewhat curtailed in their generosity. For there was not only the master at the Chase, but presently there was the young heir, too, a wonderful unhoped-for gift of God whose coming filled Aurelia's cup of joy to overflowing.

Hilary Montrose was quite satisfied that it should be so, and if Mrs. Montrose ever talked of the folly of late marriages, be sure it was not in her husband's presence.

Perhaps there was no one of them all much happier than Miss Bruen, especially since the heir had come.

THE CHRISTIAN AIM

A Sermon preached in Harrow School Speech Room by Sir Arthur Hort.

"Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect."—St. Matthew v. 48.

OUR Lord's teaching, simple as it generally was in itself, was seldom conveyed in so simple a form that His hearers could take it in in a moment. Thus, to the Galilean crowd who followed Him about, He spoke in parables: that is, He told them stories, such as Eastern peoples love to listen to—stories, for the most part, of things familiar enough in their ordinary experience. He put before them pictures of sowing and reaping, of travelling and brigands, of masters and servants, and the like. Yet, as they listened, they could not but feel that the story was not all: it caught their fancy and forced them to think what lay behind. To us, it may be, the interpretation now seems almost as clear as the parable; but it cannot have been so at the first hearing.

Again, to the inner circle of His followers He spoke not seldom in language which must at first have been sorely puzzling. He would put some great truth into words which seemed to contradict common sense, or to be inconsistent with what men feel to be obviously true or just. Such sayings we call *paradoxes*. Among our Lord's paradoxes are such sayings as "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it," "To him that hath shall be given," or the words before us, "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." It is clear that, as in the use of parables, so in the use of paradox, He meant to make men *think*. Such sayings compel attention. We know that He was absolutely sincere, that He always meant what He said, that He did not speak merely for effect, and therefore we cannot explain them away. They were meant to take hold of the disciples' minds, and to go on teasing them, until they were forced to try to understand. To us, perhaps, the words seem less striking, because we have heard them so often; we think that we know what is in the Gospels. But this is a delusion. "Beautiful things are hard," as the Greek proverb says, and there are many things, even in the most familiar parts of the Bible, which demand patient study, if we would have its message really appeal to ourselves.

Now in trying to fathom one of our Lord's hard sayings, two cautions are needful. In the first place, we must consider it in its context; we must ask, "How does the difficult phrase fit in with what has gone before or with what follows?" Much needless difficulty is caused when we take a verse of Scripture away from its surroundings.

And again, in explaining a saying of our Lord, we must look at it also in a larger context; we must take into account what He has said *elsewhere*. For we can form for ourselves a sufficiently accurate picture of His mind and

character to be sure that any interpretation of a difficult text must be wrong which would make Him seem other than perfect in justice and in tenderness.

So let us turn to the hard saying with which we began: "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect," and have patience first to read it in the light of the great discourse in which it occurs, and then to see how it is illuminated by other sides of the Gospel message.

These words come at the end of the first part of the Sermon on the Mount; they are, in fact, as the word "therefore" shows, a summing up of what the Master has been saying. He has been comparing the law given "to those of old time"—that is, to the Jews of the Old Testament—with the new laws which He now sets forth, the laws of the Kingdom of Heaven. He has repeated several times the formula, "Ye have heard how it was said to them of old time. . . . But I say unto you"—and in each instance He has shown that He did not come to sweep away the commandments, but to declare their real meaning. Not only he who shoots or stabs another, He says, breaks the sixth commandment: it is broken by everyone who cherishes the feelings of hatred which lead, in some cases, to actual murder. And so he who harbours impure thoughts is an adulterer and breaks the seventh commandment, while the third is broken not alone by the actual perjurer. Then, passing from particular commandments to some general principles which were accepted in old lawless days, He quotes the primitive rules, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy"; and in each case He shows that the rule, though it contains an elementary principle of justice, is *imperfect*. In the Christian society just compensation for injuries is not to be insisted on, while the love due to neighbours is to be extended to enemies also. And, finally, He concludes this part of the address with the words before us, "Ye therefore shall be perfect."

Clearly, then, Christ finds the laws which sufficed at an earlier time unsatisfactory, not because they are bad in themselves, but because they are *imperfect;* and so to His own followers He says that they must be *perfect*. And it is no less clear *why* the old law is imperfect. It provides against such open rejection of God, and such deeds of violence or fraud towards man, as would naturally occur in an early period of the nation's history. The rabble of mutinous slaves who came out of Egypt under Moses needed just such laws as he gave them. They needed to be told that they must worship the God of Israel only; must not fall into superstition through trying to represent Him in human or animal forms; must not murder or steal, and so forth. But, by the time that Christ came, such simple rules had become insufficient; and so the young ruler who came to Christ, declaring that he had observed all the laws that had come down from his forefathers, was told that he had not got far as yet.

And yet the law, Christ said, can never pass away: it ceases to be imperfect when its *spirit* is seen, when one understands that its several commands are instances of a grand principle, the principle of love to God and love to man: for he who grasps that principle, and acts up to it, cannot break one of those commandments and be innocent. And hence in the Church Prayer-book these primitive rules are still retained; they even stand as the introduction to the Communion service, that service which is most characteristically Christian; but they are meaningless in that place unless (as the introductory collect suggests) we read into them Christ's teaching in the Sermon on the Mount—unless we see, for instance, that the seventh and eighth mean for us "Thou shalt be pure in heart" and "Thou shalt be honest."

If, then, the law remains, how can we express the difference which Christ has made? It is simply this, that He has altered the *standard* at which we are to aim. To the Jews of the Old Testament God said, "Keep the rules"; to Christians He says, "Ye shall be perfect." The Jew of old time could feel that he had done all that was required of him when he had kept the rules: though, perhaps, at times the words of a prophet or psalmist may have flashed on him the thought that there might be something beyond mere obedience. But *we* are instructed to say that we are unprofitable servants when we have only done our bare duty. The old standard, then, was one that might seem within reach. The Christian standard is *ideal*; it is nothing less than

perfection, the perfection of God; and by adding the words, "As your heavenly Father is perfect," Christ warns us not to explain away "Ye shall be perfect" as if it indicated anything short of the highest conceivable.

This, then, is the difficulty to be faced: Christ sets before us an ideal which, we must confess, no man can hope to attain to. And yet we feel that it is not all a dream. We may say to ourselves that for poor weak men a lower standard would have been better, because more practical; that to pitch the aim too high only leads to despair; and yet we know, our conscience tells us, that it is not so. We know that the man who has a high ideal to which he cannot approach is a better man than he who fixes his purpose low and, maybe, comes within sight of its attainment.

> "That low man seeks a little thing to do.
> Sees it and does it;
> This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
> Dies ere he knows it."

And, indeed, when we see that, if the end is perfection, the motive power is love—then it becomes clear that we cannot be content with any limited ideal. No one who truly loves can feel that that love is satisfied when he has discharged a certain definite number of services: he knows what Christ's "seventy times seven" means. And, if religion means the service of man for the glory of God, then whoever has, however feebly, been touched by that inspiration, will never be content to do what he *must*, but will endeavour to do all that he *can*. Duty comes first, no doubt: we must all begin, as the men of old began, with learning to keep God's elementary rules; "through duty" we must "upward move to His pure liberty." Yet even duty will become easier, and less perfunctory, if we make it our aim to *do* something high and noble, and not merely to *avoid* what is low and base. The same poet who wrote that sublime ode to "Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God," wrote also—

> "Do what thou *canst*: high heaven rejects the lore
> Of nicely calculated less or more."

Doubtless, too, it is necessary that we should be constantly warned against evil: yet even the daily struggle against temptation becomes easier, if we think rather of the good at which we are to aim than of the evil which we are to shun. Petty sins, all meanness and smallness—nay, dishonesty, lying, impurity—wither away of themselves, when the light of a high purpose is flashed on them. We may think too much of our own souls and their petty defects: if we can walk in the light of the exalted ideal which Christ puts before us, our souls may take care of themselves. Let us, when we take stock of our shortcomings, manfully break with the past, instead of brooding over it; let us, like St. Paul, "forget those things which are behind," and "reach forward" to the distant light which, even if we cannot reach it in this present life, will draw us ever onward and upward, and will melt away from our path the dark fogs of folly and sin.

And, if we try to realise that this is what our religion means, surely we have here a call to action at the sound of which we cannot be utterly slack or selfish any longer. Whatever our future may be, we *must* be up and doing something for the love of God and the service of man. If you have got by-and-by to work for your living, see to it that your "living," your own comfort and ease and prosperity, is not your only aim. If you have not, if there lies before you the prospect of a comfortable life with but moderate exertion, then thank God that you will be free from cares of money, free to devote whatever gifts He has given you to His service, to brightening and bettering the lives of others less fortunate, be they private soldiers, or tenants, or parishioners, or employés, or whoever they be that Christ bids you call your "neighbours." And, till the time comes when you are independent and can follow your own bent, be not content to do the least that is possible without friction. If you mean to aim at being "perfect," then at least try now to be "efficient." If you never do a stroke beyond the task that is set, if you make it your ideal merely to pass muster, to escape the consequences of actual neglect, you are, at best, not rising above the Old Testament standard of duty; you are still "far from the Kingdom of Heaven," for whose subjects ungrudging service is a delight, and whose ideal is the perfection of God. If we are only respectable, we are only half-developed Christians.

But still it may seem that Christ's command, "Ye shall be perfect," is unpractical, that it is rather for the saints

of the earth than for ordinary men and boys. I suggested just now that, in explaining one of our Lord's hard sayings, we should interpret it, not only in the light of its immediate context, but by what we know of His character and teaching as a whole. Now when we look in this way at the command, "Ye shall be perfect," two thoughts may suggest themselves, which, taken together, may help us to feel that the Master "knew what was in man" when He set before him so exalted an ideal.

First, He tells us what "perfection" means: it is the perfection of our heavenly Father. But that is precisely what He came to reveal. And therefore we cannot say that we have an aim set before us which we do not understand, a pattern in the heavens, while we are on the earth and of the earth. If we wish to know the Father's character, it lies before us in the record of the stainless years which Jesus of Nazareth lived on earth. But, though we are often told that Christ is our example, let us not misunderstand what that means. Surely most people who are honest with themselves have felt that that example is too remote for practical imitation, that the life of Jesus has few points of contact with the life of a modern soldier or lawyer or man of business. But the explanation is not difficult. It is not the course of Jesus' life that we are to copy, but the principles by which He lived. We can all read what were the motives on which He acted from day to day, and it is for us, firmly grasping those principles, to apply them to our own totally different lives.

Just as He gave His followers in His teachings no new code of laws, since they were now to exchange the regulations of duty for the freedom of service—so, too, He did not leave a pattern which anyone could slavishly copy. He would not deprive men of their independence; He would have them think for themselves and work out their own salvation; and thus, while He made it *possible* for them to see, and even to aim at the perfection of their heavenly Father, yet He left it to them to choose or to refuse the light, and to apply it to their own cases. And that is why Christianity is the religion for a *man*. It is only in caricatures of Christianity that man surrenders his responsibility for his own life. In the Christianity which Christ taught, each man has to fight and think and work, while yet he is assured that the pattern which he is to copy, and the strength which he needs for copying it, are always within his reach.

The model, then, of Christ's life on earth is what makes it possible to carry out His strange command to aim at perfection. But, secondly, after all, it was not only as an example that Christ came; it was not by an example that He spellbound the apostles. It was by the gift to men of *Himself*. His life on earth was but a part of His total life; He lives still, and is the Life, as well as the Light, of the world. What this means it is doubtless hard to grasp: we enter here on a mystery, and it is hard to make a mystery real and actual, to realise that something which we cannot fully understand is nevertheless a thing necessary and indispensable to practical people.

St. Paul was a practical man, if ever there was one, and he had made this mysterious side of his Master's teaching his own. You cannot study St. Paul without coming to the conclusion that he was sincere; yet, to St. Paul, who did his work in a businesslike and statesmanlike way, if ever a man did, who was no dreaming visionary—to St. Paul there was nothing more real in life than his belief that Christ was actually always with him. "I can do all things," he says, "in Christ that gives me the power." To him, as to us, it was plain that man is weak; to him, as to us, it appeared that the standard of Christ was high above human capacity; but he had found the solution in the belief that feeble man can do all things "in Christ," and that Christ is, as He promised, always with us, even to the end of the world. There is no need to quote single texts, however striking. For the thought of Christ's continual presence, as the Life of the Christian society and of each individual member of it, is the thought which dominates all St. Paul's writings.

And so the strange command to be "perfect" is seen to be intelligible and practical. *What* that perfection means the record of Christ's human life can show; *how* that perfection may be sought is seen when we realise that He is not dead, but that His life is our abiding possession, if we on our part will claim it as our heritage.

MISS RACHEL'S REBELLION

A Story in One Chapter by Edith L. Morice, M.A.

"YES, we're rich," declared Miss Harriet in a decisive tone which left no doubt that, whatever other things might be lacking, wealth was not one of them.

"*So* rich," repeated Miss Rachel, with a scarcely suppressed sigh, after which she glanced hurriedly at her sister in an almost frightened way, lest she should have offended by her plaintiveness.

"Upon my word, one would think it were something to be ashamed of, or at any rate not to be desired, to hear you talk, Rachel! I feel quite out of patience with you, grumbling at the mercies which Providence has given us in that way! You're never satisfied, and that's just it; I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you were to be left quite penniless one day, as a judgment on you and your discontent! Whatever do you mean by saying 'So rich' in that woebegone tone, I should like to know?" and Miss Harriet sat up very stiffly and gazed at her sister with angry eyes.

"Oh, it's not that, Harriet; don't be angry, please," pleaded poor Miss Rachel, feeling as if she had roused a volcano. "I didn't mean anything, really—no, really and truly I didn't. I was only thinking of the old days, and you must try and forgive me; no doubt I am very silly and all that, dear."

"Well, I can't say you're not *silly*," snapped Miss Harriet, only half mollified. "Why on earth you should sigh for the past days—though they were pleasant enough in their way—passes my comprehension. But then, of course, I never did pretend to understand all your vagaries; no person on earth could do that!" and with this parting shot Miss Harriet rose and swept from the room in high disdain.

Left to herself, Miss Rachel sat quite still and cried softly for a little while. It was all so bewildering, she felt; she had not meant to provoke Harriet, for she loved her far too well to do that, but Harriet did not, and never would, understand how the burden of too great riches weighed on her sister's heart.

Twenty minutes passed, and Miss Rachel still sat and thought of the gone-by days when they had been not quite so well-to-do as now; when they had lived in the country, with a nice garden round the house, and when she had been able to dispense little comforts among the villagers in her shy, timid way.

But since the death of their almost unknown uncle had made them possessors of no little wealth all such manner of living had been abandoned.

They had left their old country home and severed all ties with the past, and had entered upon a life of grandeur which had never satisfied the heart of gentle Miss Rachel, never filled the blank in her life. Ah, the days when she could please herself in small matters, those were the halcyon days! Miss Rachel had been born with great love for humanity, and because of riches her love was being starved. For Harriet would never allow her to visit the poor now; never permit her to help in any practical way. Oh, no, it was not to be thought of; they were too grand nowadays! They gave liberally to charities; but what was it to write a cheque and stop there when Miss Rachel's soul cried for something more? Yet the thought of insisting upon having her own way in this matter had never entered Miss Rachel's head; she stood far too much in awe of Miss Harriet to dream of suggesting any such unorthodox conduct. All her life she had been ruled by her despotic elder sister; for she had no remembrance of her mother, and very little of her father, so that Miss Harriet had played the part of parent, guardian, and censor to her all her days, and the habit of obeying her implicitly was far too deeply ingrained to be shaken off easily, if ever.

Yet the sisters were genuinely fond of each

other. Miss Harriet would have given her life to save her sister, and Miss Rachel was just as devoted on her side. But a great and mighty gulf lay between them; it was as if their natures loved, but could not sympathise. Miss Rachel might adore her sister, but nothing could alter the fact that she was afraid of her. Yes, there was no doubt about that; she was actually afraid of her. Poor Miss Rachel!

And Miss Harriet loved her sister intensely, but she utterly failed to understand her gentle, unassuming ways, and always had a lurking feeling that Rachel was—well, something of a simpleton. Poor Miss Harriet, and poor Miss Rachel!

And so Miss Rachel sat for quite a long time, drearily wiping the tears from her eyes and thinking many a sad thought, until all at once an idea struck her, and she drew herself up and gave a determined little nod. She would go out for a walk, by herself—a forbidden event—and just for this once she would disobey Miss Harriet!

A sense of exhilaration filled her at the thought, and she caught her breath with excitement. She crept upstairs very softly, feeling like a guilty criminal. Outside Miss Harriet's door she paused for a moment till unmistakable sounds assured her that her sister had retired for her afternoon's repose. According to rule, Miss Rachel ought to be doing the same thing, but not this afternoon—no, not this once!

With trembling hands she put on her outdoor garments and then stole downstairs stealthily, fearing lest any of the domestics should see her and comment on her departure; and when at last she had closed the door softly and was out in the street, she gave a sigh of relief and her cheeks grew quite red with excitement.

She scarcely noticed where she was going, but walked on in a kind of ecstasy, till she found herself in one of the spacious parks dotted about the city. The scent of the flowers and the chirp of the birds made her think once more of the days she looked back upon so tenderly, and her heart gave a great bound of joy.

On and on she went, pausing every now and then to smell the flowers or to smile lovingly at the children playing about everywhere, till at last she began to feel weary and sat down upon an empty chair near by.

She was turning over the events of the day in her mind and realising with a pang that she must hasten back if she did not wish Miss Harriet to discover her escapade, when a weary-looking woman, carrying a tiny baby, flung herself down on the seat beside her. Miss Rachel glanced at the woman, and then more lovingly at the baby; for the uncalled-for mother love in her heart always rose at the sight of a child, however neglected and dirty. And this was such a particularly uncared-for little baby, so tiny and white and emaciated, that Miss Rachel's tender heart filled with great pity.

"You look tired, I think," she ventured to remark at last.

Her companion turned and stared at the fine lady addressing her. "Yes, I'm tired, right enough," she replied shortly.

Miss Rachel relapsed into silence again; she was so afraid of wounding the feelings of the other, and yet the baby appealed to her in an irresistible way.

With a great effort she conquered her shyness again, and leaning forward a little she said in her gentlest tones, "Can't I help you in any way? Let *me* hold your baby for a little; you look so very tired."

"Thanks," was the bitter retort. "I can still manage to look after my own children without anyone's help."

"Oh, but I didn't mean to hurt you, I really didn't!" cried Miss Rachel in distress. "I only wanted so much to hold the baby for a little while; won't you let me?"

The mother eyed her suspiciously. "Well, I don't mind if you do," she said ungraciously. "But, I must say, you're a queer sort of lady."

Miss Rachel smiled sweetly, and stretching out her arms, took the pinched little mortal from its mother.

"Poor, poor little darling," she said softly, "darling, darling baby!"

But the mother was not by any means satisfied yet, and watched Miss Rachel with sharp, anxious eyes. "She's mad, that's what it is," she murmured under her breath. "Poor thing, she's got money and all that right enough, but she's mad, quite mad. Here!" she added aloud, "you give me my baby again. I can't think whatever you want with other folks' kids!"

Miss Rachel handed her little charge back again, and the mother snatched it to her bosom fiercely, as if it had been contaminated by the stranger's touch.

"I must go now," said Miss Rachel gently. She hesitated for a moment, and then, pulling out her purse, thrust it into the woman's hand and whispered hurriedly, "Please buy something for the baby." Then she walked off with a beating heart and burning cheeks.

Meanwhile the woman on the bench opened the purse, saw two golden sovereigns lying there, and, too much astonished to move, sat and gazed after the departing form of Miss Rachel. "Well," she ejaculated after a time, "there goes the rummest lady I ever see!"

"Rachel," said Harriet severely, as they drank their afternoon tea, "your character

is beyond doubt most unstable. You have more vagaries than anyone I have ever come across; yes, I regret to say it, but it is undoubtedly true, you are the most contrary person to be met with! Why, this morning only you were bemoaning the position Providence has seen fit to give you, and yet now you look quite—quite *radiant* with

"And a good thing, too, that I *am* different," retorted Miss Harriet. "Why, whatever would become of us if we were both as silly as you, Rachel, I can't imagine!"

"No, indeed," acquiesced Miss Rachel meekly.

She had meant to confide in Harriet, she said to herself, and to tell her all about her



"Walked off with a beating heart."

satisfaction. I do wish you would try and cultivate a greater equanimity of mind!"

"I am so sorry, dear," murmured Miss Rachel penitently. Her eyes were still shining, and somehow Harriet's criticism failed to create in her the hopeless, despondent feeling she usually felt when being corrected. "I'm really very, very sorry, Harriet," she repeated, adding with unconscious pathos, "but then I'm not nearly so sensible and good as you are; you see, I have always had *you* to help me, and so it's different."

afternoon's escapade, but not now—oh, not now!

So the life-long habit of submission was too much for Miss Rachel; the glow vanished from her eyes and the flush faded from her cheeks, and with only the faintest suspicion of a sigh she relapsed into her old attitude.

"I *will* try to please you better, Harriet," she whispered earnestly.

And so Miss Rachel surrendered the arms she had secretly taken up, and all unknowingly her sister had fought and conquered.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES.

FOR BIBLE READERS AND TEACHERS.

BASED UPON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

APRIL 19TH.—**The Law of Love.**

Passage for reading—*Romans xiii.* 7–14.

POINTS. THE DUTIES OF A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

1. Honesty towards others.
2. Temperance and chastity in himself.
3. Christ to be acknowledged in all things.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Garibaldi and the Officer.** On one occasion an officer of Garibaldi's army took away a poor woman's horse from her. He gave her a receipt for it, but this he knew to be worthless. The woman came to Garibaldi in tears, for she had lost all she had. Garibaldi took the paper from her containing the receipt, summoned the officer before him, and, in the presence of the whole army and the weeping woman, said to him, "Did you take this woman's horse?" "Yes, general; I was forced to do so, for I had lost mine." "Did you write this paper, which you knew to be worthless?" "Yes, general." "Then," said Garibaldi, turning to his aide-de-camp, "restore the horse to this poor woman." Then, tearing up the paper, with a withering look at the offending officer, he added, "Is this the way that Italians fight for the freedom of their country? Be no more soldier of mine." And he sent him back to Rome.—*Rev. H. R. Haweis.*

A Brother of Girls. When speaking of a man who is chivalrous towards women we call him a "thorough gentleman." School-girls pronounce him "splendid." But an old Arab, a donkey-driver of Cairo, once gave a much finer illustration of the feeling towards women which should denote a true gentleman. An English lady asked him if Abdel Kadir, the Arab general taken prisoner by the French in Algiers, was coming to Cairo. He replied that he did not know, and then asked if the chief were not a *kuhlbenat* ("a brother of girls"). "I do not know if he has any sisters," answered the lady. "The Arabs, O lady," said the old donkey-driver, "call that man a 'brother of girls' to whom God has given a clean heart to love all women as his sisters, and strength and courage to fight for their protection."—*Christian Age.*

Our Need of Christ. A traveller tells us that he once witnessed a battle between a poisonous spider and another insect. Every time the insect was bitten, and before the poison could work, it settled on the leaves of a plant close by and sucked them, returning to the fight as strong as ever. The traveller, however, removed the plant, and although the insect, when bitten, went to look for it as before, it could not find it, and presently it lay down and died on the spot. So if we fail to find out the secret and the source of our strength and healing—the Lord Jesus Christ—amid the conflicts of life, we shall as certainly as this insect be overcome and perish in them.

APRIL 26TH.—**St. Paul's Journey to Jerusalem.**

Passage for reading—*Acts xxi.* 3–12.

POINTS. 1. Farewell with tears and prayers.
2. Sojourn in an evangelist's house.
3. Hardness to be endured for Christ.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Last Farewell.** Maccail, a probationary preacher, was arrested for joining the insurgents in Scotland against Charles II. He died in torture, having a pair of iron boots on his legs and wedges driven between the iron and his flesh. The bodily pain was agonising, but he was in rapture of soul. His last words were, "Farewell, sun, moon and stars—farewell, kindred and friends—farewell, world and time—farewell, weak, frail body—welcome, eternity—welcome, angels and saints—welcome, Saviour of the world—welcome, God the Judge of all!"

Christian Hospitality. When Samuel Gobat was chosen to be Bishop of Jerusalem, early in the last century, he went, before setting out on his long journey, to visit Dr. Christian Barth at Calio. Certain mutual friends from the surrounding country were invited to meet the Bishop. For supper there were figs from Smyrna, wines from Lebanon, and the finest Mocha coffee from the Cape of Good Hope. Who could help remarking the thoughtful love which thus offered the Bishop, just entering on this field of labour, a foretaste of the fruits of the Promised Land as Caleb and Joshua brought the bunches of grapes from Eshcol? Dr. Barth, however, tasted none of these luxuries, which had been sent him by admiring friends, but habituated himself to the barest necessities, in order that he might give to others. The furniture of his room was a legacy which had seen good service; he slept in a hammock, which was unrolled at night and in the morning

rolled up again. When on his travels he received presents, and got many curious things from many lands. If anyone asked him why he did so, he would answer, in his dry way, "If anyone asks thee such a question, tell them thou dost not know." It is certain that he was often in need of the common necessaries, not to say comforts, of life; for he had no private means of living. He had, however, a strong faith that all things belonged to God, and that He would provide for His servant. And so he worked on, enduring all things, hoping all things, believing all things. He collected and spent thousands of pounds on missionary work, but died himself a poor man, leaving only £25.

Overcoming Trials. It is told of a certain general that, when he heard that the enemy were coming to give him battle with double the number of soldiers that he possessed himself, he replied to his informant, "So much the better for us: we shall beat so many the more." So should the Christian view the trials and sorrows of this life, be they ever so many. Through Christ they may all be overcome.

MAY 3RD.—St. Paul Arrested.

Passage for reading—*Acts xxi.* 26—39.

POINTS. THE APOSTLE IN DANGER.
1. Seized by the mob on a false charge.
2. Protected by the chief captain.
3. Allowed to make his defence.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Tribulation a Helper.** Dr. Kalley, who was long a prisoner at Madeira for distributing the Scriptures and speaking to the people of the things of the Kingdom of God, sold more copies of the Scriptures weekly during his imprisonment than he had been able previously to do monthly; and in a few months of the same period he distributed thirty thousand religious tracts, besides receiving regular visits from between two and three hundred natives, who came for religious instruction, all of them more or less under gracious influence, and some of them truly converted to God. The Government could not have taken a more effectual way to spread what they called heresy than to imprison this faithful servant of God.

Perfect through Suffering. "Unaccountable this," said the wax, as from the flame it dropped melting upon the paper beneath. "Do not grieve," said the paper; "I am sure it is all right." "I was never in such agony," exclaimed the wax, still dropping. "It is not without a good design, and will end well," replied the paper. The wax was unable to reply at once owing to a strong pressure; and when it again looked up it bore a beautiful impression, the counterpart of the seal which had been applied to it. "Ah! I understand now," said the wax, no longer in suffering: "I was softened in order to receive this beautiful and lasting impress. Yes, I see now that it was all right, because it has given me the beautiful likeness which I could not otherwise have obtained."

A Martyr's Defence. When Jan Claeson ascended the scaffold he spoke to the people in plain and distinct language. "Hear, citizens of Amsterdam. Know that I do not suffer as a thief or a murderer, or because I have sought the goods of others, or another's blood; nor think ye that I justify or exalt myself, but I come as the prodigal son, and stand alone on the pure word of God." The executioner now laid him bare on his breast, while he, turning himself round, exclaimed with a loud voice, "O Lord, forsake me not now, nor in eternity. O Lord, Thou Son of David, receive my spirit."

MAY 10TH.—The Plot against St. Paul.

Passage for reading—*Acts xxiii.* 12—22.

POINTS. 1. The plot hatched by Paul's enemies.
2. The plot discovered by Paul's friends.
3. The plot arrested by God's providence.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Providence and Second Causes.** A Christian lady, some years ago, found great difficulty in living a life of faith, on account of second causes which seemed to control nearly everything that concerned her. The perplexity became so great that at last she began to ask God to teach her the truth about it, whether He really was concerned in everything about her or not. After praying this for a few days, she had what she described as a vision. She thought she was in a perfectly dark place, and that there advanced towards her from a distance a body of light, which gradually surrounded and enveloped her and everything around her. As it approached a voice seemed to say, "This is the Presence of God. This is the Presence of God." While surrounded with this Presence all the great and awful things in life seemed to pass before her—fighting armies, wicked men, raging beasts, storms and pestilences, sin and suffering of every kind. She shrank back at first in terror, but she soon saw that the Presence of God so surrounded and enveloped each one of these, that not a lion could reach out its paw, nor a bullet fly through the air, except as His Presence moved out of the way to permit it. And she saw that, let there be ever so thin a sheet, as it were, of this glorious Presence between herself and the most terrible violence, not a hair of her head could be ruffled, nor anything touch her unless the Presence divided to let the evil through. Then all the small and annoying things of life passed before her, and equally she saw that these also were so enveloped in this Presence of God, that not a cross look nor a harsh word, nor petty trial of any kind could reach her, unless His Presence moved out of the way to let it. Her difficulty vanished. God was in everything; and to her henceforth there were no second causes. She saw that her life came to her day by day and hour by hour directly from His hand, let the agencies which seemed to control it be what they might.

Deliverance by Providence. The following epitaph is copied from a tomb near Port Royal, Jamaica: "Here lies the body of Louis Caldy, a native of Montpelier, in France, which country he left on account of the Revocation. He was swallowed up by the earthquake which occurred at this place in 1692, but, by the great providence of God, was, by a second shock, flung into the sea, where he continued swimming till rescued by a boat, and lived forty years afterwards."



CHAPTER XXI.

ON BRASSES.

EVELYN was rather late for breakfast next morning, and came in on an animated discussion.

"We are going to study architecture; Mr. Pierpoint is going to take us over the church. Won't you come?"

"Yes; with pleasure."

"You have often gone over it, no doubt?" Elinor interposed.

"No," Evelyn answered; "I have never been taken over the church." And she could not forbear a mischievous little glance at Basil. His answering look was like a caress.

"But you will grant it was not my fault."

"No; I quite exonerate you! I think the fault was really mine, but I'll say it was—Mr. Winwood's."

Pierpoint was to leave Lyntonstowe that day for the Rectory, where for the future he was to take up his abode, and it was arranged that the visit to the church should take place that forenoon.

As Evelyn was putting on her hat for this expedition—and very carefully putting on that same—Elinor entered the room. Mr. Pierpoint and Mrs. Retallack had just had a lengthened conversation, and he had told her that Mr. Burton was really very seriously ill, he feared, and could not be expected to live much longer. Also he (Mr. Pierpoint) had consented to stay on as Mr. Burton's curate. Did not Evelyn think this delightful? That lady assented, but with a little pang of quick resentment. Her own visit to Lynton must be over in a fortnight or so, while Elinor would go on living there—happy Elinor!

"Of course, one *hopes* Mr. Burton may get better," Elinor went on, "but I fear the hope is only faint."

"If he dies, what will happen?" asked Evelyn, tying her shoes.

"Why—I should present the living to Mr. Pierpoint, of course."

Evelyn laughed a little bitterly.

"Why do you laugh, Evelyn? Don't you think he would make a good rector?"

"Of course I do—the best possible for Lynton; but it seems so ridiculous that a girl should decide so momentous a question."

"Mother and I have often spoken of it. I should not do it—I could not do it yet—on my own responsibility."

"Do you like having power like that? It seems strange to me. I suppose one gets used to it."

"I suppose one does," answered humbly Miss Retallack of Lyntonstowe.

When Pierpoint had collected his party at the church door, whither they had all driven or ridden, he began a systematic, if somewhat perfunctory, account of the whole building. The porch sufficed for Mrs. Retallack, but then she knew it all before. Lady Phipps endured to the end of the nave. After the

transepts, Mr. Laughton and Violet succumbed —in fact, at this point Miss Phipps required a long rest in the vestry, and Mr. Laughton stayed to take care of her. The other four proceeded to the room over the porch.

"The first parvise chamber," Pierpoint announced gravely as he threw open the door.

Evelyn entered with wide, observant eyes. Everything was just the same. It might have been yesterday that she had laid her hair-pins all in a row on the mantelpiece. It might have been last evening that she had fallen fast asleep and lost her hat-pins there.

"I say, what jolly books! Is it a study?"

"The Rector used it as such at one time, when writing his sermons, I believe; hence these theological volumes. Of late, however, I think it has only been used for storing superfluous books. Some of them are interesting." And Pierpoint proceeded to draw out one or two heavy tomes.

After a few minutes Peter tired of this and exclaimed:

"Let's get on to the tower now! That's always the best thing in a church. Don't you think so, Miss Retallack?"

But Evelyn had caught sight of a book that interested her.

"No," she replied, not paying much attention, "I always like parvise chambers best."

"Perhaps we had better go," Elinor began; "the others will be waiting."

"No; they are quite happy. Let's climb the tower."

"May I look at that book, Mr. Pierpoint?" Evelyn interposed, pointing to a very large leather-bound volume.

"Which? Oh—on brasses?"

He hastened to draw it out for her and laid it on the table.

"If you don't mind," she turned to Peter, "I had much rather see this than the tower, if—if," with a glance at Pierpoint, "I may stay here?"

"Would you really?" asked Elinor. "Then you won't mind if we go? I'll climb the tower with you, Peter."

"Right you are!" cried Peter. "And let's leave the Parson behind, for I want to climb that tower for the pure pleasure of counting the steps, and I strike now—no more architecture to-day! Come, Elinor."

Pierpoint looked from one to the other and hesitated.

"Take care of my cousin," smiled Elinor.

"Don't come with us!" cried Peter. "You'd be quite *de trop*, Parson. Two in the vestry, two in the porch, two on the tower, and in the parvise chamber two—I call that neat!" he cried, following Elinor down the stairs into the church again.

A second's embarrassment, then—

"You are interested in brasses, Miss Retallack?"

"Not very specially," she replied, trying to conquer a feeling of shyness that invaded her. "But I once came here to see this book," and, after all, never saw it. Please, may we take it to the desk at the window? Thank you. Mr. Winwood brought me here one day to see it," she explained, when the heavy volume was placed to her liking. "I remember he said it should be seen with the light falling on it through leaded panes. It is a kind of book, too, that should be read standing—don't you think?—and on a lectern, if possible. Isn't that lovely, Mr. Pierpoint? I have a cousin who collects these things. Mr. Winwood and I found ourselves doing the same brass for him here one day, I remember." Pierpoint remembered, too; but then he remembered everything about her. "Mr. Winwood is very learned, is he not?" she went on.

Winwood's name was a pin-prick to her hearer, recalling much he would fain forget.

"He is very well read in all branches of archæology. He has made it his special study."

"What does he do?" the girl went on, turning the pages of her book. "Or does he do anything?"

"Do, Miss Retallack? Well, really I cannot say, beyond a well-cultivated dilettantism. He writes a little for periodicals, and he travels a good deal. Are you interested in him?"

He meant to say it lightly, but it sounded almost harsh.

She glanced up in surprise.

"Yes; I like him. He was always very nice to me. This book reminded me of him."

Pierpoint wondered in his jealous heart what that quick blush could mean. But Evelyn had recalled all that happened that unforgettable evening.

"He brought me here to see it one afternoon," she went on in her character of penitent, "and, after all, I never saw it. It was the day of the great storm, when you were so good to me."

The young man's brow cleared.

"When you were good to me, you mean."

"It is very nice of you to put it so. I know I was most idiotic and, I fear, very cross. But I hated keeping you here."

"Keeping me! Have you ever wished 'the instant made eternity'?"

Her sudden colour proved she understood. She turned the next page with a quick and nervous motion. A piece of paper fluttered out.

Pierpoint stooped to pick it up. It bore writing in a cramped hand. One word caught his eye, and he moved nearer the light to read it.

"Is it notes?" she asked, intent on the engraving before her.

"Yes."

His page so absorbed him, he hardly heard her.

"Oh! see: here is our own—I mean, the Retallack brass. Is it not beautiful? What is that paper, Mr. Pierpoint, if it is not private? It seems very fascinating."

"Nothing," he answered, and, folding it carefully, he put it away in his pocket-book. "I mean—it doesn't matter."

Then he turned his attention to the Retallack brass, or tried to, but he seemed preoccupied, opened his pocket-book and handed the Rector the page found in the book on brasses.

"Will you read that, Mr. Burton?" he said. "It seems to me it may be important."

The old Rector adjusted his spectacles and took the paper.

"Yes," he said slowly, "it is Colonel Retallack's will, and it seems all in order. I know he wrote his own will. How did you come by it?"

"Have you noticed the provisions of the will, Mr. Burton?"

In a moment the old man sat up straight.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed, "why, it's Evelyn



"'*Where* did you find it? I charge you to tell me!'"—*p.* 606.

until Evelyn closed the book and begged to join the others.

When Pierpoint had disposed of the Lyntonstowe party and had seen them all off on their homeward journey, he hastened to the Rectory.

Mr. Burton had much to say to him of the work of the parish, and this took much time. At length came a pause. Pierpoint

he has made the heir! But Arthur? Arthur got the property. It is so long ago, I had almost forgotten their names. Ah! it must be an old will, made before poor John's foolish marriage. The Colonel was so angry he disinherited him then."

"But *is* it before the will that has been acted on? All depends on the date, of course. This will is dated seventeen years ago. The

eldest son must have married more than twenty years ago. When did Colonel Retallack die?"

The Rector looked at his curate over his spectacles.

"Honestly, I cannot tell you," he replied. "I only remember it was years ago. You are right; it may be of the utmost importance." He grew agitated. "You must go and see the family lawyer. Do not disturb Mrs. Retallack. It may be an older will, and only so much waste paper. Let me see: Prowse was the Colonel's solicitor. But he lives in Plymouth, and you have to take service here at five o'clock."

"Shall I go and see old Snell? You observe he was one of the witnesses."

"Good—very good idea. Yes, and though not quite himself in some ways, and very forgetful, he is still very shrewd. Go to Snell, my dear fellow, and let me know what he says. Bless me! it—it is very serious. You see, Evelyn is dead, and then—if they like to claim it and the others don't dispute it—then the property would go to Evelyn's children."

"He has only one. She—perhaps you have met her, Mr. Burton? She is staying at Lyntonstowe just now."

"Really? That is a coincidence. No; I have been too ill to see anybody except quite the oldest friends. What is John's daughter's name? What is she like? We generally called him by his second name, John, I remember—not by his first name, Evelyn."

"Her name, too, is Evelyn," answered Pierpoint; but he essayed no description of the lady.

CHAPTER XXII.

"NUNC DIMITTIS."

THE next thing was to see old Snell, and to see him alone. This Pierpoint found easy, for when he reached Lyntonstowe he found that all the party there had gone to Lord Rainsford's for the afternoon.

Mr. Snell had down a whole shelf of books on the table. He held one volume open by its covers and shook it slowly from side to side.

"Can you spare me a little time, Mr. Snell?" Pierpoint asked, as he greeted him; "I want to consult you."

"Yes," sighed the old man, "I have plenty of time, and it is quite useless to me."

He took up his worn black ribbon, placed it in the book he held, laid the volume back on the table, then sat down and waited.

"Now, Mr. Pierpoint, I am at your service."

Pierpoint produced his paper, and laid it before the old man.

"Do you know anything of that, Mr. Snell?"

A second's breathless pause, then the old man sprang to his feet.

"*Where* did you find it? I charge you to tell me! You—*you* to find what I have spent seventeen years looking for!" The faded old eyes almost flashed. The man seemed rejuvenated. "He was the best of masters and—I seemed to fail him. Oh, it was hard, hard!" He pressed the paper to his breast.

Pierpoint briefly related the circumstances of its finding.

"Brasses? Yes; now it comes back to me. Wait! It is getting clearer. He wished for a brass for himself, when he should die, like the Retallack one yonder in the church."

"I suppose he was reading the book and slipped it in," interposed Pierpoint.

"No, no; it was *I* who did that foolish thing, which I have repented of for all these years."

Little by little Pierpoint got the story out of the old man. On the very morning of what proved the last day of his life, Colonel Retallack called Snell into the library to witness a new will, which he had written himself, revoking his former one. In this, his second and last will, all his property, with the exception of some legacies, was left to his elder son, Evelyn John Retallack. Arthur had died a year or so before, and from the day of Arthur's death, old Snell affirmed, the Colonel began to soften to his eldest son.

"You see, he knew, he had heard somewhere of Evelyn's son, and he was most anxious to keep Lyntonstowe in Retallack hands. 'A boy, Snell,' he said to me, when at length he made up his mind, 'a boy to succeed me is worth more than marching lands.'"

"What happened to the other witness?" asked Pierpoint.

"Joe Berry? He was a new footman. He just signed what he was bid, and knew nothing of the contents of the will—hardly, perhaps, that it *was* a will. He left Lyntonstowe shortly after the Colonel's death, and long before I was well enough to think about his name. And I kept the whole thing a secret?"

"Why did you keep it secret?"

"Why, Mr. Pierpoint? Why, everybody would be on the search for it then, and how could I tell what they might not do to so valuable a document, if found? Burn it, perhaps. No. I remember his calling me in and our witnessing it, I and Joe Berry. Berry had come to say the new mare was at the door. The Colonel was most anxious to drive her himself. 'Put that away safely, Snell,' he called to me, and hurried off. I could think of nothing safer at the moment than to thrust it between the pages of the book he was reading. I knew nobody else would enter the library

or open that book until we returned, and he was calling to me to hurry, as he wished me to try the mare with him. Then—then I forgot everything."

"I wonder how the book got into the parvise chamber?"

"Mr. Burton must have borrowed it while I was ill, and forgot, I suppose, to return it, or—stay: you say it is Mr. Burton's own book? Then the Colonel must have borrowed it from him, and Mr. Burton afterwards took back his own property. That never occurred to me."

The old man's eyes fell on the well-worn black ribbon. He took it up and walked across the room to the fireplace. Pierpoint watched him. He placed the bit of silk carefully on the glowing coals; then, as it caught and blazed up, he folded his weary old hands and murmured in solemn tones "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!"

Pierpoint lived a busy life for the next few days. There was Prowse the lawyer to see, Mr. Burton to consult, the executors to be called into council—Lord Rainsford being one of them—and lastly Mrs. Retallack and Elinor to be told. Pierpoint, not unnaturally, shrank from this latter interview. But, to his surprise, Elinor's face suddenly shone with delight when the news was broken to her by the family solicitor.

"I have never heard anything that made me happier!" she cried, tears springing to her eyes.

Mrs. Retallack was not at all so happy. She grew agitated. Indeed, it took some time to convince her of the authenticity of the document.

"Of course you can dispute it," Prowse conceded, "but I cannot honestly recommend you to do so."

"Dispute it!" cried Elinor. "Why, if the will *hadn't* been found, it would have been all the same in a few years; for Mr. Snell and I had made up our minds to that."

Mrs. Retallack turned and looked slowly at the girl. It dawned upon her that her daughter was still an unknown quantity to her.

"I shall never give in," said Mrs. Retallack, dropping the words one by one. "I hold Lyntonstowe in trust for my daughter. I will hold it so till she comes of age, which will not be until her twenty-fifth birthday. Then I relinquish my trust. Then I leave Lyntonstowe for Lynton St. Mary, which I wish—I—never—had—left."

She had risen as she spoke, the last words falling like icicles, revealing in a moment much that a frozen life had covered in silence. No one spoke as she turned and slowly left the room.

Days of considerable perplexity and much agitation followed. The solicitor of the Lynton St. Mary property had interviews with Mrs. Retallack, wherein he strongly urged her to dispute the new will, if proceeded with. She, again, had interviews with Prowse, the St. Maurice solicitor—rather stormy these, as far as Mrs. Retallack's leaden impassivity could be called stormy: lowering is perhaps the better word to describe them. Then Lord Rainsford was called in. Then the solicitors, Sealy and Prowse, visited each other. But that being a case of augurs meeting, the present simple chronicler dares not reduce their smile to print!

And at the last, after a week and more of this, the news began to leak out.

Evelyn was surprised by an air of mystery visibly enveloping the servants, an added sweetness in Elinor's caresses, an increased acerbity in Mrs. Retallack's manner; while perhaps the most unaccountable thing was that, meeting Lord Rainsford one day in the avenue, he got off his horse, threw the bridle over his arm, shook Evelyn warmly by the hand, patting it the meanwhile with his left, mounted his horse again, and rode away—all in solemn silence.

Still Evelyn was in ignorance of her destiny. Had Mr. Snell been about she could hardly have remained so; but that poor old man, his long day's work done, had taken to his bed from sheer excitement, and remained there for nearly a fortnight.

"Whatever you intend to do, mother," cried Elinor, "Evelyn *must* be told. It is only common honesty to let her friends know what has happened. You know what I mean to do—if you choose to dispute the will—in a few years. And you know, too, that the St. Mary property is worth three times as much as the St. Maurice" (which was true), "therefore I shall be always quite rich enough for my desires, and need not grudge Evelyn Lyntonstowe, even if this house *is* larger."

"The house is far too large for the St. Maurice property!" exclaimed Mrs. Retallack. "I am sure I have sunk any amount of St. Mary money in keeping it up. The grounds cannot possibly be kept as we have kept them, merely on the St. Maurice rents."

"Then," said Elinor, smiling, "she must marry a rich man; that will be the solution of all the difficulty; will it not, Mr. Pierpoint?" turning to the man who had stood silent during this, one of the daily conferences in Lyntonstowe morning room.

He half smiled.

When he had had time to gather his thoughts together, and turn them on his own prospects, and how that scrap of paper affected

himself, Basil Pierpoint, truth to tell, keenly regretted that last visit to the parvise chamber and the secrets it gave up. With a dull ache at heart he recognised that he had been fate's instrument in making Evelyn more unattainable than ever. No one could consider the curate of Lynton a match for the Lady of Lyntonstowe.

"Yes; she must be told," resumed Elinor, "and you must tell her, Mr. Pierpoint. She owes it all to you."

Elinor longed to be herself the bearer of such news; but she was generous.

"I?" exclaimed Pierpoint. "It is impossible. I—I cannot tell her."

"Well, just as you like, of course," replied Elinor, inwardly wondering at his careworn expression. "I know you are one of those nice people who don't do things for thanks."

"Thanks? No," he answered with dry lips. "I dislike thanks; Miss Retallack has promised me—she will remember."

When he was gone, Elinor turned to her mother.

"He doesn't seem pleased about it."

"How could he be?" returned that lady, inwardly chafing. "Of course he much prefers you here. It will make a great deal of difference—if I give in—to the clergy of the parish, having to deal with that flighty, upsetting girl.'

Elinor did not answer except by a smile. Had she not herself succumbed to Evelyn's breezy charm?

She chose a quiet time that afternoon to entice Evelyn into the now deserted library, there to fulfil her self-imposed mission.

"Evelyn," she began, "I have something to tell you, and I should like to tell it to you here. Old Mr. Snell has found his recipe—you remember?—his recipe to make a man lie quiet in his grave; I have got my desire, and you, I trust, are going to be happy. And we owe it all to Mr. Pierpoint and the parvise chamber."

Evelyn stared, then laughed.

"Is this a belated Christmas mumming?" she asked.

Then Elinor took her cousin's hand and told the tale succinctly.

Evelyn grew very pale. She received it in absolute silence; then, to Elinor's distress, burst into tears, and when, after a convulsive sob or two, she steadied her voice, her first question was:

"Why didn't Mr. Pierpoint tell me?"

"I don't know; I wanted him to tell you, but he refused. I was so glad to be able to tell you myself——"

"He *should* have told me," she cried, pressing her hands together.

"When he found the will, do you mean? He did not like to do it then, of course, for, if it was only an earlier will, it would have been painful, would it not?"

"It is very sweet of you, Elinor. You are so good. I am not—fit for so much—for such a responsibility. Please tear up that will again—and let everything be as it was."

"We cannot do that, dear. Your mother, too—Aunt Elizabeth—must be consulted, and you must——"

"Why did he not tell me himself?" Evelyn interrupted, turning away.

"I believe—I think he was afraid you might thank him.'

"Never!" blazed Evelyn. "He knew—he *knows* I never will thank him."

"Oh! I am so sorry. I do remember now, he said—something like that—and that you had promised—something. Truly, Evelyn dear, I have forgotten, but I *know* he would not do anything but what was nice."

Evelyn laughed a little disdainfully. As if she needed to be told that! In another moment her arms were round Elinor's neck, her rare kisses on her cheeks.

After this Evelyn looked daily for Pierpoint's advent. But he came no more to Lyntonstowe. Even when, by special request, she went with Elinor to see Mr. Burton, no Basil appeared. A deep disquiet filled the girl's mind. Perhaps, in gaining wealth and position, she had lost something which she began to think outweighed them all.

For wealth and position were now Evelyn's portion. It takes Devonshire people a long time to make up their minds, and Mrs. Retallack was no exception to the rule. Eventually, however, but without admitting it, she took Lord Rainsford's advice and accepted the inevitable. The convincing word, nevertheless, was Sealy's:

"You are right, Mrs. Retallack: why waste any more St. Mary money in keeping up St. Maurice property?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

EVELYN'S NEXT STORY.

A FORTNIGHT later and everything had taken shape. What at first seemed a chaotic dream had become sense and soberness to Evelyn. Her initial impulse had been to return to her work at school. To this, however, her mother had objected, and when it became understood that Elinor and her mother were willing to stay on at Lyntonstowe until Easter the eventual arrangement was that Evelyn should sever her connection at once with the school, and that she should stay on with her aunt and cousin. The obvious advantages of the training for her future position which this would be to the girl



"The older inhabitants gathered round him."—*p.* 611.

appeared to no one of more importance than to her mother. At Easter, then, Elizabeth Retallack would come and make her home as widow in the house which had never opened its doors to her as bride. The self-sacrifice which this meant to her was fully understood by only one person, her faithful worshipper, Judith Kyle.

Many legal formalities had naturally to be entered into. Evelyn read and signed mechanically whatever she was bid. Social duties, too, were poured upon her; the curiosity of the neighbourhood was aroused. On "that arrogant-looking girl staying with the Retallacks" becoming "Miss Retallack of Lyntonstowe," her mental and moral attributes changed correspondingly in a wonderfully brief space of time. She suddenly found everyone very nice to her and much interested in her welfare. Lady Phipps declared her manner the perfection of aristocratic hauteur; she had always guessed there was more in the girl than other people suspected. Violet begged permission to call her by her Christian name; it was such a sweet one. Many ladies became suddenly aware of her existence. Mrs. Trehane, now far down in the social scale, grew obsequious. Two or three remained just the same, as Miss Alicia, who had always liked her, and Lord Rainsford, who had always found her an appreciative listener.

"My dear Miss Retallack," he said one day in confidence, "I regard it as providential that you should have come in for the Lynton St. Maurice property; for the condition of the fences, especially in the home farm, is just deplorable. I am sure your grandfather would be very angry if he could see them. He and I were at one there, though he was a much older man—at least, almost at one, for I still maintain he planted his quicks too horizontally. Sixty with the vertical is the proper angle. Horizontal twigs are at an angle of ninety, you know."

Miss Alicia trusted Evelyn would reorganise the coal and blanket ticket societies; there was much overlapping in these charities. Mr. Burton laid it on her to continue and if possible increase her cousin's Bible-classes and sewing-parties among the girls of the parish. Mr. Snell looked for a renovation of the library. So it went on. It seemed to Evelyn that becoming owner of a property meant nothing so much as the incurring heavy and unknown responsibilities. Accustomed to bear responsibility for a definite time only each day and to shake off the very dust of it from her feet at a given stroke of the clock, these wide-reaching duties and cares laid upon her depressed her and took the dancing light from her eyes.

There was another cause, too, for depression. Only one person approached her not, only one asked nothing of her. As much as he in his position could avoid her in hers, so did Basil Pierpoint keep aloof from the new Lady of the Manor. Did they meet anywhere, he gave her but the briefest greetings. She did not even see him, except in church, for many days after that momentous morning in the parvise chamber, and when they did meet eventually it was always in the society of others, in public places, and never where she could broach the subject of what she felt to be her deep indebtedness to him. His manner, too, was so distant that she naturally took her tone from him, and, while endeavouring merely to let him know she understood his desire to intimate to her that the past was past, she unconsciously assumed an attitude towards him, accentuated by that new-found shyness in his presence, which Pierpoint read as pure and unalloyed hauteur. He was quite sufficiently aware, he told himself, that "Miss Retallack of Lyntonstowe" was not quite the same as "Evelyn of that ilk," as she had once named herself to him.

Once and once only did they come a little nearer to each other. It was at a committee meeting of the blanket society, Miss Baird's pet society. The meeting was round the library table at the Rectory; Pierpoint was in the chair, Mr. Burton not being well enough to attend.

Miss Baird gave her views eloquently on a certain vexed question of procedure—namely, when the blankets lent during the winter months to the poor should be returned to the society.

"It is quite wrong, I am sure it is," urged Miss Baird's emphatic voice, "to give in the blankets on a fixed date. I am sure we should do it by the thermometer. What's the good of thermometers if we don't use them, Mr. Pier——Chairman, I mean? I know I always arrange my own bed by the thermometer. I look at it every night; 6° and I have one blanket; 50° and I have two, and so on. I make no difference between 60° and 50° unless I have a cold, and, as I say, I am sure we should go by the thermometer, and that's why we have been given thermometers, and if we don't use them, I am sure it's just flying in the face of Providence; and if we had anybody here like my dear sister-in-law's nephew, who has studied about sciences and those things, I am sure they would agree with me."

"Perhaps we have a lady here, Miss Baird, who knows something about science. What does Miss Retallack say?" Pierpoint's glance showed which Miss Retallack he meant.

Now, much further back in this meeting, Evelyn had looked for a moment at Pierpoint.

who was then devoting all his attention to a sad tale of destitution poured into his ears by another lady on the committee. The entire absorption of the man in his work, the noble work of relieving human suffering, the pained look in his face, the repression evident in his few words, these were enough for the imagination of one listener. She heard no more, for another story was rapidly evolving itself before her, a story in which Basil played a part far different from his last *rôle* in print. Lost in this delightful employment and henceforth oblivious of blankets, the girl slowly turned her head and fixed her unconscious gaze on the lawn and the leafless trees beyond.

Now, at this direct appeal of Pierpoint's, there was a momentary silence. At that instant the Basil of the new tale had just met death in the noblest manner, saving the life of his deadly foe. Evelyn was quite unconscious of the sadness of her own mobile face as, startled at the sudden silence, she turned round. Her glance met Pierpoint's—a look that was almost a revelation to her, so deep, so tender was it. The warm colour ran up her cheek.

Mrs. Grey's laugh broke the spell.

"I am so sorry; I am afraid I did not hear."

"Never mind, my dear," exclaimed Miss Alicia; "for I am going to resolve—pass a resolution, I mean—that in future thermometers must bring back the blankets!"

Nobody's gravity was proof against this, and at least one gleam of mirth was vouchsafed the meeting.

Mr. Burton received the ladies afterwards for tea, regretting he could not stand the strain of the meeting. The older inhabitants gathered round him, and for a moment Pierpoint and Evelyn were outside the ring.

"I am afraid" he began rather diffidently, "these meetings bore you. These little parochial affairs must seem very narrow to you."

"Narrow? No, but infinitely wide. I fear you did Lyntonstowe but a poor service that day we were in the parvise chamber."

"We have been there more than once——" He broke off embarrassed. Truth to tell, he had forgotten and forgiven "In a Devon Corner." But she could not know this, and the "use" she had made of him was an ever-present sting to her mind.

"I can never fill Elinor's place here," she cried impulsively, following her first thought. "My aunt and she are going to Italy, you know, for Easter, and to stay a long time."

"But you will have Mrs. Retallack—your mother; she will help you."

"Will *you* help me, Mr. Pierpoint?"

Her eyes drew truth from him.

"I—cannot, Miss Retallack. Forgive me, but—I am going away."

"From Lynton?" and her eyes widened to dismay.

"Yes; but—please—Mr. Burton wishes it kept private just yet, until he has found another curate. I tell you because—well, the Lady of the Manor has a right to know, has she not?"

Evelyn turned away with that mute gesture he had seen before, and which always made him feel he was in the wrong, somehow.

Yet, what else could he do? he asked himself. He had offered her all he had to offer, and had received his dismissal. To stay on now, when the position in one respect was so changed, would not be possible for him. Only consideration for Mr. Burton had kept him there even so long.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN THE PARVISE CHAMBER.

YET a few days more brought a new complexity into Lynton affairs, and threw a fresh burden on Evelyn. Mr. Burton died quite suddenly one Sunday evening. The old Rector had no very near relatives, and until the more distant ones could arrive all the work and anxious responsibility caused by his sudden death were thrown on Pierpoint's shoulders. He had no time even to think of the future until the evening of the last day of this eventful week.

Everything was over now—funeral, reading of the will, disposal of the property, and everything else; the two or three distant cousins had come and gone, and Pierpoint was left alone. The will contained one bequest deeply valued by the receiver: "To my friend, Basil Pierpoint, I leave all my books."

Almost as a matter of course, Pierpoint was still at the Rectory. Now he sat down this Saturday evening in the library, and bethought him that next day was Sunday, and a sermon, almost a memorial sermon, must be forthcoming. His eyes wandered with pleasure over his new possessions, the well-filled library shelves. What a packing up there would be!

Here the entrance of a maid with the evening post broke the thread of his thoughts, and to some purpose, for the letter was from the Retallack solicitor, offering him, Basil Pierpoint, in the name of the patroness, the living of Lynton St. Maurice.

Pierpoint gazed at the letter for a few minutes. This contingency had literally never presented itself to his mind. Of course, he would refuse. But how kind, and yet how strange, of her to offer it to him! He slowly set to work to compose his answer.

Even while he yet wrote, a mounted

messenger arrived with a note from Lyntonstowe, a little note in clear, crisp writing:

"DEAR MR. PIERPOINT,—I am informed it is my duty to find a Rector for Lynton. You once said you wished it were your parish. Will you please accept it now, from your friend, "EVELYN RETALLACK."

To reply to this was yet more difficult. But Pierpoint was a man accustomed to making up his mind and sticking to it. He could not stay so near and yet so far from the desire of his heart. His "friend, Evelyn." She wished to be that, and nothing more. It was like her, child that she was in so many ways, to think they could return to their former relations; but to him, the man, that was impossible.

At length the two letters were written and despatched, and the Sunday morning brought Evelyn one short letter.

"It is very kind of you," he wrote, "very kind, to remember my words, and I feel your kindness deeply. But much has changed in Lyntonstowe since I said that, and I feel, under the present circumstances, I could not stay here. I think—I hope—you will understand. And I know you will easily find a better man.—Yours most faithfully,

"BASIL PIERPOINT."



"The eyes that met hers were more than she could brave."—*p.* 614.

When the carriage came round at church time, Evelyn excused herself on the plea of a headache. She felt she could not go to church that morning. She must have time to think. A little seed of thought had dropped into her

mind, and she wanted time to let it grow. Next morning it was mature and fit to ripen into action. In other words, she had made up her mind.

That afternoon she announced her intention of taking a long walk, and all alone, as that was best for her headache.

"But the de la Biers are coming to call on you this afternoon. They said so yesterday, and they are people you must know," said Elinor.

"Well, you must entertain them for me, dear Elinor; you can do it far better than I. Tell them I am gone on pilgrimage. Say you saw the cockleshell in my sailor-hat."

Evelyn's walk led her to the village, and there to a few old haunts, including a visit to Mrs. Hill, who received her now with the deepest courtesy. Finally she reached the church, and by some irresistible attraction bent her way up the winding stair to the parvise chamber. Here all was as before, the leaded casement, the oak chairs and table, the well-filled book-shelves. The only difference was an empty packing-case in one corner.

"Come back with me the first of all," was the line that rang in Evelyn's memory. She took off her hat and laid it on the table. In a moment more her hairpins would have made procession on the mantelpiece; but she suddenly stopped, threw herself into the arm-chair, and laughed a little wearily.

"There is no use in pretending," she acknowledged to herself; "the past is past, and there is no recalling it: all we can do is to atone, to amend."

Well, it might come in useful for copy, some day; meanwhile, it was too close and personal to be anything but pain.

Pen and paper lay on the table. Mechanically she drew them to her and began to write. The tragic scene already alluded to passed before her mental vision and was rapidly transferred to the paper, the writer becoming gradually more and more absorbed and removed from common things. The opening of the door roused her. She started up with a little cry. Was history repeating itself? There stood Pierpoint.

"I am sorry," he stammered.

"Oh, please, Mr. Pierpoint"—with a shaky little laugh—"forgive me! I know I have no permission to write here. But it's the table's fault. It is so steady, and—I'll never do it again! Don't turn me out——"

"I have no right," he hastened to reply, "and certainly no desire. Pray do not move. I can come back to-morrow. I only came to pack the books."

"Mr. Burton's books? What is going to become of them?"

"He was good enough to leave them to me in his will, and I am taking them home."

"Home?"

"To my father's."

"It is a pity," the girl said after a moment, in a voice kept studiously light; "it is a pity, is it not, to disturb the dear old books? The shelves will look so bare without them."

"If you wish—I am not very much attached to these——"

"No, of course, I don't mean that! But—I wish I could induce you to stay *with* the books. Is there no argument I can use? Duty? Inclination? Or their opposites?"

"Be generous, Miss Retallack, and do not open that debate for me again. As for inclination—God knows which way that lies," he added, half under his breath. "But you are very good, very generous to offer me Lynton, and I thank you again, and gratefully."

"No!" she cried, in a voice that would tremble a little, "there are no thanks due to me, Mr. Pierpoint—at least, none from you. Whereas I—but you told me once not to thank you."

He flashed a bright look at her.

"You remember? No!"—he drew a deep breath—"I could not bear thanks from you like-like anybody else. Anything—if there ever was anything—is but service meetly due."

She turned away her head a little, twisting her hat nervously in her hand.

"And the people like you so much."

"There is another thing, Miss Retallack; one does not care to urge it—it sounds so like the thing proper to say at such a time—but perhaps you will believe me a little: I do really feel keenly my own inadequacy and shortcomings—more than I had ever thought I should—and this is due——" He broke off short.

"Don't say you mean my *horrid* story!" she cried, a sudden pain in her voice.

He looked at her.

"I do not believe you really think I am quite as bad as—as you have depicted me; but your sketch has opened my eyes to see that, if even in the least degree I so impressed a stranger, I certainly need to look to my ways and words."

"It was detestable of me! I wonder you speak to me," she cried impulsively; "and I know now—I begin to see—but I am writing another——" He started. "Oh, it is quite different. I know you now." She hastily grasped her papers. "I cannot talk about it just yet; but, perhaps, some day——" Agitation was in every movement of the slender fingers that gathered the papers together. Suddenly she dropped them and with a quick gesture turned to him. "Don't you understand what I feel? Can't you imagine what a weight it is to have all this responsibility

thrust on me? Will you not in any wise help me? If you knew—I seem to myself like a rudderless boat, adrift at sea. Can you never forgive me for being owner of Lyntonstowe? I wish—oh, I wish you had never found that will!"

"Indeed," he defended himself, "I did not find it. You turned the page, and it fell out. I only picked it up."

She could have laughed at his literalness, but her heart was too sore.

"You alone know the needs of the parish. If I could only persuade you——"

"Miss Retallack," he broke in, his voice as shaken as her own, "I cannot help it, if you will make me remind you that there has been something in our lives which—well, we have opened and closed a page of life together, which makes it impossible——"

A quick blush, and she turned impulsively to him.

"Mr. Pierpoint, am *I* the obstacle? For if so, I will go away—at once—if only you will stay, and you shall never see my face again——"

"Heaven forbid!" he exclaimed.

"You are far more needed here than I. Oh, this is no sudden impulse! I have been thinking of it ever since I got your letter. I don't mind going, and you have taught me, too—I want to do my duty, for once. Let it be so. You stay and I go. Will you? Will you accept this?"

She looked up at him with trembling lips and that wistful look seen now so often in her eyes.

Again swept over Basil Pierpoint the feeling that his part in life was just to serve and shield this girl in every way he could. What was joy or grief of his when weighed against her lightest wish? He caught her hand in his.

"I will accept anything you wish. I will do—I will be—anything you like——"

The fingers he held closed round his own. An electric pause, a little whisper, almost a sigh:

"Basil is—a king!"

"Evelyn!"

She quivered in that strait embrace, yet looked up valiantly, a word on her lips.

But the eyes that met hers were more than she could brave, and her face fell into her hands.

"Anything you will," he whispered again. "And always your faithful servant!"

"No, no," came the girl's answering whisper.

The rest remained unspoken; yet she knew, and her heart was glad in the knowledge, that it was a faithful master she had found.

Never since it was raised by pious hands of old, had the walls of that old parvise chamber seen two happier mortals than it now took into its embrace.

For an hour they sat there; for—oh! there was such an infinitude to say. The whole argument, indeed, of their lives hitherto had briefly to be told.

"How sweet of you," the girl said, "to make friends in this very room where we met each other for the first time!"

"Dear, I fear the meeting here was accidental, not due to any virtue of mine."

"Oh, no; there is no such thing as accident; you preached that once," she nodded to him. "I came here because I was unhappy, and I felt there would be consolation here, somehow. And now, it is so romantic. I like things to be romantic, don't you?"

"I must be at charges to please my lady," he smiled, his eyes fixed on her April face. "I fear I am a prosaic mortal."

"You are, sometimes," she acknowledged. "But I always prefer poetry to prose. So be careful."

"Evelyn, I am not fit to have the care of one all 'spirit, fire, and dew.' Yet if I say you have the sweetest, absorbingest eyes in the world, is that poetry?"

"Well," the dark eyes dancing gaily, "we will call it poetry in the rough! You must have a few lessons in metre, sir!" And with a sudden delicious drop in her voice, "Why do you allow me to be so impertinent—Basil?"

"You are at all times bewilderingly, fascinating to me," replied the bewitched one at her side. "But when you are 'impertinent,' as you are pleased to term it, then my vocabulary gives out!"

The church bell clanged suddenly into their talk. They awoke to the fact that it was five o'clock.

"Dearest," he stooped to her, "I must take prayers. Will you come?"

Evelyn rose with a little happy sigh.

Hand in hand they went down the winding stair together and into the church as the bells were ringing for service.

THE SLAUGHTERED SAINTS OF THE ALPS.

By the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A.

ABOUT the close of the twelfth century Innocent III. ascended the Papal throne, at the moment when the ecclesiastical power seemed to have reached its highest point. The state of Christendom at this time was one difficult for the modern mind to realise. At no period of the history of the Church of Rome were the pretensions of the supreme party so readily accepted by the world at large; never since has there been a moment so favourable for the assertion of the paramount claims of the Papacy. In every corner of Christendom institutions were in disorder, kings were oppressing their subjects, subjects were rising in rebellion against their tyrants, cities were making war upon each other, and the Empire itself, rent asunder by rival claimants for the Crown, had ceased to be a serious opponent of the hierarchy. There was but one institution to which men continued to render outward homage, and that was the Church—a complex, highly organised society, controlled by a priesthood with common interests in every country of Europe, but with its monarchical head in the imperial city. Such tremendous power has, perhaps, never since been centred in the hands of one man.

The Crusades had accustomed men to think that the infidel was the enemy of God, and therefore the enemy of every true servant of God. The Holy War, directed at first against the heathen possessors of the Holy City and the tomb of Christ, was soon turned to another object. For, according to the theory of the ecclesiastics, the erring believer was as much an enemy of God as the Saracen, and even worse, because he had sinned against the light. Excommunication by the Church was therefore held to constitute outlawry. The heretic became the enemy of Christendom, and was regarded as in open rebellion against Christ's vicegerent, the Pope. The warrior who destroyed him was the champion of the Church, and his banner was the Cross.

At the moment, indeed, all Christendom appeared to be at peace. So enormous was the Papal power that no other interest could hope to contend against it. No sovereign was so powerful that he dared with equanimity to defy excommunication—how much less, then, was there a possibility of success with the obscure heretic who dared to lift his voice against the established order? And yet it was at this very moment, when organised sacerdotalism had reached its greatest height, that a counter-principle began to work in nearly every quarter of Europe. It made itself felt simultaneously in England, in northern and southern France, in Belgium, in various districts of the great German Federation, in Hungary, in Italy, and in the Alps. From all these districts the clergy sent complaints concerning false teachers who were leading the people astray. An anti-sacerdotal movement, or, rather, a series of unconnected movements, had begun, which culminated three centuries later in the Reformation. Amongst these various movements there is one which deserves a conspicuous, if not a principal place, not only because of the

heroism of its adherents, but because it survived a persecution of many centuries, and is living to-day — I refer to the followers of Peter Waldo, the noble Saints of the Alps. Whatever may be said against the morality of the tenets held by some of the obscure mediæval sects, no Protestant can do other than view with reverence the religious life of the Waldenses. These Alpine peasants lived blameless lives in their mountain retreats, and clung with noblest self-devotion to their pure and simple faith. Peter Waldo was a rich merchant of Lyons, who, troubled by the thought of the worldliness and greed of the Church, and the neglected state of the people around him, gave away his property and became a teacher of his countrymen. He paid a poor scholar to translate the Gospels. A society formed around him; he established an order of poor preachers, something like those trained and sent forth by Wycliffe in a later day. Before long these poor preachers were interdicted by the Archbishop of Lyons for teaching the Scriptures without authority in the vernacular, and for encouraging the people to dispense with the ordinances of the Church. To this episcopal censure Waldo replied, in the words of many prophets and martyrs before and since, that he must obey God rather than man.

From this hour began the persecution of the new sect, which was soon driven to seek refuge in the remotest Swiss valleys, whence their missionaries penetrated from time to time into Southern France and Northern Italy. As persecution grew fiercer the clearer grew their view of the unspiritual character of the hierarchy. They repudiated the whole sacerdotal system, declaring that the sanctity of the priest was not in his office, but in the goodness of his life; that the godly layman was already a priest; that no mechanical ceremony had any spiritual efficacy. They rejected transubstantiation, prayers for the dead, the ecclesiastical doctrine of purgatory, and the iniquitous system of indulgences. Their worst enemies are compelled to admit their humility and blamelessness of character. They read the Gospels, and preached and prayed in their own tongue.

This simple statement of what is now, in Protestant countries, familiar Gospel truth, was urgently needed in the district where Peter Waldo and his followers first began to preach. In no European country had the clergy so universally and so deservedly forfeited the respect of the community. Their order was the object both of hatred and contempt. A common saying of the Provençals was, when wishing to express the extreme of degradation, "I had rather my son were a priest." Rome bestirred herself. Penalties were denounced, not against the corrupt priesthood, but against the harmless Waldenses. There is no more melancholy chapter in the history of Christendom than that of the crusade against them and that other heretical sect known as the Albigenses. Their protector, Raymond, Count of Toulouse, became the victim of Romish vengeance. At the taking of Beziers by the Crusaders, the Dominican who led the assault was asked how the orthodox were to be distinguished from the heretics. "Kill them all," was the reply, "God will know His own." The slain, in the massacre which followed, numbered from thirty to fifty thousand, of all ages and both sexes. The Crusaders, in attacking the doomed city, were preceded by a host of clergy bearing the Cross and chanting, "Come, Holy Ghost!" On the conclusion of the long and devastating war which destroyed the Albigenses and drove the Waldenses back to the Alps, the Inquisition was set up in France, with plenary powers. Heretics were only to be judged by ecclesiastics. They could be seized anywhere. Anyone could be interrogated at any time. Every house in which a heretic was found was to be razed to the ground, and its estates confiscated. Every heretic who recanted from fear of death was to be imprisoned for ever. All persons over the age of fourteen were to take an oath against heresy or be subject to the penalties of the Inquisition. No person was permitted to have any copy of the Scriptures under pain of prosecution for heresy. All wills were to be made in the presence of a priest. A reward of one mark was set on the head of every known heretic. These terrible measures had their temporary effect. Religious freedom was crushed in the cities of the plain, and took refuge in the mountains.

For a time the seclusion of the Swiss



"Arnold was betrayed and seized."—*p.* 619.

valleys secured a comparative immunity for the simple-hearted peasant Christians. But the transference of the duty of pursuing heresy from the bishops to Dominican inquisitors brought about a more determined persecution. Still the Waldenses, or Vaudois, as they afterwards came to be called, not only maintained their faith in their mountain recesses, but continued to send missionaries to the lowlands of Provence and Northern Italy. From the retired valleys of Piedmont there went forth year after year a stream of influence which in time became one of the most potent influences of the Reformation. The little community became a veritable city of refuge for persecuted heretics in every part of Europe. Little settlements of simple Christians scattered throughout Italy, France, and even Germany, looked to the brave little Church of the Alpine valleys as a kind of home and centre of faith. For a time they enjoyed an almost unmolested security, a security which was partly the result of their inaccessible seclusion, and partly because of their political and social unimportance. The task of suppressing them presented too many difficulties to make it worth the while of their would-be persecutors.

But before long a change took place, to understand which it is necessary to look back a little. The free communities of the Alps had long maintained the right of conscience and of individual manhood against the Emperor on the one hand, and the Pope on the other. The idea of political freedom early became associated with the fervour of an unsacerdotal piety. In the twelth century this dual aspiration found its first embodiment in one great man—Arnold of Brescia. This apostle of freedom is claimed by the Waldenses as one of the spiritual founders of their Church, but as a matter of fact it is more probable that their Church was to him an asylum and a refuge in the storm of persecution. Arnold was a disciple of Abélard, the daring and original genius who struggled so vainly against the mediæval doctrine of Church authority until he was crushed by St. Bernard. From him Arnold obtained the impulse towards freedom to which he dedicated his arduous life. In moral height, in strength of purpose, and unselfish devotion he was greater than his master. His was the practical mind which strove to realise in the political and social world the principles he received from the subtle brain of the great scholar. In everything, except, perhaps the doctrine of transubstantiation, his orthodoxy was unquestionable. The one great object of his hostility was the sacerdotal power. He desired to sweep away the abominable abuses of the hierarchy. He held that the wealth of the clergy ought to be confiscated, and their secular power destroyed; that they ought to be ministers of religion only, and dependent for their livelihood upon the free will offerings of their people. His ideal was a great Christian republic. He appealed to the plain sense of the Gospel of Christ, and declared that not only the Papal, but the Imperial power, were anti-Christ. The sovereign power in the State should rest with the whole people acting through their representatives, and not with any special caste or order.

These principles are by no means new to us at the present day, and it is the more difficult for us to realise the alarm and hatred which such opinions evoked. Their exponent was himself a man of blameless and austere life as well as of marvellous eloquence. "The common people heard him gladly." He preached to vast crowds in his native town, whence the flame he kindled swept through every district of Northern Italy. Accused by the bishops and clergy of Brescia, before the Lateran Council, Arnold was sentenced to banishment, and fled to the Alps, where the small community afterwards associated with the name of Peter Waldo had already its beginnings. Zurich became his asylum, and from this centre, as did Calvin afterwards from Geneva, he continued his struggle again the whole Papal system. It has been a question in some minds as to whether Arnold of Brescia, or Peter Waldo, is entitled to the greater credit for the free spirit of what afterwards came to be spoken of as the Waldensian communities. From Zurich, five years afterwards, he suddenly issued, and entered Rome as the champion of the new party of Roman freedom which had just established a short-lived republic in opposition to the Pope. With him came a large body of Swiss mountaineers, with whose aid there was actually set up a free self-governing republic in the very heart and centre of Roman power. The movement was short-lived, but for the moment

it seemed as though the Reformation were anticipated in the capital of Christendom. A bold demagogue, and a few Alpine peasants, had succeeded in doing something which might have rendered the Reformation unnecessary. For the moment, too, the election of a new Pope gave hope of a reformed hierarchy. The republic did not disclaim the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, and he in turn expressed his willingness to enter the city, not as its feudal sovereign, but as its pastor.

But this did not last long. The Pope quitted Rome, and with him went the votive offerings and the stream of pilgrims who flocked to him from every part of Europe, and whom the fickle Romans looked to as a source of revenue. On the death of the pacific Pope, Hadrian IV., his successor (the only Englishman who was ever made Pope), issued a sentence of banishment from the city against Arnold himself. He refused to obey, and an excuse was soon found for placing the city under an interdict. Had the new republic been brave and unselfish enough to defy this, and do without the material advantages accruing from its possession of the Church of St. Peter, the history of the world would have been changed. But it was not. The priest triumphed. The republic was overthrown; and Arnold and his peasants were driven into exile by the people themselves.

It only remained for the triumphant Pope to make common cause with his erstwhile rival and enemy, the Emperor, against the brave republican to compass his overthrow. Once more in history Herod and Pilate were made friends. Arnold was betrayed and seized ere he could make his way to his Alpine refuge, and was carried a prisoner to the city he had saved. The exultant clergy did not wait for the secular arm to destroy the rebel; Arnold's condemnation was summary, secret, and terrible. No opportunity was given him of access to the people, lest he should once more arouse them by his eloquence. Sismondi describes the surprise of Rome when the remains of the murdered hero and martyr were burned by night, and his ashes thrown into the Tiber, lest his followers should venerate his tomb. It is doubtful if any of his mountaineers ever saw their homes again. The craven Romans were soon crushed beneath the iron heel of a stricter despotism, from which they never escaped till the sword of Garibaldi won freedom for a united Italy.

From the middle of the fourteenth century to the fifteenth, the little Alpine community enjoyed a period of comparative peace, but the two movements which had now been crushed in blood and horror, the purely religious and the quasi-political, the one in Provence, and the other in Italy, were not entirely fruitless. The descendants of the martyrs lived on in the mountains, and the spirit of Arnold of Brescia still animated the simple citizens to whom he had preached in Zurich. From that same city in the fifteenth century came one of the freest and finest spirits of the Reformation, Zuingiius. But the greatest trials and the greatest triumphs of the Alpine Churches were yet to come.

In 1487 Pope Innocent issued a bull for their extermination. A crusade was organised against them. They were attacked in Dauphiné and Piedmont at the same time, and were sorely pressed by the overwhelming numbers of their foes. They fell back upon the last and strongest refuge in the valley of Angrogna, where, chiefly owing to the opportune rising of a thick fog, they were able to surprise and repulse their enemies with great loss. After this the Duke of Piedmont made an agreement with them whereby they were granted a peace which lasted until they were taken into the vast movement of the Reformation a few years later.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE OLIVE BRANCH

A Complete Story by E. Burrowes.

I.

THE letter arrived at breakfast time with others which bore the usual appearance of bills. There was not the least interest or excitement about them: they came every day all the year round—or rather they had done so of late—but this other letter written on thick creamy paper, with a small, delicately engraved monogram on the flap of the envelope, was something quite out of the common at Rosebine Villa, and it was opened with silent care with the aid of Stannard's clean knife. His wife watched him from behind the tea cosy, which was old and shabby like the furniture in the sunny room and the lilac cotton frock which young Mrs. Stannard wore with such grace.

As Stannard read the contents of the one sheet which the envelope contained—a sheet which was headed by the same delicate monogram in pale blue and gold—his face changed: hope, fear, joy, sorrow—a thousand complex emotions swept over it. Finally he looked across the table with a gasp.

"Rachel—a letter from Lady Diana!"

Rachel Stannard flushed all over her fair face. The name brought no pleasant associations to her. The third occupant of the breakfast table looked up from his porridge bowl, and wondered what made mother blush such a lovely pink colour.

"And what," she said, "has Lady Diana to say, Jim?"

Stannard hesitated.

"She—she asks a favour."

"A favour? From *us?* Oh! Impossible! What favour can we bestow upon her?"

"You can read, dear, for yourself: she is quite explicit. Tony, go on with your porridge, old chap."

Tony obediently bent his heavenly blue eyes on the contents of his little brown bowl, and Mrs. Stannard took the letter from her husband, reading it with the pink flush still in her cheeks, and her eyes bright and cold.

"DEAR JIM,—You will be surprised to hear from me: perhaps no one is more surprised that this letter should ever be written than myself; but the fact of the matter is, I have a favour to ask of you. It's not a pleasant thing for a woman of my temperament to be obliged to do such a thing, but necessity is a hard master. In brief, I want the loan of your child for a month—perhaps more, if I like him. The doctors tell me I must have some young thing about the house to cheer me up and keep up my interests in the world, out of which I have dropped during the last five years: you know the reason why. I dislike children in the abstract, even you were not a nice little boy at times; but I hear golden accounts of your little son: will you lend him to me? I need not tell you that as far as care and kindness and attention go, he shall want for nothing. Let him come next week, if possible, and a maid shall fetch him. A month in the country will do him no harm, and he shall not be the loser by it either.—Your affectionate aunt,

"DIANA THORNE."

"Well, Rachel?"

"Impossible, Jim! I could never consent to it, to take him away for a month after having ignored us for five years! It is insolent of her!"

Stannard was silent. Only he knew of the devotion which had been lavished on his orphan childhood by the aunt with whom he had quarrelled five years ago when he married pretty Rachel Lovel in defiance of all his aunt's wishes on the subject; he alone knew the struggle it must have been to her to write that letter, which was in itself a tentative olive branch held out to him for the first time.

It was this conviction which softened his tone.

"She is old and very much alone, Rachel dearest; let us discuss it later on."

This with a warning glance at the earnest face bent over the porridge bowl, which was rapidly emptying.

It was a glorious day in May, when the laburnums in the tiny garden tossed their golden chains in a light breeze, when birds sang merrily in the privet hedge which was

green through its dusty covering; when one longed to get away from bricks and mortar and other evidences of the town into the pure country.

This seemed to be in Tony's mind, for he looked up from his empty porridge bowl before he attacked the slice of bread and jam, which was his next course, and gazed wistfully at his mother.

"I wish," he said in his sweet little voice, "I wish, mummie, that we could go right away to a nice place where there was nothing

little person for that age. We must not stand in his way. Besides, think, dear, of the good the sea air and the comforts of Birchleigh will do him! What can we give him during the hot weather when he begins to flag? Nothing, and then—she is a very lonely woman."

Of course the inevitable ending came. She gave way, a letter of thanks and acceptance was written to Lady Diana, and it was decided that in four days' time Tony should be fetched.

Stannard and Tony had a little talk together



"'Is this Anthony?'"—*p. 622.*

but fields and flowers, an' sea an' sand, an' everything like that—don't you?"

Mrs. Stannard sighed.

"I wish we could, darling; but perhaps some day——"

"There are all those things at—Birchleigh," said Stannard, his eyes on the letter beside his plate.

And there fell a silence at the table.

Later on, when Tony was sent down to his little daily lessons, the Stannards went into the tiny garden and paced up and down its narrow gravelled path with the fateful letter.

"He can't go alone!" said she rebelliously.

"Dearest, he is over four, and a philosophical

that evening; the child listened with his forget-me-not blue eyes fixed on his father's face, and his little ears drinking in every word.

"Alone?" he said with dismay, and a little ominous droop of his pretty mouth.

"Yes, but I will fetch you when Aunt Diana has had enough of you. Remember, Tony, old chap, she is very lonely, she has no one to take care of and love, and you must be very good to her always."

Tony nodded, and pressed his lips firmly together. To go away without mother was dreadful, but—if poor Aunt Diana was all alone someone must certainly go and take

care of her. He drew himself up, a gallant little figure in a white sailor suit.

"I will be good," he said, and that was all.

II.

LADY DIANA THORNE looked out of the windows of the library, which commanded a view of the avenue leading to the house. Beyond that, through the fine old trees, a glimpse of the blue sea shimmering in the sunshine was visible, and from the broad flower borders outside the windows a scent of roses floated in on the soft, warm air.

She was a handsome old lady, tall and thin, with a stately way and silvery hair, which she wore dressed high under her lace cap; her eyes were very blue and keen, and her figure was as straight as that of a young girl for all her seventy years; a pink colour was in her cheeks, too, and it was easy to see that Lady Diana must have been a beauty in her youth. She was dressed in black, with a good deal of beautiful lace about her shoulders and wrists, and she leant on a gold-headed cane as she stood at the window looking out for the arrival of Anthony Stannard—the young olive branch as she called him.

Presently the sound of rapidly approaching wheels told her he was coming, and she watched for him with eyes grown suddenly eager. She had lived alone for so long.

As a carriage with a pair of very splendid grey horses swept up to the big white porch, she caught a glimpse of a small face looking out with eagerness in the sunny blue eyes; she saw a gallant little figure step out on to the flight of marble steps, and disappear into the house with the butler, and then she heard soft footsteps outside the door.

It opened, and a very small boy, in a white sailor suit, walked into the room; his eyes searched the beautiful room nervously; she saw the glimmer of a smile on the face of the elderly butler.

"Master Anthony Stannard, my lady," he said softly, and closed the door, leaving Tony standing in the middle of the great room looking at the stately old lady leaning on her gold-headed stick.

"Is this Anthony?" she said, and the boy held out his little soft hand to her.

"I am Tony," he said. "I hope you are very well, Aunt—Diana?"

And rather to her own surprise—for she was not a demonstrative person—Lady Diana took him into her arms, and kissed the soft pink cheek.

She was unused to children, but Tony's fearlessness pleased her strangely.

"They haven't made a bugbear of me, evidently," she said to herself grimly as she watched him at his tea. She herself took but a fairy-like slice of the delicious bread and butter which was served for tea, but Tony did full justice to the strawberry jam and sponge cakes which the interested cook had provided for his special benefit, and Lady Diana could not help noticing what charming manners the child had. It was only later, when the sun began to sink in the west, and after looking with delighted eyes at fluffy yellow chickens in the farmyard, and a delightful curly spaniel puppy in the stables, the blue eyes began to grow bright and dewy with sleep, that she surprised him with tears stealing slowly down his cheeks.

He sat on the edge of the beautiful little white bed, a forlorn little figure with his curly hair like an aureole round his head, and his cheek warm and pink; the consolations of the kind housemaid who attended to him seemed to be of no avail, and Lady Diana on her stick paused at the door confronted by a problem which she could not solve.

"Why, little man," she said kindly, "what is wrong?"

Tony choked back his tears with a valiant and successful effort.

"It's so *dreffful* not to be able to say my pwayers to—Mummie!"

The housemaid murmured, "Bless his little heart!" and retired to the further end of the pretty room, and put away the garments she had taken off the child.

Lady Diana sat herself down in a low chair beside him.

"You always say your prayers at your mother's knee?" she asked.

Tony nodded.

Lady Diana put her jewelled hand on the curly head.

"Will you say them at mine, instead?" she said. "I—I should like it, Tony."

He knelt down obediently, and put his hands together, and Lady Diana listened with strangely softened eyes to the little murmured petitions, and at the mention of her own name with those of his parents, she started.

Was this put in for the occasion by order of his mother, or was it possible that he always mentioned her thus?

"Do you always pray for your Aunt Diana?" she asked, when he had finished, and the maid drew near to tuck him up.

"Always—same as I do for dear mummie and father. They are very fond of you."

"Not your mother."

"She thinks you're rather strict, I think," he said, with a wise little air, "but she telled me to be very good, and love you, 'cos you were quite alone. I shouldn't like to be quite alone."

"No, it is sad sometimes," said Lady Diana, and abruptly kissed the child, and left him.

Peeping in at him before she went to her room late that night, she saw traces of tears on his velvet cheeks. The maid told her he had cried himself to sleep, thinking of his mother.

"I like the child," she wrote the same night to her nephew: "he is very like what you were once; his manners are good, and reflect credit on you and Mrs. Stannard. It is a great pleasure to have him, and I thank you."

The summer days went all too quickly, and to Lady Diana there came a new interest in her dull and lonely life. The sound of a child's laughter and merry chatter cheered her in an odd manner; the five years of absolute loneliness of the heart had dragged horribly; now the load was lightened by the —olive branch.

He loved the beautiful gardens; the sands which stretched for miles at the foot of the cliffs, the birds, and dogs, and horses with whom he made friends at once in his happy fearless fashion. Lady Diana watched him and loved him better every day; the thought of losing him was unbearable. After all, he was always as happy as the day was long, the young forget so easily: these and other thoughts filled her mind one day when he was sitting beside her, tired out with running races with the spaniel puppy on the green lawns in the sun.

"Would you like to have a pony of your very own, Tony?" she asked him, "and a dog like Carlie, and everything else you could possibly think of? Would you like to live with me always and have all these nice things?"

He nodded his head vehemently.

"If mummie was here too," he added.

"Not without her?"

"No, I always wants her—I wants her now —course I'm happy with you; I love you too. But I always wants mummie."

"Then you won't live with me, Tony?"

"Only if mummie comes too: couldn't I live with *both?*"

But Lady Diana was silent; it was difficult to answer that question.

After all, Rachel Stannard must have brought the child up well; she had made him and his father supremely happy; the only fault she had ever been able to find with her was her poverty; and yet, is not happiness more than all the gold in the world? They were so happy those three!

Long she pondered the subject, and that night she penned a letter to her nephew.

"I should like you to see Tony in his element," she wrote. "Won't you join us the day after to-morrow, and bring your wife with you? I never knew before how very lonely I have been all these five years, Jim."

It was the very next day that Tony sickened with one of those terribly swift ailments which are the terror of every mother's heart.

His flushed face and uneasy breathing and muttering words told of high fever, and a groom was despatched post haste for a doctor, and upon his arrival, and his words —"Croup! a sharp attack"—a telegram was sent to Stannard.

He arrived a few hours later, with Rachel. Lady Diana met them at the door. She held out her hands to the younger woman.

"My dear," she said, "you are welcome. He is doing very well, but I thought you should be here. He—tells me he always wants you."

* * * * *

Tony raised a pair of languid eyes to Lady Diana as she bent over the bed.

"Well, little man," she said, "better, eh? That's right."

"Mummie kissed it, and made it well," he murmured sleepily: "she always does. Is she goin' to stay here with us now? Can't we all live together?"

"There is plenty of room, eh, Tony? I think we must see about it some day."

It was a week later, and the two women who had watched over the child with anxious eyes were alone together for almost the first time. The windows were open, and below the blue sea sparkled and shimmered in the sunshine. Involuntarily Mrs. Stannard thought of the stuffy little house; the pile of bills, the noise and dust which surrounded them on every side. Then she glanced at the delicious peaceful view outside and sighed.

"You could be content here, Rachel?" said Lady Diana with startling abruptness.

Young Mrs. Stannard blushed vividly. Was Lady Diana a thought reader?

"Indeed I could," she said.

"Then, after all, I don't see why Jim shouldn't write his articles and book in one of the great silent rooms in this house," said Lady Diana hurriedly. "I am dreadfully lonely: the doctor threatens to inflict a companion on me; instead of that I want—*you*, you and yours, if you will humour an old woman who has not behaved as well as she should to you . . . and let bygones be bygones."

And Stannard, entering at that moment, was amazed at the unwonted spectacle which greeted his eyes: his wife was clasped in Lady Diana's arms.

Lady Diana views with never failing interest the growing up of the olive branch, as she still terms Tony, and in him she has renewed some of her lost youth; while as a companion she finds young Mrs. Stannard all that she can desire.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE LIFEBOAT:

WHO INVENTED IT AND HOW IT WAS DEVELOPED.

By F. M. Holmes.



From an Engraving by Ridley.)

HENRY GREATHEAD, OF SOUTH SHIELDS, THE INVENTOR OF THE LIFEBOAT.

MANY persons are familiar with the lifeboat on our coasts, but few perhaps are acquainted with the interesting story concerning its origin and development, or realise the ingenuity of which it is a marvel.

It arose out of sheer necessity. One day, in the year 1789, a ship called the *Adventure* was wrecked on the Herd Sands, at the entrance to the River Tyne; and the spectators on shore were excited beyond measure to see the crew fall one by one from the rigging and die before their eyes, and were yet unable to help them. The boats then available could not live in such a sea, and an attempt to reach the sufferers would have meant certain death.

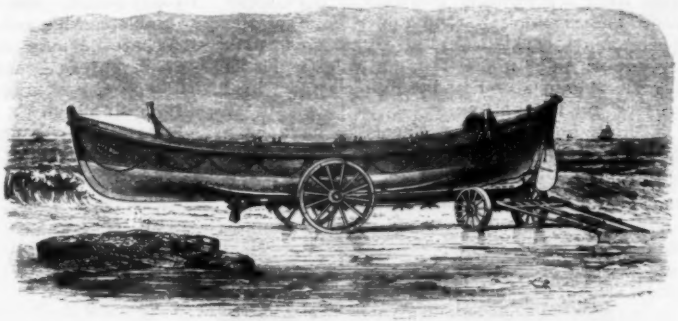
Thereupon the question arose, Could not a boat be built which should be navigable in stormy waters? Had such a craft been at hand, probably every man on the wreck could have been saved. Meetings were held, a committee formed, and prizes were offered for designs of a suitable craft.



(From a print in the possession of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.)

GREATHEAD'S BOAT.

Two plans submitted in competition were selected — one by a painter named William Wouldhave, and the other by a boat-builder of South Shields named Henry Greathead. The prize was awarded to Greathead, and he was commissioned to build a boat on his own plan, yet to incorporate some ideas from Wouldhave's design.

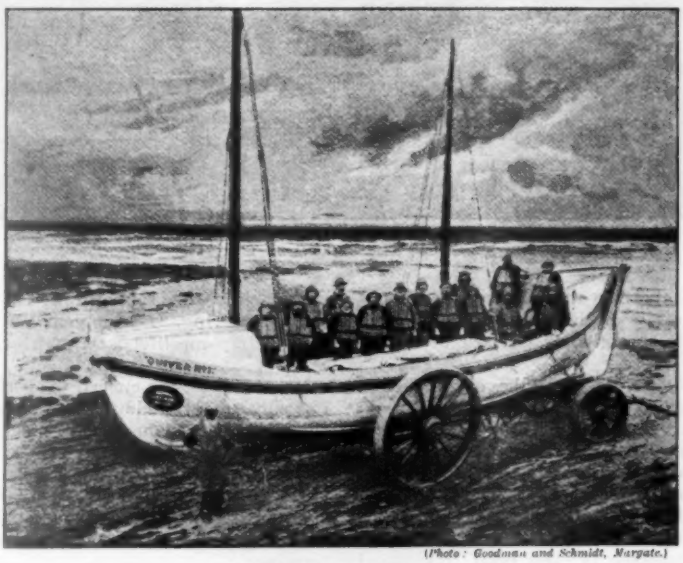


THE FIRST "QUIVER" LIFEBOAT.

But four years previously a coach-builder of London named Lionel Lukin had patented a craft which he called an "Unimmergible Boat." He fitted up a Norway yawl on his method, and afterwards a Bamborough coble, which craft in the course of her career saved many lives and much property. His work, therefore, was not lost, and in point of date preceded Greathead's boat.

a tablet in St. Hilda's Church, South Shields, sets forth that he was the inventor.

Lukin has had tardy justice done to him; on October 3rd, 1892, a window was raised to his memory at Hythe, where he died in 1834. He himself expressed his claim in the epitaph he desired to be placed on his tombstone: "This Lionel Lukin was the first who built



(Photo: Goodman and Schmidt, Margate.)

THE LATEST "QUIVER" LIFEBOAT.

Here, then, we have a pretty puzzle. Which of these three men is the real inventor of the lifeboat?

Sir David Brewster—no mean authority—asserts Lukin to be the "undoubted inventor," and declares Greathead to have been "merely an extensive builder and a slight improver of Lukin's lifeboat." But Greathead obtained a parliamentary award; while, as for Wouldhave, a Lifeboat, and was the original inventor of that principle of safety by which many lives and much property have been preserved from shipwreck; and he obtained for it the King's patent in the year 1785."

To come to closer quarters with the subject, Lukin's chief idea seems to have been the endeavour to obtain great buoyancy by fitting the stem and stern with air chambers; he

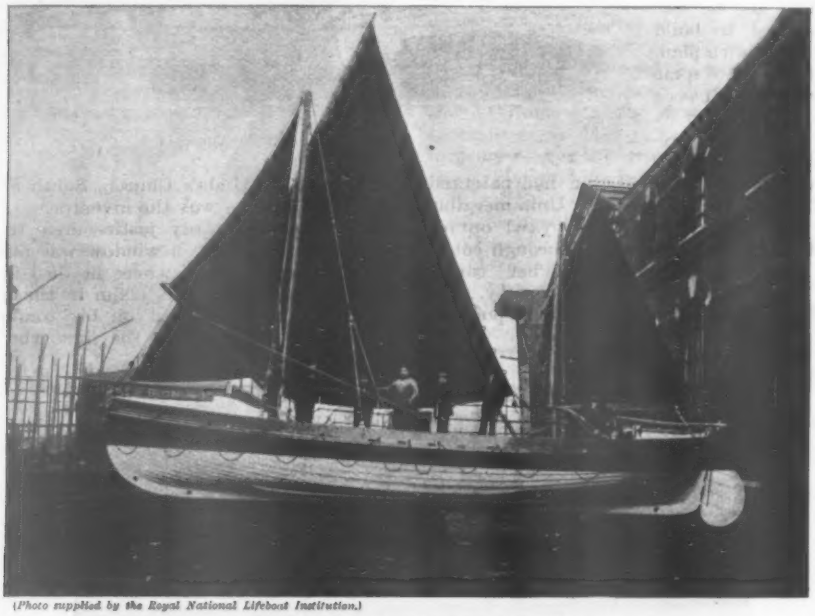
also fixed a projecting gunwale of cork some nine inches thick to the upper edge of the boat, and constructed air-tight enclosures or double sides under the gunwale, while he strove to gain stability by fixing a false keel of iron on the bottom.

Lukin's idea, however, seems to have been that his design should be applied to any boat, such as a packet or sailing craft, and not necessarily that a special boat should be constructed for the particular purpose of saving lives.

Now the lifeboat of Wouldhave and Greathead was cased with cork within and without; it contained, indeed, nearly seven hundredweight of that material. The keel was greatly curved—a feature that is said to have been the invention of Greathead. The stem and stern were formed alike, and the posts at either end sloped outward and rose high, so that the appearance of the craft resembled that of a crescent.

The story is that Greathead or Wouldhave, when helping a woman one day with a bucket of water, noticed that a broken wooden bowl persistently floated with the ends upward, no matter how frequently it was overturned. Greathead's boat was therefore built after that shape. In size it was thirty feet long, ten feet wide, and three feet four inches deep; it rowed ten oars, was light in draught, and could float twenty people. The boat undoubtedly rendered valuable service and saved many lives.

Whatever may be the claims of the other two inventors, it was Greathead who managed to secure the prizes. In 1804 he was voted fifty guineas and a gold medal by the Society of Arts. Parliament gave him £1,200, the Trinity House and Lloyd's a hundred guineas each, while the Emperor of Russia sent him a diamond ring. By the year 1804, also, he had built thirty-one lifeboats for use at home and abroad.



(*Photo supplied by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.*)

THE LATEST TYPE OF SAILING LIFEBOAT.

Nevertheless, the curved keel of the boat was not subsequently adopted, and Lukin's criticism that the "curved head" contributed "nothing to the general principle of safety" seems not unfounded; on the other hand, air-cases are largely used in lifeboat construction to-day, though whether they are the lineal descendants of Lukin's ideas we are not prepared to determine.

At this lapse of time, and with the great difficulty of arriving at the actual facts, it is impossible to adjudicate accurately upon the merits of these various claims. How far was Greathead influenced by a pamphlet published by Lukin? Did Wouldhave suggest the use of cork, or of a curving keel? What actually was Greathead's own design?

The true answers to these questions are difficult, if not impossible to discover; those

who wish to pursue the subject may refer to *The Gentleman's Magazine* of 1806 and Greathead's "Report of Evidence." It will be sufficient to say here that both Lukin and Greathead, if not Wouldhave, may be regarded as lifeboat inventors who did valuable work, though Lukin did not, apparently, during his lifetime meet with the recognition that was his due.

The principal type of lifeboat now on the coast is, however, the result of so much modification and improvement since their day that it is, in fact, the joint production of several men.

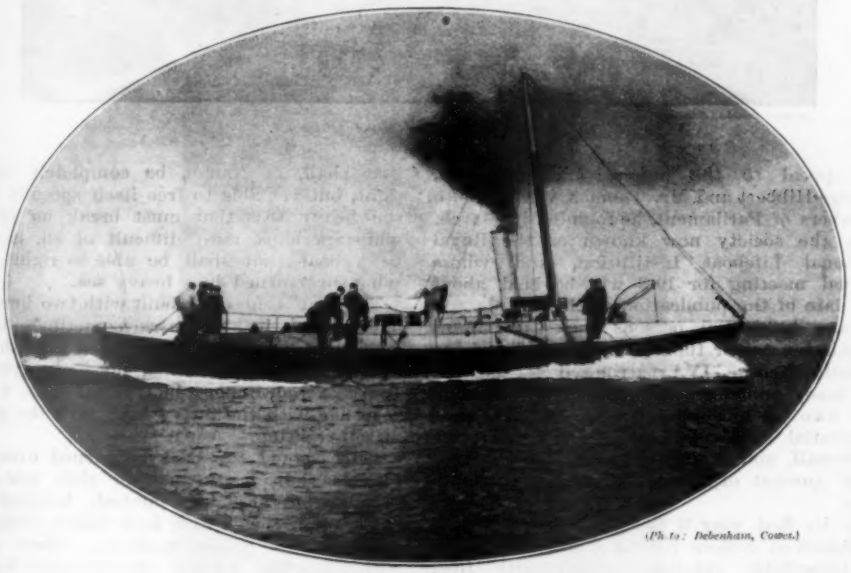
The next great step forward took place about 1850, and again it was caused by disaster. In December, 1849, when Greathead had been in his grave for more than thirty years, a terrible catastrophe occurred at South Shields. The lifeboat which was largely, if not entirely, constructed on Greathead's design, went out to a wrecked crew, and was overturned; no fewer than twenty of its men lost their lives, while the craft drifted to land bottom upwards. Nor did this accident stand alone. Greathead's design was selected out of a collection, two hundred and eighty in number.

The boat constructed by Beeching on his design was the first self-righting lifeboat ever made. It was fitted with raised air-cases at the stem and stern, and also with the means of admitting water ballast when afloat, while it could also free itself from water that might be washed aboard.

It was stationed at Ramsgate, and saved many lives, but the type did not prove fully satisfactory. Thereupon Mr. James Peake, of Woolwich Dockyard, was asked to incorporate in the design as many of the best points from the various plans as possible; and he did so with much success, also combining suggestions of his own.

The new craft was tested at Brighton in February, 1852, and proved very satisfactory, and, though further modifications have since been made, it has remained the usual type of self-righting boat adopted by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution ever since.

This well-known organisation had been founded in 1824. The use of lifeboats had by



(*Photo: Debenham, Cowes.*)

A MODERN STEAM LIFEBOAT.

original boat had been lost in 1821, and a disaster had happened to another in 1810.

Therefore, after the Shields catastrophe, the question of an improved lifeboat became acute, and the Duke of Northumberland offered a reward of a hundred guineas for the best model. Again the prize went to a boat-builder, Mr. James Beeching, of Great Yarmouth, whose

that date slowly increased, yet the record of wrecks had increased also, and the comparatively few life-saving craft on the coast was sadly inadequate to meet the need. Then in 1823 Sir William Hillary, a gentleman who resided in the Isle of Man, and had assisted in saving many persons from shipwreck, sent forth the fiery cross of agitation. He issued



(Photo: Ewretto, Newquay.)

LAUNCH OF THE NEWQUAY LIFEBOAT.

an appeal to the public, and with Mr. George Hibbert and Mr. Thomas Wilson, both Members of Parliament, he founded in March, 1824, the society now known as the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and whose annual meeting for 1903 will be held about the date of the publication of this article.

Many influential persons took the infant association under their protection. The King himself (George IV.) patronised it, as also did many noblemen and gentlemen, including the two archbishops. Some of the most influential voices in the country spoke on its behalf, and it started on its career with a large amount of favour and nearly £10,000 in cash.

In its first year it caused to be built, and stationed at various points, a dozen lifeboats. A lamentable reaction subsequently took place, to be again succeeded, happily, by a period of prosperity; so that while, in 1851, it had but thirty boats, it had at the close of the century nearly three hundred, of which more than two hundred and forty were of the self-righting type.

This boat solves in an interesting manner a very difficult problem. The question is—How to build a craft which shall be exceedingly buoyant and yet strong and stable: a craft that shall, of course, be completely water-tight, but yet able to free itself speedily from the heavy seas that must break on board; while, perhaps, most difficult of all, it must be a boat that shall be able to right itself when overturned in a heavy sea.

The boat is therefore built with two immense and high-pitched air-cases—sometimes five or six feet long, one at the stem and the other at the stern—air-cases which not only give the boat extraordinary buoyancy, but which, together with the heavy keel, give the power of self-righting.

Thus, should the boat be turned over, the idea is that it can neither sink nor float because of these high-pitched, buoyant air-cases, and the heavy keel which swings it round to its proper position. These great white air-cases form a characteristic feature of the Institution's self-righting boats; but, in addition, the craft are fitted with a water-tight deck as high as the water-line, while detached air-cases are placed along the sides above the deck and up to the thwarts. In some instances water ballast can be admitted or excluded at pleasure, tanks for that purpose being provided under the water-tight deck. Several tubes, fitted with valves—which open downward—pierce the deck and permit the water

which breaks aboard to escape, but close tightly should the sea surge up from below.

Strength, combined with elasticity, is gained by employing fine Honduras mahogany in the construction of the sides, the planks being placed diagonally from the keel to the top, and in two layers, each slanting in opposite directions, with glued canvas between them. The usual size of a self-righting boat is thirty-four feet in length by seven and a half or eight feet broad, the crew consisting of thirteen men, but the boat will accommodate at least forty persons, the air-cases being sufficiently buoyant to float over eleven tons in weight.

By far the largest number of lifeboats on the coast belong to this type, but there are others, including the steam lifeboat. There is, for instance, the Norfolk and Suffolk type, large, broad, and shallow, and possessing capacious tanks for water ballast; on the western coast will be found examples of the Watson type, large sailing lifeboats, furnished with a raised deck forward, and air-cases at ends, though not so high-pitched as in the self-righting boats. The Cromer type much resembles the Norfolk and Suffolk, while the Liverpool is broader than the Watson. Some of the boats are exclusively sailing craft, but all the boats of the Institution are furnished with masts and sails.

Thus, in various ways and during a long course of years, men have attempted, and ultimately with considerable success, to solve the problem of the lifeboat. Admirably suited for its rough work, its gradual development has not unnaturally been overshadowed by the thrilling rescues in which it has borne a part; nevertheless, its triumphant settlement is full of interest, and it stands before the world as a remarkable achievement of human ingenuity and skill.

*** The Editor desires to express his indebtedness to Mr. Charles Dibdin, the present secretary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, for the loan of the photographs from which the illustrations to this article have been prepared.



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

MR. CHARLES DIBDIN, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION.

BLOT, SPOT, AND COMPANY.

A Story for the Little Ones told by the Grey Parrot.

THOUGH I don't say much, I see and hear a good deal from my cage in the dining-room window. I've lived there so long I am quite the oldest pet in the family. Canaries—nasty, little, shrill, squeaking things that can't talk—have come and gone. So have several dogs and cats, and a tortoise—a slow, stupid creature, that could not make any noise whatsoever, and who moved at the rate of an inch an hour; white mice, a squirrel in a cage, who moved a great deal too fast, giving me the fidgets and turning me giddy to look at him. But I alone remain, and this wise old head of mine never seems to grow any greyer. I have seen a good many pleasant things and a good many sad ones, and not a few frights and punishments; but of all the pretty things I ever watched it was the friendship of Blot and Spot.

They called her Blot because she was jet, black, all but her white waistcoat and her two forepaws. She was a foreigner, of Persian extraction and a very handsome, dainty lady, with small ears, furred inside, a bushy tail, outstanding ruff and long coat and other marks of her distinguished race. Blot and I were not on the best of terms when she first arrived and took up her residence with the family. She was not inclined to treat me with due respect, looking upon me in the light of a common or garden bird, and lying down under my cage ready to spring. She had to be gently reproved by means of an outward application of cold water from a watering-pot kept handy, and in due time Blot learnt to appreciate my true worth, and we became very good friends, especially as she did not care for my hempseed, bits of orange or apple or dry biscuit, and I did not fancy her favourite dish, salt fish.

One night Blot was out very late and the whole family were searching for her upstairs and downstairs, whistling and calling, "Puss! puss! Tit! tittie!" So tiresome of her to give so much trouble! *I* never do. Everyone always knows where to find *me*. Why people should want to wander outside their comfortable cages on cold nights quite beats me!

However, just as some members of the family—they are a very affectionate one—were almost reduced to tears on Blot's disappearance, a cry was raised that she was at the back door mewing to be let in. She has a very feeble voice, has Blot. Now, when *I'm* hungry or cross or frightened you can hear me scream all over the house, and if I even make a remark during prayer-time I have to be put out of the room, cage and all.

Well, Blot had returned, but not alone. With her was a little white terrier, not much more than a puppy, shivering and starved-looking, begging to be let in with her. They brought him up to the dining-room fire—a nice little dog, all white, with one black spot on his back. I woke up, unrolled one eye, just to look at him, and decided that, as far as I was concerned, he might remain. The family were dogless just then. The last new puppy had died of distemper, much mourned, and had been buried with due ceremony among his predecessors under the pear-tree. Blot was willing, too, and so Spot remained. For Spot they named him, on account of the spot on his back, and also because it rhymed with Blot, you see, and so was easy to call. No one ever came to claim him, and Spot took the vacant dog's place in the family, and he and Blot became firm friends.

But the cat, because she had been the means of introducing him to such a happy home, kept the whip-hand over the dog. Their food was put in the same bowl, and placed in the corner just under my cage. But Blot, being a lady, considered herself entitled to the first place, and taught Spot to stand by and wait till she had finished eating ere he began. In return she taught him manners. Spot, you see, was an orphan puppy, stray and homeless, with no mother to look after him, whereas Mrs. Blot was a methodical, tidy matron, who had already brought up several kittens most respectably. So she undertook Spot's toilet. When he had finished his dinner, he would stand quite still while she washed his head and ears and waistcoat all over with her tongue, just as if he had been a kitten. You see, there were no other dogs in the family to laugh at him for being treated like a cat, or perhaps he would have rebelled, just as some boys are apt to do when their mothers try and make molly-coddles of them. Spot grew quite to like it, and after a bit would come up of his own accord to be washed.

In return he did what he could for Blot.

He soon found out how she went hunting the poor little thrushes and blackbirds in the garden—the silly little wild birds that haven't the sense to live in comfortable cages, and to have their hempseed brought to them regularly, but who prefer a dangerous, precarious life and the uncertain grub and worm. Spot was quite as good at hunting, in his own way, as Blot, and, what was more to her point, he didn't care to eat the birds when he had killed them. So he brought them all to Blot, and, oh! my beak! didn't she make a good meal off them under the sideboard.

As a reward she would be graciously pleased to allow Spot to share her mat by the side of the fire, and when Blot had finished her dinner, and had washed first Spot and then her own face and paws, they would both go to sleep side by side, and the cat, who was a dainty lady, and liked things comfortable, generally rested her black head on Spot's white back.

So things went on happily enough till Blot had some new kittens, and then the family began to grow rather anxious as to how Spot would behave to them. So was I. From my perch had I not seen him wage fierce and relentless war upon any strange cats that ventured to enter the garden? There was that old tabby tom from next door, for instance. Not that I was sorry for him, though. For had he not sprung in through the window one summer-time and jumped on to the top of my cage, nearly frightening me into a fit, till the family, attracted by my screeching, rushed in and drove him out? It did my heart good to see Spot chase him now. Oh! my beak and crest! I nearly tumbled off my perch chirping for joy to see him bolt up the chestnut-tree for his life, and Spot, lying at the foot, keep him a prisoner there for a good hour, afraid to come down. Poor silly things with no wings should be careful how they treat their elders and betters. Spot was pretty good after birds, as I have told you, and he was almost up to Blot after rats and mice; but, if you wanted to give him a great excitement and put him on the alert for a rattling good hunt, you had only to say "Scat!" and he would jump out of his soundest sleep, ready for the fray.

So now you quite understand how it was that we were all a little nervous over Blot's new kittens. She introduced him to them very carefully the first day their basket was brought into the dining-room. Spot smelt the little blind, crawling things all over, and then when Blot sat down and purred to him all about them, lo, and behold! he turned himself into a nursemaid for them! Blot herself could not have been more gentle and attentive. He let them cuddle up to him for warmth and protection; he went and hunted them up when they began to stray away from the basket into odd corners. He helped Blot carry them about, taking them up in his mouth quite as tenderly as she did. Poor Blot, who had her paws full with four kittens to manage, was very glad of his assistance, you may be sure. For everyone knows how, at a certain age, kittens take a delight in plaguing their mother by running off in different directions and hiding all at once, while she goes crooning about hunting for them. But, with Spot to back her up, that family of Blot's was much more strictly and well brought up than any of the former ones.

Though they were very nearly not being brought up at all. In fact, if they had not all had the nine lives that cats are commonly credited with, all Blot and Spot's care would have been thrown away upon them, and they would have found early graves under the pear tree, carefully coffined in cardboard boxes, as is the custom in our family when pets die. If I were to tell you at length of all the accidents which happened to those kittens, you would get tired of listening and I hoarser than I naturally am with speaking. How Tommy burnt his right fore-paw playing football with a hot cinder; how his sister singed her whiskers looking at pictures in the fire. How Tabby, like——

> "The young lady of Norway
> Who occasionally sat in the doorway,"

nearly got squashed as flat as a pancake, How narrow an escape from a similar fate his sister had when she inadvertently went to sleep in the big arm-chair and old Mr. Heavythwaite, who is very stout and nearly blind, came to call, and suddenly sat down in the same chair! Then there was Tommy's escapade up the chestnut-tree. It was entirely Spot who saved him from a long imprisonment or a broken neck. Like many young people, Tommy thought he was a great deal cleverer than he really was, now that his whiskers were nearly grown. So off he scampered up the chestnut-tree, and when he got there, and saw how the world looked from such a height, he turned giddy. So there he stuck, like the young donkey he was, afraid to go up or down. And he would be sticking there now for all I know, as he had no beak to help his claws to hang on by, had not Spot spied him and by barking attracted his mother's attention to him, whereupon she went up and carried him down in her mouth as if he were a baby.

But the narrowest escape of all the kittens shared with us all—Spot, Blot, myself, and all the family, too! Oh, my beak! it

makes my feathers stand on end with fright, when I think of it, even now. Everyone had gone to bed. Spot, Blot, and the kittens were asleep on the mat, when I heard a queer noise in the fireplace in the next room, the door of which stood ajar. It was as if a log of wood had fallen down, but I popped my head under my wing again—it was a cold night—and dozed off without thinking any more about it. But presently I awoke with the odd feeling that I couldn't breathe or see much. It was quite dark, in the dining-room, but through the door I could see the next room was very light indeed. Flames were darting about, and the smoke came rolling out. Oh, my beak! wasn't I just frightened! For once in my life I would have given anything to be out of my cage!

Just then, luckily, Blot came creeping in. She often prowls about the house when everyone is asleep, mousing. I saw her pass into the other room to see what was the matter, and then she came swiftly back and woke up Spot upon the mat, purring, and licking him all over.

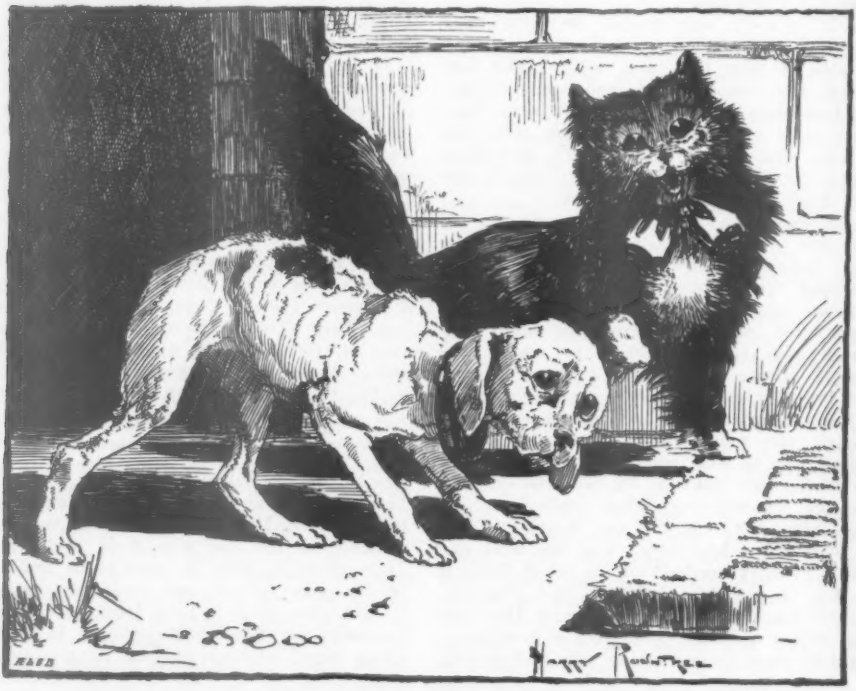
Directly Spot was awake he was frightened, too; and then they both fled out of the room, and I heard them trying to get out of the hall door, she scratching and mewing, and he barking with all his might. I joined in with my loudest screech. I had no mind to be burnt to death in my cage.

Spot's barking soon woke up the household, and downstairs they all came. You never saw such a commotion! People running and shouting, water splashing and pouring. Someone picked me up in my cage and fled with me down to the kitchen and popped me on to the table. In an hour or two, when the hubbub had abated and the fire had been put out, I saw old Cookie patting Spot.

"Good dog! Good Spot!" she said. "But for you giving the alarm, we might have all been burnt in our beds!"

And she presented him with one of her best bones, which she had intended for the soup.

But I, the old grey parrot, knew better. If it was Spot who gave the alarm, it was Blot who discovered the fire. But she had no voice wherewith to wake the house, and so it was a good thing, you see, that they were friends and were able to work together.



Blot introduces Spot.



"THE PRISONER ATTRIBUTED HIS DOWNFALL TO BETTING."

A Few Words from the Author of our Coming Serial Story.

"THE hand of the diligent maketh rich," says Holy Writ. "Laborare est orare" was the wise precept of our mediæval brethren when they drained the swamp and ploughed the waste in the Name of the Lord. But now we have learned to despise modest gains and honest labour, and seek short cuts to wealth by backing horses, speculating on the Stock Exchange, entering the purely speculative guessing competitions promoted by the less reputable of the weekly papers, or gambling at Monte Carlo.

Nothing is so fatal both to public and private morality as the gambling spirit. The gambling husband or father can entail a legacy of pauperism and misery on generations yet unborn. The great Goudie frauds at Liverpool will be fresh in the recollection of all our readers; and never a day passes but we read the account of some trusted cashier or other employé who has entered on a course of betting, lost heavily, embezzled money to retrieve himself, lost again, and at last finds himself in the felon's dock. Such a case was reported in the daily papers for the 11th of February last, when the late secretary of several New Zealand mining companies was prosecuted for embezzling between £5,000 and £6,000, to cover losses on the Stock Exchange, and was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour.

In my own experience I knew a gentleman, once in a good position, who lost £25,000 in gambling speculations, and was reduced to doing hard menial work, such as bricklaying and plumbing, in his old age for a pittance. I have known many other sad cases of ruin brought about by gambling of various kinds. And the worst of it is that it pervades all classes alike. Public lotteries have long been abolished in this country as prejudicial to morals; but, surely, the promoters of the innumerable competitions in the cheaper papers have a good deal to answer for in holding out the prospect of enormous prizes for mere guesswork. A remarkable article in a contemporary journal gives the experience of a young man who lost a good situation and was reduced to beggary through his excessive devotion to these competitions, to which, in the end, he gave up all his time. Anything which tends to give the young people of this country a distaste for honest, steady work must be distinctly demoralising.

A vast deal of nonsense is talked about the "beneficial influence" of our national sport of horseracing in improving the breed of horses and in putting money into the farmers' pockets—and this when every gaol in the kingdom is largely filled by criminals who "attribute their downfall to betting"! Again, because the great races are avowedly "smart" functions, to be seen at them is the aim of people with more money than brains. But also they are the chosen resort of the scum of the earth, the very lowest of the low. Reader, have you ever been in a racecourse crowd? I once got into one, by accident, at Waterloo; and I did not think

there were such multitudes of degraded beings in the world, until I saw them crowding the platform in hundreds, and filling train after train. There was literally not a clean, tidy, honest-looking person amongst them; their very faces convicted them of all that was bad. Thieves, welshers, pickpockets, card-sharpers, swindlers of all kinds, they evidently were; and no amount of fine ladies in the grand stands could compensate for that loathsome sight.

The very school children and errand-boys in our streets have taken to betting now, when facilities unfortunately abound everywhere, thanks to the innumerable bookmakers, who ply their nefarious trade unchecked. In every court and alley of our large cities the very poorest must "have their bit on" all the great races. But when the classes above them set such an example, who can blame them? I heard of one African millionaire's wife who lost £18,000 in one afternoon, over a *friendly* game at bridge; and nothing is more common now, when paying calls, than to find hostess and friends all absorbed in the game. As I have never yet heard of bridge being played "for love," the question of who is to pay the losses of the young girls and married women, who stake what they have not got, opens a very ugly vista before the moralist.

Now, the very essence of gambling is selfishness, which is always demoralising. Too often in books gamblers are represented as open-handed and generous, and, indeed, rather fine characters than otherwise. Nothing could be further from the truth. In gambling, you simply stake money on the certainty that, if you win, somebody else *must* lose. What is there noble or heroic about that? A genuine gambler would rob a blind beggar, would let his mother die in the workhouse, would embezzle trust funds, or plunder a helpless orphan, to gratify his darling propensity. Palmer, the notorious poisoner, supposed to have murdered fourteen people, committed his crimes to obtain money to defray his losses on the turf. Yet he passed, almost to the last, as "a good sportsman" and a fine, manly fellow!

No doubt, some will say that all this is much ado about nothing—that there always has been, and always will be, gambling, and that a hundred years ago great estates were staked on one throw of the dice, and much larger bets made than is the case to-day. It may be true that the aristocracy nowadays gamble less recklessly than their ancestors; but a hundred years ago schoolboys and schoolgirls, workmen and workwomen, tradespeople and employés, had certainly not learned to bet as they do now. There were no cheap newspapers in those days offering racing tips, and, indeed, positively thrusting the latest racing intelligence upon everybody, whether they wish it or not. It is a truly deplorable sight nowadays, the instant the result of a great race is published, to see how eagerly the papers are bought up by people who look as though the price of a meal must be of more importance to them than the latest news from Epsom. If we could only follow some of these shabby men and lads to their miserable homes afterwards, what should we find? The horse they backed has lost, of course; and they must go back to the bare garret, the starving wife, the crying children, with their tools pawned, their last shirt sold, to pay the bookmaker, who takes care to have *his* pound of flesh! Can one wonder that a lapse into crime is so often the result?

Let us in imagination take our stand on a great racecourse just after the favourite—as so often happens has been defeated. Watch the tell-tale faces of the crowd. Here is a respectable young man, the only son of a widow, who has got into debt by surreptitiously playing cards and billiards, and to retrieve himself—as he imagines—has "borrowed" banknotes from a safe, which theft will be discovered to-morrow, when the chief cashier makes his inspection. He has put the money on the favourite, and it is all gone—and his mother——! But no, he dare not think of her; and it strikes him he will have to pay a high price for his endeavour "to encourage our national sport."

Close by is a ruddy-cheeked young butcher—pale enough now, though. In ordinary life, he drives his master's cart, and sometimes takes money for accounts at customers' doors. That money has been unwontedly short for many weeks now, and already he feels in imagination the grasp of the policeman on his collar, for his master, he knows, is suspicious of him, and with good cause.

Near by is a well-dressed young married woman, as white as a sheet. Her husband is manager for a good firm, but unknown to him she has been bitten by the gambling mania, and, after various minor bets, she has at length "plunged" on this race to the extent of £50, and lost it all. And now, how to raise the money? How to face the just anger of her husband? If only the earth at her feet would open and swallow her up, how thankful she would be!

Not far away is, perhaps, the saddest case of all—that of an old soldier, enjoying a pension after honourably serving his country, and employed as confidential messenger by a large firm. But alas! the gambling fiend has clutched him, and in the hope of covering previous losses he has appropriated a cheque entrusted to him by his employers to cash, and handed the proceeds to a book-

maker to put on the favourite. And now every halfpenny is gone, and he must return to his employers a detected thief, with his good character hopelessly lost, and, worst of all, the pension which should have gladdened his declining years forfeited as well, if the case comes into the police-court! Better for him, much better, if he had died when the bullets of the enemy were striking his comrades all around him!

Oh, if only some great genius would arise and preach, in words which would echo through the world, the Gospel of Honest Work! It is the only thing which pays in the long run, even in the lowest sense of the word. How much better the money which rewards steady, conscientious labour, even though it be only the driving of a dust-cart, than the precarious winnings of the race-course, the card-table, or the prize competition, purchased, as they inevitably must be, at the cost of a terrible amount of feverish anxiety and brain exhaustion!

It is in the hope that by drawing attention to some of these crying evils of our day a little good may result that I have been induced to write my serial story, "By Bitter Experience," to commence next month in THE QUIVER. Whilst scrupulously endeavouring not to paint the evils of the gambling mania in over-sensational and lurid colours, I have tried my best to give a true picture of the widespread demoralisation the presence of a single family, entirely devoted to gambling and self-indulgence, can cause in a district. The story of Violet Raynor, who was led on, by the foolish desire to be considered "smart," from gambling to worse things, and accidentally almost to causing the ruin of another who had never done her any harm, might well be the life-history of any young man or woman who has not the moral courage to say "No." The same fatal want of strong moral principle, acting on another member of the Raynor family, who is in the toils of an unprincipled coquette, has even more disastrous results; and both, when the day of reckoning comes, find themselves ridiculed and abandoned by the very people who have been chiefly instrumental in leading them into bad ways.

As it has been from the beginning, those who foolishly hope to gather figs from thistles are foiled in their endeavours; whilst those who have persevered in the quiet path of duty, without hoping or wishing to appear "smart," are spared the heart pangs which rend the unquiet breasts of the others. Foolish indeed are the young men and women who stake their hopes on the happiness to be derived on the turf or at the card-table, considering the sort of company they are likely to find there! Feverish exultation, alternating with deep despair; a total inability to settle down to any steady, useful work—this is what it means to be "smart" nowadays!



TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

"A MAN OF KENT."

THE county of Kent has long held a prominent position in aggressive Temperance work—a position very largely due to a City merchant resident at Beckenham, Mr. R. Murray Hyslop, whose energetic



MR. R. MURRAY HYSLOP.

activities have made themselves felt in every part of the county. Mr. Murray Hyslop is a native of Sheffield. He has taken a deep interest in Band of Hope work for many years, and, besides being Chairman of the Kent Band of Hope Union, has been a member of the Executive of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union for a considerable period. He took a prominent part in the celebration of the Jubilee of the Band of Hope movement, and he is widely known as an effective and popular speaker. Upon more than one occasion he has been invited to stand for Parliament, and it is tolerably certain that he will find his way to St. Stephen's ere long. Mr. Murray Hyslop is seen to advantage as a chairman of a conference, particularly if the discussions fall into a breezy or animated strain. His business-like methods and all-round knowledge of the Temperance propaganda enable him to keep speakers well in hand without unduly ruffling their susceptibilities.

"WHAT SHALL WE DRINK?"

The late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson once assured the writer that all classes, abstainers and non-abstainers alike, drank too much. He said it was a safe rule to drink only when one felt thirsty, and he added, with significance, if a man only follows this method for a few days he will be astonished to find how little liquid he requires. A large portion of our ordinary food consists of water. In green vegetables, for example, it is estimated that 87 per cent. is water. Some time ago a distinguished physician, not an abstainer, gave the following suggestions: coffee or cocoa for breakfast; tea for tea; water for dinner; and, except for the actual quenching of thirst, nothing between meals.

THE IRISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

The Irish Temperance League has always been most successful in attracting the active co-operation of the upper classes. The new President of this, the leading Temperance Association in the sister country, is Sir Algernon Coote, Bart. He is the premier Baronet of Ireland, and the title dates back to 1621. He was educated at Eton, and graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He has been a total abstainer many years, and while resident in London took an active part in the work of the Young Abstainers' Union. Sir Algernon is in the prime of life, and his speeches at the recent meetings of the League indicate that he intends to make his term of office one



(Photo: T. Fall.)

SIR ALGERNON COOTE, BART.

of considerable activity. He is an eloquent speaker, and his accession to the presidency of the League has been warmly welcomed.

AN EFFECTIVE SERMON.

Preachers on Easter Sunday should remember to advise their hearers to spend the first Bank Holiday of the year wisely. A brief sermon was once given in a certain North of England church by a venerable clergyman. He said: "My brethren, the sermon this morning will be of the very shortest description; in fact, it is impossible for me to make it any shorter, because it will consist of one word, and one word only. I wish to address it to the working-men and others who intend to keep the Bank Holiday, and I would to God that this one word may have the weight and influence of a thousand: it is—SOBRIETY."

MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

The servants' question is, like the weather, ever with us. But do masters and mistresses always recognise their duty to the servants who come into their households from homes where total abstinence has been the rule? At a meeting of the National Temperance League many years ago I remember the venerable Samuel Bowly once put this matter most forcibly. He said that he felt the responsibility most deeply when he thought of the large number of domestic servants who had passed through his household during the many years of his married life.

"ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

A handbill of a certain Temperance Society lies before me containing the following dismal intimation: "The Committee have decided to suspend operations for the summer season, and due notice will be given of the resumption of our work next winter." Not until the publicans close their myriad doors of temptation for the summer season should the active operations of Temperance Societies be suspended.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

The testimonies of seamen would not be complete without a reference to one who was for so many years keenly interested in Temperance work, the late Admiral Sir William King Hall, K.C.B. In his own words: "When in command of H.M.S. *Russell* at Falmouth, there was a great deal of drunkenness in the ship, and, in consequence, a great deal of crime and punishment. This arose from the numerous temptations which abound in that port, Falmouth being a port of call where ships touch for orders; and on one occasion I counted as many as four hundred sail at anchor at one time. The place abounded in public-houses and beer-shops, and the inducements to temptation caused much leave-breaking. At the commencement of my second year in command, the day after New Year's Day, I turned the hands up, and, with the defaulters' book in my hand, read the punishments of the past year, including many committals to Bodmin Gaol, cells, etc. etc. More than two-thirds arose from drink. This surprised the men very much. I then said: 'I know nothing about Temperance; but you see all this disgrace, and punishment, and misery to some of your families is due to drink. If we give up the drink, this cannot happen. If you consent to give up your allowance of grog, and avoid all public-houses and beer-shops, and drink nothing but water for the next three months, and sign your names and bring the list up to me, I will agree to give up my wine and head the list with you. Take forty-eight hours to consider it; but when you've made up your minds, stick to it.' In a few hours forty-six of those men who had been most often under punishment signed the list, and we started our teetotal party. The publicans were surprised, when the men landed, to see some of their best customers pass by their doors, and, much to my delight, I was a witness of it. At the end of three months I again turned the hands up on the quarter-deck and said, 'I have kept my pledge; now, how many of you have broken yours? You all know each other well, so there can be no deception about it.' To my great satisfaction they said, one and all, that none had broken it, and thirty more men came across, saying, 'I'll join your party, too.' I may also state that, to my certain knowledge, some have kept it up to this day, though it is about twelve or thirteen years ago. I heard from one some years ago, whilst a severe epidemic was raging in Jamaica, stating he was firm in his principles of total abstinence, and had been the means of making many others join. Soon after I became Admiral Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard I assisted by example and precept many who required help to break their drinking habits; and, as everyone exercises an influence for good or evil, I feel it a great privilege to have been directed to take up this cause for the benefit of many poor fellows whose greatest enemy is drink. If only the poor drunkards took the pledge, they would become marked men; but by those who can withstand temptation standing in the same ranks with them confidence and comfort are given them. Before leaving Devonport we established a Band of Hope among the sons of the artificers of the establishment, which numbers now over three hundred, and in quitting my command I had the pleasure of knowing that my efforts in the cause of Temperance had not been in vain."

SHORT ARROWS.

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.



The Baptist Church House, Southampton Row.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

"Aids to Practical Religion."

WE would draw the special attention of all readers of THE QUIVER to the important offer made to them, and to them only, in our advertisement pages, of copies of the valuable "Aids to Practical Religion," selected by the Rev. J. H. Burn from the writings and addresses of the Bishop of Ripon. Dr. Boyd Carpenter has for many years been one of the most appreciated and constant of contributors to THE QUIVER, and those of our readers who do not already possess a copy of this excellent epitome of his wise and helpful teaching will, we are sure, be glad to avail themselves of this unique opportunity of securing one at the reduced price. The conditions of this offer, which can only stand good for a limited time, are clearly set forth in the advertisement pages of the present issue of THE QUIVER and that for March.

A "New Century Fund" Building.

IN the last week of April will be opened the new Baptist Church House, the headquarters of that well-known and ancient denomination of Non-conformists in Great Britain. The building, which is very handsome, is of Portland stone, and is erected chiefly out of the monies subscribed for the Baptist Twentieth Century Fund, the cost being about £50,000. The situation is prominent, standing at the head of the great thoroughfare made by the London County Council from the Strand to Holborn and on to Theobald's Road; the site was obtained by arrangement with the Council and with the Kingsgate Street Baptist Church, a new church being erected to replace the building which formerly existed. The Church House contains the offices of the Baptist Union, which are on the first floor, also a Council Chamber, a Library, Visitors' Room, Publication Department with storerooms and editorial offices, and also a large Committee Room. The upper rooms will be chiefly let on hire as offices, as also will a large room on the ground floor, and a passenger lift will give easy access to all floors. Oak and teak are largely used in the finishing of elaborate details within the structure; and oak floors and panelled walls are seen in the principal rooms. The fireplaces in the Council Chamber and the Visitors' Room are adorned with large terra-cotta panels by Mr. Tinworth, one being presented by Mr. Scott Durrant, and the other by Messrs. Doulton in memory of Mr. James Doulton. The principal corridors have vaulted ceilings and are paved with marble arranged in patterns, while all the corridors are fireproof. An extensive hydrant service is fitted in the building, and concrete floors are placed over the lower storey and also in some other parts of the structure. A statue of John Bunyan, by Mr. Richard Garbe, adorns a niche at the corner of the building outside. The whole block of buildings will prove a great acquisition to the denomination, who are to be congratulated on the result.

The Duk-duk.

ONE of the difficulties with which missionaries in New Britain have to contend is the prevalence of tribal secret societies. Principal among these is the duk-duk, and the spell-house in which the spirit of that name is supposed to dwell is situated in an enclosure near the chief's house. When a baby-boy is born in the tribe his father gives him a first name, which he changes when

he grows to manhood and is initiated into the mysteries of duk-duk. As the time for this ceremony draws near the boy will one day hear, from the neighbourhood of the sacred enclosure, the peculiar cry of the "duk-duk," which is echoed by the chief or one of his followers, who also give peculiar beats on a wooden drum. The cry is repeated again and again, until at length there comes dancing into the open a strange figure, which the uninitiated are taught to believe is an awesome spirit from the bush. All keep well out of the way of the "spirit," for he has the privilege of beating or stoning anyone who comes within his reach. He wears a grotesquely painted headdress of wickerwork, shaped like an extinguisher, and from his shoulders hang rustling ropes of leaves, while he carries a skull and indulges in poses and antics calculated to instil fear. Presents are made by the uninitiated to the dead past-masters—in other words, to the living initiates—and the boys are led out into the bush to look for the duk-duk spirit. Step by step the "mystery" is unfolded to them, the secret signals are imparted, and they are taught that the so-called spirit is but a man like themselves, and that one of the reasons for keeping up the society is the getting of presents or money from the uninitiated. Superstition is the same all the world over, whether it has its seat in European city or Pacific islands, and only the Gospel light can dispel its dark clouds.

An American Preacher's Record.

At the beginning of the year 1903 the Trinity Methodist Church, in the city of Spingfield, Massachusetts, was the scene of a jubilee service at which was present a man who, as we are informed, has the record for raising more money for religious and educational purposes than any other in the United States. It was not strange that when he rose to speak the attention of all present was concentrated on him, for the Rev. Edmund M. Mills has acquired truly a deserved reputation. Three years previously Dr. Mills had been requested to become the executive head of what was called the Twentieth Century Thank Offering Commission, which had undertaken the task of raising no less than $20,000,000 to free congregations from debt and to increase the endowment for Methodist colleges throughout the United States. The idea did not originate in America. It was borrowed from the Wesleyan Methodists of England, whose activity in securing a million guineas from as many persons is well known. By the American plan, however, anyone could contribute from $1 up to as large a sum as desired, and it is interesting to note that the greatest single contribution—$400,000—came from the son of a Methodist minister who had become successful in business. The plan of organising to secure this vast contribution from Methodists throughout the country was given Dr. Mills to form, and to his efforts principally are due its successful culmination. When he began his work, few even hoped that he would attain the desired end, but his ability and energy in other such undertakings are well known, and from the time he began active work up to the very last day of 1902 he devoted every moment of his working hours to it. He travelled by railroad car, carriage, on horseback, and on foot through every State and every Territory in the Union, reaching the sparsely settled mountain districts of the West and the plantations of the South, and pleaded his cause in pulpits in every city of consequence in the United States. There were days when he made four, five, and six addresses in addition to attending to his correspondence and other matters. Ten days before the jubilee was held in the Springfield Church $1,500,000 of the fund was lacking, but Dr. Mills was not discouraged. To put it in his words, he had "a lively hope." His energy increased rather than diminished, with the result that on New Year's Eve contributions and pledges had been received amounting to nearly $1,000,000



THE DUK-DUK CEREMONY.



(Photo: The Notman Photographic Company, Boston.)

THE REV. EDMUND M. MILLS, PH.D., D.D.

more than the required offering. As one eminent divine put it, the work was the most gigantic financial undertaking ever accomplished in religious history. Although long past middle age, Dr. Mills is youthful and vigorous in intellect, although his physical appearance is extremely delicate. He is a native of the West, but for a number of years has resided in the city of Elmira, New York, where he was pastor of the First Methodist Church for eight years. His reputation as an orator is widespread, and in addition to sermons he has delivered many lectures. His methods of interesting people are so original that it was believed he was the best man fitted for the remarkable work which he has accomplished, for when engaged in a project he seems to be tireless in his efforts. As might be imagined, he addressed all classes and met with some remarkable experiences during his work. In one instance the sum of $30,000 was raised by a congregation in Pittsburg in twenty minutes through his vivid portrayal of the needs of Methodism. If Dr. Mills has hobbies, they are confined to golf and roses. He is an enthusiastic golf-player and frequently covers a course of eighteen holes with more credit than some younger and more athletic competitors. At his home in Elmira he has one of the most beautiful rose gardens in America, and has frequently taken prizes for special varieties at flower shows.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from January 29th, 1903, up to and including February 27th, 1903. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For THE QUIVER *Waifs' Fund:* "Argentina," 10s. 6d.; Mrs. L., 5s.; "A Well-Wisher," Plymtree, 5s.; "A Working Woman," 5s.; F. F., 1s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "An Irish Girl," £5, £2 10s., £1, 15s.; J. L., £1; L. R., Newcastle, 5s.; "A Constant Reader of THE QUIVER," Brighton, 7s. The following amounts have been sent direct: "Reta," £5; J. S., £2, 7s. 6d.; "Gracedieu," £1; "Marlborough," 10s.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

61. With what words does St. Paul enforce the duty of honesty in all our dealings?

62. Among the duties of a Christian life set before the Romans what two are specially brought into prominence by St. Paul?

63. How does St. Paul sum up the duties which the Christian owes to his fellow-man?

64. Which of the seven deacons, chosen by the Apostles at Jerusalem, went to live at Cæsarea?

65. What event took place at St. Philip's house during St. Paul's journey to Jerusalem?

66. Upon whom did St. Paul make his first call at Jerusalem?

67. What charges were brought against St. Paul at Jerusalem on his arrival there?

68. What is known of the Egyptian whom the chief captain supposed St. Paul to be?

69. What common expression of their rage against St. Paul did the Jews use when he was making his defence before them?

70. By what means did the Jews try to assassinate St. Paul?

71. By whom was the plot discovered?

72. In what way was the plot frustrated?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 544.

49. The image of the great goddess Diana, which was supposed to have fallen from heaven (Acts xix. 35).

50. Satan: whom the ancients supposed to have special control of the region of the air (Eph. ii. 2).

51. Salvation through grace (Eph. ii. 4, 5).

52. St. Matt. xxviii. 12, 13.

53. St. Matt. xxviii. 18.

54. To make disciples of all nations and transform the lives of men to the pattern of Christ (St. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20).

55. In his farewell address to the elders of the church at Ephesus St. Paul says he knows bonds and afflictions await him, and that they shall see his face no more (Acts xx. 23, 25).

56. About the space of three years (Acts xx. 31).

57. Acts xx. 34.

58. "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts xx. 35).

59. By showing that such labour shall not be without its reward, even the gift of eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ (1 Cor. xv. 57, 58).

60. St. Paul says: "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye" (1 Cor. xv. 51, 52).

XUM





THE FLOWERY MAY WHO FROM HER GREEN LAP THROWS
THE YELLOW COWSLIP AND THE PALE PRIMROSE



XUM

XUM



CHAPTER I.

THE FAMILY AT ELMFIELD.



IF to be the subject of continual paragraphs in the society papers, and to rule supreme in a circle of toadies and parasites, is to be a great man, then Lewis Harper was a very great man indeed. From an origin so humble that he carefully abstained from ever mentioning it, he had become very wealthy through various speculations, and now was famous as an owner of racehorses. As there are always plenty of people ready to worship riches, however acquired, there was great rejoicing in the pretty town of Woodstead when it was known that he had taken a large place in the neighbourhood for a term of years, and intended to transfer his racing stables thither.

Woodstead, though only thirty miles from London, was nevertheless a surprisingly quiet and humdrum spot, as many of the small towns lying near the metropolis still are. The advent of wealthy people who would entertain largely was hailed with joy by all the frivolous members of the community; and only a few of the more sober-minded paused to consider whether the establishment of large racing stables was likely to improve the moral tone of the place.

"It will be delightful to have something going on in this dull little hole!" cried pretty Violet Raynor, when she heard the news. The Raynors were leading residents in Woodstead, the firm of Raynor and Raynor, solicitors, in the High Street, having been established many generations. The present representative, Herbert Raynor, was about fifty, a man greatly respected in the town, and lived with his family in a charming house on the outskirts. He was a widower, and his elder daughter, Margaret, presided over the household; his only son, Gerald, being in partnership with him.

Miss Raynor, who was busy with some plain sewing in the bay window of the tastefully furnished morning-room at Elmfield, looked at her sister somewhat dubiously. "I doubt if it will be to the advantage of the town to have a man like Mr. Harper, who has made all his money by gambling, in it. And his racing stables are sure to bring a lot of undesirable people to the place."

"Oh! that's just like you—always croaking!" retorted Violet. She was accustomed to rate her sedate, methodical, elder sister very cheaply, because, whilst she herself, with her beautiful fair hair and complexion, was the belle of Woodstead, Margaret was dark and sallow, with a thoughtful face which, though attractive to those who cared to study its varying expressions, was seldom noticed by strangers when her brilliant sister was by. "I wasn't thinking of Woodstead at large, but of ourselves. I mean to be very friendly with the Harpers, for it will be delightful to have people here able to entertain well. I'm so sick of our stupid Woodstead parties, with amateur music, and the refreshments made at home!"

"I prefer home-made refreshments, for then

I know what I am eating," answered Margaret, in her quiet way. "I fear the Harpers will be very vulgar, for I believe they are both entirely self-made people, with no ancestors at all."

If Miss Raynor had a weakness, it was for people who, like herself, could boast of an honourable, cultured ancestry for many generations.

Violet, however, merely tossed her pretty head. "Oh, bother ancestors! I don't care how vulgar the Harpers are, if they'll ask me to their entertainments, and give me a good time! You're so antiquated in your ideas, Margaret, from living in this mouldy little hole! Oh, here's Gerald! Now we shall hear more about the Harpers. Do you know when they're coming to The Lodge, Gerald?"

Her brother, a good-looking young man of twenty-five, neither fair nor dark, and dressed in an immaculately fitting morning suit, flung himself into an easy-chair with a sigh of content. He was always glad to get home from the office, for he was not particularly devoted to work. The firm of Raynor had acted as solicitors for the owner of The Lodge, and therefore Gerald was in a position to know all about the new tenants.

"Very soon, I believe. An army of decorators and upholsterers is doing the place up now. Some of the horses have already arrived, and the stables are being enlarged."

"How many children has Mr. Harper?"

"Only two. There's a daughter, who's quite a beauty, I'm told; and a son, who was educated for a barrister, but spends most of his time working at some philanthropic place in the East End. Curious fancy, isn't it, when he might have such a ripping time with all his father's money? If I had his opportunities, I should want to get more pleasure out of life than that!"

"I call it very creditable of him," observed Margaret; whereupon her juniors, with one consent, began to jeer. Young Harper must be a prig and a milksop, not to care to enjoy the riches his father had provided for him, and they had no patience with such folly. It was the duty of all sensible people to get all the pleasure out of life they possibly could.

With that, they went off to the billiard room. Margaret sighed several times as she went on with the garment she was making for the needlework guild of the parish. Both Gerald and Violet displayed tendencies which made her vaguely uneasy. Young as they were, they were all for money; they were not satisfied with the very comfortable and respectable position they already occupied, but yearned to be very rich, so as to indulge all their whims and fancies. Violet only lived for pleasure; unless she had some entertainment in prospect, or some new admirer to fascinate, she was miserable. And Gerald, though he went daily to the office, and was connected with several societies in the town, did not display that hearty interest in his profession which a young man should who wishes to succeed. He, too, was badly bitten by the prevalent modern craze for wealth without exertion, for luxuries and indulgences which, fifty years ago, were regarded as the privilege of the favoured few.

So Margaret's face grew very pensive as she bent over the plain work in which it was useless to ask her sister to help her. Like so many girls nowadays, Violet hated sewing; and if by any chance she took a needle in her hand, it was to make something for herself, not to do long seams for the poor. All such "silly self-sacrifice" she was quite content to leave to Margaret; for her own part, all she cared about was to have "a good time."

CHAPTER II.

LILIAN THE FAIR.

WHEN The Lodge was at last redecorated and furnished, it was certainly a gorgeous abode, even if the taste of some of its appointments left something to be desired. The Harpers were people who hitherto had never remained long anywhere; for their present prosperity had not been attained without some uncomfortable breaks, and more than once they had left a place in a hurry. But now, as Mrs. Harper reflected complacently, there was no danger of this; her husband's wealth rested at last upon a solid basis, and even the racing stable, so fatal to many men, had so far brought him a handsome profit. He seemed to be as lucky in racing as in everything else.

Such is the power of money, that everybody in and about Woodstead called on Mrs. Harper, though they knew nothing of her antecedents, concerning which she maintained a significant silence. As she was so rich, people called her a pretty woman; and it was certainly true that her golden wig was of the most expensive kind that can be bought for money, and the cosmetics which covered her face represented a round sum in cash, besides many hours of patient labour by her maid. A frivolous doll, with no ideas beyond dress and fashion, she concealed her essential ignorance, and the lowness of her origin, by a lofty

contempt for "common people" which might have befitted a duchess.

Mr. Harper became popular at once. He was a big, red-faced man, with a jovial manner, who seemed to take the world so easily that people, in talking to him, caught the infection of his optimism, and felt that to make a vast fortune must be so easy that they might go and do likewise. He was always most lavish of promises of help to anybody who sought his advice in business; though it must be confessed that nobody had ever yet made a profit by following his suggestions. But, as he gave lavish entertainments, and had a contempt for small economies, he passed as a most generous man; and a certain section of the press was never weary of quoting Lewis Harper as a splendid example of the British sportsman.

The Raynors were amongst the earliest callers at The Lodge, Margaret's objections being overruled by the eager desire of her brother and sister to make the acquaintance of the plutocrats. Mr. Raynor allowed his family to call, as a matter of policy. He was not particularly charmed with what he knew of Mr. Harper, but that was no reason why he should offend a probable client. So he accompanied Margaret in his modest one-horse brougham to pay the first duty-call at The Lodge, and was welcomed like an old friend by Mr. Harper, and graciously smiled upon by Mrs. Harper, in the intervals of entertaining her other guests. Margaret and Lilian, the handsome daughter of the house, were much less effusive to each other. In the first place, Lilian detested girls; and, in the second, she considered Miss Raynor a dowdy for wearing a skirt cut in the fashion before the last, which had just been out six weeks. Miss Harper chose her friends entirely for their clothes, and no shabby person had a place on her visiting list.

The three Harpers returned the call one Saturday, which was the Raynors' "at home" day, as the men were then at liberty from the office. Gerald liked to see and chat with the best-looking of his sisters' friends. As they sailed into the pretty, old-fashioned drawing-room at Elmfield—a room far more tasteful, if much less pretentious, than their own great saloon—they seemed to fill it with the rustle of silken trains and costly scents. Mr. Harper's loud voice speedily made itself heard above all the rest; and whilst Violet, mindful of favours to come, made herself very sweet to Mrs. Harper, Gerald, nothing loth, complied with the evident desire of the fair Lilian that he should seat himself beside her and make himself agreeable. He might not have been so much flattered by her preference had he known that she merely wanted him because there was only one other young bachelor present, and he was a curate. Lilian never troubled herself to be civil to curates, because they never had any money.

So she proceeded to make herself agreeable to him in her well-practised fashion, until he thought her the most fascinating girl he had ever seen. She was exceedingly pretty, with delicately chiselled features, and big, innocent-looking grey eyes, which she continually used; sometimes raising them appealingly to his face, sometimes dropping them modestly to the floor, sometimes giving him a shy side-glance through her long black lashes. Lilian was one of those girls who are never still. Every now and then she gave a wriggle on her chair, which made her skirts give a rustling reminder that they were composed of silk; and she continually fiddled with the bangles on her slender wrists, or the numerous chains and ornaments which, even in outdoor garb, she wore in fashionable profusion around her neck. When she could do nothing else to call attention to herself, she would slide out a miraculously small foot, clad in the daintiest of Paris shoes, from beneath her long dress; or rub an imaginary spot of dust with a cobwebby lace handkerchief from one peach-like cheek, to show that its bloom was real, and not bought in half-guinea pots, like the fixed colour on her mother's doll-like face.

"Oh, I promise you we mean to entertain a lot, and try to put some life into this very dull place!" she assured Gerald, with a bewitching smile. "And you must come and help us, for you know all the people here, and we don't. It's such a nuisance that my brother's hardly ever at home, so that he's no use to us!"

"He's in London, isn't he?"

"Yes, he has rooms in Mount Street, but he spends most of his time working with some of his old school chums at an East-End Settlement. Father hoped he would turn out a good sportsman, and help him in looking after the stables, but he hardly knows one horse from another. I believe he thinks racing and betting positively wicked! Did you ever hear anything so absurd?"

"I suppose he thinks that, because some shady people happen to be connected with the turf, all racing men are tarred with the same brush," remarked Gerald.

"I can't tell you what he thinks. I never professed to understand Leslie," she returned, with a pretty pout and shrug of her shoulders. "I only know he's not in the least like me. I go in for all that's pleasant, and lively, and sociable."

"And so do I," said Gerald heartily, thinking what lovely eyes she had, as she raised them once more to his face, then dropped them in well-simulated shyness. He would have thought this a most stale and palpable artifice in the case of a poor man's daughter; but in this girl, whose fashionable garments exhaled a delicate odour of violets, and whose very shoes were works of art, he considered it only very attractive and feminine. But quiet, observant Margaret, sitting not far off, saw all the byplay, and did not fail to estimate Miss Harper at her proper value.

"You must come and have lunch with us, all of you, and see my horses," Mr. Harper said, as his wife rose to go. "I mean to win the Derby next year with my colt Snapdragon. You'll see if I don't! And I'd like to show him to you, for he's a perfect picture already! You like horses, don't you, Miss Raynor?" turning to Violet. "Yes, I thought so. All young ladies do, and especially if there's a chance of a gamble connected with them! Well, you come to me, and I'll give you some tips which will win you any amount of gloves! Mind, it's a bargain!"

When all their visitors had gone, a silence fell upon the little party of Raynors gathered round the fire which a raw November evening rendered very welcome. All were thinking of their new acquaintances; Mr. Raynor with very modified approval, for he and the loud-voiced, confident Lewis Harper were as opposite as the poles. But, as a professional man, it was to his interest to be friendly with the plutocrat, who had already put some profitable business into his hands, and would doubtless provide him with much more. And it would be pleasant for his children to go to Mrs. Harper's parties; for Violet and Gerald were always grumbling about the dulness of Woodstead.

"Well, Margaret, what did you think of the new people?" suddenly asked Violet. Although she always affected to despise her elder sister's opinions, it nevertheless wounded her vanity if anybody in the house ventured to differ from her.

Margaret knew this of old. "It is no use my saying what I think, because I know you are determined to be friendly with the Harpers."

"That means you don't like them, I suppose! They're much too smart and up-to-date for you! Well, I like up-to-date people myself, and I hope I shall see a great deal of them—only I must have a new hat before I go to The Lodge, for mine is not fit to be seen beside Miss Harper's! Did you see what a magnificent sable collar and muff she had? And what lovely old lace the front of her bodice was trimmed with!"

"I thought her decidedly overdressed for a quiet afternoon call," returned Miss Raynor; whereat Violet and Gerald immediately broke into indignant remonstrances, reproaching Margaret for her "narrow-mindedness" until she fled from the room.

Her two juniors seized the opportunity, in her absence, of representing to their father that it was absolutely necessary to give a dinner party for the Harpers, forthwith—not an informal, friendly affair, with just a few quiet guests, but an elaborate banquet, with hired waiters, and a professed cook from London. Mr. Raynor groaned inwardly, but the insistence of his children carried the day. Violet hastily dashed off a list of all their most aristocratic and influential friends, and before dinner she had settled upon the date, and despatched cards to all of them—coolly informing Margaret of what she had done when the last envelope had been put in the post.

CHAPTER III.

THE PLUTOCRAT'S SON.

TO Violet's intense delight, the Harpers graciously accepted the Raynors' invitation to dinner, as did nearly all the others invited; so that a successful evening was assured, although Margaret was dubious whether the very exclusive and well-bred people who were also asked would feel flattered at being introduced to such very palpable *nouveaux riches*. But Violet and Gerald were quite positive that a man with Mr. Harper's money would be welcome in any society.

The family at The Lodge did not wait for the formality of dining with the Raynors, before inviting them to spend the day with them, and inspect the training-stables. Mrs. Harper sent down a note pressing them all to go; and Margaret, who would gladly have backed out, for she knew very little about horses, and had nothing in common with people like the Harpers, who were only interested in the trifles of the passing hour, found herself compelled to go against her will. In the great drawing-room at The Lodge she found herself a unit amongst twenty people, mostly strangers, raked together from various quarters; for the Harpers were never happy unless they had a crowd about them. The guests all seemed like the hosts, loud and self-confident, smartly dressed, and full of jokes and topical allusions which were Greek to Miss Raynor, though

Gerald and Violet eagerly flung themselves into the stream of chaff.

But there was one stranger who stood apart from the rest in the embrasure of a deep bay window, who attracted Margaret's attention by his air of refinement, and the palpable difference between him and the rest. He seemed no more at home than she was; was quite sadly disgusted to find a lot of people here he doesn't know. You hate society, don't you, Leslie?"

"By no means," answered young Harper, in a voice which sounded singularly pleasant after his father's strident tones. "Only you and I don't quite agree as to what 'society' means—you apply the term to a crowd of chance



"'Well, you come to me, and I'll give you some tips.'"

young, tall and slim, with a sensitive, mobile, clean-shaven face, and earnest, dark eyes. There was an amount of power and thought in his features which attracted her greatly, and made her certain he would be worth knowing.

Just before luncheon, Lilian tore herself from a noisy group of admirers, and, touching the young man on the arm, brought him across to Margaret. "This is my brother, Miss Raynor," she said. "He came down quite unexpectedly from town this morning, and is

acquaintances, and I reserve it for the companionship of a few congenial souls."

"Oh, that's all much too fine-drawn and far-fetched for me!" commented she, with her favourite shrug. "But come along, I must introduce you to the rest before we go in to luncheon." And, although Margaret would have liked a little conversation with the owner of that refined and attractive face, his sister whisked him away, and next minute was presenting him to Violet, who smiled very graciously.

The gong sounded, and they went in to luncheon as they chose—Gerald keeping pertinaciously close to Lilian, though she had an admirer on the other side. Young Harper escorted Violet, to whom he seemed to find plenty to say, Margaret noticed, for they sat exactly opposite to her at the table. Violet was evidently putting forth all her powers to fascinate the plutocrat's son, and succeeding, to judge by the smiles which rewarded her lively sallies. Margaret was not great at small talk, and when one neighbour had asked her whether she was keen on hockey, and the other whether she didn't think ping-pong was awful fun, she was allowed to eat her luncheon in silence. The impression left on her mind was that there were far too many dishes for good taste; and the table was fairly loaded with flowers and costly fripperies, as if to advertise its owner's unlimited wealth. Apparently the son of the house shared her views as to this, for he proceeded to push aside the medley of silver flower-holders, fanciful bonbon-dishes, and cut roses loosely tied with bows of ribbon, which surrounded his plate, declaring he really had not room to use his knife and fork. When Violet effusively admired the costly roses, left to wither uncared-for on the cloth, he curtly answered that he never cared for flowers or anything else out of season.

After luncheon, everybody adjourned to the stables. The trainer appeared, a small, peremptory man, evidently absolute in his own domain; and the visitors were taken round the paddocks and loose-boxes, and asked to admire the glossy beauty of the future Derby winner. Margaret could not help thinking, as she beheld the spotless perfection of the huge establishment, that it would be well if every poor family in England had half the luxuries of these pampered horses, with their stables warmed and ventilated on the latest scientific principles, their floors quite clean enough for anybody to eat from, and their trim carpets of shining straw, with elaborately plaited borders.

So, whilst everybody else gushed, and exclaimed, and patted, and caressed, she remained very silent. One enthusiastic lady declared she must positively kiss the nose of the dear Derby colt, for luck; and was pressing forward to do so, amidst laughter and applause, when Margaret, stepping aside in disgust, accidentally trod on somebody's toes. She turned to apologise, and beheld Leslie Harper, his refined features expressing a distaste as great as her own. By common consent, they moved a little aside from the chattering throng.

"Why will people make such idiotic exhibitions of themselves?" he exclaimed.

Margaret smiled—and she had a very pretty smile, though it was all too rare. "There seems to be something about racehorses which makes most people lose their heads, although the fascination is quite inexplicable to me."

"And to me." He paused a moment, and his brow grew dark. "I candidly confess, Miss Raynor, that I think it would be a happy thing for England if there were no racehorses in the country; but, of course, I know I am hopelessly in the minority."

"I'm afraid you are—like me, for I quite agree with you. To me, it seems little short of wicked to spend so much money over pampered animals, when so many poor people are almost starving."

"And not only that, but the betting and gambling which racing leads to, is eating the very heart out of the nation. I work in the East End, Miss Raynor, as perhaps you know; and it is terrible to see the hold which the gambling-craze has acquired, even amongst the very poorest of the population. Every labourer must have his 'bit on' all the principal races; every errand boy must stake at least a few coppers; and even the women and girls are rapidly becoming as bad. When they lose, which they generally do, it means that dinners must be stinted, or tools or clothes pawned, to make up the deficiency; yet, far from taking warning, the next big race will see them venturing a larger amount than before. If they win, then the public-house takes all, or most, of their gains; and so they go on perpetually, in a vicious circle, which too often ends in the casual ward, or the gaol. Yet my people here laugh at me when I remind them of these things, and tell me I am 'no sportsman'—as if that were the greatest crime against society it is possible to commit!"

"I shouldn't take any notice of that," she suggested, accustomed as she was to being in a minority of one in her own family.

"I don't—I know what I know, and if I had my way all this great wasteful place," and he indicated the long rows of loose-boxes with a wave of his hand, "would be instantly cleared away, before it had time to become a centre of demoralisation to quiet little Woodstead!"

"Oh, I hope it won't do that!"

"Well, the influence of a great racing establishment is not generally very ennobling to the surrounding population! At best, it only fosters the love of gambling, and that is a serious evil to any neighbourhood."

But here Violet, looking very pretty, with a toque of bright red velvet nattily perched on her golden hair, came pushing eagerly forward to the son of the house. "You said you would

take me to see the hothouses, Mr. Harper, before it got dark; and there's nothing more to see here, the trainer says. I have so much enjoyed looking at all the lovely horses!"

And she marched him off; the young man appearing, it must be confessed, nothing loth to be taken possession of by such an attractive girl. They did not reappear until all the others were assembled in the great drawing-room for tea; and Violet, as she passed her sister's chair, stooped down to whisper gaily: "The oyster's really not half bad, when once you've coaxed him out of his shell!"

Leslie saw them to their carriage, closing the door carefully before he took Violet's slender hand into his grasp. She was in high spirits on the road home, and pronounced the Harper family the nicest people she had ever met. Margaret said very little, for her mind was running on Leslie's prophecy that his father's racing stables would prove demoralising to all the country round.

CHAPTER IV.

LESLIE'S LIFE HISTORY.

THE dinner party at the Raynors', to which the Harpers had been bidden, proved fairly successful, though the pleasure of the hosts was discounted beforehand by the tremendous upset Violet thought it necessary to make, in order to have things in what she considered proper style. She grumbled prodigiously because she could not cover the table with silver flower-bowls and bonbon-dishes, like the Harpers, and she was so unreasonable in her demands that Margaret trembled lest the servants should take offence, and give notice *en masse*. But when the night came Violet looked so sweet, in her gauzy white dress, with a string of pearls twisted in her shining hair, that the guests unanimously believed she was a veritable angel in the house.

There was a subdued triumph in her manner, due to the presence of Leslie Harper, which she took as a direct compliment to herself. The previous evening Mrs. Harper had written saying her son had run down unexpectedly for a couple of nights, and if it would not upset Miss Raynor's arrangements, she would like to bring him with them. Had it been anybody else, Violet would have protested furiously; but, as it was, she prepared to warmly welcome the plutocrat's son, despite the fact that he would make the number uneven. Certainly Leslie was a decided acquisition; at the dinner table he proved himself a master of the nearly extinct art of conversation, and afterwards, in the drawing room, he showed himself the possessor of a good tenor voice, exhibited to advantage in such songs as "To Anthea." Violet had contrived that he should take her in to dinner, and they had so much to say to each other that he hardly exchanged a word with Margaret until quite late in the evening.

"It was very kind of you to let me come at such short notice, Miss Raynor," he said, coming up to her as she sat alone on a sofa. She was looking her best that night, a scarlet spot of excitement burning in each cheek, and it struck him that her face was very sweet and good, though it lacked Violet's beautiful colouring. "I hope it didn't inconvenience you at all?"

"No—oh, no!" she hurriedly exclaimed. "We were very pleased to see you, and should of course have included you in the invitation if we had known you would be at home."

He looked at her thoughtfully. Somehow, although she did not exercise the fascination over him which her more showy sister did, he nevertheless found himself disposed to talk confidentially to this somewhat shy and reserved girl. There was something about her, a magnetism in her soft, dark eyes, which told him she would be a sympathetic listener—and sympathetic listeners had been pitifully rare in the experience of this rich man's son!

"I daresay you think it strange that I prefer to live in London, away from my people, and only come home now and then," he said abruptly. "Many people do, I know. But—but the truth is, we haven't much in common. I don't want to set myself up as a saint, Heaven knows, or take upon myself to judge them; but it seems to me, with so much work crying out to be done, to bridge over the awful gulf between rich and poor, it's a pity to spend all one's days in amusing oneself! One doesn't need to be a prig or a Pharisee to see that!"

"I should think the perpetual quest after amusement must become very wearisome in time," assented she.

"When, as is the case in our house, the main amusement is gambling, it palls exceedingly soon. It is betting on this, and betting on that, from morning till night, with billiard matches, and pool, and in the evening cards, or else roulette. And of course, every race is seized upon as a pretext for excitement, and all the horses and their chances, and the odds, canvassed over for weeks beforehand. I know our house is not singular in this respect; unfortunately, it's only one out of a vast number in England, in which everything is made subordinate to the

gambling mania, and I confess I don't see much hope of improvement so long as the pernicious notion obtains that you must gamble if you wish to be considered smart."

"What was it which first gave you such a distaste for it?" Miss Raynor asked, with some curiosity.

"I'll tell you." He drew a deep breath, and she saw his lean, sinewy hands clench and unclench themselves. "I hadn't thought about gambling at all until I went to Oxford—I liked a friendly game at cards, but I was never a gambler. I made friends with the man who had rooms above me on my staircase, and we were great chums all the time I was there. He was the most brilliant scholar amongst the undergraduates, and he took what prizes he liked, as well as a double-first, besides being capital on the river." He cleared his throat, for a suspicious tremble had crept into his voice. "But he gambled. I didn't find it out for some time, and then I begged him not to go to card parties and races, for he wasn't rich, and had only his brains to look to. Well, he promised he wouldn't; but he played behind my back, until the Dons got wind of it, and told him if he didn't reform, he'd be sent down. Again he promised, and I believe he tried to keep his word; but the mania was too much for him, and he betted in secret until he was head over ears in debt. Then he got frightened, and came to me saying if I'd help him to get clear, he'd never touch a card, or back a horse again. Well, I did help him—and he got his double-first—and everybody thought he'd be all right. After that we both left Oxford, and didn't often meet, though we wrote to each other. One day, I happened to be calling on a friend at a hotel in London, when a great commotion arose in the next room. We looked out to see what it meant, and heard that a gentleman had been found lying dead on the floor, shot through the heart. It was my poor friend. He hadn't a halfpenny left in the world, he had pawned everything but the clothes he wore, and worse than all, he had made use of another man's name to raise money without his knowledge, to gamble with. Having lost all, he shot himself, rather than face the consequences. And he the most brilliant man they had had at Oxford for twenty years!"

Margaret shuddered; for so earnest was his manner that she seemed to see the whole tragedy enacted before her. "I don't wonder you hate gambling!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, it killed the best friend I ever had, and caused his brilliant talents to be lost to the world. I grant that his was an extreme case, but I have always regarded it as a warning not to be drawn in too. The worst of gambling is, that it is so insidious; people find themselves led on from one thing to another, and hoping to win back their losses, resort to desperate measures, which only land them deeper in the mire."

"And pray, what are you two wiseacres discussing so earnestly?" cried Violet, breaking in upon the colloquy with a gay laugh. "To judge from your solemn faces, you must be settling all the affairs of the nation!"

Leslie looked up at the graceful, white-clad figure with a smile. "I don't think either of us aspires so high as that, Miss Violet! Only, something your sister said recalled a sad experience of my own, and——"

"Oh, if it's anything sad, please don't tell it me! I hate to hear distressing things, and I shouldn't sleep all night for thinking about it."

"Well, then, we won't say any more about it," he answered, his expressive features softening wonderfully as he continued to look at her, standing there radiant in girlish charm. "But won't you sit down?" offering her a chair.

"Thanks, I came to tell Margaret Mrs. Harper's talking of going, though it's quite early yet. Do try and persuade her to stay a little longer, Margaret, there's a darling! Tell her Miss Ridgeway has promised to play again."

Miss Raynor, as in duty bound, politely urged Mrs. Harper—who looked more doll-like than ever, in a gorgeous blue satin, with chains and ropes of gems innumerable hanging about her powdered shoulders—to stay a little longer. But the plutocrat's wife was firm. Without brains or education to enable her to take part in rational conversation, and with no ear for music, she was bored to death unless she could play cards, and there was no opportunity of gambling here. For half an hour, she had been yawning behind her fan; and old General Fortescue's very best tiger-story had fallen on deaf ears. She beckoned to Lilian, who, arrayed in a marvellous confection of pink chiffon and shimmering silver embroidery, was flirting in a corner with Gerald, and announced that she must go—she had a touch of neuralgia, and please would somebody ring for the carriage?

So the Harpers departed, Leslie bidding Violet good-night with manifest reluctance; and very soon the other guests had also taken leave, and the Raynors were left alone. Margaret could not but think, as she looked round the deserted drawing-room, that it had been a wasted evening. The cost of the entertainment had been enormous, and the whole house had been upset—for what? Only to give the Harpers a dinner no better than they had



"'Never mind, my dear, you played very pluckily.'"—*p.* 651.

every night at home, and to bore the plutocrat's wife to extinction, to judge from her yawns, which had not been lost on the observant young hostess.

Others had also noticed those ill-bred yawns, for Gerald observed with some irritation: "Mrs. Harper says they always have cards, or some amusing game, every night, Margaret. I wish you had proposed something of the sort, for I could see Mrs. Harper was horribly bored by old Fortescue's Indian stories, and Miss Ridgeway's long classical pieces. In fact, I'm afraid all the Harpers found it awfully slow!"

"What! can't they get through a single evening without gambling? Poor things, I pity them!"

"It's too bad to invite people though, and do nothing to amuse them!"

"I did not invite them at all," was on the tip of Margaret's tongue; but she restrained the retort, as she often did, and instead went round the room, shaking up the tumbled cushions, and putting things in their places. Wise Margaret, when she felt irritated, always worked off her annoyance by doing something useful; a course of action which may be heartily commended to all who, like her, suffer from contradiction and opposition at home.

Mr. Raynor intervened. "I thought the evening went off very successfully, Gerald. You forget that we had other guests besides the Harpers, and I know the Ridgeways and the Selwyns do not care for cards. I never have permitted gambling in my house, and I don't mean to begin now."

Violet pouted. "But if we don't play, the Harpers will think us so old-fashioned—so far behind the times!"

"Well, I daresay we shall manage to survive it, if they do," responded the master of the house. He was not dazzled by their gold, as were his children, but perceived behind all their surface glitter the coarse, vulgar natures of the plutocrat and his wife. And he was already more than half disposed to regret that he had allowed his family to make the acquaintance of such people. He little thought how much more bitterly he was destined to rue it in days to come!

CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNG MAN IN THE BROWN OVERCOAT.

TIME went on, and found Violet and Gerald becoming more and more friendly with the Harpers; though their father and Margaret were less intimate at The Lodge. The younger people were welcomed for their good looks, their high spirits, and the fact that they were always well-dressed. Although Lilian had no intention of throwing away her beauty and smartness upon a country lawyer's son, it suited her well enough to amuse herself with Gerald when higher game was not to be had; and though she was not fond of rivals near the throne, Violet's skilful flatteries, and excellent position in the neighbourhood, were powerful recommendations to the plutocrat's daughter. So the young Raynors were frequent guests, their constant experience of the luxuries of The Lodge rendering them daily more dissatisfied with the comparative plainness of Elmfield. Gerald's work at the office suffered sadly; for he curtailed his hours when possible, and even when he did attend to business, he made so many mistakes that his father had to do most of it over again. But he refrained from complaint, hoping that in time Gerald would settle down to steady ways again. He saw the boy was dazzled by the beauty of Lilian Harper, and he could not find it in his heart to be severe upon his only son.

Christmas came and passed, bringing the usual festivities in its train, and also the disagreeable accompaniment of Christmas bills. Violet, who since she left school had had her own dress allowance, and was permitted to have accounts with the principal tradesmen of Woodstead, opened her bills with some trepidation. The result was what she had feared; since becoming intimate with the Harpers, she had found it necessary to buy so many new things that she was now quite unable to defray the long accounts of the principal draper and milliner. And yet her father's injunctions were very strict that she was on no account to run into debt. She dared not ask the tradespeople to wait, for their bills had been running a year, and if left unpaid, they would probably inform her father of the fact. So she did the only wise thing, and going to Mr. Raynor with the bills, explained that she could not pay them, as her quarterly allowance of ten pounds, received on the first of January, was quite insufficient.

He looked rather grave, for he had already had an application for additional money from Gerald, who alleged, what Mr. Raynor knew to be true, that his acquaintance with the Harpers had caused him increased expenditure. Neither he nor Violet possessed the moral courage to say "No" boldly, when urged to outlay they could not afford by people richer than themselves. But hitherto, Violet had kept within her allowance, and her father was too fond of his pretty daughter to allow the tears to remain long in her blue eyes. So,

after adding up the amount of the bills, he drew two five-pound notes from his purse. "There Violet, those, with your allowance, and the money presents you had at Christmas, will be quite enough to pay your debts; and mind you don't exceed your allowance again. Above all things, never let the Harpers or anybody else persuade you to waste your money in gambling; I pay these accounts for you because you have had fair value for your outlay, but I will never give you one halfpenny to be squandered in games of chance. I understand the Harpers are most accomplished bridge-players; and I hope, when you go there, you will always refuse to play any game for money."

Violet coloured, for more than once she had been guilty of the very thing her father most disliked; though her losses had been defrayed by one or other of the Harpers' male guests, according to an atrocious modern fashion which cannot be too much condemned. But she said no more, for, according to Lilian Harper, there was no need for a girl to tell her father everything.

Next afternoon, she collected her bills and her money, and put them all together into a little handbag, intending to go to the town and pay them at once. But she had not gone the length of their road before she met the Harpers' groom, bearing an invitation from Lilian to go there at once to tea, to meet some friends who had run down from London. She hesitated a moment. The Lodge and the town were about equally distant, and it was after three o'clock, so that she could not manage both. She was always glad to go to the Harpers,' and the hint about friends from London made her wonder whether Leslie had come down, and had asked Lilian to invite her. Eligible bachelors were scarce at Woodstead, and, though they had very little in common, she was quite prepared to say "Yes" if young Harper should ask her to be his wife. He certainly admired her.

The thought of Leslie carried the day, and she took the shortest way to The Lodge. But there disappointment met her, for the only visitors were a Mrs. and Miss Poole, two haughty dames, tremendously dressed, and evidently somebodies, from the way in which the Harpers flattered them. They discoursed during tea of their friends the Duchess of This and Lady That; and Violet, feeling rather out of it, had risen to go, when a sharp rattle of rain against the windows betokened a heavy shower coming on.

"Oh, you can't possibly go through that rain!" cried Mrs. Harper. "Wait until it's fine, and meantime we'll have a game of cards, to wake us all up! This horrid weather really is too depressing for anything!"

Torrents of rain rendered it impossible to beat a retreat; but for a moment Violet struggled with the good impulse to say that her father had strictly forbidden her to gamble. But the cowardly fear of what the Harpers might think, coupled with Mrs. Poole's eager acceptance of the proposal, induced her to take her seat at the card-table with the rest. As they were too many for bridge, in which, moreover, Violet was a mere beginner, napoleon was decided upon, with the stakes which Mrs. Poole declared to be in vogue with her dear friend the Duchess of Netherfield, with whom she had often played.

Poor, foolish Violet! She was entirely outmatched at the game, which at home she had never played except for a box of chocolates, or some pretty trifle, the whole thing being merely a joke, and nobody caring whether they lost or not. Both the Pooles were desperately keen players, whilst the Harpers were as intent to seize every advantage, as if their whole fortune depended upon the turn of the cards. Violet lost and lost, and then, becoming desperate, played recklessly and lost still more. Then Mrs. Poole suggested doubling the stakes, to give Miss Raynor a chance of recovering her losses; a seemingly generous proposal which the girl, fairly cowed amongst so many female harpies, did not dare to oppose. The result was that she lost still more, until, when at last they rose from the table, as it was time for the Pooles to return to London, she had lost all except about three pounds of the money which should have paid her tradesmen's bills. With throbbing head, and a mist before her eyes, she realised what she had done, whilst Mrs. Harper, who had won considerably, consoled her in honeyed phrases.

"Never mind, my dear, you played very pluckily, though the cards were against you, but no doubt you'll win next time! You must come and have your revenge very soon. The carriage will drop you at your door on the way to the station, so you won't get wet."

Of course, had Mrs. Harper been an honourable, kind-hearted woman, she would never have allowed her young guest to play for high stakes at all, knowing as she did perfectly well that Violet was not in a position to lose large sums at the card-table. But, like all confirmed gamblers, both the Harpers and the Pooles were as selfish as they could possibly be. They would have won their dearest friend's last halfpenny without remorse, and merely chuckled over the superior play, or the good cards, which enabled them to fleece their

opponent. Let nobody look for high qualities, such as unselfishness, generosity, or fair-mindedness, amongst the ardent votaries of play, for they will not be found there. It is sometimes supposed that gamblers have, at least, the redeeming virtue of lavish generosity; but no people on earth are so keen after money,



"Took down her description of her imaginary assailant."

or so determined to wring every farthing they can claim as their due from their unfortunate victims.

How she reached home, Violet never knew. The dread of her father's displeasure oppressed her like a nightmare; for Herbert Raynor could be stern upon occasion, and her disobedience in playing for money would make him very angry. In his wrath, he would probably stop her allowance for dress, so that she would have to go about for a year or more in old hats and shabby frocks—an appalling prospect, when she was always meeting smart people at The Lodge. Worst of all, he would assuredly forbid her any further association with the Harpers, unless when safeguarded by himself or Margaret; and in that case, farewell to all hope of ever winning Leslie for a husband. Farewell, in fact, to everything which promised to bring a little brightness into the dull routine of Woodstead, of which she was so very weary!

Second thoughts are best, says the proverb. Too much time to think, however, is not always a boon, given certain natures and certain circumstances. Entering the house, she found that her father, Margaret, and Gerald had just driven off to a dinner-party; and she had therefore a long, solitary evening before her. It was a prospect which in general she would have little relished, but to-night it was welcome, since it enabled her to meditate upon a plan of action. She had already decided not to tell her father the truth, and it now remained to concoct a smooth story to explain the loss of her money without reflecting in any way upon herself.

She did not see her father till the next morning, and it was with a beating heart that she took her seat at the breakfast table. Hardly had she done so when Mr. Raynor turned to her with a smile:

"Well, Violet, did you go and pay your bills yesterday, like a good girl? You had better show me the receipts."

She went very white; but none the less she was quite prepared with her answer. "I—I am sorry to tell you, father, that as I was going along Briar Lane with my bag in my hand, with all the money in it, a man jumped out from the hedge and snatched the bag from me, and ran away."

Everybody exclaimed in consternation; doubting nothing, though such an outrage was quite unheard-of in quiet Woodstead.

"Some London thief must have come down here to escape from the police!" exclaimed Gerald indignantly. "But what a shame, Vi! How much money had you in the bag?"

"Over twenty-three pounds."

"Whew! That is a lot to lose! But what was the fellow like? Young or old, dark or fair?"

"I couldn't see very well; it all happened in a minute," faltered she. "But I should say he was young—and dark."

"Did you notice how he was dressed?" asked her father.

She appeared to search her memory. "He had a brown overcoat, I think, and a black bowler hat."

"He was not a tramp, then?"

"Oh, no, not a tramp."

"But not like a gentleman?"

"No, he looked more like a—a clerk—or somebody of that sort." Violet was quite astonished at her own fluency in lying.

"You have never seen him before in Woodstead, have you? Was he quite a stranger?"

"Oh yes, quite."

"I never heard of such a thing happening here!" exclaimed Margaret. "You mustn't go about alone, Vi, if this is going to be the result! What time was it?"

"About a quarter-past three."

"Just fancy! In broad daylight! But then Briar Lane is a lonely spot at any time."

"You didn't think of going to give information at the police-station, I suppose?" said her father.

"No, I thought I had better wait until I saw you."

"Well, I shall call at the police-station when I go down to the town. Some of your money was in banknotes; have you the numbers?"

"Oh, no," she answered, glad to think she had not.

"Well, I kept the numbers of those I gave you on Tuesday," said her father quietly. "That ought to afford a clue. Put on your hat, Violet, and come down with me to give information at once, and a description of the rascal who robbed you."

Though she did not greatly relish the idea, there was no help for it; and they were received with great deference by the stout local superintendent, who took down her description of her imaginary assailant with his own hand. The case was not important enough to be referred to Scotland Yard; but he had good hopes that his detective would be able to discover the thief, he assured Mr. Raynor. And he bowed his visitors out with much complacency.

"I am very sorry for your loss, my dear," said her father kindly, as they re-entered the brougham. "I can't see how you could have avoided it either, as of course you had not the strength to struggle with the ruffian. If you had had the bills, I would have paid them for you now; but you said they were in the bag with the money. I should advise you not to put valuables into handbags in the future; it is too tempting for a thief."

As a matter of fact, Violet had burnt the bag and the bills on the dining-room fire the previous night, to give a greater air of veracity to her story.

"You had better go to the shops before you return home, and say the bills have been accidentally lost, and if they will make them out again, and send them to my office, I will pay them by cheque," continued her father. And with a kind wave of the hand he ascended the steps to his office; and Violet, feeling, it is only fair to her to confess, most heartily ashamed of herself, proceeded to execute his behests. So far, her duplicity had been completely successful; her bills would be paid, her allowance continued, and no embargo placed upon her intercourse with the Harpers. But the fact that her father knew the numbers of the two banknotes caused her some uneasiness, for it might lead to complications, if the Harpers or anybody else tried to cash them in Woodstead. She racked her brains to remember whether they had passed into the possession of Lilian, or her mother, or the Pooles. Each of the others had risen from the card-table with a little heap of winnings, and she could not remember what had become of her notes.

As a measure of precaution, she wrote a note to Lilian Harper, asking her, as a favour, not to say that she (Violet) had been playing cards for money at The Lodge the previous day. She was glad to reflect that the superintendent had particularly cautioned her and her father not to breathe a word of her (imaginary) loss to anyone outside their own family. It would be much easier to find the thief if he could be taken completely unawares; and in a small town gossip spreads so rapidly that in a few hours the story of the robbery would have been all over the place.

With regard to the notes: one had fallen to the lot of Mrs. Poole, who, arrived at her house in Hyde Park Gate, put it into an envelope with another of her own, and sent it out to a ne'er-do-well nephew she had in British Columbia, where it continued in circulation for years. But the other note remained in the possession of Mrs. Harper, who locked it into her cash-box, and thought no more about it.

[END OF CHAPTER FIVE.]

"Give Light to them that sit in Darkness"



THE BLIND SCHOOL, LEATHERHEAD.

A DAY AT THE BLIND SCHOOL, LEATHERHEAD.

By Raymond Blathwayt.

(With Illustrations from Photographs by Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

"GIVE light to them that sit in darkness!" rang out a woman's clear soprano; "Give light to them that sit in darkness!" echoed the solo bass; and then a great volume of song burst in exquisite harmony from the whole choir.

"Give light to them that sit in darkness, O Lord": the cry of the blind, the blind of all ages and of all conditions, and in all parts of the world, to the Lord and Giver of light and life. Exquisitely pathetic and, under the conditions, thrilling to the heart's core; and then, with one superb crash from the organ, the lovely music died into silence, one by one the blind crept from the little chapel, and the winter twilight merged softly and imperceptibly into the night.

And let this be the keynote of my little paper upon the great Blind School—the largest in the world—which has recently been moved from Southwark to Leatherhead, and of which the Rev. St. Clare Hill, the well-known Government expert in the education of the blind, has for many years been the Principal; and it was in his company, on the day following this most touching experience recorded above, that I made the round of the stately building.

"You know the history of the institution, don't you?" he asked as, locking the door of his office, he turned into a long corridor. "The School for the Indigent Blind was started in 1790, with the avowed purpose of 'rendering the blind self-reliant by teaching them a trade.' And that is the cornerstone of our system; in the smallest details we endeavour to teach our pupils the absolute need of self-reliance; we endeavour to place them as far as possible in the position of sighted people, and in this way—and I say it with all reverence—we endeavour through God's help to 'give light to them that sit in darkness.' Nearly 4,000 blind have passed through this institution, and we have now upwards of 200 pupils of both sexes, who, for a period of six years, are being educated, clothed, maintained, and taught a trade. This is the only school in the Kingdom which, free of all charge, teaches trades to blind persons over twenty-one years of age."

Just at this moment a large body of blind young men came smartly round the corner; no hesitancy, no groping with the hands; nothing whatever to the casual observer from a distance to denote that they were totally blind.

XUM

I asked Mr. Hill how it was they had so soon got to know their way about a brand new building, with all its many sharp turns and unaccustomed corridors; how it was they could so unerringly find their way through the wide-spreading, far-reaching grounds round the building?

"It is all the result of their training," replied my companion, "and you must further bear in mind that the law of compensation works here as elsewhere. All their sensibilities are far more developed than is usually the case with sighted people—the senses of hearing, feeling, smelling. They can tell where they are going by the direction of the air: when they reach an open space they know it by the freeness of air; they know at once when they come to a turning into a fresh passage. Some of our blind have developed what I may term their topographical faculty to an extraordinary extent. When the School was in Southwark, we had two pupils who used to travel all over London—walking, or going by 'bus, train, or tram—to tune pianofortes in the suburbs, and they never once came to grief.

"When I first came to the School as Principal, I felt that I should never be able to deal with the situation until I had put myself as far as possible into the position of a blind person. So for long I used to go about, with my eyes bandaged up, in total darkness; and," continued Mr. Hill, with a laugh, "I didn't take off the handkerchief at a critical moment. The result was that I was enabled to realise the whole blind position as no ordinary sighted person could possibly hope to do.

"The whole object of my system here is to inculcate self-reliance. Now come in here," he went on as we entered a room where some young women were busily engaged at sewing machines.



THE REV. ST. CLARE HILL.

"Soon after I took up this work, two sewing machines arrived one day. 'We shall have to thread their needles for them,' said the mistress. 'You will do nothing of the kind,' I replied. 'They must do it for themselves. Suppose the mistress was out of the way one day—is the work to go undone?' So I spoke in my haste, bravely and

boldly. But when it came to *how* they were to learn to thread their needles themselves, I was for a time fairly nonplussed. For a whole day I sat at those machines, closely blindfolded, trying my level best to thread the needles. Impossible! I couldn't do it! Suddenly, as I was fumbling away, trying to push the bending cotton into an eye that I could never find, an idea flashed into my mind. I ran out, got a piece of horsehair, doubled it, and pushed it through the needle's eye, then I opened the loop, passed the cotton through it, and then drew the horsehair with the cotton in it, back through the needle's eye, and the feat was accomplished. You can see for yourself. Nellie," he added, turning to a blind girl, "just thread your needle to show this gentleman how it's done."



BLIND CHESS PLAYERS.

And far quicker than I, with fumbling, unaccustomed fingers and thoroughly good sight, could have done it, she had threaded her needle.

"I was in the great blind school in Copenhagen the other day," said Mr. Hill. "In many respects they are far in advance of us here in England as regards their methods with the blind; but not in all. I went into their sewing school. 'But you thread their needles for them,' I said to the mistress. 'Why, of course,' she replied. 'What else would you do?' 'Make them do it themselves,' was my reply. 'But you couldn't,' she answered. 'I will show you,' said I, 'if you will give me a piece of horsehair.' You can guess her delight and astonishment.

By this time we had wandered into a large workroom in which a number of men and boys were engaged in making mats. I was shown a mat which had just been turned out by one of the young men. It was perfect: remarkably elaborate in its very intricate pattern, mathematically correct, and with innumerable delicate gradations of colour.

"But how is it done?" said I.

"I will tell you," replied Mr. Hill. "It is another instance of our system of self-reliance. I soon saw that work would be impossible if each blind person was to have a sighted assistant to hand him the different coloured wools. But how to do it was the puzzle. It came to me by an accident, as these things usually do. I wanted a certain mat made, and I told a pupil what I wanted. 'May I write it down on paper, sir?' There lay the solution. I set to work, got sheets of surveyor's mapped-out paper, and on this I painted patterns for my rugs. These are dictated by rows to the rug-maker. He puts it down in Braille raised characters on his slate, and then sets to work. But you will say, 'How does he manage about the assorting of his colours?' Look here, it is quite simple. Here, you see, is a piece of wood with certain holes in it, and over each hole is a Braille raised character, indicating the colour of the wool the hole contains. A blind man, passing his fingers over the letter, knows in a moment the colour he wants. And on his slate, in raised characters, is recorded the pattern; much as follows: First three rows black, then four green, then two red, then five blue, and so on. And, as you see, after a time it is impossible for them to make a mistake. This is another instance of self-reliance for the blind.

"Come into the brush and broom manufacture department, and you will see another dodge I have patented there. Now look at this unfinished brush," he continued, as he took up one without any back to it. "The great difficulty used to be, How could a blind man fasten on the back so as to cover the wire and protect it? In the old days this part of the work was always done by sighted men. But what was a

blind man to do when he left the institution and started on his own account? He couldn't carry an assistant about with him. So I set my wits to work. I designed a brush back, with equi-distant holes punched in it, and with 'burred' edges—that is, raised and roughened edges to each hole; the blind worker, passing his fingers along it, readily feels each hole, inserts the peg, and the work is done.

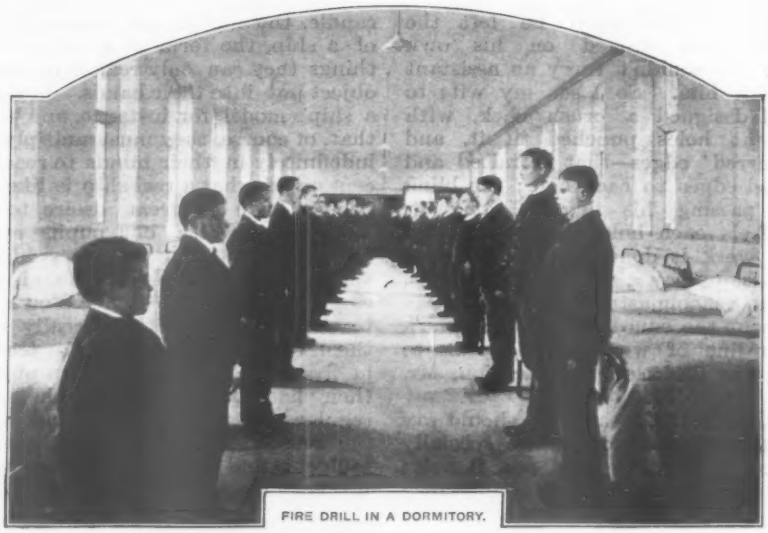
"Now let us pay a visit to Mr. Adams, the Head Schoolmaster, and hear something about the education of the blind."

"What line of work most appeals to them in the direction of education, Mr. Hill?"

"Well, generally speaking, I should say that both men and women are specially interested in science. You see, it helps them to account for things with which they deal daily but which they never see. Far more than with sighted people they like to discover causes, to account for effects. That is why the object lessons which I have long had in operation here are so popular. The manufacture of a candle, the making of bread; the shape of a ship, the form of a horse—all these things they can only realise by having an object put into their hands. I give them a ship's model, for instance, and tell them that, of course, they must multiply its size indefinitely in their minds to reach a conception of what a real ship is like. Blind people have a great desire to obtain knowledge. With our pupils especially the literary faculty is very highly developed. But the object lesson is the best way of teaching the blind. You may talk to them all day without really teaching them very much, but you can teach them in five minutes by putting an object into their hands. In Denmark they have a regular Museum for the Blind, which is the reason why theirs are the most intelligent and the best informed blind people in Europe. We are slowly getting together a museum here. It is more important than for sighted people, I assure you. Now, Mr. Adams," he went on, addressing the kindly and capable Headmaster, "let your class read something to Mr. Blathwayt." The whole class promptly



THE CHOIR AT PRACTICE.



FIRE DRILL IN A DORMITORY.

sprang to its feet, grasped their Braïlle reading books, and one of their number began to read in loud, clear, well-modulated voice, and quite as rapidly and easily as an ordinary man, a few lines from Wordsworth's "brothers."

"Do you like this system, Mr. Adams?" I asked the master, after a few boys had read.

"Well," he replied, "the Braïlle system is, of course, much the most condensed, and it has far the best literature and the most extensive library. For those who, like these young people, have the sense of touch thoroughly developed the Braïlle system is quite the best, although it requires much greater uniformity. At present the variations in its characters and symbols are a source of endless vexation to the blind. The Moon system is excellent for old people, or people with thick-skinned fingers, to whom the tiny Braïlle characters are, as we should say of very small print, quite illegible, but its literature is extremely narrow and limited, to say nothing of the enormous space for storage it requires."

After having put a few questions to the class, which were answered with promptitude and curious thoughtfulness, and in remarkably well-phrased English, I remarked to Mr. Hill on their delicate appreciation of literary *nuances*, which one would certainly not find with their sighted brothers and sisters, as a rule.

"Well," he replied, "that is what I always say. They are, like stammerers, intelligent beyond the ordinary. Do you know that I have a class here of six girls—six girls of the ordinary working class—who are reading Horace and Virgil with me?—and some of their translations are extraordinarily delicately phrased. And this, remember, they are doing in their spare time after a long day's work."

"How do you teach your boys geography, Mr. Adams? How do they manage about maps?"

"Williams," cried the Headmaster, "bring your maps here." A tallish young fellow, whom I immediately recognised as the person who had played the organ so superbly the night before, left his seat, carrying his maps with him.

I took up one of them—of course, it was most elaborately raised—and gave it to him, asking him at the same time to find out certain places, which I need scarcely say he did, to the full as promptly and unerringly as a sighted person could have done.

"And now tell me how you manage to learn a piece of music?" I said.

"In very much the same way, sir," he replied. "Here, for instance, is Haydn's Symphony in D"; and he began to read it off with his fingers as quickly as possible.

"It is a curious thing," remarked Mr. Hill as we quitted the room, after Mr.

Adams had shown me his pupils' skill in writing and in arithmetic, "it is a curious thing that the blind have always been singularly apt at music. For one thing, you see, they are able to concentrate all their attention upon it much more than is ordinarily the case. Concentration is one of their strong points. They perform no music here which they themselves cannot write. They read it over, and then play it on their instrument, for their memories are singularly retentive. The music is written in Braille characters, and we have not much of it, I regret to say, as the first copy must be sent to Paris to be written. It is so shamefully under-paid here in England that unless a philanthropic body takes it up specially, I fear the supply of blind music will be always greatly limited."

"Do they go in much for games here?'

"Well, that, of course, depends. Outdoor games they can't do much at, though one hears of the blind playing cricket now and again. I have never seen it done, and I have been with blind people now for ten years. But indoor games of a sort they are greatly devoted to. Blind people play chess and draughts and backgammon exceedingly well. And we can quite understand that. Blackburne, the great chess champion, can play a dozen games at once blindfolded. In playing chess the black squares are raised, the white are depressed; the pieces fix into little holes in the squares, as you see in chess on board ship.

"They are very fond of gymnastics, too, and our gymnasium is one of the best in England. The physical education of the blind is most important, for, as a rule, the level of their health is below that of sighted people in consequence of their restricted opportunities of taking proper exercise.

"What very much astonishes people, however, is their curious fondness for dramatic entertainments amongst themselves, when they will dress up just as ordinary people do, and go through a long play without a soul to see what they do. We have had an admirable Christy Minstrel troupe here."

We wandered through the spacious and beautiful building, and as we stood in a large, airy, and exquisitely clean dormitory I asked the Principal how they managed to keep everything so fresh and sweet.

"It is all done by the pupils themselves," he replied. "Each man, each girl makes his or her own bed, and each one does a certain amount of cleaning up."

"What happens if a fire breaks out?"

"Oh, we have regular fire drill. Here is what happens. At the first sound of the bell each pupil springs to the foot of his bed with outstretched arms; they then grasp hands, so forming a living cord. At the next signal—a whistle blown by an officer—indication is given them in which direction they are to move; then a double whistle shrills out 'Go,' and they move down the room, down the stairs, and so out into the grounds, the strong helping the weak. Strict silence is maintained by all, except the one in authority, who is a sighted man. By this means the whole building is emptied in two and a half minutes."

"Are they pleasant people to deal with?" I asked.



BLIND BOY MAKING COLOURED MATS.



BLIND BOY PLAYING THE PIANO AND READING THE MUSIC WITH HIS HAND.

"Yes, as a rule," replied Mr. Hill; "but you have to mind your P's and Q's to an extent incredible to one accustomed only to sighted people. The blind constitute a sort of close corporation amongst themselves, and any amount of tact is required in dealing with them. You offend one, and it is possible that the whole lot will combine against you, and, once that happens, your authority over them and your influence with them is gone. We have had several instances of that here.

"I have one great matter much at heart, and that is the establishment of factories and workshops for the blind. We teach the blind to be self-reliant, but, after a few years' training, turn them out in the world to fend for themselves. Now I am endeavouring to start factories in connection with our institution which shall be self-supporting establishments, conducted on regular business principles, and which shall not in any way be mere philanthropic employment bureaus. And my first point is that these shops or factories shall be conducted, as nearly as possible, on the lines which are followed in sighted shops. And unremunerative production must be sternly forbidden. Every man's work must be worth his wages to his employers. In this way a double end is attained: full advantage to the employers and the highest possible wages to the employed. But you must keep the element of charity altogether out of this scheme.

"For the sake of your shop, for the sake of the moral development of the people you employ, do not undermine the good work you are attempting in the establishing of a workshop by mixing up charity with business. I have applied these principles to my workshops, with the result that, during the last eight years, we have been able to make the demand for our goods greater than the supply; to develop in our workpeople self-respect and self-reliance; to increase our employed, and to arrange for the building of a new factory where accommodation will be provided for the employment of three times the number of hands we engaged nine years ago.

"We have 30,000 blind people in England. It is the dream of my life to make all those people self-reliant. They are a proud, sensitive people, and you would scarcely realise how grateful they are to be enabled to compete with the world in open market, free from charity, and absolutely able to rely on the work of their own hands for their own livelihood. And that is the whole end and aim of this our School for the Indigent Blind."

That evening, at the invitation of the Principal, I gave a lecture to the pupils in the Great Hall. It was a curious experience—in some respects, a painful



BLIND GIRL THREADING A NEEDLE.

one, though I am told the feeling always passes off after a few times. But to stand addressing a large assemblage of people, not one of whom can see you, has an element of sadness in it to the unaccustomed. I have spoken to audiences all over the world, of every class, of many colours, of all ages, but I have rarely addressed people at once so intelligent, so sympathetic, so quick to catch one's point, so keenly appreciative of both humour and pathos. At first one is inclined to greatly pity them, but gradually comes the realisation that they are as a body happy beyond the ordinary. Their lives, spent necessarily much within themselves, render them singularly susceptible to whatever outside influences they may be exposed, and one cannot pay a visit to an institution of this kind without a realisation that the blind have innumerable compensations, and that in the loss of one faculty they find others increased and doubled in efficacy.

Under the care of such a man as Mr. St. Clare Hill not only is their bodily condition greatly improved, not only are all their temporal prospects greatly widened, but their spiritual requirements are looked after in a very special manner. In him, each blind boy and each blind girl feel they have a friend whose counsel they never seek in vain, whose help is ever ready, who is in absolute sympathy—and that the result of many years experience—with all their aspirations.



AN OBJECT LESSON ON THE COW.



By A. B. Romney, Author of "A Pleasant Blunder," "Aunt Hawkins," Etc.

"HERE'S the very thing which will suit us! Just listen!" cried Helen Munroe. "'Small cottage to be let for six weeks. Situated high on the side of mountain. Terms moderate. Trustworthy and capable housekeeper left in charge. Apply for key at Ballymore Cottage, Co. Wicklow.' We will go and inspect the place to-day. The drive will do you all the good in the world. Oh, how delightful to be amongst the Wicklow mountains once more! To taste the bilberries again, and lie amongst the purple heather!"

"But, Helen, I really do not like you to go to all this expense just for me. I really don't," remonstrated Ethel Murphy, raising her head from the hard little pillow of the sofa on which she was lying.

"Now, Ethel, I thought we had argued that question long enough. What is the use of having money if one cannot go shares with a friend? Besides, truly, I want the change just as much as you do. Playing all day is just as tiresome as working all day." Here Helen smiled. "You know I always was a selfish, spoilt creature, and when I want my own way I always get it; so you may just as well make up your mind to 'come with me and be my love' for six weeks amongst the heathery hills."

"But I thought the Suttons wanted you to go yachting with them in Scotland?"

"The Suttons may go—fish!" cried Helen. "I'm not going with them. I wrote to Mary Sutton yesterday and told her I was not going to leave Ireland until you were well again, so the sooner you get well, the sooner you will be rid of me. Now, do go and put on your hat and gloves, and we will catch the next train and be amongst the hills in an hour's time."

Helen Munroe and Ethel Murphy were not merely companions but friends. Each found in the other something which she had never discovered in anyone else, and the very difference in their characters and circumstances only strengthened the tie between them. Ethel was the daughter of a clergyman of small means and large family, Helen the only child of a prosperous Liverpool merchant, whose death some years ago had left her rich and independent.

Ethel was twenty years of age, nearly nine years younger than her friend. In person she was, in her own eyes at least, merely an insignificant little body, particularly when in company with Helen, who was tall and slight, with handsome dark eyes and magnificent hair. She always wondered what there was in her that could attract Helen enough to make her leave her beautiful English home, and, giving up society, be contented to stay for weeks at a time in the humble little Irish vicarage.

But, intimate as she was with Helen, there was one subject of which she never could speak without Helen turning it aside with a laugh and a joke. She never could discover why Helen had not married. Helen's friends said it was because she had too much pride and too little vanity for a woman. Whatever truth there may have been in this explanation, the fact remained that at twenty-nine Helen was still unmarried, and apparently very well contented to be so.

This very autumn, for instance, instead of joining the gay yachting party, to her aunt's annoyance she preferred to bury herself in a cottage amongst the Wicklow hills with a girl friend who was an invalid. "Could anything be more foolish?" thought an irate chaperon.

"Could anything be more delightful?" cried

Helen herself, as she sat on the jaunting-car on the way to inspect Ballymore Cottage.

It was autumn, but none of its "wan decay" was yet apparent. The mountains had only just gained their lovely purple bloom, while along the roadways lay fields of golden corn either falling in long swathes beneath the scythe or stacked in rows like little tents across the stubble.

Hips and haws, and here and there a late-flowering honeysuckle, brightened the hedges.

"Is it far from here to the cottage?" inquired Helen, as the car slowly made its way up a steep hill.

"It's just beyant, miss. You can see it from here," replied the driver, pointing with the handle of his whip to a cottage covered with roses.

"Oh, how charming!" cried Helen, jumping off the car. "I'll walk up the hill.

Helen raced on, and reached the gate of Ballymore Cottage just as the car stopped there.

Ethel sprang down, and she and Helen pushed open the gate and walked towards the charming little cottage covered with flowers. In front of it lay a lawn bounded by a wide border of hollyhocks and sunflowers; then came fields and a deep valley, on the other side of which rose beautiful Sugarloaf's rocky summit.

The front door stood open, showing the living room, which appeared to be study, drawing-room, and dining-room all in one. Instead of the usual prosaic plaster ceiling, the rafters were left bare and stained dark green, like the furniture, which consisted chiefly of fittings along the walls. There were roomy bookcases, an oaken sideboard, and a couple of quaint old settles placed at either side of a capacious ingle-nook on which burned two or three logs of wood.

"Oh!" cried Helen. "We must come here! If anyone has taken this house already, I shall simply weep. Rap at the door with your parasol. Quick! I see no bell or knocker."

Ethel knocked, but there was no response.

"Knock again! Louder!" commanded Helen.

Ethel rapped as loudly as the strength of her parasol would allow, and out from the back premises came a collie, which barked at them from a sense of duty at first, but on hearing their voices wagged his tail in a friendly and hospitable manner.

"Knock again!" said Helen, but as Ethel raised the handle of her parasol an elderly woman with a cheerful sunburnt face hurried across the grass.

"Good mornin', ladies!" she said, rubbing soapsuds off her strong brown arms. "I was just hangin' the clothes out to dry, and I didn't hear ye till Cullen barked."

"May we, please," began Helen eagerly; "may we look over the cottage?"

"Bedad! an' you can, miss!" replied the woman, whom we must introduce to the reader as Mrs. Flanagan. "An' it won't take you long to do it. There's only the three bedrooms, the kitchen, and this room, which serves for iverything in turn. When the master does be writin', he sits there over forninst the window; when he's eatin', he sets himself by the round table; and when he's smokin', he's there by the corner of the fire. Come in, ladies! Here's his bedroom; iverything is jist as he left it. He hadn't time to bless himself, let alone to put up his books and papers; he was in sich a hurry when he got the telegram. He bid me jist throw them all into that box if any lodger took the place."

Helen and Ethel, following Mrs. Flanagan, went over the rooms.

"I could be perfectly happy here," whispered Helen.

"So could I. It would be worth coming to have the use of all these lovely books, to say nothing of the lovely view!" replied Ethel.

"I've a cake on the griddle," observed Mrs. Flanagan, as they entered the kitchen. "An' I'm thinkin', ladies, a cup of tay will be welcome after yer climb up sich a hill. If you will step into the sitting-room, I'll wet it in a minute."

Helen and Ethel sat down on the settle by the fire, and gave two long sighs of contentment.

"It's the most lovely little place I ever was in in all my life!" declared Ethel, as she sipped her tea. "And I feel that I shall get quite well and strong if we stay here. I do wonder what the owner of the house can be like. I'm sure he must be nice."

"If he's half as nice as his dog, I'd fall in love with him on the spot," replied Helen, who was busy feeding Cullen with morsels of buttery griddle bread. "I wish we hadn't to go back to Dublin to-night; but, however, Mrs. Flanagan says she will be ready for us on Monday. That's only four days to wait—four long days before we come to live in Arcadia and eat griddle bread once more!"

"There is one thing different in this room from most men's rooms," observed Ethel, as she stood up to get her gloves; "there are no pictures or photographs of girls in it!"

"Probably he is a women-hater. Isn't it really provoking that a man, a mere insignificant bachelor, should be able to make his house look so cosy and picturesque without help from a woman!"

Helen's observations were interrupted by a startled cry from Ethel, who had wandered to the other side of the room.

"What's the matter, Ethel?"

"Nothing," replied Ethel, returning to the fireplace with a considerably heightened colour and a sudden mischievous look in her eyes which puzzled Helen.

"Ethel!" cried Helen, springing to her feet, and laying her hands on Ethel's shoulders. "Ethel! What do you mean? Why do you look like that? Answer me at once, you wicked, provoking creature! What is the joke?"

"It's only a little joke which I want to keep to myself."

"Ethel! I think you are very unkind. Tell me at once!"

"Well, I will tell you, if you promise me not to change your mind about taking this house."

"You know I never alter, once I have given my word," cried Helen, drawing herself up haughtily. "I can't think what you mean, but I'll find out for myself why you cried 'Gracious!' and then became all in a moment so wicked and mischievous-looking." And so saying, Helen marched over to the side of the room where Ethel had gone in search of her gloves.

She looked about.

There was a table, on which were a number of books, boxes, and other miscellaneous articles.

"What can she have seen?" she murmured.

"Hot! You are getting very hot!" cried Ethel teasingly.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Helen, getting almost angry, for Ethel looked as though she were laughing at her.

"Hot! very hot!"

Helen stopped short, stared, then blushed vividly right over her face.

After standing motionless for a moment, she returned to the fireplace and stood before Ethel, who somehow felt almost guilty and frightened by the silence. She had never seen Helen so moved.

"Ethel!" at last said Helen in a low voice. "We cannot come here. It would be impossible. How could I have guessed it was his house?"

"I do not understand, dear," replied Ethel, taking Helen's hand. "Who is the master of this house, and why does he keep your portrait, and yours only, on his desk?"

For a moment there was silence. Helen's whole attention seemed to be absorbed in patting Cullen's smooth black head. Then she suddenly said, "Sit down; I can trust you. I will tell you, though indeed there is very little to tell, except that eight years—no, it must be nearly nine years—ago I first met Leonard O'Neill, and before I had time to know my own mind, before I knew what my feelings were towards him, he told me he loved me."

"And what did you do?" asked Ethel, as Helen paused.

"I was very young then, and, I suppose you will think, absurdly proud. I did not like a man I had not met a dozen times to think I could care for him so easily and quickly. Then, before I had time to recover from my astonishment, I was obliged to return to England at a moment's notice on hearing of my father's death. In short, the Fates seemed unpropitious. Leonard wrote to me once, not referring to his former words—merely a kind little note of condolence such as any friend might have written. I left it unanswered a long time; and then the days slipped into weeks and the weeks into years, until at last I find myself here in his house, as uncertain as I was nine years ago as to his feelings towards me or mine towards him. Nothing is certain except the fact that nothing would induce me to stay here!"

"But, Helen dear!" said Ethel, looking very much disappointed. "We shall never be able to find any place to suit us so well as this cottage; and if Mr. O'Neill is in England, he will never know you are here. Please think it over before you finally decide. I shall be so dreadfully sorry if we do not come here."

"If I was sure he would never know, of course it would alter things; but, you know, I should have to write to him about the rent and things——"

"Oh! I could do all the corresponding," interrupted Ethel eagerly. "Everything could be done in my name. Please, Helen, do come here. I want to so very much!"

Helen looked at Ethel with some surprise, then, putting her hands on Ethel's shoulders and fixing her eyes on hers, as she had a trick of doing when wishing, as it were, to read her very soul, she said, trying to speak lightly: "Ethel! I know very well that you, as usual, are constructing a romance out of nothing. I will come here only on the condition that you give me your word of honour that in no way will you let Leonard O'Neill know that I am here, and that you will do all in your power to prevent him from meeting or seeing me."

"Oh, Helen, I hate being bound by promises."

"Very well, then," replied Helen coldly, walking towards the door; "we can go elsewhere."

"I think, Helen," said Ethel, almost fretfully, "that you are not very kind to bully me like this. I suppose I must promise, if you really will only come here on those conditions."

"You're a darling!" cried Helen, kissing her warmly.

Five days after this conversation the cottage was taken in Ethel's name, and the two girls installed themselves in it; and then



"Ethel stood by the table, doubting, hesitating."—*p.* 666.

began six of the most perfectly happy weeks that Ethel had ever spent.

The high pure air gave her new strength and energy. The colour returned to her cheeks, and she felt so gay and light-hearted that the days were quite too short for the walks and drives and expeditions of all sorts which she and Helen undertook.

It was not until their stay was drawing to a close that an event took place which broke the happy, uneventful quiet of their days.

There was but one post at Ballymore, arriving some time between ten and twelve o'clock, according to the caprice of Jimmy Free, the postboy.

On the last Saturday of their stay Helen and Ethel were sitting out of doors when Jimmy was seen leaving letters at the cottage.

"I'll go and see what news comes from the outer world!" cried Ethel, springing to her feet and running indoors.

On the table lay a couple of newspapers, a magazine, and a letter delayed a day in the post, as was not unusual with correspondence in that primitive region.

Ethel opened the letter, recognising the handwriting to be that of their landlord, Leonard O'Neill.

He wrote to ask permission to call on the 20th for a few minutes, as he required certain papers and a book which he had left in a box in his room.

Ethel glanced at the date on the calendar hanging on the wall. It was the 20th of September. He would call at twelve o'clock. It was now nearly eleven.

Ethel glanced out at the unsuspecting Helen. She wished the letter had been delayed another day—even for another hour.

She loved her friend so sincerely that she could even wish to see her beloved by one whom she knew would more than take her place.

How she wished that she had not given her promise to Helen. If she broke it, would not the end more than justify the means? for, in her romantic admiration for Helen, she had no doubt but that to see her was to love her; and she believed Leonard O'Neill to be worthy of Helen's love. No one could live in his house, read his books, hear everywhere stories of his acts of generosity and kindness, without admiring him.

Ethel stood by the table, doubting, hesitating.

By nature and education truthful, she now, for almost the first time in her life, hesitated. Was not such a slight deception more than justifiable? Would not Helen more than forgive her hereafter if she knew of it? Besides, there was no necessity for Helen to know anything about it. The letter could be destroyed.

A log fire was smouldering as usual on the hearth. Ethel moved slowly towards it, the letter in her hand. She knelt down on the hearth, and as she did so the lines came like a whisper into her mind—

> "There is one road
> To peace, and that is truth, which follow ye!
> Love sometimes leads astray to misery."

"What right have I to take upon myself to decide what is for Helen's happiness?" she murmured as she stood up hurriedly. "I will keep my promise, come what may."

Having come to this conclusion, she walked out to the garden.

"Well, Ethel!" cried Helen, looking up from her book, which happened to be "O'Neill's Celtic Studies"; then, changing her voice, she added quickly, "My dear! Is anything the matter? Have you had bad news?"

"No," replied Ethel; "but I have just received this letter."

Helen took the letter, and as she did so the rosy colour flooded all her face. She was silent a moment or two; then, standing up, she kissed Ethel tenderly and said:

"Thank you, dear. We will go to spend the day with the Sinclairs. We will start at once."

"You may go, if you like," said Ethel, with unusual determination, "but I shall stay at home. I do want to see what Leonard O'Neill is like, after reading his books."

"I can show you his likeness," said Helen almost shyly, opening her book, in the front of which she had pasted the author's portrait, as well as a cutting from a paper praising the book. Ethel gazed at it eagerly, noting the date of the cutting was that of nine years ago.

"I think he looks just as nice as his writings lead one to expect, and that says a good deal; but you need not think I am going to the Sinclairs—that photograph has made me wish all the more to know him. I'm not going to lose my chance."

"Of course, you can do as you please," replied Helen, not looking, however, at all pleased. "I shall not be back until about four o'clock."

"Very well. Don't hurry. I shall be quite happy," returned Ethel provokingly. "I shall go in and put on my white hat, and generally deck myself out in honour of the coming of The Author!"

Helen walked away across the grass, her head held even more proudly than usual, as she said:

"Of course, you can do as you please; but I'm sure Mr. O'Neill would rather be left in peace to find his papers than to have to talk small talk to a girl he never saw before and probably never will see again."

"Sometimes men, even great authors, have

been known not to object to talk to girls they have never met before!" observed Ethel.

Helen deigned to make no reply, and presently she was seen departing down the hill in the direction of the Sinclairs' house, which lay in the opposite direction to the road leading to the railway station.

As the day passed the weather changed, as it often does in Ireland, to one of those softly raining, misty afternoons, when the whole atmosphere is filled with moisture, and one turns indoors with a shiver in search of a fire and a cup of tea.

Both these comforts were ready by four o'clock, when Helen at length returned, wet, tired, but eagerly expectant.

"Well!" she exclaimed, as she threw off her cloak. "Well! was he here?"

Ethel, in a very becoming frock, was sitting in a low chair by the fire looking unusually pretty and animated.

"How wet you are!" she observed calmly. "You're like a drowned cat!"

"Of course I am on such a day!" returned Helen impatiently. "Well! Did he come?"

"Yes, he did."

"Oh, really! How did you get on? How was he looking? Of course he did not suspect anything."

"Suspect anything! What do you mean?"

"Ethel! I could shake you—you are in such a provoking, saucy mood all day. Tell me exactly what he said, or did, and how he looked."

"Oh, he said all kinds of nice things, and he looked just charming. He said he would be over in Dublin in the winter, and he asked might he call to see me."

"He said he would call to see *you!*"

"Yes, he did. You know it is not such a very unusual thing for young men to call at the vicarage. They come, of course, for charitable purposes!"

Helen, who was kneeling before the fire drying her hat, looked up at Ethel, it must be confessed, quite angrily, as she observed with unusual asperity:

"Of course it was only polite to promise to call." Then she asked, "I suppose he found the papers he wanted?"

"Yes; and he also wanted his 'Celtic Studies.' He is going to bring out a new edition."

"That was his first book. You know I have a copy of it which he gave me at the time it first came out. By the way, where is it? I laid it on the little side table. I forgot to bring it into my room, for I never leave it about, as I have so many little private notes and extracts from his other writings pasted in it."

"You left it on the side table!" stammered Ethel. "Why, that must have been the one I gave him. I thought it was his own copy of it."

"You gave it to him!" cried Helen, rising and clasping her hands in mortification and vexation. "You gave it to him! Oh, Ethel! Ethel! What will he think of me?"

"I am so awfully sorry——" began Ethel, but she was interrupted by the sound of footsteps coming along the path. Firm, heavy, masculine footsteps. The door stood, as usual, open, and the rain-drops were falling from the rose that framed it. Expectantly the girls turned their eyes towards the threshold, and saw Leonard O'Neill, the collar of his great-coat turned up, the rain dropping most unromantically off the peak of his cap. Cullen bounded across the floor, and sprang up to him as though he could devour him with love.

"I found I had taken this book instead of my own," he said apologetically, "so I came to return it."

"I will find yours. It must be in the other room. Please come in!" cried Ethel with what she considered to be wonderful presence of mind and far-seeing diplomacy. So saying, she fled out of the room, leaving the two who had not met for nine years face to face!

The moments passed. Ethel paced up and down her room in an agony of impatience. Five minutes—ten minutes—a quarter of an hour. She was really beginning to wonder if she were doomed to remain in the cold all the evening, when she heard Helen's voice calling:

"Mrs. Flanagan! Mrs. Flanagan! Please bring a third cup of tea. Your master is here. He came back to look for something which he thought he had lost."

"An' has he found it, miss? When did he lose it, miss?" cried the faithful Mrs. Flanagan, appearing with her master's favourite big cup.

"He thought he had lost it nine years ago," said Ethel, running into the sitting-room, cold, and rejoicing in the results of her patience, as she looked at the lovers' faces, and saw that all doubt and misunderstanding had been cleared away for ever; "but he has found it at last."

"Arrah now! Think of that now!" observed Mrs. Flanagan. "It's better to be born lucky than rich! After nine years! Did you iver hear tell iv sich a thing?"

THE GRAPES OF EPHRAIM.

By the Rev. Charles H. Kelly.

"Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-ezer?"—JUDGES viii. 2.

THE gleaning of a field better than the whole vintage of a great estate! Is that possible? Can little be greater than much? Can much be better than more? Quite possible. "The gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim" was "better than the vintage of Abi-ezer."

That was so ages ago; it is repeated in the personal history of to-day, and illustrated in the national history of modern peoples.

The text belongs to a romantic piece of old history. It has to do with a memorable battle. It is the utterance of a God-commissioned general, a great leader of men, a mighty hero of faith—Gideon.

The Midianites, sons of the desert, fierce men, had become a curse and scourge to Israel. Things had come to a crisis. War became a necessity. In a great crisis God raises up a man. He finds him where men would not seek. He calls unlikely men. He is not guided by army list or ancestry. Gideon, whom He called, was at the hour of his summons threshing corn with his flail. He was doing his duty. Such is the man whom God always wants. The "faithful in little" is likely to be faithful in much. The best preparation for great duties is faithfulness to the humbler.

In answer to Gideon's appeal for troops thirty-two thousand volunteered. The Lord said, "They are too many; reduce the number." Strange order! Difficult work! Soldiers are valiant men; they wish to fight for the honour of their country. They do not wish to smell powder only on parade grounds or in reviews. Indeed! Try them. Say to the fearful, "If you wish, you can go home." How many would seize the opportunity! Now of the thirty-two thousand twenty-two thousand fled. The contingent of chicken hearts is always large. General Gordon of Georgia said that at Appomattox he saw a young fellow running away from the battle at the top of his speed, and stopped him. "What are you running away for?" demanded the general. "Because I can't fly!" shouted the lad, and away he went. There are always to be found cowards who consider that the fighting line is a place in which a self-respecting man should not be found.

But of the ten thousand that remained the Lord said, "Still too many!" They were marched to the pool of Harod. Those who knelt down to drink were set aside; the three hundred that lapped the water, "as a dog lappeth" were the selected few by whom God would deliver Israel. Never repeat the Napoleonic lie that "God is always on the side of the big battalions." He is not. In the moral warfare, in the battles for Christ, the heroes of the Cross have always been in a minority. They are so to-day. It is yet three hundred against ten thousand.

Gideon explained the Divine plan. The three hundred were to make the attack. The ten thousand were to keep their place and await further orders. So it was. So it is. Different posts are given to the Lord's valiants; but everyone appointed by Him has a post of honour.

The night set in. In the valley of Jezreel—lovely country, fertile land, beautiful seclusion of Palestine—were pitched the tents of the Midianites. Those men slept their last sleep. That charming country was that night deluged with blood.

Gideon, with his scout, had paid a midnight visit to the enemy's camp. He listened to the sentries in their talk. They talked too

much. He profited by it. Soldiers in the field must be careful. News from the front may tell tactics to the foe.

Gideon returned to his men in glee. He fixed their positions. He gave his orders. Each man was to carry under his left arm a pitcher; each pitcher was to contain a torch. In each man's right hand he was to carry a trumpet. For awhile in that dark night they stood on the hillside above the Midianite lines, motionless, silent, watchful, waiting for the signal. Below, in tents and camp, lay the sleeping Arabs, unsuspecting and seemingly safe, the stillness broken only by sentry-tread or hushed voices of watchers.

But when all was ready the signal was given. Gideon blew his trumpet. In an instant three hundred pitchers were dashed to the ground and broken; three hundred torches flashed out their light; three hundred trumpets sounded with a terrifying blast; three hundred men rushed toward the camp; three hundred voices shouted "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

The Midianites awoke in confusion. They imagined vain things: men do when they awake in the night. They mistook friend for foe. Midianite killed Midianite, so that throughout the host thousands were killed by their own comrades.

It must have been an awful sight next morning. Men speak of the glory of war. Let them think of the havoc. They write and talk of heroic acts, brave deeds, reputations made, and victories won. Let them reflect on the other side—of the many dear lads over whose death mothers weep, and of the men mourned by wives and children. The thrilling and graphic history of war makes sad reading. Blood makes bad writing ink.

After the battle the Midianites fled, leaving their wounded, their dying, and their dead. They struck for the fords of Jordan and their native wilderness; but one hundred and twenty thousand had been killed.

Gideon pursued the fleeing remnant. The fierce men of Ephraim joined in the pursuit and in the final battle. They were successful. They captured and slew the two chief sheikhs, Oreb, called "The Raven," and Zeeb, called "The Wolf." Then they made their complaint. They asked why Gideon had not given them a place in the great fight. They were a haughty tribe. But by a soft word he pacified them. "What could I do in comparison with you? Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-ezer? Have not you in your gleaning taken the princes, destroyed the leaders, captured and slain the chieftains?"

There are some lessons of great value suggested by this old-world story and by the text.

I. The victory was the Lord's, and not of Ephraim or Abi-ezer.

There is our hope for the present and the future. In moral warfare, in spiritual work, in effort for social improvement or religious revival, we depend for success only on the Lord.

One of the great sins of this day is that men do not recognise God. They speak of laws, which are His ways of working, as if they were not God Himself really and essentially at work.

The three hundred could not have won the battle with their lamps and trumpets and shouts. It was the Lord's doing.

Nor is there any excuse in this for the indolent Christian who says, "If that be so, I will leave Him to accomplish His purpose without any effort on my part." That is absurd. He chooses to work by human agency, and we must be labourers together with Him. The ancient fable-writer teaches on this subject. He says that a teamster whose wagon was stuck in the mud, seeing Jupiter Omnipotens riding by on the chariot of the clouds, dropped on his knees and implored his help. "Get up, O lazy one," said Jupiter, "clear away the mud, put your shoulder to the wheel, and whip up your horses." We need not pray for Divine interference to save ourselves from the performance of duty. We must do our own work; but, even when that is done, the victory is the Lord's, not ours.

II. These men of Ephraim had been successful in capturing the leaders of Midian. That is the point of Gideon's proverb-like utterance of the text. "What if the men of my own tribe and set were in the thick of the fight? They seized neither 'The Raven' nor 'The Wolf,' the Arab leaders, but you did; and is not your gleaning better than our vintage?"

Is not this often so? Now and then, by some one blessed incident, men accomplish greater work than others do even after years of earnest, honest toil. Such a man's gleaning is better than his neighbour's vintage. One Sunday morning, a local preacher of no special mark preached a sermon under which Charles Haddon Spurgeon was converted. Hundreds of abler preachers, abler scholars, preached that day; their vintages were wide, their grapes were plentiful and luscious; but what of that? Was not the gleaning of that unknown local preacher better than the vintage of them all?

III. In practical life the truth is often illustrated.

It is sometimes realised only after a long, bitter experience.

Early home had been left; mother-love had been despised; the prodigal travelled far, and sought his friends, joy, satisfaction among strangers. But when affection had been squandered where it found no response, when trust had been betrayed, when disappointment was intense, the deceived one was thrown back on the early love that had been cast off, on the family affection that had been despised; to find that, after all, the old is better than the new, and the gleaning of Ephraim than the vintage of Abi-ezer—that the true love of a constant heart, even if the purse be poor and the face homely, is better than the unreality of the human butterfly or the fascination of the brilliant hollow-heart.

IV. The text suggests that quality is of more value and importance than quantity.

One of the financial journals announced that the Czar of Russia has one estate that is three times as large as all England. But it also said that one acre of ground in the City of London is worth more than three hundred million acres in the steppes of Russia. The Russian estate yields £96,000 a year, the acre near the Mansion House has a rental of £100,000.

So it is in the experience of the human heart and life. A man's wealth "consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth," but in the quality. Without gold, jewels, houses, lands, flocks or worldly greatness, the soul may be better off and richer with the gems that belong to high character. The gleaning there may be better than a vintage.

V. The text contains a lesson of encouragement with reference to the growth and development of character.

This is often secured less by great efforts and striking and dramatic incidents in life than by those little things that influence us, and mould our character, making it beautiful and fragrant.

The gleanings from many small gardens of Scilly, Guernsey, and France furnish Covent Garden market with the cut flowers that decorate and beautify London houses and banquets. These gleanings are precious, remunerative, profitable to those who send them, and a great contribution to the beauty, adornment, and perfume of the world.

Human life is like that in many ways. Character is so enriched. Christian manhood and Christian womanhood grow by small incidents well used; by little restraints, slight self-denials; deeds that seem insignificant if taken alone. These belong to a field the gleaning of which is very fruitful, and illustrate the truth that the gleaning of Ephraim is better than the vintage of Abi-ezer.

The thought may be extended from individual life to church work. The gleaning from poor homes, humble life, Christian service in village churches and small schools has enriched the church mightily, sometimes more so than the reaping in larger fields, greater vintages.

VI. But with splendid opportunities, some people get neither the greater vintages nor even the gleanings.

They live amid splendid opportunities but are not enriched by them. Careless, tactless, indifferent, and indolent, they make nothing out of life. I once knew a Wesleyan minister who, happily for the Methodists, left them long ago, who had six tons of books in his library. That was a heavy load to remove every three years, but one of his church officials said, "I would gladly pay the cost of the removal, if we got any of the benefit in the pulpit; but we don't." No; he lived among six tons of books, and he was a poor incompetent. There are many such. They live in the midst of privileges, but they reap no fields, they gather no gleanings. What a caution they are for youths!

VII. The text is suggestive of the great truth that the blessings of the Christian life exceed all other good.

There is other good. It is well to seek it. The treasures of literature, art, science, are wonderful. The attainments of intellectual culture are wonderful. The achievements of commercial enterprise are wonderful. The enjoyments of human life are wonderful. They are great vintages. Good men do well to reap in them.

But these are temporal, and either they pass away or we leave them.

But in the religion of Jesus Christ we have the richest treasures; in our experience of it we have lasting satisfaction, and in its results and rewards eternal salvation. Verily, the mere gleaning of its grapes is better than any great vintage.

Indeed, the gleaning of the gleanings of Christ's religion is good; is better than the vintage of all else in the world.



The Son of God goes forth to War.

Words by BISHOP HEBER.

Music by the REV. W. H. BLISS, M.A., MUS.B.
(Vicar of Kew and Hon. Chaplain to the King).

UNISON. *Stately; not too fast.* HARMONY.



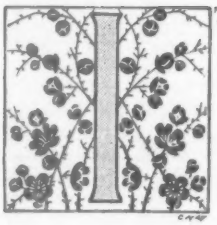
3. *f* A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane,
p They bowed their necks, the death to feel;
f Who follows in their train?

4. *f* A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.
They climb'd the steep ascent of Heav'n,
dim. rall. Through peril, toil, and pain;
p O God, to us may grace be given
cr. rall. To follow in their train. Amen.

A GILDED SIXPENCE.

A Complete Story by John K. Leys.

I.



IT was a brilliant day in June, and the Vicar was giving a garden party. Some of the guests were playing tennis, some croquet; some were resting under the big cedar on the lawn, and some were strolling about.

Miss Hodson, a tall, angular spinster clad in antique raiment, was marching along one of the gravel paths, on her arm a gentle-looking girl of eighteen. Dorothy Primrose was one of the prettiest girls in Market Crosby, and perhaps the sweetest-tempered girl in England. The two were at first sight comically unlike, but they were great friends. Just at that moment they were approaching a small group on the lawn. The Vicar was the centre of the group. Opposite him stood a girl rather taller than Dorothy, and even prettier than she, though in another style of beauty. Dorothy was brown, soft, gentle, with eyes like those of a spaniel; Laura was bright and winsome, with fair hair that clustered in ringlets over her pure white forehead, and light blue eyes. Laura Delamere had only been three months at Market Crosby, and already she was a person of some consideration—which was but natural, seeing that she was the niece and reputed heiress of Silas Brooke, of Crosby Hall, the most considerable landowner of the district.

As Miss Hodson and her companion approached the little knot of people the Vicar was saying—

"I assure you, Miss Delamere, I consider you quite an acquisition in the parish. It must be a great thing to a careworn working man's wife to have a lady taking an interest in her—someone to whom she can tell all her troubles, great and small."

"But you know I haven't much money to give away, Mr. Sanderson," said the girl with a little rippling laugh. "You know I am really very poor."

Her poverty must have been of a very nice and dainty kind, one might have thought, judging from her Paris-made hat and her expensive costume; but this did not occur either to the Vicar or to a stalwart young fellow standing close to her and devouring her with his eyes.

"Sympathy, my dear young lady, sympathy is what the poor really need and really appreciate, not money. Money only pauperises them."

"I have always felt that in my work among the poor," said Miss Delamere gently.

Sniff!

The sniff proceeded from Miss Hodson, and was so expressive of derision and contempt that the young lady stopped and coloured slightly, while Dorothy hurried her friend away lest she should give vent to her sentiments in a still more unmistakable fashion.

"Humbug!" exclaimed the spinster, when she was barely out of hearing. "*Her* work among the poor! I should like to know how much her sympathy would fetch in the market! Oh, you needn't say 'Hush,' Dolly. I know the sort. 'May I come in, Mrs. Pugh?—Oh, I see you are all in a mess, so I won't come in. No, I can't sit down; I haven't a moment. Your husband still out of work? How strange! I'm afraid he can't *want* it very much. What's that you say? One of the children ill upstairs? *I* go up! I think it is very thoughtless of you to ask me, when you don't know whether it is not something infectious. Besides, I haven't time. But I don't mind calling at the doctor's and asking him to come and see the child. Good-day. I haven't another minute!'"

"Oh! do hush, dear Miss Hodson. They will hear you." And it seemed as if her fear were well founded, for glancing over her shoulder she saw the stalwart young man gazing after them with an expression of ferocity on his countenance. Dorothy's hand trembled a little as it lay on her friend's arm. She felt almost as guilty as her companion.

"Hear me? What do I care? It will do her good to hear the truth about herself for once. The way the Vicar (who ought to know better) and all the young men flatter that girl is perfectly sickening. But she is not true metal. A gilded sixpence, that's what I call her, Dolly. And you will see that I am right."

Dorothy sighed. What did it matter to her whether Miss Delamere was a gilded sixpence or genuine gold, so long as Tom followed her about everywhere and worshipped the very ground she walked on? Tom never came now for a cup of tea in the evening, never sat with her on the bench under the lilac tree in the old garden, never stopped to speak to her when by chance they met in the High Street. Her little romantic dream was being scattered like a mist in the morning.

XUM

And she was to have seen him, if possible, that day, to ask him, on behalf of her aunt, Miss Clementina Patten, if he would beg his uncle, Gregory Brooke, to whom he was articled, to say a word to Squire Brooke about the renewing of the lease of her house in the High Street. This was a very important matter for Aunt Clem, as a great part of her income was derived from letting lodgings in the large low-rented house where she had lived for half a century. She was an invalid, and Dorothy helped in the house work, kept all the accounts, and gave music lessons in the afternoon, so that she had rather a busy, not to say a hard, life of it.

She kept on the watch all the afternoon, but never got a chance to get a word with Tom, who not so long ago was perfectly contented to be by her side. If Lawyer Brooke—he was a Brooke, too, as Tom himself was, being his nephew; all the folks at Market Crosby were Brookes, or Pattens, or Willoughbys—if Lawyer Brooke would not say a word for her aunt, the lease would fall in without being renewed, and Aunt Clem and she would be thrown on the world. Yet she could not write to him about it, much less make a direct effort to see him.

When she could stay no longer she went out at the Vicarage gates, and went slowly along the white road, half hoping that Tom might overtake her. But, on looking round, she saw his tall figure in close proximity to a white silk sunshade that she knew only too well. He and the sunshade were proceeding in the direction of the Hall. Dorothy choked down a sob and walked on, her sweet little face white and drawn-looking. Surely, she thought to herself, life was dreary—very dreary.



"A few minutes later she was seated by her uncle's bedside."—*p.* 674.

II.

THE months went by, then autumn came, then November. It was going to be a hard winter, everybody said. Already the fields were white every morning, and there was a feeling of snow in the air.

Laura Delamere, closely wrapped in a warm fur-trimmed jacket, passed like a sunbeam down the High Street. Tom saw her from his window, and made up his mind that he would no longer live in the torment of uncertainty. He would speak out that very day. He threw on his hat and overcoat and left the room.

Half an hour later the young man and the girl were walking side by side down a woodland path that led from the town to Crosby Hall, a good two miles away.

"You know what is in my heart, Laura," he was saying. "You know that I have loved you ever since I first caught sight of you in church. Indeed, it is presumptuous of me to speak to you of love—you are so far above me in every way; and, besides, I have no prospect beyond that of being a country lawyer like my uncle, while you will one day be a very wealthy woman."

"Please don't say those things, Mr.——Well, Tom. If you only knew how it pains me!"

"What pains you?" cried Tom, his honest eyes wide open with astonishment.

"As if it could ever make the *slightest* difference to me which of us was rich and which of us was poor."

Tom looked at her admiringly and went on—

"What I implore you to do is to give me an answer at once. I really can bear the suspense no longer. After all, it is very simple; only to tell me plainly whether you can love me or not. If only you could love me with a thousandth part of the love I have for you!"

There was no answer. Some steps were taken in silence, and then Tom looked at his companion in such a way as to force her to raise her eyes to his. To his amazement they were full of tears.

"What have I said—oh! what have I said to vex you, my own Laura?" he cried in dismay.

"To vex me? Nothing."

"Then why are you crying?"

"If I was crying—I wasn't really, was I?—it was only that you should think me so hard-hearted, so callous——"

"*I* think you hard-hearted, callous! Oh, how *can* you imagine such a thing?"

"So hard-hearted as to think of—of love and so on when we are in such trouble."

"You—in trouble! And you never told me! What is it?"

"It is about my uncle. He caught a chill the day before yesterday, and, of course, I am very anxious about him."

"But a chill, that is, a cold—he'll get over it all right," said Tom bluntly.

"How can we tell? At his age one should be prepared—I mean, one can't help feeling anxious—anyone that *loves* him, I mean. And the doctor says he is afraid of pneumonia setting in. Now, I must ask you to leave me, Mr. Br——Well, Tom, if you insist. It is not far now. Really, I am rather upset, and I should like to be alone."

She gave him her little hand with a manner that there was no mistaking, and Tom was forced to leave her.

She went on rapidly till she came to a gate that opened into an avenue of limes, and this led her into the shrubbery that surrounded the old Hall.

A few minutes later she was seated by her uncle's bedside, holding his thin, bloodless fingers in her soft, warm hand.

"I think," said the old man, in a weak, quavering voice, "I think I remember hearing you say that we ought to consider wealth as a trust to be held for the benefit of others—a sacred trust I think you called it."

"Yes, uncle. So I do."

"I thought I hadn't been mistaken. Well, my dear, now that I am getting to be an old man, I begin to think that you may be right. And I have thought of a plan by which you could carry out your principles in a very pleasant way. Will you tell Johnson that I want him to go over to the town to-morrow morning, and tell Lawyer Brooke that I would be obliged if he would step over in the course of the day? Nay, my child, what need is there for this?"

Laura was holding his hand in a convulsive clasp, and sobbing over it.

"Don't send for Mr. Brooke, uncle, not just now, at any rate."

"Why not? I want to make my will."

"But that means that you think you are going to die, and—and I can't bear to think of your dying and leaving me. What should I do without you?"

"Don't be foolish, child. Signing my will won't make me the more likely to die."

"No, perhaps not. But it makes you think of death, and so depresses you. And it is so important for you to be kept cheerful. Dr. Dewlay said so. Promise me that you won't see Mr. Gregory Brooke till you are quite well again."

"My dear, I am not too ill to see him, and I think it better for him to come to-morrow," said the Squire in the quiet voice which, as Laura knew very well, admitted of no contradiction, open or covert.

Next day he was rather worse. The message had been duly sent, and in the afternoon

Mr. Gregory Brooke, the solicitor, made his appearance at the Hall. He expected that Miss Delamere would come forward to receive him, but she was not visible. The reason was this.

Communicating with the Squire's bedroom was a dressing-room which he never used. The door between the two rooms was generally kept locked, and a light wardrobe in the Squire's room was placed against it. The wardrobe did not quite touch the door itself, being kept away from it by the skirting board, as well as by the frame of the door itself. This door Laura unlocked at an early hour in the morning, when she knew her uncle was asleep; and she was now standing with felt slippers on her feet, behind the door.

When she heard the steps of the lawyer in the passage outside, she swiftly turned the handle of the door, and opened it about half an inch. A moment later the voices of lawyer and Squire fell with tolerable distinctness on her ear.

"Now we'd better get to business," said the old man, when greetings had been shortly exchanged. "You've got pen and ink there? That's right. Well, I've been thinking that I've not done much good with my money during my life, and it might be as well if I did some good with it after my death. There's no one I need to consider except my niece, and I may say I have her approval for what I am about to do."

A queer smile flitted across the old man's mouth as he said this, and the lawyer, glancing up at him, scarcely knew whether he was serious or not. But there could be no doubt that his next words were spoken in sober earnest.

"My old will is in my writing-desk at your elbow, Mr. Brooke. Just open the desk and give it to me, will you?"

He took the will and tore it into several pieces.

"Put these into the fire, please," he said. "Yes, I know the new will would revoke the old one," but the new will isn't made yet, you see.

"I haven't much in the way of stocks and shares," continued the Squire. "Whenever I had any money I always bought more land. And now it has got to be sold, every acre of it, and every stone and stick upon it, save this house and the grounds. The house is to be kept as a kind of convalescent home and refuge for governesses and other ladies of small means, when they are sick, or old, or out of employment. And the money that comes from the sale of the farms is to be a fund for the endowment of the home, except the sum of three thousand pounds, which is to go to my niece, Laura Delamere."

The sick man's voice came to a stop, and nothing was to be heard but the scratching of the lawyer's pen, a sound too faint to reach the ears of the girl who stood listening behind the concealed door. Her little hands were clenched, her face was white to the lips. Eagerly she bent her head to catch the next words that should come from the Squire's lips. But it was the lawyer who spoke next.

"I hope you won't think it impertinent of me," he said, evidently with some hesitation, "if I mention the name of Miss Clementina Patten. She has a lease from you of a large house in the High Street. The lease is on the point of expiring, and I am bound to say that she has the house at a very low rent. It is her chief—in fact, I may say almost her only—means of support, as she lets furnished lodgings throughout the summer, and there is a great demand for them since the railway was opened. She has asked me, through my nephew, to beg for a renewal of the lease, even at an increased rent. Now, under these instructions to your trustees, the house must be sold. I hope you will excuse my mentioning it."

The Squire did not answer for perhaps a minute, and the lawyer was beginning to think that he had offended him, when he said suddenly—

"Clementina Patten! Clem, we used to call her. Dear me, those old days, how they come back to me now! And Clem wants a lease of her house. Well, she shall have it. She shan't be turned out. Or, I say, why not make over the house and garden to her as a legacy? She'd like that. She'd like to know that I thought of her at the last. Yes, let her have the house and garden as they are, in memory of our old friendship—mind you put that in.

"Have you got that down? Well, I should like you to be one of the trustees, and the Vicar another, and you and he can nominate the others. And each is to have a thousand pounds for his trouble. And I should like you to appoint Miss Delamere the first matron——"

A cry of anger and dismay rose to the girl's lips and struggled for utterance. She very nearly betrayed herself.

Softly she stole over the boards to the window, and stood there looking out on the wintry landscape without seeing it. To think that the patient and subtle flattery with which she had regaled her uncle for nine months should have had no better result than this! A legacy of three thousand pounds, a beggarly income of something like a hundred and twenty pounds a year, and the offer of becoming matron of a home! It was maddening.

After a time a shudder passed through her body. It was bitterly cold. Silently she crept to the door, but she did not dare to open it, for she did not know whether the lawyer was gone, and she did not wish to encounter him in the passage. As she hesitated his voice reached her ears. Three steps took her to the back of the other, the concealed door, and she heard him without difficulty.

"It will want very careful drafting," he was saying, "and it would not be wise for me to attempt it myself. We must instruct an equity draughtsman."

"But that will take time—a long time," came in feeble, querulous tones from the sick bed.

"Not so long. I will tell my agents that the matter is very urgent, and instruct them to offer a special fee for expedition. An equity draughtsman is just as much alive to the merit of a special fee as a head waiter at a restaurant," the solicitor added with a chuckle.

"And when will the will be ready for signature?"

"Let me see—this is Tuesday. Um—um—on Friday morning, or on Saturday at latest."

Laura could not catch the exact words that were said in answer to this. Judging from the reply, they must have been a protest against the delay.

"Very well," the lawyer said in rejoinder. "I pledge myself to lay a will of some kind before you on Saturday at the latest."

Laura did not wait to hear more. She stole to the dressing-room door, opened it without noise, and, gliding with soft steps along the corridor, reached her own room before the lawyer had finished his leave-taking.

III.

ON Wednesday and Thursday the Squire remained in much the same state. On Friday he was worse; two nurses were in constant attendance.

It seemed to Laura that it was possible, just possible, that her dream of becoming a great heiress might, after all, be realised. The Squire might die before the new will was signed, and she knew that she was his next-of-kin. When Friday passed and brought no will, she told herself that there was ground for hope.

At ten on Saturday morning Dr. Dewlay called, and remained for some time in the sick room. As he left the house Laura met him, and in answer to her inquiry he said that the Squire was in a very precarious state.

"I fear the end is very near, now," he added. "Indeed, I scarcely expect him to outlive the day. At his age one has no right to look for miraculous recoveries. I beg your pardon? Oh, yes, he has the full possession of his faculties, if that is what you mean. But he must be kept free from everything in the shape of worry. That goes without saying. And that reminds me: your uncle told me that he expects a visit from his lawyer this afternoon."

"He can't be well enough for that!" exclaimed Laura.

"He is not strong enough to discuss business matters, but I understand that all Mr. Gregory Brooke wants is his signature. That need not do him any harm, but pray let the interview be as short as possible. Good-morning. I will call again between four and five."

Half an hour later Laura heard one of the nurses give an order to the butler to the effect that Mr. Gregory Brooke was to be taken upstairs the moment he arrived.

So it was all settled! There was no idea of relenting in the Squire's mind. Nothing she could do, Laura told herself, could hinder or defer for a moment the perpetration of what her egotism led her to believe was a profound injustice. She could not prevent the lawyer from going up to the sick room, nor could she make the Squire change his mind. The will, she told herself, was as good as signed.

And yet she watched, hour after hour, for the coming of the solicitor, with as much pertinacity as if she could prevent the execution of the will by some magic word. And as hour after hour passed a little flicker of hope danced before her eyes. Surely, she thought, there must be a hitch somewhere.

A little before four o'clock she was standing at the library window, still watching for the appearance of the lawyer between the leafless trees of the avenue. Suddenly she started and bent forward eagerly. She had caught sight of a man on foot toiling through the snow. But this was not the man she had expected to see. It was not the burly figure of the middle-aged lawyer, but the tall, slim form of his nephew that was bending against the icy wind.

The girl sprang back, her lips parted in her excitement, the bright colour coming and going in her cheeks, her palms pressed tightly together.

Another moment and she had made up her mind. Flying across the room, she opened a cupboard, and took out the bottle of port and piece of cake with which the doctor was wont to refresh himself when more substantial fare was not required, and placed them on a low table by the fire. Then she stirred the fire into a brighter blaze, and wheeled up two low chairs, leaving them not far apart. Then back to the window, from which she could see that the visitor was now not far off. In an



"'Burn that thing you have in your hand.'"—*p.* 678.

instant she was in the silent hall, and had sped with light feet to the porch, which was protected by a door of thick opaque glass. She opened this and closed it behind her, and then opened the great oaken door of the house itself. Scarcely had she accomplished this when her lover looked up and saw her standing there to meet him, a smile of welcome on her face.

"Come in here," she said, leading him to the door of the room she had just left. The soft sheen of the lamp and the ruddy glow of the fire were most enticing after the cold and dreariness outside. Tom took off his thick overcoat, from the pocket of which he drew a large blue envelope, and followed her into the room.

"Let me pour you out a glass of wine; you will need it after your cold walk," she said, suiting the action to the word.

He thanked her, and drank it standing. "I had better see the Squire at once," he said. "My uncle met with a slight accident this afternoon, slipped on the pavement and sprained his ankle, so he sent me instead, and told me it was very urgent that I should see the Squire and get him to sign this as soon as possible."

"Sit down, and I will go and see if he is awake," said Laura, and as he obeyed her she poured out another glass of port and placed it at his elbow. Then she glided out of the room.

Ten minutes passed and Laura returned, saying that her uncle was asleep, and it seemed a pity to disturb him.

"I must see him as soon as he is awake," said Tom.

"Oh, of course. But you have not taken your wine, though I poured it out for you myself."

He took the glass, with a smile of thanks, and they began to talk. The girl talked volubly, but the young man answered her rather at random. His thoughts were evidently elsewhere.

"Laura," he said abruptly, "can't you give me an answer to the question I asked you the other day? You don't know how miserable the uncertainty makes me."

"Oh, not now! While poor uncle is so ill I can't think of anything else! Besides, my mind is all in confusion. Don't you see that the unjust will he is going to make alters everything!"

"But you are not mercenary, Laura! You told me yourself that you don't care for money. And, after all, this will puts us more on a level. I confess I was rather glad when I heard of it—glad for my own sake, of course—for it seemed to bring you nearer to me."

"How could you be so foolish? We couldn't marry on three thousand pounds, and that is all the new will gives me."

"But I hope to make a good income at my profession. You forget that."

"Oh, that may not be for years and years!"

There was a short silence.

"If it had not been for this great injustice!" she sighed.

"Would you have married me, Laura?"

The answer was a look—a look that made the young man's brain dizzy and his heart sick with longing. The glance with which he replied misled her. Bending over towards him, she whispered—"Are you willing to risk something for my sake?"

"I would do anything for your sake. You know that!"

"Then burn it! Burn that thing you have in your hand, which is to turn me into a beggar!"

"Laura! You can't be serious!"

She burst into a laugh—a laugh with more meanings than one. It fulfilled her purpose. She succeeded in mystifying him.

At that moment the door opened and a nurse appeared.

"Mr. Brooke is very anxious that the gentleman he is expecting should be sent up as soon as he arrives. He insisted on my coming down to say so!"

Tom sprang to his feet.

"It is not you my uncle means," said Laura calmly. "Please sit down." Scarcely knowing what he did, or why, he obeyed her. "Please tell my uncle, with my dear love," she said to the nurse, "that I have already given orders about it to the servants, but I will see to it myself."

As soon as the door had closed behind the nurse Tom was on his feet.

"I must go up to him! He is awake. The nurse said so."

"No, you are mistaken. Those orders were given some time ago."

"But I must go up and see for myself," he said, in a voice hoarse with emotion.

"No, no, not yet—not just yet, I beseech you! Won't you think of what this means to me—to both of us. It should not done be in a hurry. Do sit down and let me speak to you. This hateful poverty is the only obstacle between us. If only it could be removed! And if you would allow me to persuade my uncle to take another night to think over it——"

"But it is my duty to go up at once."

"Indeed, I don't think so. At any rate, it can do no harm to hear what I have to say."

He sat down, hating himself for his own weakness. But it would have seemed so rude to go just then, when she was pleading so hard for a few moments' delay! A few minutes—he swore to himself it should not be more—could make no difference. And he would like to persuade her that his honour was really involved in this matter; that if he did

not please her, it was because he could not honourably do so. He wished to remove from her mind the false pretences under which she seemed to be labouring.

They talked for more than a few minutes. Imperceptibly, pleading for honour became pleading for himself.

"Is there only this wretched money question between us, Laura?"

"Only that," she whispered. He sighed.

"But, darling, if you really loved me, you would be as jealous for my honour——"

He stopped. He heard far off the loud ringing of the bell that announced a visitor. Laura sprang to the door, and, holding it open half an inch, listened. Tom looked at his watch, and started with consternation to find he had been there nearly an hour.

"It is the doctor," said Laura, softly closing the door.

"Then I must go upstairs now—at once."

"Oh, but the doctor is already half way up the stairs. We must wait till he comes down, and he will be able to tell you whether my uncle is fit to transact business."

This seemed only reasonable, but the young man's conscience hit him hard. He scarcely knew whether he ought to invade the sick man's room while the doctor was there, even on so important an errand. He sat down and waited. From time to time Laura threw in a word, but he scarcely answered her.

At length the door opened, and the doctor's bulky form appeared. He stared on seeing Tom.

"You here?" he exclaimed. "Mr. Brooke has been asking for your uncle for the last hour and more."

"I have come in his place. I will go up now," said Tom, blushing furiously. The doctor stopped him with a gesture.

"Young man, it is too late. He is dead."

IV.

TOM rushed out of the house without a word to either the doctor or Laura. His shame, his disgrace, seemed more than he could bear and live. To have been trusted in a matter of such importance, and to have betrayed his trust so shamefully! He did not stop to consider how far Laura Delamere was to blame for the catastrophe, or how far she was in earnest when she asked him to destroy the will, but he had an uneasy feeling that he had been duped. One thing he knew: that if he had done his duty the will would have been signed, and the distressed ladies whom the Squire had wished to relieve would have had the money assured to them. Now it was lost to them for ever, and through his fault!

The next day was Sunday. Tom did not go out. He felt as if every man and woman who looked at him would know his shame. But in the afternoon it occurred to him that it was possible that Miss Delamere might waive her rights in favour of the poor governesses who were to have been the objects of the Squire's charity. It was a forlorn hope, but he told himself that it ought to be tried.

In the afternoon he went up to the Hall and asked for Laura. She sent down a message that she could see no one that day.

He then wrote a note to her, imploring her to see him, if it were only for a moment. For answer he got a scrap of paper on which was scrawled: "It is cruel of you to wish to see me to-day."

He then wrote a second note, suggesting briefly that the will the Squire had not signed should be allowed to take effect, so far as she had it in her power to make it effective. "That is the only thing," he added, "that can wipe from my conscience the guilt that stained it last night. Will you not do this act of justice? I ask it as much for my own sake as for the sake of those whom I have injured."

To this he got no answer. He waited half an hour, and sent up another message. A servant came down and said, "Miss Delamere says your note does not require any reply."

Tom's face turned very white, as he wheeled round and marched out of the house without a word.

He had to be at the office next morning, and report to his uncle what he had done. From this there was no escape; but it took every particle of the courage the young man possessed to walk into the big room where his uncle was sitting in a great arm-chair, his foot propped up in another.

"I hope your sprain is better, sir," he said; and he thought his uncle looked at him very curiously. "Surely," he said to himself, "he knows all about it."

"The Squire is dead," the lawyer said gravely. "Did you get his will signed?"

"No, sir. I did not. I shall repent it all my life——" He was forced to stop, for he had lost all command of his voice. His uncle still looked at him in a persistent and very curious way.

"Why did you not go up to his room the moment you got to the Hall?"

"They told me he was asleep, and must not be disturbed. But I ought to have ascertained for myself. I don't wish to blame anyone but myself. Oh, if you only knew how I feel about it! Tell me, sir: do you think that if I worked very hard all my life I could ever save enough to make good the harm that I have done?"

XUM

"I fear not. But the will not having been executed, and the Squire having destroyed his former will, he died intestate. You know who inherits the personalty?"

"Miss Delamere, of course."

"Just so, and as there is only about four thousand pounds of personal property, the non-signing of the will does not make much difference to her. A more important question is—Who is the heir-at-law?"

"I haven't the least idea, unless it is Laura—Miss Delamere, that is."

"Do you mean that, Tom?"

"Mean it? Of course I do," cried Tom, looking surprised.

"Will you swear to me that you have not the smallest suspicion who inherits the Squire's real estate?"

"Swear it? Of course I will. How should I know anything about it?"

"Tom, my boy, I believe you. And that doctor may say what he likes."

"But what does he say?" Tom flushed as he said this, for he remembered the strange look—almost a look of accusation—Dr. Dewlay had bent on him when he entered the library.

"He says—or he hints—what he had better keep to himself in future."

"Uncle, I give you my word I don't understand one word or syllable of what you are saying."

"Well, the fact is Dewlay was in my house last Friday, and we were talking about the Squire, who were his nearest relations, and so forth. We had no idea that anything could come of it, for, at that time, as you know, there was no doubt that the new will would be signed. Well, we made out, easily enough, that if your father, my eldest brother, had lived, he would have been the Squire's heir-at-law, and that consequently the real estate falls to his son, Thomas Enderby Brooke—to yourself, my boy!"

"Oh, thank God! Oh, thank God with all my heart!" And, quite unable to control his feelings, the young man sank into a chair, put his elbows on the table and sobbed aloud.

"I can make it up now, sir," he said, as soon as he could speak. "I can make it up to those poor ladies, the governesses, you know. You don't know how wretched I have been, or what a cad I have felt! But I will make it up to them. The Squire's will shall be carried out exactly as if he had signed it."

"Do you mean this, Tom?"

"What do you take me for, sir?"

"That's my own good lad. And Miss Patten?"

"I will convey the house and garden to her as soon as the deeds can be prepared."

V.

TOM'S intentions as regards the home for governesses were swiftly carried out, but a difficulty arose with respect to the bequest to Miss Clementina Patten. That good lady did not live long to enjoy the good fortune that came to her. Before the property was conveyed to her she died, leaving all she possessed to Dorothy. And Dorothy steadfastly refused to accept the legacy. She said it would be taking a gift from young Mr. Brooke, and that she could not do.

Tom's uncle, the Vicar, and various other well-meaning people argued with her in vain. And at last Tom's uncle told him that he must go himself and see what he could do. It was a task Tom cared little for, but one evening in May he braced up his courage and went.

Dorothy, looking sweeter than ever, and wonderfully pretty in her simple black dress, was sitting under the lilac tree in the garden. She met him with a smile. He sat down beside her on the garden seat, and tried to show her that the restitution he had made would be incomplete unless she consented to take what the Squire intended her aunt to have. She smiled and thanked him, but would not budge an inch. Tom had to go as he came.

A week later he went again to see Dorothy. And this time he said to her, "Dorothy, will you take the house, and take me with it? It is the only way."

But again she shook her head,

"Why, Dorothy?" he asked softly. "I once thought you cared for me."

"And I once thought you cared for me. But look into your own heart. It will tell you that you do not really love me."

And in the light of those calm eyes, where truth had made her home, the lad was dumb.

"If I ever can say truthfully, Dorothy, that I have outlived the past, and that my heart is yours——?"

"You can come to me then," she whispered. "But you must be very sure."

Three years went by, and then Tom came again, and it must be presumed that the little woman was satisfied, for Tom's children and hers play at hide and seek in the big garden. Their "home" is the bench under the lilac tree.

"THE OPEN DOOR" IN THE MISSION FIELD.

BEARING DIVINE LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

By A. Wallis Myers.

THERE is a brighter outlook over the mission field to-day than ever. The way to spheres of evangelical influence which ten years ago were sorrowfully regarded as inaccessible has suddenly been opened, and in them agents of the Gospel, fearless and determined, are reaping a rich harvest of souls hitherto darkened in heathenism.

But though much has been accomplished, a great deal more is to be attempted in the near future. With the advance of civilisation, the frequent discovery of new tracts of populated land, the construction of railways, and the onward march of commercial traders, wide possibilities for new Christian enterprise are dawning rapidly. The "open door" clearly presents itself. Egress through it to other "promised lands" has been rendered easier in many cases by surveying and exploring work of the missionaries themselves: bearers of the good tidings that have bestowed lasting benefits on the civilised world—and not spiritual benefits alone—by their geographical exploits.

Peace in South Africa has naturally set the pulse of the missionary societies beating with hope, and they are looking forward to that bright and glorious day when the whole of its vast territory shall be evangelised. A work of great magnitude, it must take years to accomplish; yet the auguries of success at the present time are auspicious, as will be seen.

As soon as the war was at an end, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which labours in a field from Capetown to the Zambesi, promoted a "Peace Thanksgiving Fund for South



A RAILWAY MISSION COACH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Africa," which at the time of writing amounts to nearly £10,000. This fund is to be devoted to extending the Gospel in fresh areas. "We are prepared," says Bishop Montgomery, "to do all that God calls us to do, to pour clergy into South Africa, to develop missions everywhere, and to make the fullest use of these fruitful and solemn times."

It is the opinion of the wisest observers that the Transvaal is to be the greatest seed plot of Christianity in South Africa, the scene of a rush of miners and business men from all parts of the world, the home of tens of thousands of natives, and also of thousands of returned Boer prisoners. In short, the S.P.G. feels that the way at this moment is lying open for them throughout the Orange River Colony, the Transvaal, and the whole of Rhodesia right up to the Zambesi. In Lord Milner the society has a warm friend, who is advising them direct from Pretoria on mission problems. Speaking at a large public meeting in Capetown, the High Commissioner referred to the S.P.G. as a "great, world-wide potent religious agency," which year after year has carried on its "ever-widening, unobtrusive, penetrating work." It has been repeatedly demonstrated that civilisation and progress among the natives are due in a great measure to mission work; there is no crime to speak of amongst the Christian natives of Zululand. Therefore the missions feel that their great opportunity is now at hand. Nothing was more remarkable throughout the war than the self-repression of the natives in South Africa. They stood by in silence while war was waged at their very doors. Shall we now deny to them the reward of spiritual light they have earned?



(Photo supplied by the Rev. D. Allison.)

RAILWAY MISSION WORKERS TROLLEYING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

One of the principal means of reaching the natives in the new colonies will be by the South African Railway Mission, which has already done such good work in these lands. In a country where the sparseness of the population presents a formidable difficulty to the inauguration of Christian labours, a relatively thick fringe of people is assured along the sides of the railway line. In addition to the large and growing community of railway employees, both white and black, the pick of the English farmers keep as near as possible to the line; whilst a constant succession of hotels, stores, police camps and the like considerably enlarge the field for evangelistic operations. The moment a new centre of population or of industrial life is created, the railway is extended in that direction; and the workers of the S.P.G. have the best and earliest information for grasping their opportunity. One of their regular places of call is Stormberg Junction, the spot where General Gatacre met with his regrettable disaster. A favourite method of reaching isolated platelayers at work on the railways is by trolleying, and one of our illustrations depicts a missionary thus travelling.

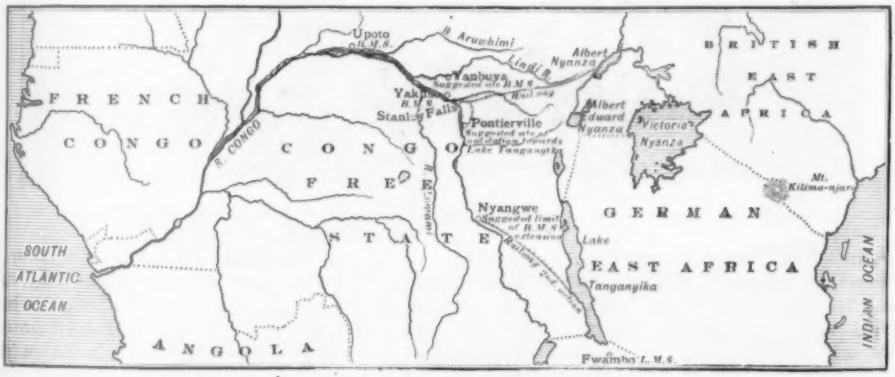
Enormous developments of the existing systems are immediately impending; within two years the mileage of the northern railways will exceed that of the Transvaal or Orange River Colony. A gratifying feature in this forward movement is the assistance granted by the Government to those engaged in spiritual ministrations. A free pass is granted by the Cape Government Railway to any man ministering to its scattered employees, and it is confidently expected that the same privileges will

be available on other new lines. The use of a small railway coach as a sort of peripatetic home was also granted to the Railway Mission; and, though this coach was commandeered by the military authorities during the war, one of Lord Kitchener's latest acts in South Africa was to recommend that three of the coaches recently in use by Anglican chaplains at the front should be made over to the Archbishop of Capetown, who has placed two at the disposal of the mission.

The railway work in South Africa is in charge of the Rev. Douglas Ellison, who is enthusiastic about the prospects ahead. "My own faith is," he declares, "that we have in these South African railways a God-given means for the claiming of the vast tracts of that stricken country in the name of Christ and His Church, such as even an Apostle —I say it in all reverence—might have envied us." Mr. Ellison has been invited by the Bishops of Mashonaland, Bloemfontein, and Pretoria to extend operations in their respective dioceses, and his idea is that each should be in charge of two clergymen, who should be provided with a railway coach, and move quietly along, establishing friendly relations with the entire railway-side population, watching their opportunity to organise more permanent and settled ministrations.

Two other new fields, in which the S.P.G. proposes to operate, call for brief notice. Christian work in Siam is not at present carried out on a large scale, though the King of Siam, as is well known, is very friendly to England and English ways. An old and experienced missionary of the society has volunteered to go out and break new ground in Siam; he is to be assisted by an enthusiastic layman, and the expedition of enlightenment promises to bear rich fruit. The Gold Coast is to be the scene of another of the society's new ventures, There are at present two Government chaplains on the coast, but no actual missionaries belonging to the Church of England. At Sekondi, one of the chief ports, there is a resident white population, and from here a railway into the interior is being constructed and will extend as far as Ashanti. Many white men are working on this railway, and many thousands of natives. The contractors are in full sympathy with missionary work, while the Colonial Government is also favourable to the scheme and has offered a site for a church in Sekondi. Two S.P.G. missionaries are to be appointed to this field, and are to work "on shift," a year at home and a year abroad respectively, the climatic conditions requiring such an arrangement.

If we turn to Central Africa, we find the Baptist Missionary Society quietly and persistently pushing forward into the interior from the coast. Two great schemes of infinite promise are engaging the attention of the committee, and both are conceived with the desire to form a chain of mission stations right across the Dark Continent, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. As



THE LATE ROBERT ARTHINGTON'S DREAM BEING FULFILLED. "A BELT OF GOSPEL MILESTONES."

readers of THE QUIVER are already aware, an important pioneer exploration of a stretch of country five hundred miles in length is now being conducted by that intrepid evangelist, the Rev. George Grenfell, who is essaying a journey from Yakusu, on the Upper Congo—the Baptist Missionary Society station furthest inland—to the southern end of Lake Albert. The intention of the Baptist Society is to occupy this hiatus by mission stations, probably placed at Banalya, Mukugi, and Avakubi, and thus to join hands with the Church Missionary Society at Mboga. The late Robert Arthington's dream would then be fulfilled—a belt of "Gospel milestones" from east to west, which should direct Christian evangelists, and eventually redeem Central Africa.

Another and equally ambitious project having Yakusu as its base, contemplated by the Baptist Missionary Society, is to link up their own work with that of the London Missionary Society at Lake Tanganyika. Yakusu is close to the head of the navigable Upper Congo, which is blocked by the rapids at Stanley Falls. But this *impasse* can be circumvented. A railway is about to be constructed from Stanley Falls, branching off in two directions, one line going towards Lake Albert, and the other towards Lake Tanganyika; and the second line may serve the purpose of establishing the union suggested. Beyond Stanley Falls large stations such as exist on the main river are not practicable, but it is quite possible to advance a step in the right direction by planting an out-station at Pontierville, the terminus of the first section of the surveyed railway, where conversions could be realised among a new tribe, the Baknsu, from which the Arab invaders of the upper river drew their recruits. Working from Pontierville, it would be possible to learn something of the country beyond, with the ulterior aim of extending the field to Ngangwe, which is half way to the Lake, and where it is suggested the London Missionary Society should join hands. The Rev. Walter H. Stapleton, now stationed at Yakusu, is primarily responsible for this beneficent though formidable project, which is now engaging

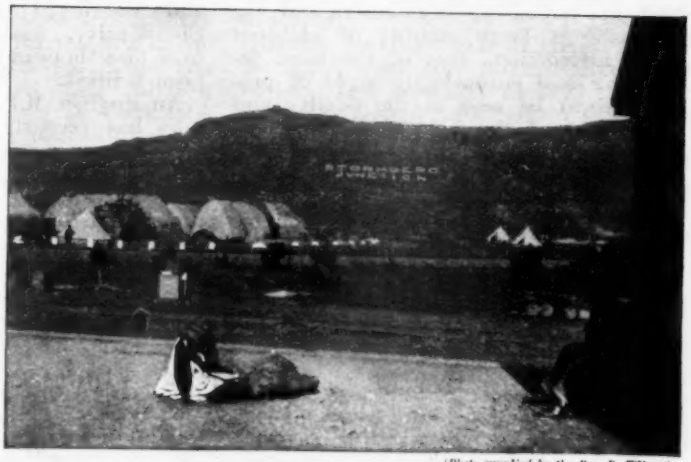


(Photo: supplied by the Baptist Missionary Society.)

A GROUP OF LUSHAIS, WHOM THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY ARE REACHING IN CHITTAGONG.

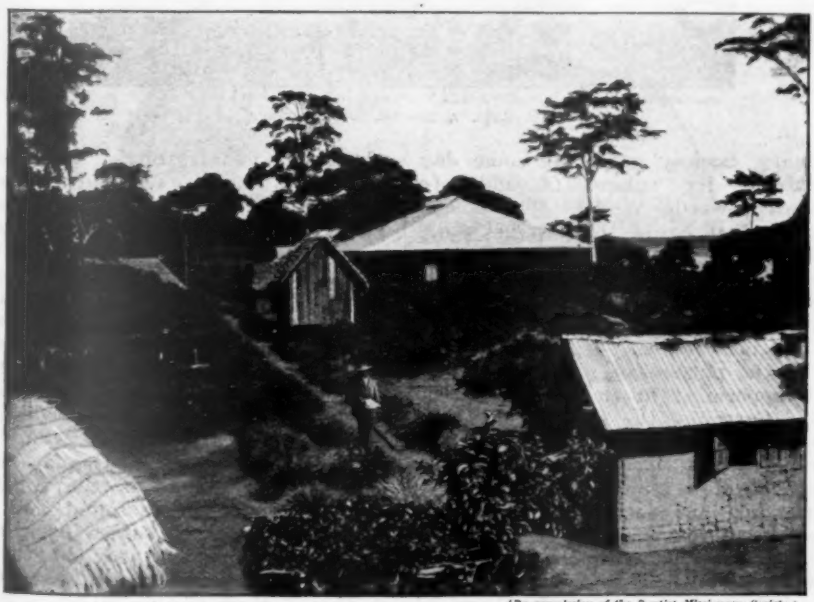
the prayerful consideration of the home authorities.

The London Missionary Society, on its part, though at the present time hampered by a retrenchment policy rendered necessary by the rapid growth of its work in all parts, has extended its influence in Central Africa to a great district in the West, occupied by the Awemba tribes. The society is to some extent benefited by a special bequest made a couple of years ago, and two stations in the territories of important chiefs have already been occupied. The Central Africa Mission of the London Missionary Society has been sorely tried by death in recent years, but the work of its little band of missionaries in this darkened area is receiving manifest signs of God's approval. The experiment in industrial training for the natives, which has been a special feature in the mission for several years, continues to be a marked success; and the elementary schools, also forming centres of evangelistic work of a simple



(Photo supplied by the Rev. D. Ellison.)

STORMBERG JUNCTION, PART OF THE RAILWAY MISSION'S REGULAR BEAT.



(By permission of the Baptist Missionary Society.)

YAKUSU THE FURTHEST INLAND STATION ON THE CONGO.

kind, are increasing in numbers, and are gathering a large number of children under instruction. One of the most interesting and encouraging signs of progress is to be seen in the fidelity and earnestness of the native teachers who are now employed in the out-stations. It may be noted that the mission is now in touch with the identical spot where David Livingstone passed away on his knees in prayer.

Meanwhile, in Uganda, the Church and instructed in the principles of Christianity, have been baptised, and over two thousand native teachers have been trained.

An English M.P., Mr. Herbert Samuel, who has recently concluded a tour in Uganda, was much struck by the forward movement now taking place in the country, and he believes that if the annexation of Uganda results in nothing more than the elevation of the morals and the development of the intelligence



(*Photo supplied by the London Missionary Society.*)

MPOLOKOSA, A CENTRAL AFRICAN CHIEF

Missionary Society is hoping some day to extend its sphere of influence westward towards Wadai. The vision which inspired Krapf through his years of labour was that a chain of missions should stretch from east to west across Africa; and, though this dream is still unfulfilled and a vast gap of heathen land lies between the Upper Nile and Nigeria, the purpose of pushing forward is still uppermost in the hearts of the C.M.S. Certainly the society may take heart of grace from the very encouraging reports that are coming in from Uganda. In few tropical countries have Christian missions met with such genuine success in recent years. Their agents have been received with cordiality, and followed with enthusiasm. By the Protestant missions alone twenty-six thousand natives, after having been taught to read

of its people through the missions, England will be well repaid for the lives and money it has spent in this region. The educational and medical work carried on by the C.M.S. at Mengo, the native capital of Uganda, especially by the lady missionaries, has borne excellent fruit, and extensions on a large scale are contemplated as soon as arrangements can be made and adequate funds secured.

The maternity department forms one of the chief features of the medical work at Mengo. Dr. Albert Cook, who is doing such spendid work in Uganda for the C.M.S., asserts that as the result of a careful calculation he found that sixty-eight per cent. of babies born in that country die under one year old—the result of sheer ignorance on the part of the mothers. Much of this ignorance is being gradually removed by the medical mis-

sionaries. Regular "baby classes" are held in the hospital, where the mothers learn all that is needful for the intelligent care of their new-born babes. That the women of Uganda love their children there can be no question. Dr. Cook tells how, when he brought out seven little black babies to be photographed, and after taking them back purposely distributed them to the wrong mothers to see the effect, loud and piteous cries, "That's not *my* baby!" were the result.

It should not be forgotten that the Moravian missions in German East Africa are also looked upon as most promising, and are therefore being developed as rapidly as possible. The society has six stations and twenty-six missionaries in the region between the northern end of Lake Nyasa and the south-eastern end of Lake Wikwa. In other parts of German East Africa, however, notably at Urambo, progress has been slow and as yet no baptisms have taken place. However, a second station has been founded about half way between Urambo and the most northerly station of the Nyasa Mission, the idea being in time to unite the two fields by means of a chain of stations from north to south.

Before leaving Central Africa it may be noted that the Baptist Missionary Society has recently founded a new station in Zombo, at Kibokolo, the centre of a large population hitherto totally neglected. This new enterprise, founded in memory of the Comber family, has passed the pioneering stage, and the prospects of fruitful settled work are now assured.

In India, one is thankful to record, missionaries are taking all the advantage that is possible of the few "open doors." For many years the Baptist Missionary Society has been circulating the Truth in Chittagong, though not without much difficulty, owing to the widely scattered villages. During the six months which separate seed time and harvest the natives are mostly inaccessible, having left their village homes to live in rude huts on the jungly hillside; and at other times it is hard to get them together. The need for decentralisation is thus felt to be imperative, and the society proposes to extend its ministrations in the hill districts and the South Lushai



(By permission of the London Missionary Society.)

NATIVE BARBER IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

country, where the scope for evangelisation is large and immediately at hand.

Another forward movement is taking place in an equally isolated district—the mission to the aborigines in North Queensland, where cannibals as well as heathens flourish. The Queensland Government supplies the clothing and rations for the people, the Presbyterian Church of Australia the money for carrying on the mission work, while the Moravian Church furnishes the workers. The two stations which now exist, one at Mapoon, near the mouth of the Batavia river, and the other at Weipa, ninety miles further south, can truly be described as "outposts of the Cross"; and now a third station, near the mouth of the Archer river, is contemplated.

And what of China? Happily, the country is recovering from the sad Boxer crisis, and the missions working this mighty field are feeling more and more the importance of developing the native church. The aim of the China Inland Mission, which suffered so heavily during the recent disturbance, is to make that church more than ever self-supporting and self-propagating. The European missionaries of this organisation will do their utmost to seek out and train native pastors and evangelists, and as they are able to bear it place responsibility upon their shoulders. The Boxer crisis has shown the C.I.M. how much the natives can stand without flinching, and how nobly many of them have acted during the enforced absence of European missionaries from the interior of China.



(Photo supplied by the Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square, E.C.)

LADY MISSIONARIES AT MENGO, UGANDA.

The problems that now confront the mission are by no means easy. Not only was most of its work suspended and an immense amount of property destroyed during the Boxer conflict, but no fewer than seventy-nine lives were lost, fifty-eight of whom were missionaries, the rest being children. Naturally there is an urgent need for volunteers to fill the vacant places; and, as the mission has not claimed indemnity for loss of property, the ruined stations can only be rebuilt as the requisite funds are supplied. The present moment is undoubtedly a serious crisis in China's history, and upon the response of the Christian Church to the present opportunity will largely depend the future of that vast nation.



Being the History of the Adventures of Three Englishmen in Spain at the time of the Great Armada. Written by Rupert Hamstead, second son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, situated near Barnet in the County of Hertford, and now first set before the public by

JOSEPH HOCKING,

Author of "Lest We Forget," "The Purple Robe," "All Men Are Liars," "Mistress Nancy Molesworth," Etc. Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.–XVIII.

In the year 1587, the year before the coming of the Great Armada to English shores, Rupert Hamstead, son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, near Barnet town, having returned wounded from the wars, and having spent some time at his father's house, hears, through John Trenoweth, of Cornwall, that an old friend of his mother's is in the power of the Inquisitors of Spain. Being also desirous of finding out the Spanish plots concerning England, he determines to go to Spain with Mawgan Killigrew, of Cornwall, and John Trenoweth, in order to rescue the unfortunate lady, and to discover Spanish secrets. He therefore starts for Cornwall with John Trenoweth, and on his journey falls into the hands of Jesuit spies. Rupert Hamstead and John Trenoweth are accused by their fellow-travellers as Jesuit spies, but afterwards discover that they themselves are agents of Father Parsons. They at length reach Cornwall, where they are met by Mawgan Killigrew. Here they also come into contact with two Spaniards, whose behaviour is so suspicious that they decide to start for Spain secretly and without delay. The Englishmen leave England, and on first seeing the Spanish hills enter into a solemn covenant concerning their mission. They afterwards fall in with some Spanish gipsies, the young queen of whom greatly impresses Killigrew. She afterwards rescues them from Spanish officials, and gives them directions how to reach Toledo. After some little difficulty they enter the city. Here they hear the Archbishop's sermon, in which it is announced that heretics are to be punished by death. Here also Rupert Hamstead sees Isabella de Valencia, and presently all three take part in a terrible scene at the Circo Romano. John Trenoweth recognises his sweetheart, and endeavours to rescue her from her enemies. His two companions go to his assistance, with the result that all three are made prisoners. In the dungeon they are visited by Señor Toledo, an old enemy and rival of Rupert Hamstead's father. After seeing the great English Jesuit, Father Parsons, the three Englishmen are at length brought to the renowned church, El Cristo de la Vega, to be examined as to their heresy. Here is a figure of the Christ, whose arm had once been raised to attest to the innocence of a Jew. Since then, at all examinations of heretics, this figure had been appealed to, and the lifting of the arm attested to the prisoners' innocence. After the Englishmen had been examined, and were about to be condemned to death, the arm, to the great consternation of all present, was raised.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW THE FLAME BEGAN TO BURN.

YEARS have passed away since the events I have just narrated took place, and yet even now I can scarce repress a shudder at the thought of what I felt then. For, in truth, it seemed as though God Himself had interfered on our behalf, and told our judges that we were not worthy of death. To those who hap to read this, it may be that the occurrence is of little interest, but to us who stood there expecting to hear a dread sentence pronounced, it came as a sign from the other world. Everything, moreover, tended to add to this feeling. All around were the figures of saints and virgins. Relics of those canonised by the Church were placed in almost every corner. Fingers, hands, locks of hair, and many other things, purporting to be the relics of holy people, were even within reach of me at that very time. The whole building was filled with the smell of incense, while the gloom which everywhere pervaded made one think of ghostly visitations. Then the chanting of prayers and the singing of dirges had all

tended to inspire us with dread, while the evident fear of the ecclesiastics and others who had acted as our judges made us sure that they too regarded what we had seen as a sign from heaven.

In truth, the whole place was in confusion. But it was not the confusion which led to noisy disturbance, but rather that inspired by holy terror.

"The arm hath been lifted, and mercy must be extended to them," said the man who had addressed the image, and his voice trembled with fear.

At this no man made answer, for I believe they were afraid to hear their own voices; and at this I did not wonder, for I felt the cold blood run down to my feet, while my tongue refused to formulate words.

Mawgan Killigrew, however, seemed not at all frightened.

"What means it?" he whispered to me. "The thing moved, and every man of us saw it. Does that signify that we shall be set free?"

But I did not speak. My mind was too full of wonder to think of what might happen.

"A miracle! A miracle!" cried someone presently in a loud voice. "The prisoners must not be put to torture or to death."

"Aye, Heaven hath delivered us," cried John Trenoweth. "Even your images demand that we shall be set at liberty."

Only a few understood his words, but to those who did they brought back the difficulties of the situation. For we had denied the things which they had declared essential to salvation; we had openly defied them to do their worst; we had refused to recant one article of our faith. Therefore, to proclaim us innocent would be to set their words at naught, and raise numberless doubts in the minds of believers. If we were set at liberty, it would seem as though the arm of the Lord had been uplifted to set His seal upon our words. And this both Father Parsons and Señor Toledo saw.

"The will of the Lord be done," said Father Parsons. "We have received a sign that these men must have further time for repentance, and meanwhile they shall have instruction in the way of salvation."

"But they must be closely guarded," said Señor Toledo, looking towards me angrily, and I saw that the hatred which he bore my father extended to me.

"Aye, and tidings of this sign must be conveyed at once to the Holy Father at Rome, also to his Gracious Majesty."

And presently this was agreed to, although I believe that, but for Father Parsons and Señor Toledo, we should have been set at liberty forthwith. Nay, more, such was the effect of the event upon those present, I believe many would have treated us with great respect, if not reverence, had not Father Parsons spoken with so much decision. I soon saw, however, that he quickly shook off the ghostly fear that at first possessed him, while his great personality made others yield to him.

"It cannot be that they can be set at liberty," he said, "for what we have seen doth not mean that they be guiltless. In truth, we do know that they be both heretics and traitors. Nevertheless, what we have seen meaneth that they must not die. Perchance, even they, like the blessed apostle, St. Thomas, may by this means be led from the error of their ways and become valiant defenders of the truth. Meanwhile, they must be kindly treated, but safely guarded. Perchance, too, when the King heareth of what hath taken place, he will make known his will concerning them."

After this a great and solemn silence fell upon us all, and presently, when the priests began chanting again, every man looked fearfully around him as though afraid, and I believe that both Father Parsons and Señor Toledo breathed a sigh of relief when once we got into the open air again. Indeed, though we had been strangely delivered, I was so full of fear that I dared not turn my head when going out of the door in order to look at the figure, the lifting of whose arm had saved us from death. For I have but ill told this part of my story, if those who read cannot imagine the fearsomeness that the whole business cast upon us, although I have been told since that more wonderful miracles had taken place in the city of Toledo.

Be that as it may, a dread silence possessed us as we walked into the little yard, where I saw by the look on the people's faces that news of the strange happening had reached them. Not an angry word nor a look of scorn was given to us as we climbed the hill towards the Puerta del Cambron; rather I saw not only fear but respect in the people's eyes, as though they regarded us as being under the especial guardianship of heaven.

Presently we found ourselves back at the Alcazar again, but we were no longer placed in a dungeon, but in comfortable quarters, where we had good food placed before us, and clean clothes to put on, which, as may be easily believed, was a great boon, especially to me. Moreover, we were still allowed to remain together, which fact gave me much pleasure. Not only because I had much to say to Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth, but because I

had a great fear of being left alone. For even as I walked through the streets of Toledo, while the people kept surging around us, and nodding toward us, while they spoke in subdued voices concerning the marvellous thing which had happened, I could see the strange figure before me, and I bore in mind what seemed to me the terrible expression on its face as it lifted its right arm. This, I say, made me fear greatly, and caused me to be overjoyed when I knew that we were to be together.

For, although I think I am as brave as another man, and can, when needs be, fight against odds without flinching, my heart grows soft in face of that which is ghostly. Flesh and blood trouble me not, but the presence of the ghostly dead makes me full of foreboding and fear. Thus it was that the memory of the event to which we owed our bettered conditions, while it made me wonder much, also made me full of strange fear.

After we had partaken of food and had clothed ourselves with clean garments I, being much wearied, fell asleep, from which I did not awake for many hours. And this was no wonder, for, as I have said, sleep was next to impossible in the gloomy dungeon where I had been cast. When I did wake, however, I felt much refreshed, especially when I heard John Trenoweth speaking cheerily.

"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes," I heard him say to Mawgan Killigrew.

To this Mawgan Killigrew gave no answer, although I saw a look in the young Cornishman's eyes that I could not understand.

"The thing is," he said at length, "what steps we are to take next. Do you not think so, Rupert?" for he saw that I was awake and eagerly listening to him.

"Methinks we shall have time to make plans," I said. "These Spaniards will do naught to harm us for many days."

"Why think you so?"

"I believe they are all too frightened to harm us, save Father Parsons and Señor Toledo," I replied; "and but for them I ween we should be free men."

"Aye, that may be, but the end is not yet," said Mawgan. "As it seemeth to me it is time we began to make our plans."

"What for—to escape?" I asked.

"Escape!" cried Mawgan. "Nay, but to help the daughter of Sir John Tremayne and Esther Truscott to escape."

"We shall be closely guarded," I said.

"Aye, but we be together again, and the people will look upon us with kindly eyes."

"But we must act warily."

"Aye, and bravely. We shall see gay doings soon."

"Have you considered the meaning of what we saw in the Church of El Cristo de la Vega?"

"Aye, I have considered it much. It makes one believe in the stories which these Papists tell about their saints and virgins."

"I tell you the Lord hath spoken," said John Trenoweth. "Let us trust and not be afraid."

"Afraid!" said Mawgan, "who is afraid? Nevertheless I see great doings ahead."

"What doings?" I asked.

"By this time all that hath taken place will be noised over all Toledo. By to-morrow it will have reached the King, wherever he is."

"Well, what then?"

"Report hath it that he is a great believer in apparitions and signs from heaven," said Mawgan. "If that be true, I think he will want to see us, and then, perchance, he will also desire to see Señora Valencia. In such an event, we should have to travel to him wherever he is. Now, while we are travelling thither, we ought to make good her escape as well as our own."

"Well spoken, Master Mawgan," said John Trenoweth. "Well spoken!"

"Mean you that we should try to escape before reaching the King?" I asked.

"Aye, I do mean that," he replied.

"Then should we go back with our work but half done," was my answer. "It is true we might save the women, but what of the other part of our work? If there is a chance of being brought before the King, I would fain avail myself of it. It may be, too, I can learn something from him which it would advantage Admiral Drake to know."

"Let us not trouble about such things," said John Trenoweth. "It is for us to do our duty at every turn, and trust in the Lord to protect us. Hath He not done so already?"

Concerning these things, as well as the marvellous way our prospects had been brightened, we conversed for a long time. Not with voices loud enough for any man who might be listening to hear, even although he knew the English tongue, but in low whispers, as a man should speak under such circumstances. We also made many plans for the future, plans which laughed at impossibilities, and which seem to me now as mere madness, although at that time we discussed them seriously enough.

But all these came to naught, as will presently be seen. The truth is, we did not think, while our brains were busily engaged in seeking to prepare for what should take place, that

others were likewise discussing our future; therefore, it came to us somewhat as a surprise, when a summons also came to us to appear at the house of Señor Toledo. It was then I remembered that Señor Toledo's house was close to the Alcazar, and was, in fact, connected with this great building.

"When go we to the señor's house?" I asked.

"At once," said the man; "the señor and his friends await you now."

So as soon as we had partaken of our food, we were led along many passages, until at length we reached a large and well-appointed chamber, where we were bidden to wait, until such time as Señor Toledo might call us to his presence. And this was not long, for no sooner had the man made known the fact that we had come thither, than we were led without more ado to the place where he was. I saw by this, moreover, that we were not regarded as ordinary prisoners, and that Master Toledo was a man of much authority. Although he was of no great account when he met my father in England, he had now risen to great estate, and held the fate of many people in the hollow of his hands.

It became clear to me, moreover, as I entered the room where he was, that we were not brought before a tribunal, but rather to what seemed like a friendly conference. For seated in the room was the Señorita de Valencia, who was very handsomely clad, and who looked very fair and lovely, as she watched our approach. Near her, too, was another woman, who was much older than she, and in whose face was no suggestion of the blood of the Spaniard.

Señor Toledo greeted us, I thought, with great courtesy. He caused wine to be placed before us, and spoke pleasantly like a man in great good humour. And this set me on my guard, for I remembered what my father had written concerning him. Moreover, I could not forget the look he gave me when he sat as one of our judges in the Church of El Cristo de la Vega.

"You fare better than most Englishmen coming to Spain," he said smilingly, and thereby revealing his yellow teeth. "But then, there have been strange happenings."

At this no one of us uttered a word, for although John Trenoweth longed to speak concerning the goodness of God, we had agreed to be chary of speech, and not to say one word which might in any way endanger us.

"I have seen to it that the place where you at present have to reside has all necessary comforts," he went on, "that your food shall be clean and wholesome, and that your beds shall be fit to lie on."

And still we kept silence, whereupon the woman whom we had not seen before cried out like one in anger:

"Speak, my masters, speak, and let me hear your voices."

And this she said in perfect English; and so free were her words from any suggestion of Spanish, that I might have fancied myself in England. Then I noticed, moreover, as I again looked around the room, that it presented an English aspect, and did not suggest that it was situate in the very heart of Spain.

"Wherefore should we speak, señora, when there is naught that needs saying?" I asked.

"Call me not señora," she said again, like one in anger. "Call me 'Mistress,' even as you would call an English housewife; and speak, because I long to hear English voices and English words."

"Mistress what?" said John Trenoweth bluntly, and thereby he asked the question that was in the heart of both Mawgan Killigrew and myself.

"Mistress what?" she repeated. "Do you not know, Master Hamstead? Hath not your father told you?"

Then, as I bethought me of what my father had written, I knew who she was.

"You are she who was Mistress Leah Varley," I said; "you are she who betrayed both my mother and my father."

This I said not angrily but quietly, as one who had just remembered a long forgotten event.

"I am she who loved Mistress Faith Bedford," she cried, "and who have often longed to see her as the mother of brave sons. How fares she, Master Hamstead? And how fares your father?"

"They be both in good health," I replied.

"And where live they, Master Hamstead?" she continued to ask eagerly. "At Barcroft Hall or at Hamstead Manor?"

"At Hamstead Manor," I replied. "Lord Bedford lives at Barcroft Hall."

"*Lord* Bedford!" she cried eagerly. "And hath Master Bedford been made a lord? Aye, but that interests me mightily! And have you been to Barcroft Hall of late, Master Hamstead?"

"It is but a few weeks since I was there."

"Ah! but a few weeks! And that old yew tree in the garden, Master Hamstead, grows it still?"

And thus she continued to ply me with many questions, which I answered, for there was something in the tone of her voice which made me think of home, and thus made me feel kindly towards her. But even as I spoke to her

I turned my eyes often towards the Señorita de Valencia, who I saw was watching us with great eagerness. It was then, moreover, that I realised what a beautiful maid she was; for, as I saw, she possessed not only those excellences of face and figure which make our English maids so fair, but also those of Spain. The mixture of Spanish and English blood somehow added a new element to her charm. Especially did I feel this as I caught sight of her eyes. For they were larger than those common among English maids, and burned with a brighter lustre. In truth, in spite of their darkness, they shone like stars, and so full of expression were they that they seemed to speak to me, although her lips formulated no word. Her skin, moreover, was not pale and creamy, like that of the Spanish women of gentle blood; rather there was a ruddy tinge beautiful to behold. And yet there was a suggestion of the Spaniard even in her face. Especially was this to be seen in the rich red of her lips and the form of her chin. Her form, moreover, was somewhat fuller than those of our English maids of the same age, although she lacked not one whit of the elegance of those fair dames who thronged Elizabeth's Court.

In truth, as I looked, I much repented me of what I had said to her when I had been brought before Father Parsons, although I still felt a great anger at the thought of her behaviour to her mother.

As I have said, Mistress Toledo plied me with many questions, the which I answered, but in such a way that I turned the channel of our conversation to the señorita's mother, and when I had done this, I spoke directly to the maid who interested me more than either of the others.

"Your mother, señorita," I said, "I trust she is well?"

At this she reddened much, but spoke calmly, telling me that her mother was in good health.

"And is she still in prison," I asked, "she and Esther Truscott?"



"A dread silence possessed us as we walked into the little yard."—*p.* 690.

"She never hath been in prison," she replied. "She hath been only kept in seclusion that she may learn the way of truth."

It was then that I realised the rich fulness of her voice. It was deeper and mellower than that of the woman who sat by her; for that

matter, it was more musical than any voice I have ever heard, not even excepting that of my dear mother. And I remember being angry with myself for having to confess it, even in thought.

"It seems," she went on thoughtfully, "as though the saints have smiled on you, although you be come to Spain with evil intent. For your coming saved not only Esther Truscott from death, but my mother is much better in health since the day she first saw you. Moreover, what I have heard concerning the strange happening in the Church of the Christ of the Field makes me think that the Holy Mother will lead even you to the truth."

This she said in such sweet tones that I felt my heart growing kind towards her; nay, more, as my eyes again met hers, I felt a great fluttering at my left side, the reason for which I could not at that time explain.

"It was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes, my young mistress," said John Trenoweth, "and I pray that even you may be led to understand the power that sustaineth your mother, as well as that of my beloved sweetheart Esther Truscott."

"And is she your sweetheart?" This she said, as I thought, smilingly yet eagerly, and there was such a strange tenderness in the way she spoke that even her Spanish way of saying English words sounded like music.

"Aye, my young mistress, that she is," replied John Trenoweth. "For more than twenty years have I loved her, and for more than twenty years hath she loved me. It is true she left me that she might serve your mother; nevertheless, she hath never ceased to love me.

"Then you knew my mother before she wedded?"

"Aye, that I did," replied John, "and often did she speak to me when I went to Sir John Tremayne's house a-courting. 'John,' she would say, 'you must not steal Esther from me.' Tell me about her now, young mistress, for she must have tended you and nursed you when you were but a baby."

At this the maid's eyes grew softer, and I thought I saw the tears well up into them; but presently they became harder again, as she said:

"It is but little I knew of her, for I was taken away from her when but very young, and placed among the good sisters to be educated."

"Ah!" I thought to myself, "now I know why she careth so little for her mother. She hath never known her. She hath been taken away from her when a child, and taught to despise her and to regard her as a heretic."

At this I pitied the maid, and was led to think still less harshly of her behaviour towards her mother.

"That is but a poor reason for being willing to stand by while my maid was tortured," said John Trenoweth, "and a still poorer reason for forgetting your mother."

At this her eyes fairly blazed with anger.

"How dare you?" she cried, and her voice quivered not only with rage, but, as I believed, with pain.

It was then that I felt a great self-contempt and self-loathing, for in a moment it came to me that I loved, more than words can tell, this Spanish maid, who, I was sure, was unworthy an honest man's love.

CHAPTER XX.

TELLS OF THE MEETING OF THOSE WHO SPOKE THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

THIS truth, as I have said, came to me suddenly, for up to this moment no such thought had entered my mind. Rather, I had been angry with her, and had sometimes felt a great scorn for her; and although her somewhat changed demeanour had made me feel pity for her, the thought of love had never come into my mind. Now, however, I felt myself completely overcome. When I looked at her, as she spoke in anger to John Trenoweth, I forgot everything save the great love that burned in my heart for her, and the feeling of anger with myself for even thinking kindly of one who had forfeited all right to an honest man's regard. And yet I could not help myself. As I have said, she possessed a beauty and a power of fascination that I had never seen in a woman before. Her every movement, her every word made me not only feel the charm which every beautiful English maid of gentle birth possesses, but added to this was the loveliness which came of her Spanish blood. Reared as she had been, beneath the southern sun, there had come upon her a radiance of life to which hitherto I had been a stranger.

Thus it was that two feelings, antagonistic to each other, possessed me at the same time. On the one hand, I felt my heart on fire for love of her, and on the other I hated, not only myself, but her, for having made me love her.

Still I mastered myself. Turning, I saw Señor Toledo, who throughout our interview had scarce spoken a word, watching me closely, and even then, in spite of the new passion which possessed me, I found myself asking what all this talk tended to, and what was the

reason for the señorita's changed behaviour. Moreover, at that moment, I thought of my mother, and, while it did not lessen one whit my new-found love, I found myself asking what my mother would think of her. I have heard it said that a man may live a lifetime in a minute, and it seemed to me that this happened to me as I stood in that old house in Toledo.

"How dare you?" said the señorita a second time.

"I dare because you are the friend of your mother's enemies," said John Trenoweth. "I dare because on the day that I, by the mercy of God, saved my Esther—aye, snatched her as a brand from the burning—you were not by your mother's side. Because I find you here at the house of one of the Philistines."

I watched her closely while John spoke, and I saw that her face changed, although the purport of the change I could not tell.

"Listen, señors," she said presently, "and judge not without paying much heed to what I say. You accuse me of being forgetful of my duty towards my mother, but do you know all things! Nay, I *will* speak, Señor Toledo," and this she said looking towards this man, who seemed to be on the point of interfering. "I came to you, Master Hamstead, and to you, Master Killigrew, while you lay in prison. Aye, and for what? Was it that I cared aught for you, for either of you? Nay, you were naught to me. But I knew that you had just come from my *abuelo*, that is what you call grandfather. Señor Toledo had visited you, and had failed to make you obey his behests. You would not write the letter to Sir John Tremayne. Then, against his will, I came to you. Why? Did I care for Sir John Tremayne's money? Do I want money at all? Did I not tell you that I was going into the religious life? Aye, but they who hold the life of my mother—aye, and of Esther Truscott, too—in the hollow of their hands—nay, I will speak more plainly: the Englishman, Father Parsons, who makes even the archbishops and cardinals do his bidding, needs money, and I knew if I had money, or if Sir John Tremayne dowered his daughter with his possessions, I could buy my mother's life and liberty. Did I in aught care for you in all this? Ah, you do not know, you do not understand! Now say, if you will, that I cared not for my mother; now say, if you can, that I was unmindful of her or that I had in aught forgotten her."

"And think you," said Mawgan Killigrew, when she ceased speaking, "that we believe this?"

"And why will you not believe it?"

"Because you could give us no assurance that your mother would have her liberty, neither did nor could you say that you believed it. Because, when you came to us, you held out as a bribe a sort of promise that we should have our liberty, while now you say you thought not of us. And, for another thing, you do not desire your mother's liberty."

"I do not desire my mother's liberty!"

"Nay, because you told us that all heretics deserved the doom which your Church made them suffer."

"Aye, Master Killigrew, and what do you know of a woman's feelings?" asked Mistress Toledo; "think you that she would tell you all that was in her heart?"

"That I know not," replied Mawgan Killigrew, "for I be but little versed in the wiles of women. But I have spoken the truth. This I saw, she—nay, all of you—wanted Sir John Tremayne's wealth, and you thought that we should weakly write to him, saying, 'Sir John, we be prisoners awaiting a cruel death; our only chance of salvation is that you dower your daughter with all your possessions. This will also save her from torture and death.' I say this is the letter you would have us write, for you knew of no other means of persuading him, seeing that he doth hate the Spaniard and all his ways. But you thought that such a letter as this would answer your purpose, and then, possessing his estates, you would work your will on the señora and with the rest of us."

"There you wrong me," cried the señorita; "and now I will say what I have not said before. If that letter be written and Sir John Tremayne yields to its demands, I have a promise that my mother's life and Esther Truscott's life shall be spared; nay more, that they shall be sent back to England. Aye, and would not my grandfather rejoice to give his wealth to save his daughter? Besides, is it wrong for that wealth to go to the people of God? Is it not right that it should be used for the conversion of the heretic and the heathen?"

"And why did you not say this before?" asked Mawgan, somewhat weakly I thought.

"Why? Because I was angry at the thought of asking at all, when we should command! Because I hated the thought that the daughter of Don Basilio Fernandio de Valencia should seem to have to make terms with those who have forsaken our Church and neglected her sacraments. Think you that it in aught gave me pleasure to go to you, heretics and spies, and say, 'Señors, do me a favour, I beseech you.' I, the child of the Valencias, go on my knees to you!"

At this no one of us spoke, Mawgan Killigrew

and John Trenoweth because they were filled with anger, and I because I was almost bereft of my reason.

"Now you understand why I did not tell you these things," she went on presently.

"And why have you told us now?" asked Mawgan.

"I will tell you why. It is because out of love for my mother I have overcome my pride; because, although I—no, I will not say it—but I have told you why, señors. And now I ask you to help me save my mother from the Church's anger, as well as from the wrath of Father Parsons. You spoke truly when you said that Sir John Tremayne hateth all Spaniards, and that he will in naught yield to their desires. But if you, his friends, were to write such a letter, then could I, I feel sure, save my mother. Will you do this, señors? Will you not help me to save my mother's life?"

There was so much of passion and, at the same time, of tenderness in her words, that I felt like calling for pen and ink at the moment she spoke; but Mawgan Killigrew was not so minded.

"And why hath not your mother written?" he said. "Sir John Tremayne knows her handwriting, and would think kindly of a letter from her. Yet not a line hath she written."

At this she looked somewhat confused.

"Because my mother hath been obstinate," she said at length, "and would not do this even to save her life."

"Aye, and because she did not trust those who would rob her father of those estates which have belonged to the Tremaynes for many generations," cried Mawgan.

I saw that she was much angered at this: her face became much flushed, and her eyes burned like live coals, but she mastered herself, and went on almost beseechingly.

"But will you not help me, Master Killigrew? Remember it is not for myself I plead. It is for my mother's life; it is for the life of her serving-woman. Master Trenoweth, will you not join in my pleadings? Will you not, to have your sweetheart back again, do this? It seems my only chance. Only yesterday eve did Father Parsons say that, would my mother consent to gain what he desired, she should have her liberty."

At this both Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth looked much like yielding, while I, in spite of my anger, felt myself but as wax in her hands. I was about to open my mouth to say we would do this, when I caught sight of Señor Toledo's face, and then my heart became like stone again. In his eyes was that greedy, cruel look which I had heard my father speak of, while his lips, cruel and contemptuous as they were, yet smiling with triumph at the victory he thought he had gained, made me see that he was but using this maid as a dainty bait wherewith to catch us. I saw that this man did not believe in the success of the great Armada which was then preparing, neither did he care aught for religion. But he did desire Sir John Tremayne's estates, and he knew that, could he get the old Cornishman to dower his daughter, he could enrich himself, and yet keep friendly with the Church at the same time. At that time, moreover, it seemed to me that the señorita was in league with him, and that together they sought to play with us as a clever townswoman may play with country yokels.

And this, though my heart burned for the señorita, brought me to my senses. I knew that the Spaniard would not forgive heresy so easily, and I felt sure that, even although this might be done, neither Sir John's daughter, nor Esther Truscott, nor ourselves, would in aught be better conditioned. It required, I say, but a look on Señor Toledo's face to see this. The mocking triumph of his lips, the greedy, cruel expression of his wicked old eyes, said it all as plainly as if he had sworn it on a sacred relic.

But neither Mawgan nor John saw aught of this; rather they kept their eyes on the señorita, who presently went on:

"Now also I see that I spoke wrongfully to you, for I did regard you as cowards who would do this to save your own lives, but now I know that you be brave gentlemen, fearing nothing for yourselves, and trusting to your own strong arms to lead you into safety. But because you be men of honour, and because strong men always love to help a woman, I know that what you would scorn to do for yourselves you will still do to save a woman, especially if she be of your own country. For my mother hath suffered much, aye, more than words can say, while Esther Truscott hath stood loyally by her. And I, too, señors, of whom you think so hardly; think you that I have had no sleepless nights; think you that my heart hath not been torn by anguish? But I plead not for myself—only for my mother and Esther my old nurse."

At this I saw Mawgan rise to his feet, all his opposition gone, and only obedience in his eyes, while even John Trenoweth, carried away as he afterwards told me by the thought of taking Esther Truscott back to Falmouth harbour, felt that there was no longer reason for refusal. But I, in spite of my love; aye, and in spite of the fact that I felt willing to be her slave for life, kept watching Señor Toledo's face, and when presently I heard him say, almost in spite of himself, but as it were under his breath,



"'You leave Toledo to-morrow.'"—*p.* 699.

"*Madre de Dios! magnificamente!*" I felt I could no longer keep silence.

Thus before Mawgan or John could in aught yield to her pleadings, I cried out angrily:

"No, we will not promise! Mawgan, John Trenoweth, this is but a trick to make us do their wills!"

I heard Señor Toledo utter a savage oath, but I went on:

"Can you not see, my comrades, that we have been brought here only to fall into the trap that they have set? Can you not see that when we have done this they will have gained their ends, and will afterwards laugh at us, and still work their will upon the women? Was not Sir John Tremayne's last warning, 'Never trust a Spaniard's word'? Promise nothing, comrades, nothing. The God Who hath delivered us once can and will deliver us again."

"Aye, but my Esther," cried John Trenoweth, almost beside himself.

"We have saved her once, and we will, by the mercy of God, save her again," I cried. "Besides, that which took place in the Church of El Cristo de la Vega did not take place for naught."

At this the señorita rose to her feet, her eyes all ablaze, and her fists clenched. For a moment I thought she would have struck me, so angry was she; but again she mastered herself, and turning to Mawgan, she said: "And will you obey the behests of this—this *saltimbanco*, this charlatan?"

What would have happened after this I know not, for I heard Señor Toledo growling so angrily that I bethought me of a mad dog, especially when I saw him gnash his yellow teeth; but at that moment a serving-man came in, announcing other visitors, and in less than a minute two priests came in, together with another man whom I had never seen before.

One of the two priests was Father Parsons. The other was the man who had visited us in our prison the night after we had saved Esther Truscott from the flames on the Circo Romano. I saw in a twinkling of an eye that Father Parsons judged how matters stood, and it required but half an eye to see his disappointment. As I believed then, and as I believe now, the whole of this business had been arranged beforehand, and Father Parsons had timed his visit so as to come to us when our consent had been obtained, or if not obtained, so nearly that he could overcome any obstacle which might still exist. I watched him as his eyes travelled from one to another, and presently when his gaze rested upon me, a quick look of anger shot across his face. Then instinctively I turned my eyes towards the señorita, and, to my surprise, her anger seemed gone; rather a look half of fear and half of hatred seemed to have come over her.

"*Buenas Noches*," said Father Parsons presently. "Ah! blood is thicker than water, and even here in Toledo, far away from our little island home, I find men and women, all of whom speak English. Aye, and we late-comers speak English too, and I dare swear that beyond ourselves not ten people in the whole of Toledo, where two hundred thousand people have gathered together, know the tongue we are speaking. But what would you? I fear me that because of the sins of my land the language will soon die out, and in a few generations only a few in the city of London will know the English tongue."

This he said as if to make conversation possible, for he saw that we were much wrought upon. But no man spoke, whereupon he went on again.

"Do you know, Señor Toledo, that I did not know until to-day that your son spoke the English tongue. But he doth, Spaniard of Spaniards, as he is. Aye, Pablo Toledo, look not darkly; you will find the language useful when Spain hath conquered England, and you become the possessor of one of our English castles. You will find it useful, moreover, when you seek to woo and to win one of the English dames."

Naturally this drew my attention to the man who had hitherto been a stranger to me, and then I saw that, had not Father Parsons so spoken, I should have known him to be the son of my father's old enemy. It is true he was of stouter form, and was wider across the shoulders than his father. Nevertheless the face was the face of the man my father had described years before; for what Señor Toledo had been when he met my father in the London hostel in Mary's time, his son was that night in Toledo.

But it was not this fact so much that burned his features upon my memory. It was something which to me was of more importance, for when Father Parsons spoke jestingly to him concerning wooing and winning an English dame as his wife, I saw him look towards the Señorita de Valencia, and then I knew that I was not the only one who loved her. This man, son of my father's old enemy, loved her too, and, if ever man's face told of determination to win a woman, Pablo Toledo's face told me that he would stop at nothing to win Isabella de Valencia.

He was not a very young man; as I afterwards discovered, he was born in Spain before his father visited England in Mary's days, and that his mother had died at his birth. I learnt, too, that she was a proud passionate woman, who had ruled even Señor Toledo with a rod of

iron, so that this wily Spaniard seldom or never referred to his marriage with her.

"*Santa Padre,*" said this Spaniard, "there is only one country and one language for me. I shall never seek to woo an Englishwoman, and save for my duty to chastise the insolent English I should never leave Spanish shores. But even although I do go to England, my heart will remain in Spain—aye, remain in Toledo," and he bowed towards Isabella de Valencia.

She saw the action, and her face became as pale as death. Whether she loved him or no, I could not conjecture, but even then I felt that this man and I should meet again, although at that time he never dreamed that I should dare to cast my eyes upon her in love.

CHAPTER XXI.

TELLS OF MY FIRST COMMAND TO ISABELLA DE VALENCIA, AND HOW SHE OBEYED IT.

NEITHER Mawgan Killigrew nor John Trenoweth understood a word which Pablo Toledo the Spaniard had said, seeing he spoke in his own tongue; neither do I believe he guessed that I knew the meaning of his words. And in this I was confirmed immediately afterwards, for seemingly without noting our presence, he went on in his grandiloquent Spanish way.

"Ah! this is no news to the señorita, seeing I have told her many times. It is true I have against my will been banished from the light of her eyes. Nevertheless, my heart hath ever been with her, even when as a soldier I have followed the fortunes of war. When her father, the noble Don Basilio Fernandio de Valencia, was alive, I asked her hand of him, but death cruelly intervened before his consent was obtained. My father, the noble Don Ferdinand Bernardo Toledo, having assumed guardianship over her, her mother being a heretic, I have appealed to him, and he, doubtless influenced by English ways and remembering that the señorita hath English blood in her veins, hath told me that, can I win her consent, she shall be my wife. I have but lately returned to Toledo, having found favour with the King, and so here and now I place my fame and my fortune at her feet."

Now this speech angered me much, not only because of the mountebank way in which it was delivered, but because it seemed to me ill advised to make an offer of marriage in a room full of people. But I have learnt that the Spaniards know but little of the reserved ways of the English, and that they speak loudly and freely of their affairs of heart even before casual acquaintances. It was, therefore, not so strange as I thought that he should speak of these things in the presence of strangers.

For a little time Isabella de Valencia was silent, but presently mastering those feelings which had brought fear to her eyes and pallor to her cheeks. She spoke quietly and calmly, even although I saw that Señor Toledo's eyes were fixed upon her.

"It is not for me to think of marriage, or of giving in marriage," she replied. "Already I have announced that I am to be the bride of heaven. When the day comes for me to enter a convent I shall renounce whatever worldly goods I may possess, and shall no more be known to those I have known and loved. I have but one work to accomplish, and then I shall for ever free myself from worldly hope and worldly fear."

"Pardon, señorita," said Pablo Toledo, passionately, "but the saints forbid that you should do this thing! It is not for the beautiful, such as you, to hide yourself from the world; it is for you to live in the world, and to give nerve to our arms and fire to our hearts. With the memory of your bright eyes ever with me, even I have done deeds which men call brave; hoping for your love, I have faced danger and death."

Had I not been filled with hot anger, I could have laughed at the fool, for if he had eyes to see, he could understand that he was making her scorn him. But he heeded not this, and went on speaking.

"Whatever the señorita commands, that will I do, save only one thing. If she commands me to scale mountains, or go into the depths, I obey her. Dangers I defy, difficulties will not daunt me. One thing only I cannot do. I cannot cease to love her, and give up hope of winning her."

All this time both Señor Toledo and Father Parsons had spoken no word, but I saw that their eyes travelled from her to me, even as though they knew of the love which that night had come into my heart. I saw, moreover, that Father Parsons scorned the foolish ways of the Spaniard even as I did, and presently, when he ceased speaking, he turned suddenly upon me, and said—

"Master Rupert Hamstead, you leave Toledo to-morrow."

My heart gave a leap, but I spoke no word.

"His gracious Majesty the King hath commanded that you be brought before him," he said.

This he said in English, so that both Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth also turned towards him.

"Aye, give thanks to the saints," he continued,

as he noted their looks, "that such favour hath been showed to you. The marvellous happening in the Church of El Cristo de la Vega hath been communicated to him, and he desires to see you. This was foreseen, and for this reason you have been treated with great consideration."

"And do my friends also go?" I asked.

"Aye, and others," he replied, and I saw that his eyes rested on the Señorita de Valencia.

some dark filthy dungeon like that from which I had come, and submitted to torture. But the strange happening had filled the Archbishop with awe, while even Father Parsons no longer spoke as before. Moreover, they knew that when the event should be reported to the King, he would at once desire to see us, and for this reason we were no longer regarded as heretics and spies, but men concerning whom heaven had intervened.



"He led the way until we came to a vaulted door."—*p.* 702.

"And where is his Majesty?" I asked, but to this he gave no reply, and Señor Toledo, as though all interest in our interview had ended, gave orders that we be conducted to our prison. For prison it was, although in many ways we were not treated as prisoners. And the reason of this was plain, for, as I have said, the lifting of the arm of the statue in the church caused us to be regarded as under the special protection of the saints. But for this we should doubtless have been thrown into

It is true neither Señor Toledo nor the señorita had spoken concerning it, but this, I believed, was because they were angry at what I had said.

It was at this time that a wild thought came into my mind concerning which even now I cannot help smiling. For the thing that came to me was so fraught with difficulties, and promised so little of good, that it might have been born in a madman's brain. Yet did I immediately act upon it, for in leaving the room

I passed close by the señorita, who at that moment stood alone.

"I would see you alone," I said. "If you love your mother arrange a meeting, and that without delay."

This I said in a low voice so that no one but she could hear, but she spoke not in answer; rather, she gave me an angry look as though she were sore displeased. Nevertheless I added a meaning glance to my words, and then passed close behind Mawgan Killigrew, who had been exchanging a few words with Father Parsons and Señor Toledo.

Presently we found ourselves in our prison again, and when we were sure we were alone Mawgan Killigrew spoke freely.

"Rupert, you have saved us this night," he said.

"Aye, and how?" I asked.

"Because you spoke the truth at the right moment," he made answer. "God save us, but she made a baby of us. I had it on my lips to promise whatever she asked, and had you not spoken, the thing would have been done. Have you ever seen a spider watching a fly? Have you seen how the poor little fly hath been drawn to the web, and then pounced upon? Aye, but John Trenoweth and I were like that. When she pleaded I could do nothing but obey. But my eyes were opened when you spoke. I saw the rage in Señor Toledo's face; I saw that we had been led to a trap, and that but for you we should have fallen into it."

"Aye," I replied sullenly, for I was in an ill humour. Even then I fancied that she might have smiled on me had I done her bidding, and that by my refusal I had made her my enemy for ever. I believed that all Mawgan had said was true, and yet at that moment I would have written the letter with my own hand, were I sure that thereby I could have won her smile.

For such is the power which a woman hath over a man. In many ways she is weak compared with him. Her hands are soft and she cannot do battle, neither do I think she can overcome a difficulty of the mind like a man can. Saving our gracious Queen Elizabeth, women be not wise rulers; neither can they weigh as in a balance the great issues which make or mar the life of peoples. Nevertheless, they can play with men even as a cat plays with a mouse. Even then, although I had refused to do her bidding and defeated her when she seemed nearest to victory, I felt as though I would gladly face an army to win from her a look of admiration. I knew that I despised her; aye, and hated her, too, for that matter—for was she not the plaything of the Jesuits and an inhuman daughter?—and yet my heart burned for her, and I longed to take her hands in mine and tell her that I loved her.

"Aye," I repeated presently, "I believe it was all arranged between them, and Father Parsons came in at that moment believing that his desires would be accomplished—but what then? The end is not yet, my masters. We came to save the Señora de Valencia and Esther Truscott, and as yet we have done nothing. Instead, we be in prison, and but for the strange happening in El Cristo de la Vega we should ere this have been burnt like dried wood."

"Aye, but there hath been the strange happening, Master Rupert Hamstead," cried John Trenoweth. "The Lord hath taken care of us, and He *will* take care of us. He hath closed the lion's mouth once, He hath closed it twice, and shall we doubt Him? Nay, He is doing marvellous things for us. Are we not called before the King? Shall we not have to travel where he is? Can we not gain our liberty—aye, and the liberty of those we came to save? Shame on you to doubt Him!"

"Well spoken, John," cried Mawgan. "Father Parsons said that we go with others. What doth that mean? I tell you it means that God is giving us a great opportunity. But enough! It is now midnight, and I need sleep."

With that both Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth laid themselves down on mattresses which had been placed for us, and in a few minutes fell asleep. I, however, could not do this. For one thing, I could not help thinking much of what had taken place, as well as of the position in which we stood. I had neither the calm confidence of Mawgan Killigrew, nor the religious faith of John Trenoweth. I saw that Father Parsons had spoken the truth when he told me that we had placed our heads in the lion's mouth, and for the life of me I could not see how we were to get them out if we were to accomplish the work we had set ourselves to do. Besides, although what I had said to the Señorita de Valencia seemed the words of a madman, I could not help wondering what she thought of them. That she was angry with me I knew right well, for had I not thwarted her in the thing upon which she had set her heart? That she could in no way think well of me was just as plain. By her own confession she hated all Englishmen, and she hated heretics; thus, because I was an Englishman and a heretic, she must hate me. And yet I caught myself believing that

she would pay heed to my request. It stood to reason that she must care something for her mother, even although she had been taught to regard all who were not of her faith as heathens; and thus because I had appealed to her through her mother, I nourished in my heart the hope that she would grant my bidding.

All this and much more passed through my mind as Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth lay fast asleep, and so much did my hopes gain upon me that presently, when I heard a noise outside the door, I did not awake my companions, but rather crept towards the door like a man fearing to make a noise.

A moment later I saw a faint streak of light shoot upon the wall, and then I knew that someone had come to visit us.

"Señor Hamstead!"

It was a man's voice. This I knew, although my name was spoken in a whisper.

"Yes," I replied in a low voice. "Who are you, and what would you?"

"Make no noise, but come."

"Where? With whom?" I asked.

"It is not for me to tell you. Come."

I looked through the aperture and saw a man dressed as a priest. In his hand he carried a candle, which shed a pale, sickly light.

"Come at once, or your desire may not be granted," he said.

Regardless of consequences, I left the room while my companion carefully locked the door behind him. A moment later I followed him along a dark passage, while I heard him whispering as if to himself, "*Dios perdon! Perdon Dios! Dios perdon!*"

"The man is afraid," I thought, and this gave me greater boldness.

"Where go we?" I asked presently.

"*Yo temo, yo tengo temo!*" he replied tremblingly.

"What do you fear?" I asked.

"*El pecado, y la pena,*" he whispered.

"What sin? What punishment?" I asked.

To this he made no reply, but led the way until we came to a vaulted door. This he opened, and admitted me into a small chapel. All around taper lights were burning before the images of saints and of the Virgin Mary, while the odour of incense filled the place.

Never in my life do I remember such deadly silence. Not even when I was confined in the loathsome dungeon, for there the crawling vermin made a noise. Here nothing broke the deathly stillness, and so awesome was it that when the taper lights rose and fell I felt as though surely the spirits of the dead were visiting the shrines which had been dedicated to their memory.

The priest, on entering the chapel, made his way towards the altar, where he knelt tremblingly and crossed himself. This done, he rose to his feet and beckoned me.

As the light from the altar rested upon his face I saw that he was the same man who had visited us with the señorita, and who, although he had spoken no word, had accompanied Father Parsons and Pablo Toledo to the house of my father's old enemy. I saw, too, by the look in his eyes, that the fear which he had expressed as we came thither was no make-believe. His every movement, the ghastly pallor of his cheeks, the tremor of his lips, suggested terror.

"Bow, man! Kneel and pray!" he whispered.

"Bow to what?" I asked.

"To the altar!" he replied. "Ask for forgiveness!"

"Forgiveness for what?" I asked. "I have done no wrong."

"Nay, but I have," he made answer. "Aye, and you have done wrong too. You are a heretic. You kneel not before the altar; you adore not the image of our Lord. I tell you this is sin—sin—black, damning sin! I tell you the spirits of the dead are here; they are watching us! Don't you see them? They fill the place! I can see their faces, and they are angry with us. It is desecration to come to the house of God and not to kneel in prayer! Kneel, man, kneel!"

"Aye," I replied, "I will kneel and ask forgiveness for my sins. But I cannot pray to saints or virgins!"

Whereupon I knelt down and uttered aloud the prayer of my heart.

"Great God," I prayed, "for Thy Son's sake, forgive my sins, and guide me and strengthen me, that I may accomplish the work that Thou hast given me to do. Amen."

Why I did this at the moment I can scarcely tell, for, although I have been a praying man all my life, I was never one to parade the fact for others to see. And yet, as I stood there in the silent chapel, the fearful face of the priest close to mine, and his frenzied appeal ringing in my ears, I could not refrain from kneeling and offering the prayer of my heart.

"Do you believe that God hath sent you to Spain?" he asked.

"Aye, I believe He hath," I replied.

"And do you believe He will help you?"

"Aye, I believe He will," I repeated.

"Never! never!" replied the priest. "The thing is sin—sin. Black, damning sin! Let the Church do her work. Let it burn out error and unbelief. It is the only way; it is the will of God!"

"Nay, the burning of those I have come

to save would be the will of the Devil," I answered.

"Hush! Blaspheme not. The Church of God can do no wrong, and accursed be he who lifteth the puny arm of rebellion against her almighty mandates. Listen, man, listen! Haste back to your accursed country. I will help you to do this. I will—I will!"

"Have you brought me here to tell me this?" I asked.

"Nay, nay! God forgive me—I have not. I have sinned in that I have brought you here—that is, unless I can bring you to repentance."

"I trust I do repent," I said.

"Aye, but of what? Do you repent of the foul lies which have crept into your country ever since Henry VIII. of evil memory defied the Holy Father in order to satisfy his vile desires? Have you repented the accursed crimes against the Church which have become your watchwords ever since that she-wolf hath become your Queen?"

"Silence, Master Priest!" I said angrily. "He who speaketh ill against our Queen is a liar! Mark that, my man, a liar. She is a good Queen, a great Queen, and hath been sent by God to reign in equity."

"Do you say that?" he said, half in astonishment, half in pity. "Then there is no hope for your people. God will answer our prayers. He will give Spain the power to wipe your people from off the earth. We are chosen of God to do this. It is His will. He hath given us might and majesty. We are the safeguards of the one Holy Faith, and our armies shall go everywhere from victory to victory until we rule the entire world, and cause every unbeliever to accept the one true faith."

He seemed like one communing with his own soul rather than speaking to me, and yet I thought he had a purpose in speaking thus.

"Then how do you account for the fact that Admiral Drake hath driven you before him, like the wind drives dry sand?" I asked.

"Man, these are but foul lies. Your cup of iniquity runneth over, and your doom is certain. Yet must I do this thing."

"What thing?" I asked. "You have led me thither, yet have you not told me why."

"Aye, and we are in the house of God, too," he replied, in a fearful whisper. "You have scorned God's chosen servants even in His own sanctuary. Come away—come away now, if you will not here renounce your heresy and accept the doctrines of the one true Church. Will you, man, will you? Then shall I know that God will forgive me for bringing you thither."

"Aye," I replied, "I do accept the doctrines of the Church of God; those which are plainly taught in His holy Word, but none other, Master Priest—none other!"

"Then must I bear the sin of bringing you thither, and I must suffer for seeking to do the will of unbelievers. But I will not countenance the thing; no, I will not. I will stay here and pray! Aye, though I bring you here, I will pray that your desires may not be fulfilled. Though I make it possible for you to seek to deliver those who for many days have bidden defiance to the will of the Church, I will pray that your counsels may be blinded and your desire brought to naught. Oh, God forgive me! God forgive me! Come, the will of the Lord be done; and surely He will laugh at your calamities, and mock when your fear cometh."

All this he said in a voice that trembled much. Nevertheless, he led me to a door at the side of the little chapel.

"Enter," he said, "enter. I have pleaded with you; I have besought you to turn to God. Your blood be upon your own head!"

With that he opened the door, and presently I found myself in a small room, which I soon saw was the sacristy of the little chapel. At first I thought I was alone, for so dimly lighted was the place that I could not plainly discern the things therein. But presently my heart gave a great leap, for there, right before me, stood the woman who had become all the world to me.

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.]



MERCY AND JUDGMENT.

Thoughts on Micah vi. 8. By the Ven. Archdeacon Wynne, D.D.



N the times when religion was taught to Jews by precepts, and enforced by swiftly descending punishments, a moral saying like that of the Prophet Micah, attributed by him to Balaam the seer, was the highest method by which God gave His instructions to man. "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

We should be profoundly grateful to Him that something more winning than precepts is sent to guide us, and that we live under a genial sky, from which the sunshine of Christ's perfect character beams upon a sin-vexed world.

The truths which are, in our human nature, "darkly joined" concerning mercy, justice, and humility, and which were pronounced to be binding upon men by a succession of stern prophets who found few to obey, have become "current coin" since the Son of Man lived among men. He presented truth in the form of a character which not only was full to perfection of all holy things, but which harmonised all the most opposite elements of holiness, and from which radiated grace to enable us to "follow His steps."

Of one of these harmonies I wish to speak. There is a danger of one-sidedness in earnest men. Our lives seem so narrow, and our opportunities so limited, that the tendency in each of us is earnestly to throw all our force into one kind of action, to form one sort of disposition, and unconsciously to neglect some other side of character, and so leave all incomplete.

It is by a careful contemplation of Jesus Christ that we can best be safeguarded against this bias. Look at a particular example. It is easy to see how in Him, mercy, love, and lowliness met in all perfection: to see the great emphasis which our Divine Master laid on the serener, more merciful, patient, tenderer, lowlier side of Christian character. "I am meek and lowly of heart." "Blessed are the meek"; "Blessed are the poor in spirit"; "Learn of Me." The impression made on us by the Sermon on the Mount is of the beauty of that calm, refined gentleness, that patient, unresisting endurance which He Who painted the word-picture for us also set before us in His own beautiful life.

The love of Christ is the fairest flower that ever opened in the world. And there are many things in the New Testament which would lead us to think that love is best shown by lowliness, tenderness, patience, and a willingness to endure anything rather than to be resentful of injury. The calm, dignified figure which passes before our eyes in the Gospel story is sublime in its patient endurance, in its self-repression, and in its mercy. He seems to live in an atmosphere of compassion, forgiveness, kindly actions, comforting words.

And this, which was a new thing upon earth, has been clearly perceived by those who, by faith and love, have sought to share His spirit, and to learn His method. So much so that the gentler virtues have been by many of His followers glorified as if they made up the whole of the Christlike ideal.

But when we carefully study the character of the Christ in its completeness, we learn that justice has its place as well as mercy and lowliness in His person. There was usually a calm atmosphere about Him, stirred by the breath of a warm south breeze. But every now and then there came a breath of bracing wind from the north, the mighty blast of sacred justice, differing from that mellow air, but coming from the same sky.

No life which ignores this sterner element of justice, and which pays exclusive attention to mercy and gentleness, can be a complete life or a life like that of Christ.

"*To do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.*" So spoke the prophet whose strange mixture of the true and false is set before us in the history of Balaam. In Jesus Christ mercy and justice were in full harmonious exercise. The hand which was laid so softly on little children's brows, the hand which touched the dumb man's tongue and loosed it, which broke the morsels of bread to feed the five thousand, was the hand which knotted the scourge of small cords, while the indignant bosom heaved with just and sacred anger against the defilers of the Temple courts. The voice which said, "Come unto Me, ye weary," said also, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites." He who said to the adulteress, "Neither do I condemn thee," said also, "Ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" In Him gentleness did not paralyse the arm of justice. The character of womanly pitifulness and refined peace was strengthened

by a vigorous manliness. A keen sense of justice, and of what was due to honour and truth, braced a frame which might have approached effeminacy had it lived only in the atmosphere of the Beatitudes. And no life can grow to vigorous and wholesome fruitfulness except where justice rules side by side with love.

The prophets Isaiah, Amos, and Hosea anticipate this character. What lovelier strains can be heard than some which come to us from their voices? Yet what indignation, yea, what zeal, yea, what revenge, came to brace their message to a world which indifferently turned away from their poetry and their soothing promises of peace!

To be practical—for what is Christ's example for but that it should be followed by His people? If we are to live and act mercifully, we are also to live and act justly; and mercy, braced by justice, will make our lives true. A few examples may be given of the demands which the spirit of justice makes on merciful characters, and on those which are under Christ's guidance.

(1) Justice requires us to look on things as they are, not as it is comfortable, or easy, or agreeable for us to think that they are.

(*a*) Do not, because it is most soothing and pleasant, turn away your eyes from the faults of character of those you love best. Do not allow yourself tacitly to assume that your favourite or your hero cannot do wrong. To be prejudiced by passion or blinded by affection is bad for both you and him. Surely it is a mark of infirmity and of one-sidedness not to be able to see anything but good in our friends, or anything but faults in those we do not like. It is little use to say to young people that never is this more necessary to remember and act on than when the glamour of a young heart's affection makes anything the loved one may do or say necessarily perfect. Then, above all things, wisdom would suggest that you should try to judge character justly, seeking to see what really is, not only what your warm affection persuades you it must surely be. Love is proverbially blind, and in so far, love is unjust.

(*b*) But justice requires you also, and even more sternly, to refuse to think unjustly of those whom you dislike or do not understand. There is nothing more common than to assume that those we do not care for are unworthy. And many an attractive character is really spoiled by this one habit of unfair judging. Nothing too good to say of our friends; nothing too bad, or at least, nothing too satirical or contemptuous, to say of those divided from us by religious party, by family rivalry, by jealousy of success. A visitor calls, and on leaving is instantly judged; her appearance picked to pieces, her peculiarities of manner or speech laughed at, her affectation or want of culture, her so-called "side," all talked over with a minimum of charity. Alas! Which is more wanting in such discussions—justice or mercy? And are they not too painfully common? Take another case. In many houses, you would think a servant the paragon of all the virtues, or else mean, dishonest, lazy, good-for-nothing. Are either of these judgments just? What terrible indictments are often heard from gentle, womanly lips! Cruel words spoken of, or to, those whose character is their capital, and whose friends are far away. Are there none who shine in society, who join in works of philanthropy, who have a name for helping every charity, but whose servants know the sharpness of their tongues when the world is not looking on? Ah! it is too painful, and would not have been touched on here but that the sin is *not rare*.

(2) To turn to quite another region, how great a breach of sacred justice it is to say, "I am perfectly certain that this person did this or that," when at most you have a suspicion that it is so, and you not only built your certainty on an unjust suspicion, but probably on an unkind one. Pray, you who desire to honour God and to follow Christ, that you may be kept free from the gross injustice of deciding that there has been a wrong motive at work, because you have not a convincing proof that there has been a good one. A well-balanced mind must be a just one. The brother who wrongs anyone on suspicion commits often as grave a fault as that which he is condemning without evidence. It is not only a weakness, it is a sin, to be unjust.

But justice makes other demands upon us beyond requiring just judgments and fair treatment of those who have annoyed us, or for whom we do not care. Justice requires us to try in the wisest manner, without sparing ourselves or faltering, *to try to set wrongs right*.

The whole duty of justice is not fulfilled in that man who tries to think fairly and to refuse to express unkind judgments. It is a sin against justice to use no earnest effort to get justice done in the world. We are under social obligations, within the measure of our powers, to see justice done especially to the weak.

To sit still and complain that the poor are downtrodden, that the employers of the present day are only set on making their fortunes, and are treating their employés selfishly, that we are living in a wicked world, is surely as unlike as it is possible to be to Him Who lived and died at the most painful cost to set wrongs right. We read of just Lot being grieved at the wickedness of Sodom; we do not read that he laid himself out to correct

the evils he lamented. What attempt did he make to clean out that Augean stable, or even to rescue some from the mass of wickedness which prevailed? The love of man will teach us especially to champion the rights of the weak. It will give energy to the will, and overcome timidity and desire of a quiet life, and all that shrinking from the charge of interference which those who live by wrongs make against any who have the temerity to try to abate them. A resigned sadness over the troubles of the poor victims of the sweating system may be a mark of a merciful soul; a determination never to buy goods which are cheapened by this nefarious system is the sign of a just one; for the system sins against justice quite as much as against mercy. A just man cannot be a pessimist as long as he can be a worker. He has not time to be a pessimist or a sentimentalist, for the noble spirit of justice will set his brain, heart, and hands at work, and if the evils go on, at least he will have done what he could! He proves himself a just man, even should he fail. If he says, with the monk of Cluny, "Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt" he will not fail to add, "Vigilemus!" If the days *are* evil, he will watchfully try to mend them.

It is true that a serenity and a calm, lowly gentleness, a meek endurance, seem to make up the dominant part of the ideal character of the New Testament. But is there not in its pages, and especially in those which pourtray Christ's life, abundant evidence that our Lord came to kindle a fire of opposition to every form of wrong? It is true that we must often act rather in the spirit than after the letter of the New Testament. It is the true essence of this Christian spirit to redeem slaves, and put down duelling, and denounce gambling, even though no direct word can be quoted from the Bible against any of these evils. For the soul of Christianity is love to man, and love will not leave any man to suffer wrong without facing trouble and opposition to set him right. These labours have usually been traced to the desire for *mercy*—they are inspired just as much by the love of justice, which is as careful of others as of self. It is only in this age, after Christ's law has been all these centuries at work, that governments have placed on the statute books of Christian nations those just laws which forbid the cruel employment of children in dangerous arts, the overloading of ships, the selling of drink to little ones: but the spirit of justice which is expressed in these laws has been at work from the first preaching of Christ.

What are you doing in this warfare against wrong? It is a sad sight when one who has had a vision of the Holy Grail, disappointed in his pursuit, overwhelmed by an increasing sense of human frailty, turns aside in despair, and "leaving human wrongs to right themselves, cares but to pass into the silent life."

Christian brother or sister, are you leaving human wrongs to right themselves, just where you are? Are you sadly sensitive of the injustice and hardship endured by your poor neighbour, but as yet only troubling yourself, but not setting yourself to put down some one definite wrong that you deplore? Let there be a quick end of this. It is an act of injustice not to help, as truly as it is an act of injustice to hinder or to harm. Are you sure you may not be the very person selected to remove an ill which you and others have been fretting over long, while nothing has been done? Your own corner of the world may by you be made a little more comfortable, someone be made more pure, more peaceful, less sad. Here and there one will be found whom the prospect fires with enthusiasm as he sees great possibilities arise which his action may make realities. If such a vista opens, as it may open, before *your* eyes, you must, if you would do this thing in a Christian way, first place yourself completely at your Master's disposal and at the service of man, and do not either despise the commission because it gives you little scope for personal action, nor shrink from it because it will tax your powers, your time, or your purse to the very uttermost. Oh, it is a glorious thing when it dawns upon a willing man that here is a mission actually placed before him to undertake, that he is certain it is a worthy thing to which he is called, and that it rests upon him, and no other before him, to rise up and go.

One practical word. Do not let your hope or zeal be damped by the thought:

> "What boots it gathering one lost leaf
> Out of yon sere and withered heap?"

It is better to devote yourself to the redress of one small wrong than to lament over the existence of many great ones, while you do nothing better than lament.

Another thought: Do not refuse to attack a wrong because you fear you may have to violate the spirit of meekness. That sacred anger may be a necessity. Jesus Christ was angry. He acted sternly; the spirit of justice could not flow forth without a serious ruffling of His wonted calmness. A word spoken in holy indignation against irreverence, impurity, or oppression must needs make your quiet heart beat fast, and bring a colour to your cheek and a tone to your voice which may be quite like the effects of natural anger. Be not afraid. "To do justly" comes even before "To love mercy" in the order of duty which the prophet Micah quotes with fullest approval from the mysterious sage of the East, Balaam, son of Beor.

THE SLAUGHTERED SAINTS OF THE ALPS.

By the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A.

PART II.

WITH the arrival of that notable day when Martin Luther, the revolted monk, nailed his theses to the church door of Wittenberg begins a new chapter in the history of the Waldenses.

The story of their inclusion in the Reformation movement reads like a romance. About 1526 the newly formed Protestant Churches, in the region between the Alps and the Juras, began to hear of Christians who belonged to the Reformation before the Reformation began. Before long communication was established with them, and the news of the victories of the Reformed religion was carried to the valleys. Martin Gonin, pastor of Angrogna, a man of noble and enterprising character, determined to find out the truth. He made his way to the reformers, and brought the good news back to his own people. A year or two afterwards, a synod of Waldensian Christians was convened at Mérindol, on the French side of the Alps, amid scenes of great enthusiasm and joy. It was as though a new world had been discovered to them. They had thought themselves alone, and now found that they were but a regiment in a vast and increasing army. From this conference a deputation was sent to the evangelicals of Switzerland to welcome a new movement, which, to these sufferers of an older day, seemed like the coming of a golden age. Very soon all the Protestants of Switzerland and Southern Germany were eager to see the representatives of this centuries'-old Protestant Church. Seated round the firesides of their new friends, the Waldenses told of the sufferings of their fathers, and described their own simple life in the Alpine valleys. The reformers soon discovered how surprisingly near the Alpine peasants were to themselves in doctrine and practice. "Christ," said one pious doctor, speaking for the rest, "is in you as He is in us, and we love you as brethren." Only one of the deputation returned to the valleys. Both had been thrown into prison by the clerical party at Dijon on their way home. One of them, Morel, succeeded in escaping; the other, Masson, was condemned, executed, and died as the first Waldensian martyr to the Reformation.

This Waldensian embassy was the first of a series of communications between the Alpine Churches and the reformers. Another deputation was sent, in response to which Farel, one of the Reform leaders, visited the Waldensian synod, making the journey at the peril of his life, with one companion. As a consequence of this mission, the Waldenses, after lengthy and earnest discussion, subscribed entirely to the Reformed faith. A few only refused to sign the declaration. At this strange conference, the visitors, to their great astonishment, were shown several manuscript copies of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue. "These books," said their hosts, "were copied directly by hand so long ago as to be beyond memory." A further step was taken at this synod in the adoption of a resolve to translate the Scriptures into French. In a later visit Farel brought with him the scholar Olivétan, who had undertaken the task. The poor peasants thereupon subscribed fifteen hundred golden crowns towards the printing of Olivétan's Bible and its dissemination in France. From this moment the Waldenses became absorbed

in the general movement of Protestantism, but in so doing they were marked out as special objects of persecution, both in France and Italy.

The most severe trial to which they were subjected occurred in 1655. In that year Duke Charles Emmanuel, of Savoy, acting under the orders of the Inquisition, commanded that the Waldenses should be reduced within the limits of their ancient territory, and an army, composed partly of French and partly of Irish troops, entered the peaceful valleys, and spread destruction and torture on every side. So horrible was the treatment to which the poor Protestants were subjected, that the Reformed States of Europe took up their cause. It will be to the everlasting credit of the Great Protector, Oliver Cromwell, that his powerful aid was lent to the slaughtered saints in their hour of extremity, though it was not strong enough to bring them relief until their roll of martyrs numbered thousands, and the poor suffering population had dwindled to a mere handful. In noble contrast to our inaction during the Armenian massacres, England called on the Protestant Powers to join in warning the Duke of Savoy and the French King that the slaughter must cease. Milton, Cromwell's secretary, penned the famous document; and his no less famous sonnet on the "Massacre in Piedmont" was written on the same occasion.

"Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old.
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not; in Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold; who, having learn'd Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

The story of the suffering of the Waldenses under the rule of the House of Savoy is almost incredible. The Prince, who should have been their protector, weakly yielded to Romish pressure, and allowed the inquisitors to harry their harmless and God-fearing victims with unceasing cruelty and every form of terrorism. The fugitives were tracked in the woods, by dogs trained for the purpose, to the foot of trees in which they had taken refuge, or to the caves and rocks where they had hidden themselves. The hypocritical priests frequently tempted them from their hiding-places by a pretence of compassion and promises of mercy which they never intended to fulfil. It was part of the Romish policy to compel the poor peasant martyrs to confess abominable crimes of which they had never been guilty. With this purpose in view many of them were put to torture in the hope of forcing from them the confession that in their assemblies they were guilty of vile and loathsome practices. But no one confessed. Charlin expired on the rack itself. Verminal was kept eight hours on an instrument of torture called a hell, without being prevailed upon to confess or recant. Marçon was beaten with iron chains, and then killed. One of his sons had his throat cut, and the other was hurled over a precipice. Bernard Conte, for having thrown away a crucifix which he was commanded to hold, was covered with pitch and burned like a pine torch. Even women were tortured; some of them were burned; the most beautiful met a worse fate. Eighty-eight men were butchered at Montalto by order of the inquisitor Panza. "I confess," says a witness of this scene, a Roman Catholic, in a letter which has been preserved to us, "I can only compare these executions to a slaughter-house. The executioner came and called out one of the unfortunate creatures, and having wrapped his head in a cloth, led him to a spot adjoining the house, made him fall on his knees, and cut his throat with a knife. Then, taking off the bloody veil, he came for another prisoner, who underwent the same fate; in this manner eighty-eight persons were butchered. I leave your imagination to picture this horrible sight. At this very moment I can hardly restrain my tears. No one can ever describe the meekness and patience with which these heretics suffered such a martyrdom and death. A small number of them, when at the point of death, declared that they embraced the Catholic faith; but the greater part died in their infernal obstinacy. All the old men ended their lives with an imperturbable calmness; only the young manifested some agitation. A shudder comes over my whole frame when I picture to myself the



JANAVEL'S ESCAPE.—*p.* 711.

executioner with his bloody knife between his teeth, holding the dripping napkin in his hand, entering the house, and, with his arms covered with blood, seizing the prisoners one after another, as a butcher goes and takes the sheep he is about to slaughter." Many who were not massacred, and yet would not recant, were sent as slaves to fill the Spanish galleys.

It should not be forgotten that in all this dreadful suffering the Waldenses never made any attempt at rebellion against the authority of the Prince, although he had not only shamelessly abandoned them to the fury of their enemies, but had himself joined in persecuting them. Nay, more, he stooped to treachery by permitting them to indulge the hope of better days, and by issuing in their favour, in the years 1653-54, several decrees confirming their privileges and ancient liberty. By a dissimulation as black as that which preceded the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in Paris, a plot was laid to entrap all their leaders and pastors, and get rid of them at one fell stroke. The Council for the Propagation of the Faith and the Extirpation of Heretics organised a movement secretly against them with a design of destroying them all within a single day if possible. The expedition alluded to above was composed not only of the Papal troops and those of the House of Savoy, but of French and Irish. At the very moment when this army of not less than fifteen thousand men was ready to fall on the devoted Protestants, a deputation of Waldenses was waiting upon the Count with assurances of loyalty and a request for tolerance. Their brave fellow-Christians, taken wholly by surprise, were yet able to throw back the first onslaught of their Papal assailants. A further stratagem was then devised by Gasteldo, Conservator-General of the Holy Faith. He convened the deputies of the communes of the Waldenses to meet him at a certain spot. He there represented that they had nothing to fear, provided that, as a mark of obedience and fidelity to the Prince, they would consent to receive and lodge a regiment of infantry and two companies of horse soldiers in each of their communities for two or three days. The Waldenses consented, relying on the word of their sovereign's representative, and their good faith became the cause of their destruction.

At first, the soldiers on their arrival made every attempt to please their victims and lull them into false security. At the same time they took care to secure all the passes through which the mountaineers might make their escape, and Saturday, the 24th of April, 1655, was chosen for the execution of the orders of the Council for the Propagation of the Faith and the Extirpation of Heretics. Pastor Léger, the historian of the scene, describes the butchery in terms too harrowing to quote in their entirety. Neither age nor sex was spared. "The sick and aged, both men and women, were either burned in their houses, or literally cut in pieces, or tied up, stripped of their clothes, like a ball, with their heads between their legs, and thrown over the rocks, or rolled down the sides of the mountains. After doing violence to females, young and old, they forced flints into their bodies, or gunpowder, to which they set fire; others were impaled, and in this horrible position placed naked as crosses by the wayside. Others were mutilated in various ways, and even portions of their bodies were fried and eaten by these cannibals.

"As for the men, some were cut up while still living, one member after another, like meat at the shambles. Others were hung up so as to outrage all decency, or scorched alive."

The few fugitives who managed to escape wrote to their brethren of the Swiss evangelical cantons on the 27th of April—"Our tears are no longer of water, they are of blood; they do not only obscure our sight, they choké our poor hearts."

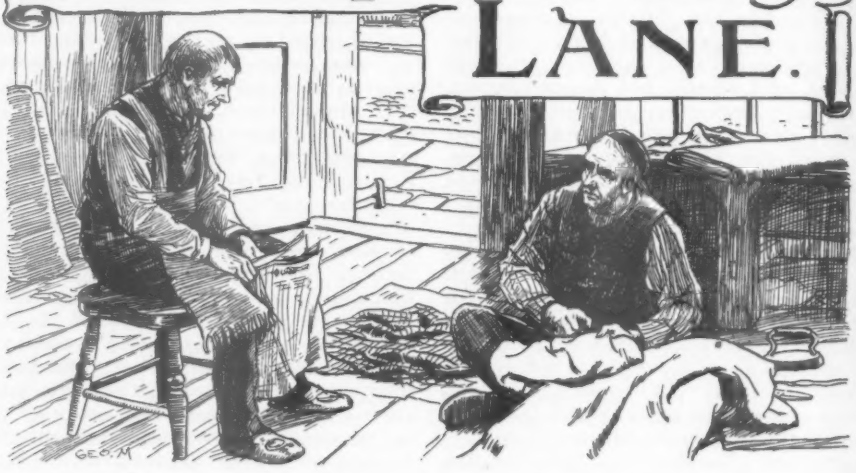
The only community which escaped unscathed from the terrible plot of which their brethren had been the victims was that of Rora, consisting of twenty-five families. This little group was saved by the courage and wisdom of one man, Joshua Janavel, who was keeping watch on the heights with six men. On the day of the massacre, five hundred troops were ordered to scale the heights which led to Rora, and destroy the little company sheltered there. Janavel discovered their advance, and instead of giving the alarm, took ambush and fired upon the advancing enemy. Stricken

with terror, the whole body of them fled without striking a blow. On two successive days the same manœuvre was repeated, with the same result. Almost incredible to relate, the Papal agents now stooped to the detestable meanness of assuring the people of Rora that the attack originated in a mistake, was not intended, and should not happen again. On the very next day, a force of eight hundred men surrounded Rora, and set fire to all the houses they could reach. It was thought that this time there could be no escape for the poor people, but Janavel and his men having previously withdrawn the women and children from the more exposed part of the hamlet, and seeing the soldiers, too eager for plunder and too sure of victory, falling into disorder, attacked them with such fury and courage as to drive them before him in headlong rout. Within a few days a further attack was made, which failed because of the over-haste of one division of the army of assassins. On this occasion the intrepid commander was reinforced by some of the fugitives from the other valleys of death, and in an almost miraculous victory inflicted great loss upon the enemy. After this an ultimatum was issued by the Papal party, by which the people of Rora were summoned to attend mass within twenty-four hours, or suffer the most horrible torture. Their reply was a firm refusal, and in order to bring them to submission an army of ten thousand men was sent against this heroic community of twenty-five families. This time overwhelming numbers prevailed, and all the horrors of the previous massacres were repeated in Rora. Janavel's wife and three daughters were among the prisoners reserved for torture. He himself managed to escape by climbing the lofty heights in his neighbourhood, carrying on his back his little boy of eight years old. He penetrated to the valleys whither the massacre had not yet reached, and aroused the Waldenses in their own defence. Without waiting to be attacked they at once made an assault upon the nearest Papal garrison. They were all put to the sword, without any torture.

A cry of righteous anger and horror rang through Protestant Europe on hearing the terrible story of the Alpine massacres. The Reformed nations were moved so deeply, rulers and subjects alike, that by a common impulse a movement was made to save the remnant of the Waldenses from extinction. The first to lead the way in this regard were the evangelical cantons of Switzerland, who made collections for the fugitives throughout their territories, and appealed to all the Protestant Powers to come to the rescue of the persecuted saints. The most effective response to this appeal came, as already indicated, from the Government of England. The warning sent by Oliver Cromwell to France and Savoy bore fruit in the cessation of hostilities against the Waldenses, and after long negotiation, broken again and again by treachery, a limited toleration was granted to the exhausted and famine-stricken people. When the fugitives returned to their homes many pathetic scenes were witnessed. The questions they put, and the answers received respecting the fate of their dear ones, were the cause of fresh outbursts of sorrow and anguish. Such tidings as, "Your father died in prison," "Your husband recanted," "Your child has been carried away to be brought up a Papist," were commonly given. Their respite was but brief. With the passing of the Great Protector the persecution recommenced, but it did not last so long nor was it so severe as in 1655. Peace came to them with the adoption of a more enlightened policy by the new chief of the House of Savoy. "You have," he said, "only one God and one Prince to serve. Serve your Prince faithfully. Up to the present we have been enemies; henceforward we must be friends."

This was in 1694. With this date the more heroic part of the history of the Waldenses comes to an end. All exiles were permitted to return, and civil restrictions upon the free exercise of their faith were removed. From far and near the persecuted Christians returned to their own beloved valleys and their mourning relatives. They had other vicissitudes to pass through, and they had even a further share in making history when the day came for the unification of Italy. But nothing can ever impair or obscure the place of the persecuted saints of the Alps in the memory of Protestant Christendom. The story of their heroism, their sufferings, and their faith should be held in honour wherever Christ is loved and religion is free.

DOWN FLITTERS LANE.



A Complete Story by Mabel Quiller-Couch.

FLITTERS LANE, dull, grimy, and poverty-stricken, saw a good deal more of life, and the bustle of it, than a casual observer would have believed possible. But the fact was, that the lane was a short cut between the two principal streets of the place, where all the shops were, and all the business and bustle.

As to the lane itself, in spite of the traffic through it, few places could have been more hopelessly dead as a business centre. No one seemed to glance to right or left: they just passed on.

In part it may have been the fault of the dwellers in the lane: they made no display in their shop windows, laid no trap to attract passers-by; but then, as Jacob Minders, shoemaker and cobbler, often said, how could he with his bit or two of leather and a few lasts make any show? or what could Nathan Lamb, "Tailor, Repairs neatly executed," who lived next door, do to make his place showy? He had only his board, and his irons, and a roll or two of cloth to make a display with, and his irons he was constantly using; and, if he had not been, it would not have done to announce the fact that he had no work by putting them up for everyone to see.

Jacob Minders and Nathan Lamb had lived next door to each other for years, each occupying the front room on the ground floor, and one room behind it, and letting out the rest of the house in single rooms to a motley variety of lodgers. Jacob and Nathan worked and spent most of their time in the front room, "the shop," where they sat with their doors open for company, and talked when opportunity arose, as it did pretty frequently. The cheerful tap, tap, tap of Jacob's hammer and the penetrating odour of hot cloth indicated to the outer world, not only the industry of the two old men, but something also of their tempers.

Jacob was as optimistic and cheerful, in spite of all, as Nathan was hot-tempered and morose. Nathan drove in his needle as though it were a pleasure to him to be stabbing something, and pressed his work as though he would brand it with his grievances.

A long spell of mild, damp autumn weather had reduced Flitters Lane to a state which would have cast a gloom on the spirits of even the most casual passers-by. Its most persistent admirers found it hard to say anything complimentary about it, and Nathan Lamb felt his scope for grumbling was practically limitless. Jacob grew unhappy when Flitters Lane and everything in it were laid under the flail of Nathan's tongue. He had a deep-seated, sentimental attachment to the place, and it hurt him to hear it abused.

"S'pose it'd be 'ard to find another such miserable 'ole," grumbled Nathan. "No sun, no air, 'ardly a glimpse of the sky to be seen, nor nothing else worth looking at, and the wind cuts up like—like as if it 'ad a grudge against us."

"Then you can't complain about there being no air," said Jacob mildly.

Nathan was annoyed at being caught up so sharply.

"And if we don't get much sun," went on Jacob before Nathan could think of any retort sharp enough, "well, we'm glad of it in the summer-time, and there's plenty of passing to keep us lively."

"Lively!" snarled Nathan. "If there was a little less passing and more stopping, it might be livelier; but who wants to see a tribe of people going up and down, and 'urrying by as if you was a fever 'ospital? You can't take no interest in 'em."

"I do," said Jacob stoutly. "I likes to see folks about, and wonder what they are doing, and who they are. One gets to know 'em quite well by sight. And—and 'tisn't many can look out on such a purty bit as that there," pointing across the road to the one bit of garden any house in the lane boasted. It was about as large as a big bath towel, and it contained a bed of sturdy young wallflowers, giving promise for the coming spring. "You think what a treat they'll be when they comes to blowing and the smell wafts across."

"If they don't get stolen first," mumbled Nathan sourly.

Jacob did not speak for a moment, but sat pondering. "'Tis curious," he said at last, "very curious how diffrunt things look to diffrunt people. I s'pose 'tis that our eyes don't see things alike, and we can't 'elp it. This 'ere place seems like 'ome to me, and no other place would, yet you don't see nothing in it but dirt and misery, and melancholy. Other places look beautiful to you, and to me they don't. I s'pose 'tis the way we are born, and 'tis what's inside us looks out through our eyes."

"'Tis a good deal of it 'ypochrisy, I say," said Nathan sulkily. He had not often been quite so cruel in his remarks, but the truth of something Jacob had said had stung him. "Some folks pretends they are pleased with everything until they cheat theirselves into believing they are." Jacob did not answer. Nathan's remarks were so wide of the mark there was no sting in them for him.

A tall woman with a white worn face came down the lane and turned in at Nathan's door. She smiled at Jacob as she passed, and said "Good-morning."

"How is baby?" he asked anxiously, his eyes wandering from her white face to the bundle in her arms. She opened her lips to speak, but they quivered so she could get no word out, but the shake of her head and the expression of her face told all there was to tell. As she passed through Nathan's shop to the staircase beyond she looked at him timidly, almost beseechingly, but he never glanced at her. A few moments later he broke the silence that had fallen.

"I'm giving her notice to clear out by Saturday week," he said with would-be carelessness.

"What?" cried Jacob, the pity on his face giving place to distress. "You ain't thinking to turn her out while the child's dying, maybe?"

Nathan had spoken more in temper than anything else, and now a feeling that he was acting badly made him only more angry. "Yes, I am; and so would you if you was kept awake half the night by the child's crying and fretting."

"Is that all you've given her notice for?"

Nathan was standing picking tackings out of a waistcoat. "And my wife always trapesing up to see if she can do anything for it, 'stead of minding her work," he went on excusingly.

Jacob was a widower. Nathan had a wife, and, in consequence, another grievance. In most things he ruled her rigidly, but now and then she defied him. At such times he thought enviously of Jacob's condition.

"If my wife had lived," said Jacob regretfully, "she'd have turned me out, or gone out herself before she'd let me put out a poor creature like that, and I shouldn't have thought much of her if she hadn't. Nathan," he went on after a minute's pause, looking pleadingly at the stern-faced old man, "is it only because of the noise? Or is it—because she can't meet her rent?"

Nathan hesitated a moment, then, "Both," he answered shortly.

"If 'twas only the rent, I'd—I'd see that you wasn't the loser by her—if you'd keep her till the warm weather comes, at any rate."

"Shan't do it," said Nathan perversely. "She'll 'ave to go. She can find a home elsewhere."

Jacob laid down his awl and the boot he was working upon, and rubbed his hands up and down his apron in a state of nervous excitement. "Yes, she can come here," he burst out defiantly. In all the years of their friendship it was the first time he had defied Nathan. Even then, as though to give him a chance to reinstate himself, he appealed to him again. "But you don't mean it, Nathan, 'tis only your way. You wouldn't turn into the street a poor widow woman with a delicate grandchild to support. I don't believe it of you." He looked at him pleadingly, as though begging not to be disillusioned.

"Disbelieve it then," said Nathan roughly, his temper getting the better of him. "If you wait long enough, you'll see," and he turned abruptly into his own house, closing the door after him.

Jacob, reaching the pavement a second later, stared at the closed door in a state of bewilderment. In all the years they had lived side by side he had never seen it closed against him before. To describe Nathan's temper during the next few days as "short" would be to pay it a compliment. Jacob would not have minded its shortness at all, but the coldness and aloofness of his old friend's manner was more than he could endure calmly. His own cheerfulness gave way under it, but not his determination to carry out his plan and give Martha Waters a shelter.

One day, when he saw her going by, sadder and whiter even than usual, he broached his scheme to her. Her unfeigned delight and gratitude warmed his cast-down heart, and a few days later, with her grandchild, she took up her abode in the tiny attic room which Jacob had furnished for her with the few poor things he could manage to spare from his own little store.

Martha's worldly wealth amounted to a few shillings a week only, and the delicacy of the child prevented her from going to work to earn more. But all of this sum Jacob insisted she should spend on food and firing, and nourishing things for the child; the rent could run on, he said, till she fell on easier times. He reduced the debt now and then by letting her clean his place and wash his clothes, he minding the baby while she was so employed.

This, had it not been for the attitude Nathan Lamb took, would have been the happiest time Jacob had known since his wife died. But from the day Martha Waters entered his house Jacob learnt that Nathan's door was closed against him, also his mouth. And the knowledge was a terrible blow, a blow he could not recover from.

Never again were the two old voices heard in friendly chat above the tap, tap of the hammer, no more did the sight of the two old neighbours gossiping together form a pleasant excuse to others to linger too. Silence fell on the two houses, and some of Nathan's gloom descended on Jacob.

So things went on all the winter through, and never had a winter seemed so long and bleak. Several times had Jacob, seeing Nathan standing at his own door, been tempted to try and break through the barrier he had put up between them. But on the slightest sign of an approach he had been uncompromisingly confronted with the back of Nathan's bald head, and once Nathan had deliberately gone in and shut the door in his face. After that Jacob's self-respect would let him make no more advances.

So things were when spring came, and the wallflowers opposite, having survived the winter, had burst into rapid growth, there were buds on them, and one or two blooms were already sending sweet breaths over to poor solitary Jacob sitting sadly at his low bench, working away listlessly at the last boot, though he little thought it, that he was ever to make.

Early the next morning, when Flitters Lane was lying under a hush it seldom knew in its conscious moments, Jacob dragged himself painfully up the stairs to Martha's door and knocked so softly for fear of waking the child that at first Martha did not hear him. While he waited he sat down on the stair and nursed his hand, for he felt he could not stand, the night of pain he had gone through had exhausted him and made him feel quite ill. He heard Martha moving about, singing softly to herself, and he knocked again. When she opened her door and the light fell through it on to Jacob's face, so drawn and ash-coloured, she gave a cry of dismay.

"I hurt my hand," he said simply, "yesterday, when I was mending old Tamp's boot, and a bit of dirt must have got in. It has kept me awake all night, the pain has been so bad. I wondered if you'd be so kind as to make a poultice." She took him down at once to his own room and made him lie on the couch while she examined his hand. She said little, but a change came over her face. "I am going to get a doctor," she said decisively. Jacob was in such pain he could hardly speak, much less object. Tears of anguish were forced from his eyes. The huge swelled hand was hot and angry-looking. Martha's one hope was to prevent the inflammation from spreading up the arm. She lit the fire in less time than fire was, probably, ever lit before, and put a kettle of water on. Then after various directions to Jacob she went away. A second later Nathan Lamb was aroused by a fierce onslaught on his door and window. He was just on his way to open his front door, and the noise startled and angered him. Martha took no notice of his astonishment or his rage.

"Come at once to Mr. Minders," she gasped: "he's very ill. I must go for a doctor quick, but I can't leave him alone—you must stay with him. Quick—do come. I'm sure 'tis a matter of life and death, or losing his arm." Tears were running down her cheeks. "And if you've got some hot water, bring it along. I think we ought to be bathing his hand or something. I'll go for the doctor. I'm lighter on my feet. Run in to him, do, Mr. Lamb. Don't 'ee stay hesitating there;

'tisn't no time to be thinking over grievances." Then she flew away down the lane, and Nathan hurried in to the help of his old enemy.

When Martha and the doctor returned a quarter of an hour later they found Jacob lying in the same place, and moaning pitifully in spite of himself, while Nathan was soothing him as though he were a baby.

The doctor examined the hand in grave silence, then he drew Nathan outside.

"His hand will have to be amputated," he said, "or his life will probably be sacrificed. I think, if we get him to the hospital and operate at once, we can save his arm. Bear up now, man, bear up: we shall want your help," for Nathan had begun to weep weakly.

So presently Flitters Lane was the scene once more of much passing; then silence fell, and Jacob's tools lay silent for many a day, and the emptiness and blankness of his shop made itself felt by the dwellers in the lane. Nathan Lamb and Martha went about with anxious faces, and sad, frightened eyes, for what was to be the old man's future—if he lived to come out of the hospital? During this time Nathan's wife enjoyed the first peace and comfort she had known in her married life.

But by degrees the tension of their faces relaxed. Jacob was recovering, and at last a day was fixed when, weak and maimed, he was to leave the hospital and come home again.

But before that happened, Martha, who had constituted herself manager of Jacob's affairs during his absence, handed the baby (Nathan making no demur) over to Nancy Lamb to be "minded," and from morning till night the lane echoed with the rattle of buckets and brooms, and the noise of whitewashing and scrubbing, and banging of carpets and chairs, for the little old house was having such a cleaning as it had never had since Sally Minders had laid down her work and lay "like a lady" with her hands folded.

But in spite of the pleasure she was enjoying, Martha's face was unusually grave and absorbed, and sometimes her cheeks flushed scarlet, and her eyes would fill with tears. She and Nathan had more than one conversation together, from the last of which she emerged agitated, but smiling, while Nathan wore an expression which was really bland. Then at last there was the home-coming. Jacob walked from the hospital in the twilight, for he was shy just at first of being seen; but, instead of going back to empty dark rooms as he had thought to, he found his tiny kitchen bright with firelight, the tea table laid with dainties such as he loved, and Martha smiling and neat, and Nathan, actually jovial in his attempt to hide his emotion, waiting to bid him welcome home.

In the first flush of his pleasure Jacob felt it was almost worth going through all he had gone through to have such a welcome as this, to feel he had such friends.

When they did at last get themselves seated at the table, their appetites were not perhaps quite as acute as their feelings; but they enjoyed themselves, and when tea was over Martha went away to her baby, and left the two old men together.

"Fine woman that," said Nathan abruptly, with a nod of his head in the direction Martha had gone, as they drew their chairs up to the fire, though more for the cheerfulness of it than for any need there was of its warmth.

"Very," responded Jacob with emphasis, but marvelling somewhat at the change in his neighbour.

Nathan gave a little shy amused laugh. "The way she bullied me into doing what she wanted came over me," and he chuckled again. Jacob did not speak. Nathan hardly gave him a chance to do so, he was so full of the subject. "She used to be afear'd of her life of me, and oh! my word, 'ow it did irritate me to see 'er going about like a frod-on dog. But when it come'd to you—law! she'd bully the life of me out for your sake."

"Would she now, really?" responded Jacob eagerly, and longing to hear more. "She've been more'n good to me," he added softly. "I dunno—I dunno 'ow I'm ever to return it all to 'er, and to you too, Nathan. I am very grateful."

Nathan did not answer: he was absorbed in his own thoughts. "If only," he said musingly, "I'd had somebody of sperrit earlier in life to stand up to me and defy me, I should 'ave been a 'appier man. But everybody was so cringing. All my life they've put me down for a bad-tempered man that has got to be smoothed down, and they've come round me so cringing like it's roused all the bad that was in me. They took it for granted I was sour, and sour they made me. I was too—well, I didn't know when to give in and be different. My old mother was like it, and then Nancy—why, she began as though I'd beat all the sperrit out of her, and you—you was always too good-tempered, Jacob. I longed for 'ee to stand out agin me, many a time. I never liked 'ee so well as when you set yourself against me that time and give Martha a home."

"I wish you'd showed it," said Jacob ruefully.

"I didn't know 'ow to begin," answered Nathan, simply. "If you'd come up to me as if I was an ord'nary man, and just given me a straight-down talking to, it would have been all right, but you looked so—so—I don't know what to call it—so soothing like. Now, Martha, she just didn't care that morning you was so bad—she bullied me. She's a good one, she is."



"While he waited he sat down on the stair."—*p.* 714.

"She is," responded Jacob again, emphatically; "too good. I'm terrible troubled," he said, presently, "to know what to do to 'elp 'er. What can I do now?" and he looked for the first time down at the sling which held his maimed limb. "I haven't got no money; I shan't 'ave a roof over my head much longer, and then where will she go, poor soul?" His tone was full of real trouble. Nathan, knowing something of his nature, knew how he would worry over the matter, but he said nothing at once. A strange restlessness seemed to have fallen upon him: he half rose from his chair, and sat down again, he rubbed his knees, and his legs, and his hands again, and then the top of his bald head, until he was in a fine glow. His cheeks, to all appearances, had been caught by the fire. Jacob, staring into the heart of the flames, saw nothing of all this agitation. And when, with a violent cough, Nathan burst into speech, it took him a moment to grasp what he was saying.

"Jacob Minders, you said you wanted to know how to make some return to Martha Waters for all she've done for you?" Jacob nodded—puzzled, yet eager. Could it be that his friend had a plan?

"You don't feel in the mind to marry her, I s'pose?" In his anxiety Nathan asked the question with almost callous abruptness.

Jacob sprang forward erect in his chair, his cheeks flushing. "Look here, Nathan, we'm old friends, but I must tell 'ee I don't consider that a matter to joke about," he said, almost angrily. "I respects Mrs. Waters."

"But I wasn't joking," pleaded Nathan. "I thought maybe you wouldn't be in the mind, and I wanted to find out before I said anything more. I'd got it all worked out in my mind to lead up to it by degrees, and 'ow to bring it out after I'd got 'ee accustomed to the idea, and then, when it come'd to the point, I'd clean forgot every word I was going to say."

"But whatever put such things into your head?" asked Jacob, feebly.

"Martha," answered the bewildered Nathan. He was no diplomatist, and his patience was beginning to give way under the strain. "At least," he stammered in hopeless confusion, "law! what am I saying? Whatever did I say that for? I mean—I mean. Look here, Jacob; I seem to be making a mess of this here business. 'Tisn't what I was cut out for. Now, you sit still, and let me talk in my own way, and don't 'ee interrupt till I tell 'ee to, or I won't answer for the consequences. You say you want to make some return to Martha for all she've done? Well, Martha, she says she wants to make some return to you for all you've done for her. Now, you want to make her happy, and I tell 'ee how to do it: take and make her your wife. Now, sit still," with an imperious wave of his hand. "I daresay you'm feeling of it, but I've got more to say yet. Martha Waters has got a warm spot in her heart for you, and—and it would be very 'ard on her to go away and get it chilled." Nathan thought he was getting along splendidly, and let himself go. "And there's you—well, I daresay you've got a warm spot in your 'eart for 'er. If you 'aven't, you ought to."

"But I 'ave," feebly protested Jacob.

"Well, let me get on. To come to business. If you marry Martha, she'll make you a good wife, you could keep on the 'ouse and the lodgers, and she could go out to work sometimes—she earns a good bit by her cooking, you know—and she could leave her grandchild with you. And as Martha said, what's to prevent your setting up a ready-made shoe shop——"

"Did Martha say that?" cried Jacob excitedly, springing to his feet, his face alight.

Nathan sprang to his feet, too. "What have I done? What have I said?" he cried in pitiable dismay. "Well," half crossly, "she shouldn't 'ave set me to manage it: I didn't want to—only she said you was so humble-minded about yourself you'd never think of asking anybody. Oh, dear! there I am again."

Jacob put out his right hand, and laid it on his old friend's sleeve. "Never mind," he said; "you've told me just what I wanted to know. I reckon the best way now will be to let me and Martha settle the rest for ourselves."

Nathan drew a deep breath of relief, and mopped his head with a large red handkerchief. "I'd rather make three top-coats in a week than go through that again," he said, feelingly. "I'll go and get Martha." He was half-way through the doorway when he stepped back again with a face full of consternation. "If she knows that I let out - you won't tell her, will you?" beseechingly.

Jacob laughed shyly. "'Tisn't likely," he said, knowingly; "unless I want to lose her for ever. And I'm very far from wanting that." And Nathan went contentedly to look for Martha.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES.

FOR BIBLE READERS AND TEACHERS.

BASED UPON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

MAY 17TH.—**St. Paul before Felix.**

Passage for reading—*Acts xxiv.* 10–16; 24–26.

POINTS. ST. PAUL'S DEFENCE.

1. He is innocent of profaning the Temple.
2. He teaches the Jewish doctrine of the Resurrection.
3. His conscience is void of offence.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Profaning God's House.** A clergyman once heard a man swear dreadfully in the presence of his companions. He told him it was cowardly to swear so in company when he dare not do so by himself. The man said that he was not afraid to swear at any time or in any place. "I will give you £2," said the other, "if you will go into the churchyard at midnight and swear the same oath you have uttered here, *when you are alone with your God.*" "Agreed," said the man. Midnight came, and he went to the graveyard. It was a very dark night. As he entered the place not a sound was heard; all was as still as death. Then the words "Alone with your God" came to him with wonderful power. The thought of the wickedness he had come to repeat under the shadow of God's house darted through his mind. He trembled at his folly. He fell on his knees and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." He made a solemn vow never to swear again.

A Parable of the Resurrection. A servant suffered a silver cup to fall into a vessel of aquafortis, and seeing it disappear, argued with a fellow-servant that its recovery was impossible. But the master came on the scene, and put salt water into the vessel, which separated the silver from the solution; he then by melting and hammering the metal restored it to its original shape. A sceptic, one of whose difficulties was the Resurrection, was so struck with the incident, that he renounced his unbelief and became a partaker of the Christian hope of immortality.

Power of Innocence. A man entered a widow's house, in her absence, for robbery. But the "Lord who careth for widows" protected her. On returning she found this note—"I came here to rob you, but the sight of the religious pictures hanging round the room, and those two sweet-looking children asleep in their beds, touched my heart. The little money lying on your desk I left untouched, and I have taken the liberty of adding £2 to it." Such was the power of innocence. Truly the "Lord knoweth them that are His."

MAY 24TH.—**St. Paul before Agrippa.**

Passage for reading—*Acts xxvi.* 19–29.

POINTS. ST. PAUL'S TEACHING.

1. Repentance towards God.
2. Faith in the Lord Jesus.
3. Salvation for Jews and Gentiles alike.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Repentance and Penance.** A clergyman found some children reading the Douay (Roman Catholic) version of the Scriptures, and noticing a passage in the chapter which had the words, "Do penance," where the English version of the Bible had "Repent," he asked them if they knew the difference between penance and repentance. A short silence followed, and then a little girl said, "Is not this the difference: Judas did penance, and went and hanged himself. St. Peter repented and wept bitterly?"

Confession of Faith. A little girl was sent to the English School at Jerusalem. Her father was a poor Jew whose only living was the alms given him by the rabbis. The latter threatened to take their support from him if the child continued to attend the school. But the child had become much attached to the school, where she learned the Christian faith. The old man was taken ill, and Bishop Gobat sent a doctor to see him. It was found that the child daily on returning from school read the Bible to her father. On his deathbed the poor Jew sent for the rabbis and some Christians; then, raising himself, he said, "I have sent for you all that you may hear my last confession. I die in the faith of Jesus of Nazareth."

Missions and the Gospel. Well do I remember, writes the Rev. John Shaw, preaching to the Kaffirs in South Africa; and at the close one of the chief men stepped forward and said, "These are good things you have been telling us; they make my heart warm and glad; but why did you not come sooner and tell us? Why did not the good people send someone to us long ago? Where have our fathers and ancestors gone if these things you tell us are true?" It was a difficult question to answer. The Kaffir went on with a figurative remark. "When you had the honey," he said, "why did you sit down and say, 'Oh, how good this honey is, how sweet!' and then keep it all to yourselves, when God showed there was plenty for us all?" And is not this the case still? Millions of Jews and Gentiles have never yet heard the Gospel preached. There is room for them all in Christ's fold.

MAY 31ST.—**Whitsunday—The Life-giving Spirit.**

Passage for reading—*Romans viii.* 1–14.

POINTS. THE HOLY SPIRIT'S WORK.

1. Sets free from sin.
2. Gives new life to body and soul.
3. Makes men to be sons of God.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Conviction of Sin.** It was a significant remark made by a great and much beloved professor at Halle, in Germany, at a time which gave it increased significance, that in reviewing the many blessings which God had given him during a long life, "the one thing for which he had most to thank Him was the conviction of sin as wrought in his soul by the Holy Ghost." The statement was made in the hearing of a great multitude of his students past and present, and of the learned men of Germany, gathered together to celebrate the jubilee of the professor's career

in the University of Halle. In the presence of that vast assembly he was not ashamed to confess that the personal consciousness of sin, as seen in the light shed upon it by the Holy Ghost, was the chiefest of the blessings vouchsafed to him in the mercy of his heavenly Father.

Fruits of the Spirit. As oftentimes, when walking in a wood near sunset, though the sun himself may be hid by the height and bushiness of the trees around, yet we know that he is still above the horizon, from seeing his beams in the open glades before us, illumining a thousand leaves, the brightnesses of which are so many evidences of his presence. Thus it is with the Holy Spirit. He works in secret; but His work is manifest in the lives of all true Christians. Lamps so heavenly must have been lit from on high.—*Rev. Julius C. Hare.*

Wooings of the Spirit. Before any daisy or violet or any other blossom is seen in the field the sun lies with its bosom to the ground, saying to the flower, "Why tarriest thou so long?" Day after day the sun warms the earth and coaxes the plant to grow and bloom. And when many days have passed the root obeys the call and sends out its bud, from which in due time comes the flower. So the eternal Spirit of God rests on the human soul, warms it, quickens it, and calls to it, saying, "O my son, where art thou?" And at last the divine warmth and influence brings men to God and leads them to say, "Am I not sinful?" Then follows the pardoning love of God. And then the soul awakes to new life. It is born again of the Holy Spirit. The sinner becomes the son of God and heir of everlasting life.

JUNE 7TH.—**St. Paul's Voyage and Shipwreck.**

Passage for reading.—*Acts xxvii.* 33—41.

POINTS. 1. Peril by the sea.
2. Encouragement by an angel.
3. Deliverance in shipwreck.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Guidance in Danger.** When the Rev. J. Fletcher, of Madeley, was a boy, he and his brother went upon the Lake of Geneva in a little boat and rowed forward, till, being out of sight of land, they knew not which way they were going, nor on which side of them the shore was from which they had set out. The evening came on, and it was growing dark. As they were getting towards the middle of the lake, in all probability they would have been lost, had it not providentially happened that, in consequence of some news arriving at Geneva, the bells began to ring. They could only just hear them, but were soon convinced that, instead of rowing to land as they intended, they had been going farther and farther from it. Making now towards the quarter whence the sound of the bells came, they had just strength enough to reach the shore.

The Ministry of Angels. The only child of a poor woman one day fell into the fire by accident and was so badly burned that he died after a few hours' suffering. The clergyman as soon as he heard of it went to see the mother, and to his surprise found her calm, patient and resigned. After a little conversation she told him how she had been weeping bitterly as she knelt beside her child's cot, when suddenly he exclaimed, "Mother, don't you see the beautiful man who is standing there and waiting for me?" Again and again the child persisted in saying that "the beautiful man" was waiting for him, and seemed ready and even anxious to go with him. And as a natural consequence, the mother's heart was strangely cheered.

Remarkable Deliverance. It was while sailing about Australia that Captain Cook's vessel, the *Endeavour*, had a most strange and narrow escape from destruction. She struck a rock one day with great force, but immediately floated off; and although she leaked badly, the crew managed to keep her afloat until they reached a harbour. How great was their astonishment, when the ship was safely docked, at finding a large piece of the rock stuck in the cavity made when striking the rock, which alone had prevented the water from rushing in and the ship sinking.

JUNE 14TH.—**St. Paul at Rome.**

Passage for reading.—*Acts xxviii.* 16—24, 30, 31.

POINTS. ST. PAUL A PRISONER.
1. He explains his position.
2. He preaches Christ as the Messiah.
3. He receives and welcomes inquirers.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Prison a Palace for Christ.** When Samuel Rutherford was sentenced to imprisonment in the city of Aberdeen, "for righteousness sake," he wrote to a friend: "The Lord is with me; I care not what man can do. I burden no man and I want nothing. No king is better provided than I am. Sweet and easy is the cross of my Lord. I look all men of whatever rank in the face; nobles and poor are friendly to me. My Saviour, my well-beloved, comes and visits my soul with warmer love than ordinary; my chains are gilded with gold. No pen and no words can express to you the loveliness of my only Lord Jesus. Thus in haste I make for *my palace* at Aberdeen."

A Sermon in Stone. The sculptor, Dannecker, whose famous statue of Christ stands in the gallery of Stuttgart, told a friend, with reference to this statue, that he had a strong desire to leave something that should immortalise him; but, attempting in vain to satisfy himself, he travelled in Italy, but none of the splendid works he saw there seemed to reach his ideal. Then he devoted himself to the study of the Gospels. At first he could see nothing in them but beautiful fragments, until one verse became a keynote to him, "God manifest in the flesh." He became a devout Christian, but the subject he had proposed to himself seemed too great for him. Afterwards, however, he began to think that as others could preach and write, like St. Paul, about Christianity, which he did not feel himself competent to do, he could and should do something to express his faith and teach others about Christ, and so he determined to design and execute this wonderful statue of Christ the God-man.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FARRAR.

AN APPRECIATION.

By the Rev. H. B. Freeman, M.A., Vicar of Burton-on-Trent.

"Perhaps he trusts his amazing memory too much. But really the tender kindness would be too bright if it had no foreground."—*The Archbishop (Benson) of Canterbury on the Dean*, 1896.

"OF the eight Sanscrit cases, Greek has five and Latin six." Schoolboys of the 'sixties remember the awful sense of an unattainable erudition, conveyed by pronouncements such as these, in an elaborate set of Greek grammar rules, which had lately come into use at Uppingham and other public schools, and which were known, colloquially, as "Farrar's Card." Here was a man who talked as familiarly of Sanscrit as his victims spoke of cricket. To the average fourth form lad Farrar, as represented by that improving and accusing "Card," was a learned and terrible abstraction, a machine capable of thinking, if so it willed, in Sanscrit.

This trivial recollection of early Greek struggles shows how quaint was the primary impact made by a great personality, destined to mean so much to him in later life, upon a boy's impressionable nature; but it is much more valuable as reminding us of a fact, to which the later enormous literary and theological achievements of the writer and preacher are apt to make us blind, that the noble Dean of Canterbury who was taken on that mid-March evening of God's day of rest to the rest which is eternal, for the first twenty years of his professional career was one of the most strenuous and successful schoolmasters of his age.

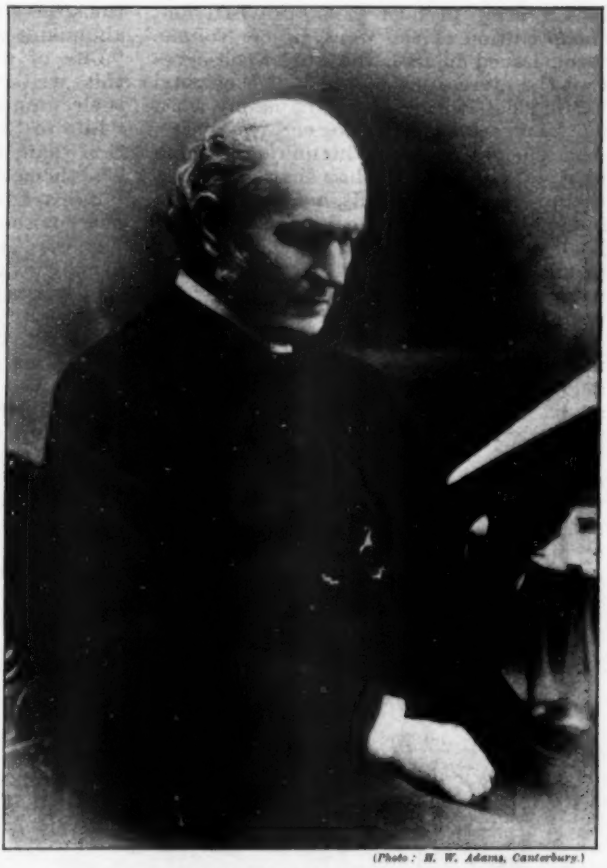
It is not incongruous that one whose luxuriance of imagination and diction was said—at any rate by his enemies—to be at times too tropical, should have been born beneath the "larger constellations burning" of the gorgeous East. His father, afterwards vicar of the Kentish village of Sidcup, was a chaplain of the Church Missionary Society at Bombay. Like most great and good men, the Dean was blessed with a pious and loving mother. He wrote thus touchingly of her when, worn out with prodigious labours, he was himself declining into the vale of years: "She has had no memorial in the world; she passed her life in the deep valley of poverty, obscurity, and trial; but she has left to her only surviving son the recollection of a saint. I may say of her with truth, that she was canonised by all who looked on her." Fortunately for the precocious and receptive youth's worldly prospects, the Bombay chaplain was a fine classic, and able to lay that "sure foundation for future attainments in scholarship" on which his son laid such subsequent stress in his Greek grammar rules. The brilliant academical successes at King's College, London, and at Cambridge, it is needless to catalogue. Like Tennyson, Farrar wrote the University Prize Poem, and he came out fourth in the first-class Classical Tripos in 1854: a distinction which was combined with a fair mathematical degree. It has always been understood that at no period of his life did he possess any money save what he worked for; and in view of the heavy family responsibilities which later days brought him, his abnormal energy and industry, even upon the material side, showed a magnificent grit in grappling with fortune.

The chief landmarks of the Dean's not outwardly very eventful life, stand out, rather conveniently, in decades. His Harrovian epoch, which was to continue for sixteen years, began in 1855. In 1876 he gave up scholastic tasks for ever, and quitted the headmastership of Marlborough for a Canonry at Westminster and the Rectory of St. Margaret's. In 1885 he preached the Oxford Bampton Lectures, and—what was of far more importance—paid his famous visit to America. In 1895 Lord Rosebery honoured himself and the object of his selection by submitting a name too long neglected by those in high places to Queen Victoria for the premier Deanery of the Church. And the last decade? Its two final figures will never be written. "God's finger touched him, and he slept."

When one groups together the mental results of talks one has had at various times with men who were boys under Farrar at Harrow or Marlborough, the coherent impression emerges of a teacher, sanguine, sympathetic, enthusiastic, and with a singular power of moral and intellectual inspiration. The grim and granite strength of an educational giant like Thring of Uppingham is not suggested in the picture. Dr. Vaughan used to say that the rough ore of many an unpromising pupil's nature was transmuted into gold when it came under Farrar's alchemy. His intense love of literature caught hold of all except the sheer dolts who came under his immediate influence. It was not the most imaginative Marlborough man of my acquaintance who has told me how he has been admitted into the Master's study late at night, and has watched him after a long day's work, up to his eyes in the books he was devouring for his forthcoming "Life of Christ." Another has spoken of long Sunday afternoon walks over the downs, "wading knee-deep in heather," as the eloquent leader used to say. An amusing legend relates how a little Marlborough lad once placed a chair in a passage in the beloved and unsuspicious preceptor's way, for the sake of the expected smile and thanks when the plotter ostentatiously removed it.

There is no impertinence in adding that, when Marlborough boys who boarded in the Master's own house tell of their regard for their old chief, they couple it with gratitude for the kindness they received from the lady who was her husband's truest helpmeet for three-and-forty years.

It was during the future Dean's five years' occupation of Marlborough that the most remarkable work of his career was accomplished, certainly an undertaking most memorable, as regards any appreciation of him, attempted in this magazine. His numerous manuals of education, his studies in philology, his popular schoolboy stories, and his recent Hulsean lectures, had proved him to be an author of power and facility in widely contrasted styles; but it is doubtful whether it would be an exaggeration to call Farrar's "Life of Christ" the chief serious literary success of the nineteenth century. We have certainly seen that tribute paid to it, since the Dean's death, in a review not unduly eulogistic. Be that as it may, it sold for two years, in a couple of large and expen-



(*Photo: H. W. Adams, Canterbury.*)

THE LATE DEAN FARRAR

sive volumes, at the rate of something like an edition a month; it has been continually reprinted in various forms, and has been translated into the principal languages of the world. Its circulation in America and in the British colonies has been enormous. In his brief preface to the revised and cheap edition of the work, in one volume form, issued in 1893, the author observes that the stereotype plates of the original Library edition had been completely worn out by incessant use during eighteen years. And when we appraise this unique triumph by a standard higher than that of circulation or commercial profit, one consequence indisputably and immediately manifests itself to the good. Tens of thousands of people were brought by the march of the narrative, by the witchery of style, by the wealth of illustration, above all, by the devotional feeling, implicit even in the most highly coloured rhetoric, into a new and keen familiarity with the old, old story. To multitudes an ideal, real and perfectly fresh, was conveyed of the Divine Humanity. From the dim adumbrations of creeds and of formulas, simple men and women saw Jesus of Nazareth passing by, as in Galilee of old. Defects in the sublime scheme of the author, and small errors of taste or judgment in its execution, here and there, there may be; if so, the measure of censure dealt out to them has been merciless. We have heard plenty about religious journalism, and the theology of the pavement, and the elongation of the Gospels. But, after all reasonable reservations have been allowed, Christendom has abundant cause to be thankful for Farrar's "Life of Christ." There are those—and this writer would count himself among their number—who consider the massive "Life of St. Paul" a really finer production than its more celebrated forerunner. The theme of course is more approachable, but apart from this, the biography strikes us as more chastened, more rounded, more mellow. To us, in fact, it represents quite the high-water mark of the Dean's learning and literary genius. The "Early Days of Christianity" naturally lacks the unity secured to the previous book by the dominant and pervading personality of the great missionary; but it is full of glimpses, now tender, and now terrible, of apostolic life, of vivid and arresting pictures of the Roman and the Christian world. This grand theological trilogy, with no other line written, no other word said, would suffice for most ordinary reputations.

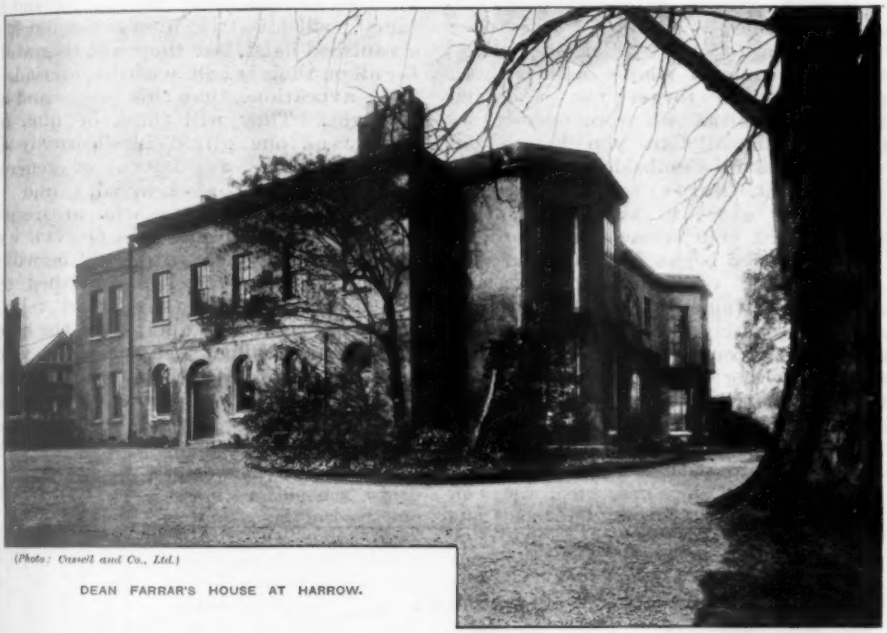
But there were many other words to say. When, in 1876, Canon Farrar (it is the title



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE MASTER'S LODGE AT MARLBOROUGH, WHERE "THE LIFE OF CHRIST" WAS WRITTEN.

even now by which many most naturally think of him) came to the Abbey and to St. Margaret's, a new planet swam into the ken of those who are ever ready to flock to attractive preachers. The church and the Abbey during his residence were from the first crowded, and so they continued to the end. Like Canon Liddon, he invariably preached from manuscript, nor did he, as a general rule, look very much off his book. But his voice and his appearance had a wonderful charm. He was a staunch upholder of the advantages of written sermons. He is reported humorously to have asserted that on the only occasion when he deserted his paper in the Abbey for extemporisation, "I said a dozen things I didn't mean, and two or three I actually did not believe!" His detestation of hypocrisy was so constant and intense that it sometimes caused him in the pulpit to harp a little too much upon one string. "Our rector has quite made me *love* those poor old Pharisees," was the confession once made to me by an adolescent member of St. Margaret's congregation.



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

DEAN FARRAR'S HOUSE AT HARROW.

His popularity with the artisan class was extraordinary, and he must have been the instrument, under Providence, of incalculable benefit. When the Deanery of Westminster fell vacant, there was great regret among his humbler adherents that he was not chosen. "He ought to have it, sir!" was the comment to me of an appreciative Kilburn barber. Now that he has passed—a most frequent and favourite quotation of his—"to where, beyond these voices, there is peace," we, who hung upon his sayings, think over his many sermons that we have heard, and wonder which instructed us or moved us, the most. There was the eulogy on dead Tennyson, which began, "Putting aside what I had written before this news came," and concluded with the majestic peroration of the Wellington ode. There was the last evening sermon preached as Rector of St. Margaret's—"I know not if I have ever taken this text before"—when the voice was so weary and lifeless, and the manner so depressed, that one wished the ordeal had been spared. Or, in sharp contrast, there was the spirited and glorious effort of a sermon to the undergraduates, at one of the special Sunday

evening services in St. Mary's, Oxford, on "the sin that doth so easily beset us," or, "the closely fitting sin." On every side, from every corner, gleamed a white sea of upturned faces. Overcome with the heat and with his exertions, the orator released himself from the scarlet doctor's hood he was wearing, and flung it to the bottom of the pulpit. Wave after wave of rhetoric — antithesis, analogy, apostrophe —crashed on to one irresistible climax; and then came a simple and pathetic appeal, not to forget the warnings given as soon as we were outside the church doors. "Can you match our congregation in Cambridge?" said the Vicar of St. Mary's to the preacher, when they got into the vestry; "we cannot match your sermon in Oxford."

The year 1885 began for the Dean with a bad attack of jaundice, and later in that twelvemonth he is known to have felt severely the strain of the constant travel, coupled with the lecturing and preaching to enthusiastic and almost idolatrous multitudes, through America.

I have ventured to trace some points in this tribute with a light pen, for in spite of our consciousness of the Church's irreparable loss, we do not associate sadness with so brilliant and versatile a nature, and "love, obedience, honour, troops of friends" brightened the comparatively painless physical decay, and the pathetic and inevitable end.

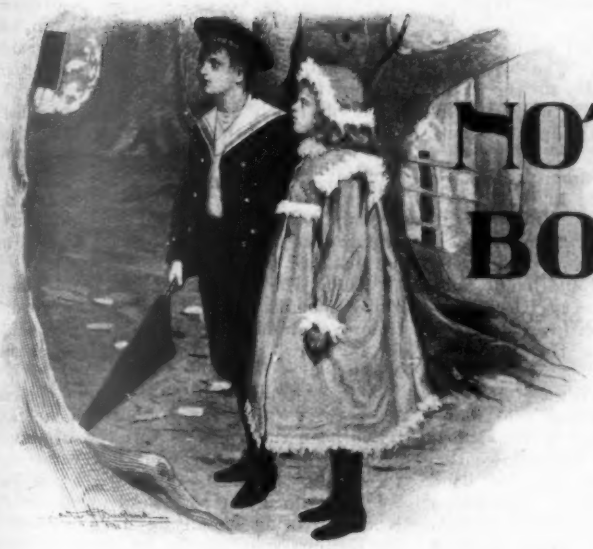
Readers of this magazine, whose pages for over thirty years Dr. Farrar has illuminated with his piety, his culture, and his fancy, will miss the inimitable touch of a vanished hand, but they will be grateful for all on their behalf with its myriads of alien avocations, that this busy hand has wrought. They will think of him, not merely as one gifted intellectually far beyond his fellows; but as of generous impulses, as kind-hearted, and as essentially good. Those who are responsible for the conduct of THE QUIVER were always sure—I know they will be willing I should say—of one distinguished contributor, on whom they could rely to strike the right note and to say the happy and the holy thing. Let us end our words to the Dean's great memory as he finished his sermon on his prince of Victorian poets:

> "And in the vast cathedral leave him.
> God accept him, Christ receive him."



(Photo: The Rev. Chas. Harris, M.A., Ramsgate.)

THE DEANERY CANTERBURY FROM THE GARDEN



THE NOTICE BOARD

A Story for the Little Ones.

IT was all the fault of their limited knowledge of German, and that of course, was a contingency which no one could foresee, and one of the many cases which go to prove that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing!

Jack and Molly were the only children of Major and Mrs. Brotherton; and the greater part of their lives had been spent in Chatham, where the smoke from the plaster manufactories on the Medway and the grime which inevitably accompanies a dockyard fought for a supremacy which neither of them ever gained.

It may well be imagined, therefore, that when the children's grandmother, who lived in pretty, clear, sunny Lucerne for the sake of her health, invited both the young Brothertons to spend September with her, their parents were only too glad to let them go, the difficulty of their transport being overcome by the fact that the Commandant's wife, Lady Mordant, was going to the Italian lakes for the winter, and kindly consented to escort the children as far as Lucerne.

Jack was ten, with dark hair that curled thickly over his well-shaped head, and a pair of fearless brown eyes which had a knack of looking his little world straight in the face, much to the embarrassment, very often, of that same little world!

Molly, her father's darling, was eight, with golden hair framing her sweet cherub face like some angel's halo, and eyes the colour of forget-me-nots.

The children were exemplary on the way out. They were earnest little travellers, who did their best to carry out "mother's instructions" to the letter, and behave like the little gentleman and lady that they were. Children appreciate being treated like grown-up people more than some parents are aware, and they rarely take a mean advantage of it. Jack and Molly were no exception to the rule in this respect, and the train took no two more sedate little travellers to Lucerne.

Granny met them at the big, clean-looking station, and they drove with her straight to the Schweitzerhof, which she had made her headquarters. Here the children were made much of by the visitors, and inveigled the kindly waiters into many a game of play. They had reached the last week of their stay ere the event happened that threw Mrs. Brotherton into a panic of fear and made her life a burden to her for the space of a whole afternoon.

It originated really with some kindly visitor, a Canon's daughter, who, desirous of entertaining the pretty children one wet day in the reading saloon, described a sweet place on the shores of the lake, a little way from Lucerne, called "Kastanienbaum."

Jack remembered the name. It reminded him of the castor oil with which he was familiar at home, he said, and he inquired the meaning of it.

Chestnut trees! His heart gave a wild throb of joy. Here and there at home in dingy Chatham he had begun a collection of "konkers," but only in a small way. To think that close by was a place to which real chest-

nut trees actually gave its name! What a treasure he could pick up there!

And Claire Kavanagh never noticed the glitter in the child's brown eyes as he made almost breathless inquiries as to the road thither, or she might have fathomed and checked the project which was already forming in his alert little mind.

When he explained this same project to Molly a little later, as they lay in their beds, in the room adjoining Granny's, Molly was at first inclined to be sceptical, and then, when she saw that Jack was in earnest, she gave in to his entreaties that she would come and help him pick up the chestnuts at Kastanienbaum. They would make such lovely strings for daddy's charger, and for the "Mole's" horse, Jack said eagerly.

"The Mole" was a nickname for a young sub in their father's battalion, whose real name Moleyns had long ago been lost in the sobriquet bestowed upon him by his fellow-subs. He was a particular favourite of the Brotherton children, and was sometimes allowed to take them up to London at Christmas time to see some entertainment, a thing which the little ones dreamt about for weeks, both before and after the event. And as for daddy, he would be pleased when old "Bullet" was adorned with a handsome string of chestnuts!

The little conspirators decided to start off the next day directly after dinner, while Granny had her nap; and then, tired out with plotting, they fell asleep.

The next day dawned as bright and sunny as the heart of any child could possibly desire, and the waters of the lake gleamed blue-green against the purple mountains. It so happened that Mrs. Brotherton was confined to her room with a bad headache, and after making the children promise to be good, she resigned herself into the hands of her maid, who bathed her forehead with eau de Cologne, and forgot all about the children.

Jack and Molly, at liberty directly lunch was over, took time by the forelock, and started gaily off on their quest. It never entered their small heads to think that they were in a country where their own language was but little understood or that they could not speak anything but their own. The first mile was walked steadily, their one desire being to get to the chestnuts as quickly as possible. But after a time their little legs got weary: at least Molly's did, and she began to lag behind, to stop and pick the wild flowers and to tell Jack that she was very hungry. Jack produced two small dinner rolls which he had managed to take from the *salle-à-manger*, and though they were dry, Molly was so hungry that her little white teeth made short work of her share.

The short September day began to draw in; the fields through which the road ran looked dreary and uninteresting after the sunlight had faded, and the mist and dew began to fall on them.

"Is it much farther?" Molly asked for about the twentieth time as she trudged bravely along, though her little fat legs were aching.

Jack's face was set in determined lines; he was not to be baulked of his purpose. His brown eyes fixed themselves on a wood in the far distance.

"That's the last thing, she said," he told Molly encouragingly; "she said a wood, and then we should be there. It isn't—it *can't* be far now, and think of the chestnuts, Molly!"

Molly's pretty baby lips curved hopelessly.

"I can't think," she answered unsteadily. "I've been thinkin' and thinkin' of chestnuts, Jacky, and they don't come. I want my tea, I do, Jack. I want Granny—don't you, Jack?"

"No!" Jack looked steadily in front of him. Not for worlds would he have allowed that his feelings were similar to Molly's. "I want the chestnuts!"

But at the entrance to the wood their hearts as well as their legs stood still! In a prominent position on a board, nailed upon the trunk of a tree, in white letters, was the magic sentence:

"SCHONET DIE THIERE."

Now Jack knew enough German to tell him the meaning of the last word. He had seen a box of animals in a toy shop at Lucerne, with the word "Thiere" upon a white ticket with the price, and Granny had told him that it meant animals!

And what other intimation could be put up about animals but that people who entered the wood must *beware* of them?

Beware of the animals! It was like being in England, where they put up "Trespassers will be prosecuted" and "Beware of the dog." But this was more than a dog—it said *animals*. Jack felt he could possibly have grappled with a dog—he had met them at home—but animals! How many, he wondered, and what sort? For aught he knew, there might be bears and wolves—to say nothing of snakes. Jack went over in his mind every animal that had ever entered the ark—his little painted ark at home, and some of them were horrid creatures! Poor little Jack! No wonder that his heart stood still for a moment, and then began to thump vigorously against the sailor suit he wore.

He thought of his father and the tigers he had shot in India; of the soldiers at home; and his courage came to him again.

"Give me your hand, Molly," he said solemnly. "We'll walk straight through this

wood. I've got my umbrella. What a good thing I brought it!"

With this panoply of arms as a security in the event of meeting with a wild beast, Jack grasped the weapon in one hand, his little sister in the other, and they entered the wood.

It was getting quite dusk when the children reached the other end of the wood, and Jack heaved a great sigh of relief that the umbrella had not once been called into requisition. They had met no animals, not a single one: and they were at Kastanienbaum at last!

But it was almost too dark to see the chestnuts! And Jack realised for the first time that they were very far from home, and had got to get back there somehow.

Molly's reiterated entreaty for her tea reminded Jack that he had several times taken tea with Granny in different houses. Why should they not try at some house now? They had reached a pretty white house when this thought struck him; and in the garden, funny little painted figures sat blinking among the flowers and shrubs, looking like Fairyland! Perhaps this *was* Fairyland, and, if so, perhaps the fairy could help them to get home with her wand. *This* was Molly's sleepy suggestion.

With renewed hope the two little wanderers rang the bell, but their speech was evidently not familiar to the maid who opened the door, and she left them standing on the step while she went to fetch someone else.

At that moment the fairy appeared in the shape of a tall, fair girl, who, crossing the hall, caught sight of the two little figures.

She came swiftly forward with an exclamation, and tired little Molly fell into her out-stretched arms, while Jack hastened to explain the situation in his courteous little way. The girl drew them both into the warm, light drawing-room, and took them up to a kind-faced lady with soft white hair, who was lying on a sofa reading. Here Jack's story was retold, and the servant was ordered to bring some hot milk and buns and bread-and-butter for the children, and a message was sent out to the coachman to bring the carriage round in half an hour.

"I am going to take you back to the Schweitzerhof," the girl said as the children made short work of the good things provided for them. "Granny will be anxious about you—I daresay you hadn't thought of that—and so we are going to start as soon as you have finished. I live in England really—only I am now staying with my aunt." She chattered on while the children ate, and then she went upstairs to put her hat and coat on.

When they were settled in the carriage, she put a large parcel into Jacky's hands. It was a lovely heap of chestnuts!

"I thought you should share mine," she said brightly. "I have picked up such a lot, and I don't want them all."

As they drove through the wood, Jack pointed out the notice. "What does it mean?" he asked. "We met no animals!"

The girl, whose name was Judith Lascelles, laughed and squeezed the little inquirer's hot hand. "Cows and dogs" she told him. "*Schonet die Thiere* means, 'Be kind, and protect the animals.' You see, there are no fences such as there are in England, and people have plenty of opportunity of being unkind to the poor things here. What did you think it meant?"

Jack told her, and as she sympathised tenderly with him, holding Molly, who had fallen asleep, gently in her arms, he thought she had the prettiest face he had ever seen. He said so to his grandmother when at length they got home, and Granny, who had taken a fancy to Judith on the spot, quite agreed with him.

So much so, in fact, that they became fast friends from that day, and the very next year when the Major's mother went down to Chatham to stay, at the Brothertons' earnest entreaty, she brought Judy with her to make their acquaintance, to the children's intense delight.

And when, later on, Judith and "The Mole" met not once, nor twice, but many times, and finally decided they could not live without each other, Jack and Molly were the very first to offer their congratulations, accompanied by a big hug, which earned for them a special treat in the shape of chocolates from "The Mole" and a visit to London with him and Judy.

As the years rolled on Judith had many opportunities of reminding Jack of his search for chestnuts, and of the magic words, "*Schonet die Thiere*," which had caused such a flutter in his childish heart. But, as Jack saucily remarked, if he had never been there, Judy might probably never have met "The Mole."

As this fact was incontestable, she had to give in with a smile and a pinch, and pointed to the string of "konkers" which adorned the photograph of "The Mole's" favourite charger, long since dead.

Jack became a soldier in after life, and went out to India, but he never shot a tiger without thinking of the animals with which he had in his childish imagination invested the wood at Kastanienbaum so many years before.

But he has carried out faithfully to the letter the well-remembered notice, "*Schonet die Thiere*."

He is always kind to dumb animals.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

TEMPERANCE AND CIVIC LIFE.

ONE of the most cheering indications of the progress of the Temperance movement may be found in the attitude of our great municipal bodies towards the Licensing question. There was a time when "the trade" had its staunchest supporters among the mayors and councillors of the city and borough corporations. To-day all this has been changed, particularly in the great centres of industry, and the total-abstaining mayor is by no means so rare as was the case twenty years ago. In the large cluster of boroughs into which London was divided a few years back, the number of abstainers elected by the popular vote assumed gratifying proportions; men of the type of Mr. J. Crowle-Smith, who is Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Borough of Finsbury. Mr. Crowle-Smith, who is a leading Methodist layman, is widely known throughout the Wesleyan body for the bold stand which he made at the Wesleyan Conference in Manchester against the liquor traffic. The singularly forcible speech which he gave upon the occasion in question attracted wide attention in the public press. Another example of Mr. Crowle-Smith's useful work may be instanced. When there was some idea that the London County Council would abandon its policy of extinguishing licences in areas purchased for public improvements, he headed the deputation as the representative of Finsbury, and marshalled such an irresistible array of facts relative to the district which he knows so thoroughly, that the Council adhered to their original policy and allowed the public-house licences to lapse. In popular elections he has more than once had the full strength of "the liquor traffic" in opposition to his candidature, but upon each occasion has been returned by very large majorities. In the work of the London Central Wesleyan Mission, of which he is Treasurer, Mr. Crowle-Smith takes a most active and self-sacrificing part.



(Photo: A. and F. Wykeham, Balham, S.W.)
J. CROWLE-SMITH.

A WELSH WORKER.

Mr. Frederick W. Brett, of Cardiff, is widely known and respected throughout the Principality as a thorough-going and effective worker. He has been prominently identified with the public life of the great seaport for very many years. He is the Hon. Secretary of the C.E.T.S. for the diocese, and also Hon. Secretary of the Police Court Mission, which has done such a magnificent work in helping the fallen to make a fresh start in life. Mr. Brett is a leading member of the Independent Order of Rechabites, and has devoted himself to the work of the Juvenile Order with untiring energy. He is the editor of the *Juvenile Rechabite*, and is Past High Superintendent of Juvenile Tents and Past High Chief Ruler. He is also Chairman of the Cardiff and District Temperance and Band of Hope Union, and some of his valuable papers on juvenile work have attained a very wide circulation.



(Photo: J. Long, Cardiff.)
MR. FRED. W. BRETT.

SUMMER WORK.

Some twenty years or more ago I penned the following rough-and-ready suggestions for open-air meetings. Their reproduction in this place may be helpful, perhaps, to a fresh generation of workers.

1. Choose a site sufficiently near a schoolroom or mission hall, so that in case of wet an indoor meeting can be held without difficulty.

2. Let the whole neighbourhood be well supplied with circulars announcing the place, hour, date of meeting, name of speaker, etc.

Also state that in case of wet the meeting will be held indoors.

3. Let a rostrum be provided, so that the speaker can see and be seen.

4. Music is a great help. If a band can be obtained to parade the parish half an hour before the meeting, so much the better—a cornet or a harmonium, and half a dozen or more singers, may render great service.

5. If a banner is available, unfurl it, as it always attracts passers-by.

6. Place a few rows of seats near the speakers.

7. A table with a pledge-book and pledge-cards is indispensable.

8. Have a supply of attractive Temperance literature on sale.

HOW TO VISIT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

An enthusiast who is always on the look-out for new ways of helping Temperance work offered, in a Band of Hope meeting the other evening, two prizes for the best papers on any pictures in this year's Exhibition which are likely to be helpful to Temperance, with a further prize for the best list of pictures painted by teetotallers.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

Is there any connection between the use of intoxicating drink and crime? This knotty question has often been discussed with more or less sagacity in social science congresses and quarterly reviews, but the average person will probably not quarrel with us if we simply quote a few deliverances of the most eminent judges of our own times. Lord Brampton, when in the height of his distinguished career as Justice Hawkins, said: "Nine out of every ten crimes of violence that come before me are in one way or another attributable to drink." Upon another occasion the same great judge said: "Every day I live the more firmly do I come to the conclusion that the root of all crime is drink. It affects people of all ages and both sexes—the middle-aged, the young, the father, the son, the husband, and the wife. I believe that nine-tenths of the crime of this country is engendered within public-houses." Justice Grove once said: "Men go into public-houses respectable, and come out felons." Justice Denman's testimony is: "The great bulk of the offences of violence in this land are directly ascribable to drinking." Lord Chief Justice Coleridge said: "Judges are weary of calling attention to drink as the principal cause of crime, but I cannot refrain from saying that if we could make England sober we should shut up nine-tenths of the prisons." Justice Fitzgerald has declared that the "crying and besetting crime of intemperance is a crime leading to other crimes; a crime which leads to nineteen-twentieths of the crimes of Ireland." Baron Dowse remarks, "Drink is at the bottom of almost every crime committed in Dublin."

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

73. How long had St. Paul been at Jerusalem when the Jews sought to kill him?

74. How did St. Paul refute the charge of profaning the Temple?

75. Why was not St. Paul set at liberty when it was seen that he was innocent?

76. What does St. Paul say was the foundation of his teaching?

77. Where does St. Paul say the Jews would find proof of the resurrection of Christ?

78. Who was King Agrippa before whom St. Paul was tried?

79. What does St. Paul say is the effect upon man of the redemption wrought by Christ?

80. In what way does St. Paul say we can show ourselves to be the sons of God?

81. In what way was St. Paul instrumental in saving the lives of those who were with him on the ship?

82. How did God give encouragement to St. Paul during the great storm in which he was shipwrecked?

83. What was one of the first acts of St. Paul after his arrival at Rome?

84. How did St. Paul live during his stay at Rome?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 640.

61. Romans xiii. 7, 8.

62. The duties of temperance and chastity (Rom. xiii. 13).

63. Romans xiii. 9.

64. St. Philip, who at the death of St. Stephen left Jerusalem, baptised the Ethiopian Eunuch, and afterwards settled at Cæsarea (Acts vi. 5; viii. 26-40; xxi. 8).

65. A prophet named Agabus bound St. Paul's hands with his girdle and foretold his imprisonment by the Romans (Acts xxi. 10-12).

66. Upon St. James, who was doubtless the Bishop of Jerusalem at that time (Acts xxi. 18).

67. That he set the Gentiles against the Jews, and had polluted the Temple by bringing a Gentile into the Court of the Israelites (Acts xxi. 28, 29).

68. Josephus tells us that, pretending to be a prophet, and gathering a mob together—4,000 of the lowest class—by promising them plunder from the city of Jerusalem, the walls of which, he said, would fall down at his approach, he came to the Mount of Olivet, where he was attacked by the Roman Governor; 600 of his men were killed, but he escaped (Acts xxi. 38; Jos. xx. c. vii. 5, 6).

69. They cast off their clothes and threw dust into the air, the latter being still a token of hostility in the East (Acts xxii. 23; Dinon, "Travels in Egypt").

70. Certain of the fierce Zealots bound themselves by an oath to kill St. Paul on his way to the council chamber if the chief priests could get him taken there from the castle (Acts xxiii. 12-15).

71. By St. Paul's sister's son, who evidently had been converted to Christianity (Acts xxiii. 16).

72. The chief captain, fearing a difficulty with the chief priests, caused the removal by night of St. Paul from Jerusalem to Cæsarea (Acts xxiii. 23-33).

Short Arrows

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

May Meeting Notes.

A Word for the Waifs.

THERE is one charity, very dear to THE QUIVER, which holds no May meeting and is consequently in danger of being overlooked at this season, when the claims of so many and such varied good works are being pressed upon the attention of Christian people. May we ask our readers, for the sake of the little ones, not to overlook THE QUIVER Waifs Fund? We only ask them for the funds to enable us to maintain one girl and one boy in their name, and we thankfully acknowledge the generous way in which our friends have joined us in this work in the past. Our "annual report" is very brief, a very simple one:—Two little ones have been given another year's shelter, food, and clothing, and have been kept for twelve months more under good influences, and we would gladly continue the work. Contributions for this purpose should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.



(Photo supplied by the Metropolitan Colportage Association.)

"SICK, AND YE VISITED ME."

Among the Villages.

TRAMPING from village to village, and calling at cottage homes on the way, "Spurgeon's Colporteurs" have become well known in many a rural district. Their mission is to act as evangelists, as well as to visit the sick and the dying, and to offer Bibles and good books and periodicals for sale. The brave life-story of one among their number shows triumphant success achieved in spite of many disadvantages. He was the eldest of six children, and his father only earned some eight shillings a week. The lad had no schooling, for he was born before the Education Act of 1870 came into force, but at an early age he earned his own living, and when a young man he became a miner in a South Wales colliery. Joining a Baptist church, he was in 1874 baptised publicly in a mountain stream, and at length was appointed one of Spurgeon's colporteurs at Poole, in Dorsetshire. There he has been busy for twenty-five years, undertaking long and tiring journeys for ten miles round, sometimes disposing of two hundred pounds' worth of literature in a year, engaging also in visitation work, and ministering at a number of chapels, mission-halls, and preaching-stations. Several of the colporteurs have, in a similar manner, remained in their respective districts for a long term of years. The Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, of which these good men are agents, was founded by the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon in 1866, and it is very much alive and flourishing to-day. In fact, the energetic Secretary, Mr. Stephen Wigney, will be able to report increases practically all along the line. About fifty-four colporteurs are employed in different parts of the country, and they conduct their sales of literature under diverse circumstances. The greater number trudge along lanes and roads with their handy pack, while others

have, through the kindness of friends, been able to obtain a cycle for their use, and in a few instances a donkey, or a pony and cart. Such aids to locomotion prove a great convenience, and enable the colporteur to cover larger areas of work. As a rule, a district includes approximately a radius of five miles from a definite centre, and the rounds are arranged so that visits may be paid to houses in the area about once a month. The men receive a fixed salary, rather more than half of which is guaranteed by the district, but the profit on sales does not supply all the balance, so that a sum of about eight hundred pounds a year is required from without. An Aged Colporteurs' Fund has also been formed, from which grants are made enabling those who have borne the burden and heat of the day to enjoy the evening of life free from the care of penury and want. Though connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the association claims to be quite unsectarian in its working, and was described by its founder as "one of the cheapest and most effective means of scattering Gospel light in the darkest places." Many of his admirers will rejoice that it maintains its position so well to-day.



(Photo: Salmon and Son, Hampstead Road, N.W. By permission of the London United Temperance Council.)

A TEMPERANCE DEMONSTRATION IN REGENT'S PARK.

The New Licensing Act a "Capper": An Eventful Temperance Year.

Conversing on the new Licensing Act, one woman said to another (according to a Welsh paper), "Well, I don't know what the new un 'll be, but the last un (the Children's Bill) was a capper. If I send my boy, who is old enough, he drinks half the beer; if I send the old man, he never comes back; and if I go myself, I'm sure to get drunk. It seems to me that Parlyment wants to do us out of our beer altogether." No doubt Parliament does desire to prevent drunkenness, and various temperance societies may all take credit for having assisted the Legislature in that great work. But some of these organisations have special features. The Church of England Temperance Society provides for police-court mission work, and its agents visit about 260 police courts in different parts of the country. It has also a number of labour homes, shelters and inebriate asylums. The National Temperance League directs a special propaganda to influencing persons—such, for instance, as doctors and teachers—who in their turn can influence others. The League has also sought to convince working people, by means of local conferences, that their drinking habits form a great hindrance to their own material progress, while it has, moreover, conducted a van mission for over twenty weeks in the summer months, not only in the villages, but also in the important market towns between London and Derby and from thence to South Wales. The United Temperance Council claims a large share in the work of reducing licences. It instructs solicitors and briefs barristers in order that cases may be presented in proper form before the licensing authorities. A most noticeable feature of its work in London, however, has been the organisation of great annual juvenile demonstrations in the parks. On these occasions thousands of children come from the "tents" of the Rechabites, "lodges" of the Phœnix and of the Templars, Bands of Hope and Church of England societies and the Sons of Tmperance. The proceedings begin with a "march past," and it is a touching sight to see the cripples of East London limp

in line on their crutches in Victoria Park. Then come groupings and displays, the Maypole dance and the crowning of the May Queen not being forgotten. Drill competitions, speeches, and light refreshments find their places, and a prize-banner is awarded to the society which bears itself best in the procession. But, notwithstanding all the improvements that may be chronicled, the societies would, perhaps, lament a greater abandonment in some directions to the seductions of alcohol, and would certainly urge no slackening of effort in the path of Temperance reform.

On the Railway.

"I HAVE been on duty these last three Sundays," said a delegate to a Conference of the Railway Mission, "and one Sunday I was at work within half a mile of a village. My heart went out as I heard the church bells inviting the people to come to worship God, but my mates and I had to work on and let God's call pass unheeded." "Perhaps such Sunday work on the railway," says Mr. R. Nixon, the Secretary of the Mission, "may be a necessity; but my point is this: that in consequence of it these men are not able to attend places of worship, and our privilege is to go to them and take the blessed Word of God and the simple Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ." A thousand meetings for railway men are held weekly. The work proceeds in mess-rooms and waiting-rooms, but especially in mission halls that in some instances have been rented, and in other cases have been built, for the Mission. It has also two convalescent homes. Many persons will be surprised and grievously shocked to learn that large numbers of railway men are still unfortunately injured and killed in the exercise of their duty; and it often happens that when a man is discharged from hospital, perhaps with the loss of a limb, his condition is very sad. He is weak and needs nourishing food, yet he returns home to find his allowance barely sufficient to provide the necessaries of life for his family. Many hundreds of men have benefited by these homes, for which Mr. Nixon urgently pleads, and they form, it is evident, an important part of the Mission's work. The annual meetings and conferences of the organisation extend over three days, towards the end of April, at Exeter Hall. From small beginnings in 1881 the Society has spread to many countries, including Switzerland and Japan, so that in twenty-two years it has become world-wide in its work.

The Knights of the Road.

THE idea that a commercial traveller is always a jolly and prosperous individual, with plenty of money jingling in his pocket, is quite a mistake; and misfortune sometimes overtakes these modern knights of the road as it does other persons. The Commercial Travellers' Christian Association has, therefore, organised a Benevolent Fund, from which help is given in case of need. Some of the cases, says the Secretary, Mr. A. R. Baldock, would draw tears from a stone. A traveller, who had been fourteen years on the road, became so enfeebled by consumption that he was only able to work on commission when the weather was very favourable, yet he had a wife and five children to support, the youngest of whom was but three months old. To this family was given a weekly allowance which must have proved of inestimable benefit. Another, who had been a traveller for seventeen years, unfortunately died, and left a widow and four children to the mercies of the world. Admission to orphanages was obtained for the children, but misfortune still rained heavy blows upon the distressed family, for illness prevented them from entering their new homes. The Association therefore made the poor widow a weekly allowance, and found a situation for her when she should be able to discharge its duties. Such cases are of constant occurrence, an average of more than forty a month being relieved and every case being carefully investigated. Many former recipients are to-day providing for themselves and their families, though but for timely aid from this fund they might have become social wrecks. The several objects of the Association, however, are the promotion of social and religious intercourse among Christian commercial men, and the advancement by all suitable means of the moral and spiritual character of the entire body. Monthly meetings are arranged in thirteen large towns,



(By permission of the Railway Mission.)

GROUP OF RAILWAY MISSION MEN.

meetings to which all commercial men are invited, whether members of the Association or not, while over two hundred libraries, each containing about eighty volumes of general literature, have been placed in the commercial rooms of hotels. In these and various ways the organisation seeks to benefit and to influence the great numbers of commercial travellers in our land, and rejoices over a large accession to its ranks during the past year.

Onward, Christian Soldiers!

During the South African war the British troops holding Ermelo were stationed on Tazel Kop, about three miles from the town. Some of the men were members of the Soldiers' Christian Association, and one of them—Colour-Sergeant Jack Moore—obtained a "Gospel tent" from the officer commanding the troops. The meetings commenced in a small tent, but, says one of the soldiers, "we prayed for a larger one and God opened up the way for us to have a marquee. This was splendid, for the Parade Services were held in it, and it was often well filled." But the marquee was thrown down by two men "because their chum had given his heart to the Lord." However, they could not rest "till they had apologised to brother Jack." The result of this incident goaded the workers to better meetings. The Soldiers' Christian Association was very busy in South Africa during the war, and Lord Roberts testified to the high appreciation in which he held its good work. Branches have been established in many important South African centres, and the general oversight has been in the hands of Mr. W. G. Sprigg, General Secretary of the Cape Town Y.M.C.A. At home the Association is very busy. When the Volunteers foregather at Aldershot, there is the S.C.A. tent inviting them to a place of recreation, other than the canteen, while special efforts are also made to reach the vast number of recruits constantly passing through the depôts. The society claims to be a Home and Foreign Mission to our soldiers. It is the result of an endeavour by Young Men's Christian Associations in 1893 to reach special classes of their fellows, and being thus an auxiliary of the Y.M.C.A. its card of membership is recognised by them in the towns the soldiers may visit. It has made remarkable progress during its ten years of existence, the enthusiastic secretary, Mr. S. E. Burrow, being able to say that its membership is increasing at the rate of nearly a hundred a month, with nearly five hundred branches throughout the Army. Thriving branches exist in Sierra Leone and along the Gold Coast, while the work has taken firm root in Egypt, and very strong centres are to be found at Malta and Gibraltar. During the year the visitation of troopships and the work of finding employment for men returning to civil life have entered largely into its operations, the society desiring not to overlap existing agencies in any of its activities, but forming one association for soldiers throughout the Empire.



(Photo: W. Kliser, Vryburg. By permission of the Soldiers' Christian Association.)

GROUP OF S.C.A. MEN NEAR VRYBURG, SOUTH AFRICA, WITH S.C.A. REPRESENTATIVE, MR. JOSEPH STUART.

For the Policemen.

"I always thought religion was a gloomy sort of thing, but now, of course, I see it's ever so nice." So said a young constable on leaving one of the Police Association's convalescent homes. This Association had a very small beginning, but it is now a large affair. One day, nearly twenty years ago, a lady conducting a men's Bible class in the West End of London, asked the policeman whom she met on her way if he could not sometimes come to the meeting. "Well, ye see, ma'am," he replied in effect, "the hour is very inconvenient for the

Force, and it is awkward for the police to mix up with others." Thereupon Miss Gurney—for that was the lady's name—commenced a class for policemen alone, and at an hour that would suit them. The number at first consisted of four men, who met in her own drawing-room. From that small commencement sprang the International Christian Police Association, which now has branches in many parts of the United Kingdom and in various countries of the world. The Central Association, and the headquarters of the whole organisation, are at 1A, Adelphi Terrace, which forms an excellent home from home for policemen coming to London with prisoners, or on leave, or for candidates and recruits joining the Metropolitan Force. The institute is open to policemen of all ranks; and classes are also held for their wives and children, the object of the association being to promote the welfare, both spiritual and temporal, of all policemen and their families. Convalescent and seaside homes, as well as several orphanages, have been opened in several parts of the country. Unfortunately, many constables suffer injuries, and sometimes lose their lives in the execution of their duty. Special efforts are made by the association when the police are brought together on extra work. During one of the agricultural shows, a large room was secured and fitted up for reading and recreation; and at intervals when the policemen came thither opportunities were found for direct evangelistic effort. "I must thank you," wrote one of the policemen afterwards. "Never shall I forget the words you spoke to us that evening. I have been a Christian for some years, but never until then did I realise that Christ's presence was so real with me in my duty, and now I am always repeating your words, 'Christ and I upon the beat.' I wish you could have seen how different the men were after that evening; the very hush of God's presence seemed upon them, and instead of singing the devil's songs, as they had done before, they were quiet or singing some chorus that we had in the room that night." The Association is non-political and unsectarian, and has spread far and wide. Branches may be found in most of the British colonies and possessions, and also in the United States, Sweden and Japan, for to all these countries has the society made its way.

The Boys' Brigade: How to Retain Control of the Elder Boys.

BRILLIANT success continues to attend the Boys' Brigade. It solves a great problem which has perplexed many a Sunday School teacher, viz. how to retain control of the elder boys? It originated in the most natural manner. Lieutenant W. A. Smith, a Volunteer officer and the secretary of a mission Sunday school in Glasgow, was interested in this problem, and it occurred to him that military drill might prove effective in holding the lads together and at the same time training them in "obedience, reverence, discipline, self-respect, and all that tends towards a true Christian manliness." He therefore made the experiment, and it proved remarkably successful. Others followed, the experiment became a movement, kindred associations were formed, and to-day it has spread far and wide into many parts of the world. The Brigade is a religious movement. "To teach drill," said the late Professor Henry Drummond, "is not to teach the 'Art of War,' nor is the drill-spirit a war-spirit." Each company must be in connection with a church or a Christian organisation, which is responsible for the religious



(By permission of the Boys' Brigade.)

A BOYS' CAMP SCENE.

instruction of the lads, and the Boys' Brigade Bible Class forms a marked feature of the movement. Its object is not to supplant the Sunday School; on the contrary, it aims at strengthening the ordinary work of the school, while during the week it provides various kinds of healthy amusements and occupation for its members by way of counter-attractions to the practice of running wild in the streets. One evening the lads are trained in ambulance work, on another they swing and jump and stretch their muscles in the gymnasium; again, there is the drill, while athletic sports and the formation and practice of the boys' band of course form conspicuous features. Last, but not least, there is the summer camp, the lads being encouraged to pay ten shillings each and march off for a week to the country or seaside in the summer.



(*Photo supplied by the Mission to Seamen.*)
BOARDING THE SHIP.

Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell, C.B., has consented to preside at the Annual Meeting and Demonstration at the Albert Hall on May 8th; and a Church Parade is to be held at St. Paul's on May 26th. Last year the Prince of Wales reviewed some thousands of Brigade Boys on the Horse Guards' Parade, and the Council has opened a London office at 34, Paternoster Row, appointing Mr. Roger S. Peacock as London Secretary. Full of life and "go" and animation, the Brigade seems a society whose march has been ever onward.

Ten Anonymous Hundred-Pound Notes.

One morning in the autumn of 1902 the secretaries of the well-known Missions to Seamen were greatly cheered by receiving ten hundred-pound notes in one envelope for their work. This gift of a thousand pounds was sent anonymously, and it will go some way toward remedying the deficiency of chaplains and readers. The following anecdote is told as illustrating a phase of the society's work. After attending the mission services a young sailor, it is reported, was much disturbed about his sins. But one night, when on the look-out at sea, he gave himself up entirely to Christ, and promised that after his watch, when he went below, he would kneel down and pray before his shipmates. After some hesitation he did so, and presently two others joined; they had been wishful to kneel, but were ashamed until they saw their comrade bow in prayer, and this conduct on their part "led to a praying forecastle." The work of the society during the year points to much activity in different parts of the world. A station has been opened at Honolulu, largely, it appears, through the efforts of Mr. T. Clyde Davies, a British merchant resident on the island, and at the opening meeting Bishop Restarick addressed a crowded gathering, including sailors of various nationalities. The Mission sees work opening up before it all along the Pacific coast, and finds increase in South Africa. At home, among other developments, the Bishop of Durham has dedicated the new Seamen's Church and Institute at West Hartlepool, and the small Mission steamer on the Mersey has been replaced by a more powerful vessel, while a new permanent church and institute for the crews frequenting the Manchester Ship Canal have been opened at Salford, alongside the Board of Trade Shipping Offices.

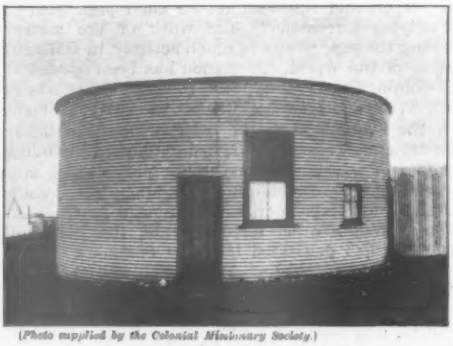


(*Photo supplied by the Mission to Seamen.*)
GRAPPLING THE MEN.

The Mission also seeks to promote public worship on ships at sea, and one day its reader at a certain port was asked by some godly men if he would ask their captain to conduct service at least once every Sunday. He did so, and the skipper replied, "I have never done such a thing before; besides, I am not good enough." The reader urged him to commence the practice. "Just do it in faith for Christ's sake, and for your crew's sake, and for your own soul's sake," he said, "and I am sure you will succeed." The captain agreed, suitable books were handed to him, and he afterwards wrote: "This is the best crew I ever had, and this is the happiest voyage I ever made."

A Circular Iron Church.

The "Circular" Congregational Church between Boulder Block and Golden Gate in Western Australia was built in four and a half days. It was



(Photo supplied by the Colonial Missionary Society.)
THE CIRCULAR CHURCH.

erected in June, 1902, of corrugated iron, and was built in this manner in order to save the cost of a wooden frame, and to render it easily movable, the structure being erected on a mining lease. A quarter of the building was also set up in such a way that it could be quickly taken down, and an enclosure formed to provide accommodation for an outside audience in the summer months. The congregation was called together in May, 1902. The cost of the building was £90 and the seating accommodation £60, Mr. James Robinson acting as lay-pastor, without payment. It is, perhaps, characteristic of the district that even this infant church has a smokers' pavilion. The Kalgoorlie Church, in the same colony, is of stone, having also a smokers' pavilion attached. This church was opened by the Rev. D. Burford Hooke, the energetic secretary of the Colonial Missionary Society, on October 26th, 1902, when on his extended tour of some 30,000 miles to all the Australian colonies, visiting the churches, looking out for new fields, and selecting possible openings for fresh work. The society makes grants and loans for religious effort in all the British colonies, while another important part of its operations is the training and sending out of ministers and evangelists to the colonies. To show the extraordinary progress which is being made in Western Australia, it may be said that seven years ago only three Congregational churches, with less than two hundred members, could be found in the whole of that colony; but the Colonial Society offering help if these churches were formed into a union, and work begun on the goldfields, to-day there is a well organised Union of twenty-three churches and mission stations, with more than eleven hundred members, and also a large number of Sunday school teachers and scholars.

Holidays for Factory Girls.

THE Factory Girls' Country Holiday Fund has become a boon to many London working girls. It arose, sixteen years ago, out of the desire of a girl to send some of the girls in her father's parish in Saffron Hill into the country for a holiday. That year (1888) 39 girls were sent away; last year, 3,200, drawn from girls' clubs and factories all over London, at a cost of £3,120, were sent. They go to country and seaside cottages, where they are looked after by ladies who specially undertake to find suitable cottages and supervision. Very friendly relations spring up between the cottage hosts and their London visitors; presents of "country produce" often accompanying or following the latter to their homes. Every year some go who have never been out of London before, but many who have once tasted the delight of a holiday save up their money through the year to help to pay for it. Out of the £3,120 spent last year, the girls themselves contributed £784. Arrangements are made, whenever possible, for two friends to go together, thus enhancing the delight to each. Many factories are closed to the girls in the August bank holiday week, and advantage is taken of this to arrange for holidays for as many as possible at this time. The girls write: "I am just going to tell you how we are enjoying ourselves down here. It is such a lovely place; Maggie and I are staying together. Our lady is so nice; she has told us we can pick what fruit we like in the garden." "I am very comfortable, and the ladys are all very kind to me; one of them takes me out and shows me all the different places. I saw the boat come over from Calais, and saw them all have their luggage searched. I ought to come back with a colour on my face, I have not got one yet; when I go out everybody stares at me and passes remarks how ill I look, but I hope it won't be for long, I am feeling better all ready." "The Lady is so very kind and obliging to us all that we don't know how to thank her withal. All that can be desired is obtained. The Sea of itself is Magnificant. I must leave words to the Poet expression." "We can see nothing but miles of lovely country from our bedroom window. Where we are staying is such an old-fashioned Cottage, you can sit right under the fireplace." "Would you be so kind to let us go to Brighton this year? I daresay you remember us three, Florrie, Louie, and Emily" (three out of three thousand! But they were remembered), "who always go together. We have kept up correspondence with Mrs. —— since we were there for a week; we hope you will be able to manage it for us to go the third Saturday in July." "I am truly sorry to Rite and tell you that Florry and I can't go away this Year for our holiday; wee have been so shourt of work all the Year that we have not been able to save any money." But these, and others like them, were sent.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from February 28th, 1903, up to and including March 31st, 1903. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For *"The Quiver" Waifs' Fund:* "A Working Woman," 5s.; "A Friend," Kilburn, 5s.; J. S. M., Ecclefechan, 2s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "An Irish Girl," £2, £1, 10s., 10s.; M. L., 5s.; Madame Adela Coleman, Scaravaglioni, Rio Grande do Sul, 5s.



"'DOG OF AN ENGLISHMAN, RISE!' HE SAID HAUGHTILY."

(*"A Flame of Fire"*—p. 755.)

A HUNDRED YEARS OF BIBLE WORK.

THE CENTENARY OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

By F. M. Holmes.

NO book to-day enjoys a larger circulation than the Bible. It may be seen in nearly every land, and read in nearly every tongue. Even in strange and almost unknown Thibet, in the lonely wilds of Africa, and among the Indians of South America, the Scriptures may now be found translated into the language of the people, inviting them to read its stories, and seeking to influence them by its spirit.

Towards this amazing circulation the British and Foreign Bible Society has immensely contributed. It has translated the Book into scores of tongues, and has dispensed the various versions with liberal hand. So vast are its operations that its name and its work have become world-wide.



HOW THE BIBLE SOCIETY BEGAN.

(The Rev. Thomas Charles and Mary Jones.)

Now during the twelve months ranging from March, 1903, to March, 1904, this great Society will celebrate its Centenary. It was founded on March 7th, 1804, and the event will be marked by a great meeting

at the Albert Hall on the same day in 1904. But the whole of the preceding year will be kept as a Centennial celebration, and a Special Fund of two hundred and fifty thousand guineas is being raised to largely extend the Society's work.

The particulars of this extension may thus be briefly summarised. It is proposed to employ a hundred more colporteurs, and a hundred more Bible-women; to prepare new versions, and complete others already begun; to provide fresh Scriptures for the blind; to increase the Society's Benevolent Fund; and to undertake special work in Sunday schools and among young people in Britain and the Colonies. It is also hoped that the Society's normal income will be permanently increased, and it is suggested that March 6th, 1904, shall be kept all over the world as Bible Sunday, while in London Centenary meetings will be held during the following week, also in the provincial towns from March 13th to 19th, and in the more rural districts from March 20th to May 1st.

At such a time therefore we may well ask, What has the Society accomplished in its hundred years? Large figures are apt to bewilder, rather than to inform, the mind, but we may endeavour to realise a few great facts.

The Society, then, has promoted, or published, translations and revisions of the Bible in no fewer than 367 distinct dialects and tongues. To print these numerous versions more than fifty different sets of characters are required, for while many languages can be printed in the Roman letters with which we are so familiar, yet the Japanese, the Chinese, the South Albanian, various Indian tongues, and many other versions require characters of their own. Some of these characters are indeed strange enough—the Burmese, for instance, appearing little else than mere variations of circles, while the Siamese is curious for its straight lines.

This enormous translation work needs the assistance of numerous skilled linguists, who are organised into several committees. Their great task appears increasing, rather than diminishing, for the Centennial period finds them engaged in a hundred different languages, and, as the missionary and the colporteur go farther and farther afield, they are continually seeking new revisions and fresh translations.

One of the earlier versions has become extinct. This translation is John Eliot's Bible to the Massachusetts Indians, who as separate tribes, speaking a tongue of their own, are now dead. Yet the Bible in their language remains as a monument to their memory, and a



Christ w tabu en kesukgut The Acts. *Judas passihau Matthias pepenau*

¶ WUTUSSEONGANOOOASH APOSTLESOG.

CHAP: I.

Ukkeeteoh negonne nonsuk-kuhwhonk (wui Theophilus) papaume wame Jesus kut-chcu nanetiwe tallencat kah kuhkootomuhhonat.

a Luke. 24:49. b Matt. 6:11.

2 Nó pajeh kesukohk neádt na tohshinut, máhcheu ke-nonoot uskodnetuhtaénumoh pepénaen-cheh nathpe nashaulnistent.

3 Yeu wonk neelat asumpoh keteáeu mah-che napuk, nathpe monatah washamuhkutée kukkinaesuonganath, wunnashuh yaánchag eikqunnu, kah wuttinnéash wadchdayen-aogish wutáscotamoónganit God.

4 Kah awecche moomoh, wutannumuh nshog, ahque ennoogk Jerusalem, qut pâh-tuoogk ukquothómuwoonk ontash, a uttiyeu nootánayeogkup.

5 b Newutche wunnamuhkut John kut-chéssum, nippé, qut kenaau pish kukkét-tâmunwoo nathpe wunnetupanatamwe Nash-auanik, pasuésie.

6 Yowutche máe pahettit, wunnatamtom-auóoh, nowsog. Lord, yeuyeu wonk kenáape eanimmuau wutasotamóonk Israel?

7 Kah wuttinuh nahog, Woh no kawah-teaumwoo aqquompak, kah toh uttoothe, uttitamunat, kah mittamwussishog awechaiyeh-mouh, onk Mary okasoh Jesus, kah wecche weematoh.

25 Neit Peter neepaunbéu ut ukkodne-tuhtaénumut, kah nowau, (ogkémon nag moiépanneg acqut pasukqussog nab neesin-nehchag)

26 Wosketompaog, kah neematog, yeu wussukwhonk moeche mos ussen, d uttiyeu wunnetupanatamwe Nashaumit nathpe wut-tonit David anowop negonne papaume Ju-das, uttiyeuwoh mánchaunk naboh tohqun-oncheg Jesusoh.

d Psal. 41. 9.

27 Newutche mâ kaweetógkeemutteénup kah wutahtaunap yeu nootompeantamóonk weeche kenaau.

28 Neit yeuoh wosketomp taphum ohke nathpe matchete, e onkquatunk onk pánuhon, pâhsishau, kah wame wunnogkussoh lohwuhin.

e Matt. 27. 3.

29 e Kah wame wadohkutcheg Jerusalem wahtaunneese, yowutche bettamun neohke wuttinnootowlonkanoout Akeldama, yeu nauwuttaenan, mfqueneo ngane ohke.

30 f Newutche wussukwhâsu ut unnoh-hammaonganne wasukwaonganit. Weak tousitch, kah mat bowan weekittamoutch, g kah ookatog neemunitch wunnohtompeau-togkoowoonk.

f Psal. 69: 25. g Psal. 109. 8.

A BIBLE TRANSLATED FOR A NOW EXTINCT PEOPLE (PORTION OF PAGE)

striking illustration, some will say, of the text, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away!"

Passing from translation work to that of distribution, the Society had circulated up to the year 1902 the unthinkable number of more than 175,000,000 copies, and had expended altogether more than



THE REV. JOSEPH HUGHES.

thirteen and a half million pounds sterling; and when the hundred years shall close, it will, in all probability, have distributed over 180,000,000 of Bibles and portions of Scripture. The annual circulation now is over five millions, while out of every hundred copies nineteen are complete Bibles, twenty-seven New Testaments, and fifty-four portions—chiefly Gospels or Psalters.

Large numbers of these various books are sold, though at a cheap price, by the Society's own agents in different parts of the world; but quantities are also distributed in free grants to numerous religious and philanthropic organisations.

The results are extraordinary. While a century ago the Bible was practically closed to four out of every five persons in the world, to-day it is open more or less fully to seven out of ten—a marvellous transformation which is mainly due to the efforts of this Society.

Another remarkable alteration may be seen in the price of Bibles. Just before the Society was established, an English Bible in small pica type, and octavo in size, cost as much as twelve shillings; while to-day the Society sells the same book for a florin. A hundred years ago a penny New Testament would have appeared impossible, yet the Society has issued seven and a half millions at that low price; while, to crown the edifice of the century's work, a copy of the Revised Bible is to be issued at tenpence, together with three other editions of the revised version at popular charges.

No doubt the Bible has shared with other publications in the decreased cost of book production. But by its steady policy of selling the Scriptures from the missionary, and not from the commercial, standpoint, the Society has largely contributed to making them the cheapest and most plentiful books in the world.

The story of the Society's foundation has often been told, but its outline must



THE REV. THOMAS CHARLES.
(After the Engraving by R. Woodman.)

surely be repeated in its Centennial year.

One day the Rev Thomas Charles, of Bala, met a little Welsh girl whose modest name was Mary Jones, and who, in answer to questions as to his text on Sunday, told him the weather had been so bad that she could not take her usual

walk to see the Scriptures. The only Bible she could use was seven miles distant.

This incident, together with the scarcity of Welsh Bibles which had previously impressed him, induced Mr. Charles to apply to the newly formed Religious Tract Society for help. His desire was to circulate cheap Bibles in Wales. "And if in Wales, why not throughout the world?" said the Rev. Joseph Hughes, a highly esteemed Baptist minister at Battersea, who was acting as the Secretary of the Tract Society.



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

THE MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON.

(*President of the British and Foreign Bible Society.*)

Mr. Hughes' far-reaching suggestion was approved, and at a subsequent meeting, which took place on January 10th, 1804, he also proposed the name, the British and Foreign Bible Society, which also was adopted.

It was to Mr. Tarn, a member of the Tract Society's Committee, to whom Mr. Charles had first spoken, and these gentlemen, together with the Rev Joseph Hughes, are regarded as the three actual founders of the Bible Society.

Among others who were associated with them were Mr. Samuel Mills, also of the Tract Society, who drew up a scheme for the new organisation; Mr. Granville Sharp and Mr. Wilberforce, ever memorable for their connection with the Anti-Slavery agitation; and Mr. Charles Grant and Mr. Henry Thornton, both of whom were members of that group of Evangelical leaders a century ago sometimes known as the Clapham Worthies.

A firm of City merchants, Messrs. Hardcastle and Reyner, lent their counting-house—an upper room on Old Swan Stairs, near London Bridge—for meetings, and it was in that room that Mr. Charles made his appeal to the Committee of the Tract Society.

Preliminaries having been duly settled, a meeting was called for March 7th, 1804, at the London Tavern, Mr. Granville Sharp presiding, at which the Bible Society was actually formed, a further meeting of subscribers and friends being held on the first Wednesday in May—the date on which the annual meeting now always takes place.

Lord Teignmouth was to have presided at this latter meeting, but was prevented by illness, and Mr. Granville Sharp occupied the chair instead. Lord Teignmouth was, however, chosen the first President of the Society, and the selection proved to be eminently wise and suitable. He had been Governor-General of India, and his knowledge of that vast country enabled him to be of great service to the Society's work there, while he himself drafted the resolution declaring that the Apocrypha should not be included in the Society's issues—a regulation which has never been altered. He was connected with several religious organisations, but that which enlisted his warmest sympathies was the Bible Society, of which he was President for thirty years.

He was succeeded by Lord Bexley, who, as Mr. Vansittart, was a member of the House of Commons for twenty-five years. He had hailed the formation of the Society with delight, and accepted a Vice-Presidency in 1811, occupying the chair on certain occasions in Lord Teignmouth's absence.

One of his first duties as President was to inaugurate the distribution of New Testaments and copies of the Psalms to emancipated negroes in British Colonies on August 1st, 1834.

For seventeen years he was President, when on his death in 1851 Lord Shaftesbury was invited to succeed him. It was Lord Shaftesbury who won over the Prince Consort's agreement to the erection of a Bible Society Stand in the Great Exhibition of 1851. The Prince,

with some others, had held the opinion that the Society had no claim to be present on such an occasion, but Lord Shaftesbury urged that, apart from the religious aspect of the Society's work, it was entitled to admission on intellectual grounds: the Bible had been translated into a hundred and seventy languages, and a written character given to upwards of thirty tongues. It was this argument that had weight with the Prince, and led to the Society's admission to the exhibition.

At the death of Lord Shaftesbury in 1885, after a presidency of thirty-four years, the Earl of Harrowby accepted the post and served the Society for fourteen years with great devotion. Skilled in public affairs, and a Cabinet Minister of repute, he was also animated by a broad-minded toleration and a comprehensive charity which rendered him eminently suited for the distinguished post he adorned. Presiding at the annual meeting in 1898, though he had been very unwell and was present against advice, he said that as year after year passed he felt more devoted to the Society, and he relied increasingly on the Book itself. The next year he was unable to preside through illness, and before the next anniversary came round he had passed away.

The Marquess of Northampton accepted the vacant post, in which he is proving himself a worthy successor of the four distinguished and devoted noblemen who have preceded him. Thus in the hundred years the Society has had but five presidents—men who have been singularly fitted for the post, and have in an eminently wise manner devoted themselves to the Society's service.



(From the Painting in the possession of the British and Foreign Bible Society.)

LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

(First President of the British and Foreign Bible Society)

In its early days the Committee met at Messrs. Hardcastle and Reyner's office on Old Swan Stairs; but in 1815 a house

BONDEI. (*N. of Zanzibar.*)

Sooni kwangu, enyi wose mkautukao, nana wena mizigo, nami nenda niwahumwize.—*Matt.* xi. 28.

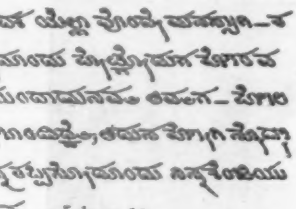
BALUCHI. (*Baluchistan.*)

I'rge shai rosh mardom demvá rosh khat ki shai jawáen kár gindant, shai Phithar de galáant ki bihishtà asti.—*Matt.* v. 16.

KOI. (*On the Nerbadá, East India.*)

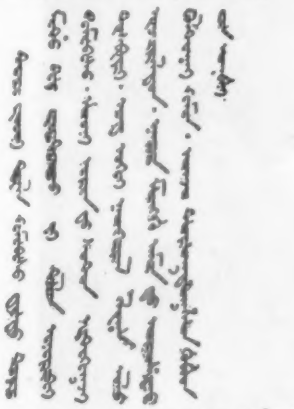
Nanna ṭéḍi, ná ṭappénagga anji, ó yaiyá, nanna Dévuni munne ní munne pápam ṭungi minnána.—(*Luke* xv. 18.)

BADAGA. (*Nilgiri Hills.*)



—*Luke* xv. 18.

KALMUK (*Pozdnejeff's Version*)



—(*John* iii. 16.)

AINU. (*Yesso, Japan.*)

Tambe korochi, echi ki oupeka ambe moshima guru orowa no anukara wa kando otta an echi koro Michi otta iramye kuni gusu, echi utara yaikota echi koro nupeki neyakka moshima okai utara tek samata ątte yan.—*Matt*, v. 16.

BULLOM. (*Sierra Leone, &c.*)

Ntunky kandirr no tre kĕ aniah ĕboll, leh ngha ngha keh mpant no nkeleng, nu kulluh papah no, wonno cheh ko kĕ foy.—(*Matt.* v. 16.)

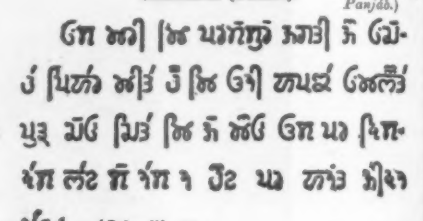
HAINAN Vernacular. (*Island of Hainan.*)

Lú-nâg kâi kui-liâg iáh eg-kai ceh-iŏ ciò ĕū nâg miĕn-tâi, ioh nâg ò-kì lú-nâg kâi hó fién-hĕg, lâi jôg-kui lú-nag dŭ hi-dio kâi Bæ.—*Matt* v. 16.

BOGOS. (*Bilin Tribe, N. of Abyssinia.*)

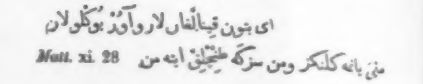
ደርድ : ትእደሶ : እሳኹ : ኒ : ደደን : ግን: ደግኒክር : ደገናክር :: (*Mark* iii. 35.)

CHAMBA (Thakri). (*Chamba State, Panjáb.*)



—(*John* iii. 16.)

KUMUKI. (*Daghestan.*)



Matt. xi. 28

FALASHA, or Kara. (*Jews about Metammeh, Abyssinia.*)

የደራ : ደካላስ : ሸባዕ : ኒ : ደዘን : ግን: ደሸንሪ : ደገሪ ::—(*Mark* iii 35.)

CANTON Vernacular (*Roman*)

No⁴ .taouh, fŏn, hu¹ ip⁴ ho⁴ lp⁴ tau³ ko⁴ ĕu¹, tsi khu⁴ wa³ : a⁴ pa,, ho⁴ tak, tsui³ thin, kuh³ a⁴ pa, ni⁴. (*Luke* xv. 18.)

BASQUE, SPANISH. (*Biscay, Guipuscoa & Alava.*)

Alchatuco naiz, eta juango naiz nere aitagana, eta esango diot: Aita, pecatu eguin nuen ceruaren contra, eta zure aurrean.—(*Luke* xv. 18.)

was purchased in Earl Street, near to the northern end of Blackfriars Bridge. When about 1864 Queen Victoria Street was planned to pass over the site, a new and spacious Bible House was erected in that fine thoroughfare not far distant from the old building. The foundation stone was laid on a bright day in June, 1866, by the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., in the midst of a brilliant gathering; and three years afterwards Lord Shaftesbury presided at a devotional service which marked the opening of the handsome house.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

ENTRANCE HALL AT THE BIBLE HOUSE

From the first the Society was established on the broadest possible basis, members of the Established Church and Nonconformists cordially co-operating in its work. It exists solely to translate and distribute the Scriptures, and it welcomes the aid all who may desire to assist this twofold object. Its catholic position has been at times the cause of some criticism, but it is fundamental, and it has been no doubt a source of great strength, and commands widespread support.

During the century the Society's income has increased by leaps and bounds. In its first year it could only spend £691, but it now enjoys an income of approximately £240,000 a year. Of this sum perhaps in round figures less than £100,000 results from sales at cheap prices, the remainder representing annual subscriptions and donations. These form what is called the Free Income, enabling the Society to carry on its translation work, to sell below cost price, and make free grants to support its colporteurs and depôts of the Scriptures. The work of collecting funds is largely accomplished by over 5,800 auxiliaries in England, and about 2,000 more beyond the sea.

In its work of distribution, the Society employs now an average of nearly 800 colporteurs scattered all over the globe, no fewer than eighty of these being in Russia. These Bible-men are welcomed in the vast land of the Czar, for they are not regarded as spies of England or enemies of the Russian Church. The authorities repose confidence in them, and permit them to carry on their work practically undisturbed. Nevertheless, the very extent of the Empire offers an immense difficulty of its own, and the colporteurs have to tramp many weary miles through the thinly populated country offering their Bibles and parts of Scripture at cottage doors and in villages.

In the Roman Catholic countries of Europe the priests too often manifest hostility to the colporteurs, intolerance being perhaps most bigoted in Spain and in Austria. In some countries, again, a dislike to Britain and things British

operates against the work, while anarchic and anti-Semitic doctrines are also antagonistic.

"Away with you!" cries a priest: "you poison the country with your bad books, and you work for a foreign nation."

But the colporteur moves on among the crowd, offering his books, and undisturbed by the charge.

"This book is not right," objected one in Eastern Europe, "it is not sealed by the Greek Patriarchate."

"Take it," said a bystander, "and read it carefully and you will find it is sealed with the blood of Christ."

Every evening, when the day's work is over, the colporteur's duty is to write his diary and give some account of the work done. The colporteurs are as a rule natives of the country where they labour; they are often men of average ability, but sometimes unlearned, though they are required to know and love the Book they sell. They are controlled by a Superintendent for each country, and to him they make their returns and look for their instructions. The payment to these men necessarily varies with the standard of living in different lands. In India they usually receive a small monthly salary, with a commission on their sales and an allowance for travelling expenses. But altogether the total would be regarded in this country as poor remuneration. Nevertheless, the Society's annual budget in aid of colportage now amounts to nearly £45,000 a year.

The Society also supports more than 620 native Christian Biblewomen, who are connected with nearly fifty different missionary organisations in the East. These agents read to many thousands of women in course of the year, they teach a goodly number to read for themselves, and they also circulate some thirty or forty thousand copies of the Scriptures.

So in varied ways the Society carries on its gigantic work. Blessed from the first with enterprising and sagacious leaders, it has increased in strength and effort with succeeding years. Beginning with a thought for Wales, it has circled the globe in its embrace, and once meeting in a small room belonging to a friend, it now celebrates a Centenary which echoes throughout the world.



BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY'S MISSION BOAT "ROBERT WARTON" AT SAIGON, COCHIN CHINA.



Being the History of the Adventures of Three Englishmen in Spain at the time of the Great Armada. Written by Rupert Hamstead, second son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, situated near Barnet in the County of Hertford, and now first set before the public by

JOSEPH HOCKING,

Author of "Lest We Forget," "The Purple Robe," "All Men Are Liars," "Mistress Nancy Molesworth," Etc. Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—XXI.

In the year 1587, the year before the coming of the Great Armada to English shores, Rupert Hamstead, son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, near Barnet town, having returned wounded from the wars, and having spent some time at his father's house, hears, through John Trenoweth, of Cornwall, that an old friend of his mother's is in the power of the Inquisitors of Spain. Being also desirous of finding out the Spanish plots concerning England, he determines to go to Spain with Mawgan Killigrew, of Cornwall, and John Trenoweth, in order to rescue the unfortunate lady, and to discover Spanish secrets. He therefore starts for Cornwall with John Trenoweth, and on his journey falls into the hands of Jesuit spies. Rupert Hamstead and John Trenoweth are accused by their fellow-travellers as Jesuit spies, but afterwards discover that they themselves are agents of Father Parsons. They at length reach Cornwall, where they are met by Mawgan Killigrew. Here they also come into contact with two Spaniards, whose behaviour is so suspicious that they decide to start for Spain secretly and without delay. The Englishmen leave England, and on first seeing the Spanish hills enter into a solemn covenant concerning their mission. They afterwards fall in with some Spanish gipsies, the young queen of whom greatly impresses Killigrew. She afterwards rescues them from Spanish officials, and gives them directions how to reach Toledo. With some little difficulty they enter the city. Here they hear the Archbishop's sermon, in which it is announced that heretics are to be punished by death. Here also Rupert Hamstead sees Isabella de Valencia, and presently all three take part in a terrible scene at the Circo Romano. John Trenoweth recognises his sweetheart, and endeavours to rescue her from her enemies. His two companions go to his assistance, with the result that all three are made prisoners. In the dungeon they are visited by Señor Toledo, an old enemy and rival of Rupert Hamstead's father. After seeing the great English Jesuit, Father Parsons, the three Englishmen are at length brought to the renowned church, El Cristo de la Vega, to be examined as to their heresy. Here is a figure of the Christ, whose arm had once been raised to attest the innocence of a Jew. Since then, at all examinations of heretics, this figure had been appealed to, and the lifting of the arm attested the prisoners' innocence. When the Englishmen had been examined, and were about to be condemned to death, the arm, to the great consternation of all present, was raised. After the scene in El Cristo de la Vega, the priests, believing a miracle had taken place, determined to inform the King, and to treat the three Englishmen kindly. During the following days they visited the house of Señor Toledo, where Hamstead realises that he loves the Señorita de Valencia; he also meets Señor Toledo's son, who is a suitor for the señorita's hand. Meanwhile the King sends word from the Escurial that he desires the English prisoners to be brought to him, whereupon Rupert Hamstead determines to prevail upon the señorita to effect their escape.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW I COMMENCED MY WOOING.

"WHAT do you desire?" she asked. "Tell me quickly."

"What do I desire?" I repeated like one who had just awaked out of a dream. For so suddenly did she seem to appear, and so quickly did she speak, that for a moment my head was all dazed.

"Aye, what do you desire? You told me that you would see me alone. You asked me, for my mother's sake, to make it possible for us to speak together. Now what would you?"

To this question I knew not what to answer. For, truth to tell, when I asked her to do this thing, I had little in my heart save the desire to speak to her alone. I wanted to be with her, and to feast my eyes upon her face. Thus it was that I stood dumb, while all will and purpose seemed to have left me.

"Señorita," I stammered presently, "I desire to thank you for thus listening to my words. I would also pray you to forgive the harsh words I have spoken to you."

"This is but foolishness," she said. "I listened to you only that I hoped by so doing I might save my mother. As to forgiving you, no, I do not. I never will!"

Her voice trembled as she spoke, and I knew that she was much wrought upon.

"What have you in your mind?" she went on eagerly. "You came from England to save my mother. I tell you it is impossible, save in the way I have told you of. And this you have refused. Still, I will listen to you. What plans have you made? Remember you are a prisoner. You are closely guarded, and when you are outside the walls of your prison your every movement will be watched. But it is said here in Spain that an Englishman will never admit that he is beaten, and that he never gives up hope."

"That is true, señorita. Never! I came to deliver your mother, and by the help of God I will deliver her."

At this her eyes gleamed brightly, but only for a moment.

"You cannot succeed," she said; "you cannot—never, never! It is not right that you should. Oh, that my mother would repent! Oh! I am doing wrong in seeking to act against the will of God, for His blessing can never rest on anything which is against the will of the Church."

"I do not understand," I said. "Do you mean that it would not be right for her to escape faggot and flame and be taken home to her father's house?"

"How can it be, when she defies the ministers of God, and refuses the loving-kindnesses of the Church? You do not know, señor. For my father's sake, her sins of unbelief were disregarded during his lifetime; but she remains obdurate even now: she refuses to believe. Is it not my duty therefore, even although I am her daughter, to say, 'She is joined to her idols; let her alone'? But what would you, señor—what would you? You have refused to do the one thing whereby the Church would be merciful: what would you do—now?"

"I would ask you to make it possible for me to take her away," I replied. "As for writing the letter, you know why neither I nor Mawgan Killigrew could do it. We should thereby, if Sir John Tremayne were to yield to our requests, make over his wealth to the Spaniards, we should become the tools of the Jesuits, and we should help on those things which we loathe. Besides, in spite of what you say, I do not believe that she would be set at liberty. The Jesuits, after gaining their desires, would still feel it their duty to burn her for the glory of God."

"But I have had their promises!"

"A fig for their promises!" I said. "We have heard of their promises before, and we know the way they keep them. Aye, and you know it, too," I cried, with sudden anger; for I felt that she was but a willing tool in their hands.

"I know?" she repeated.

"Aye, you know. You be but the cat's-paw of these men. For months you have stood by while your mother and Esther Truscott have suffered, and all the time you have had it in your power to set them at liberty."

"I had power?"

"Aye, you! Else how could you get me here even now, or how could you have visited me five nights ago? Had you a daughter's love, even as you have a woman's wit, you would long since have found means whereby they could have gone to England."

At this she was struck dumb. She did not speak for some time, and when she opened her mouth, it was only to stammer weakly—

"I am the child of the Church, señor, and when my time is come I shall go into religion."

"Aye, and leave your mother and your old nurse with these masters of torture!" I cried. "So much do you love your mother that you will see her tortured, burned!"

And this I said with great scorn, although all the time I longed to take her in my arms and tell her that I loved her.

"How dare you!" she cried. "How dare you, an English heretic, speak so to a child of Spain? Look, man, do you know that I have but to speak the word, and you, in spite of all that hath taken place, would go to your torture without more ado."

"Then speak it!" I said, for my heart was hot at the way she spoke.

She looked straight at me, her eyes blazing with anger.

"Aye, speak it!" I went on. "It would become you well. Speak the word, and it would agree with the rest of your actions. For months you have stood by while your mother hath suffered; for months you have kissed the hands which have forged the hell tools that have been placed upon her limbs; and now you would go further. You would have us put more power into the Jesuits' hands; you would use your mother's sufferings as a means of gaining your grandfather's possessions, and put them into the hands of Parsons, the arch-enemy of England. And all this time, while you have lived in ease and luxury, your mother hath been suffering. Aye, go, fawn on Parsons the Jesuit. Kiss the hands

of Señor Toledo, whose tool you are, and urge that we, who have come from afar to deliver your mother, may suffer as she hath suffered. It would be worthy of you, Mistress Isabella."

As I spoke I saw her change colour again and again. Deathly pallor and blood red rage followed each other in quick succession, and when I ceased she seemed for a moment unable to speak.

"How I hate you! Oh, how I hate you!" she cried presently.

"Aye, that also I expected," I said, and then I was, as it were, swept almost off my feet by the great yearning which possessed me. Almost mad with anger as I was, I could have crawled before her. Scorning her, despising her, as I did, I yet worshipped her.

"Aye, I expected it," I went on, scarcely realising the purport of the words which passed my lips. "Think you I have not seen this? Think you I did not know it when that priest came to me less than an hour ago? He hath been chosen by you as your messenger before. Even now he is praying for my destruction in the chapel. Oh, yes, I know you hate me because I will not do your bidding, because I refuse to be your lackey. Aye, but you will not always hate me!"

"Aye, I will—always, always!"

"No, you will not," I cried, carried away by my passion. "You will not be able. Instead, you will love me, even as I love you!"

"Love you—you love me!" she repeated, like one distraught.

"Aye," I replied. "You will love me, and, more, you will become my wife! My love will conquer you. You will do my bidding, mistress—aye, do it, not only willingly, but gladly."

For answer she laughed in my face.

"Say I will marry the lackey who cleans my boots, say I will obey scullery wenches, and you would be nearer the truth"; and again she laughed like one full of merriment.

"I despise myself for caring aught for you," I said, "for you are unworthy of an honest man's love. You are half a Spaniard, and a Jesuit tool and spy. You have connived at your mother's sufferings, and have been a door-mat to such as Father Parsons and Toledo, but God hath led me to love you, unworthy as you are. And you will love me—aye, and obey me, too, mistress, yes; obey me! Do you hear? Obey me! You will not go into religion, as you call it, and you will not pay heed to the court of Pablo Toledo."

This I said against my will. Aye, and not believing a word of it all, yet carried away so much was I that I could not help myself.

"You are mad," she cried, "mad! Else would I even now call the soldiers, and have you tortured."

"No, you would not," I replied. "You dare not. Do it, if you dare. I will not hinder you. The door is not locked. The priest is waiting to do your behests—see, I make way for you to go to him!"

But she did not move; rather she seemed fixed to the earth, while all the time her great dark eyes were fastened on me.

And now we had changed places. It was I who laughed at her, and, God forgive me! but my laugh was cruel, mocking.

"You are afraid of me now," I went on. "Afraid, although I am a prisoner, and you have authority. Shall I tell you why? It is because I am stronger than you, and because you know that, while I am doing right, you are doing wrong. No, I am not thinking of bodily strength. That is naught at such a time as this. Even now, you dare not refuse anything I ask!"

"Dare I not?" she answered. "Try me, master boasting madman, try me."

"Aye, I will try you, and you will obey me. Not because you love me, for that time hath not yet come, but because you fear me, and because, in refusing me, you would prove more unworthy than ever to be called the daughter of an Englishwoman."

"Command me, then," she cried. "Command me, and mark my answer!"

"Yes, I will give my commands in my own time, and that will be right soon. But there is something else first. You go with your mother and Esther Truscott, as they accompany us to-morrow to see the King. That I know."

This was a bow drawn at a venture, but the arrow struck true. She gave a start, and looked at me half in wonder, half in fear; but, even against her will, she bowed in acquiescence.

"Even although you tremble at Father Parsons' commands, and are a willing lackey to the Church, you have still some feeling for your mother," I said. "You have enough of English blood in your veins for that. Well, your mother is to be set free to-morrow, and you are to help me to set her free."

"How?" she cried, scornfully and angrily, and yet, as I thought, eagerly.

"In this way," I said. "We are to be taken to King Philip to-morrow, under escort."

"Aye, and a strong escort," she cried. "Señor Pablo Toledo will command it."

"But it will not be too strong," I said. "You will see to that. And more. We are to be taken to the King, not as prisoners, but as men on whose behalf the saints have intervened, and who have been delivered by Heaven."

"Well, and then?" she asked eagerly, for she appeared to have forgotten that she had defied me to make her obey me.

"Then Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth and I must go armed."

"Armed?"

"Aye, armed. When I came to Spain I wore my father's sword. It must be returned, and their swords must be returned. We will wear long cloaks, and thus, if need be, they can be hidden from Pablo Toledo's sight, but we must have them. Moreover, we do not go with shackles on our wrists, but unfettered. This will be in accordance with the King's will."

"And then?"

"When the right time comes we will set your mother and Esther Truscott free."

"You will escape, all escape?" she questioned like one in a trance.

"Aye, Mawgan Killigrew will escape, and so will John Trenoweth. For me, I want to see the King."

"It is impossible, impossible!"

"Nay, it is not impossible: it must be. It is at your peril that you refuse."

I saw her trembling from head to foot, while her eyes gleamed with an unearthly light.

"Oh, how I hate you!" she said presently.

"That may be," I said; "but you will do my bidding, mistress—you will do my bidding."

"Are you not afraid that God will strike you dead?"

"God is on my side," I replied, "and it is because He wills it that you will do this thing."

And this I said firmly, and quietly, as though her defiance were out of the question.

Again she lifted her eyes to mine, while my heart seemed like a flame of fire. I had spoken roughly, cruelly, to her, while all the time I longed to woo her with tender words, even although I scorned myself for loving her.

"And now I must go," I said. "You know your work—you know what you must do. *Hasta mañana, señorita,*" and I bowed to her with mock reverence.

"Oh, how I hate you!" she repeated.

"Aye, to-night," I replied, with a laugh, "to-night. My time is not yet come, but it will come—it will. '*Hay un mañana*'—that is your own proverb, señorita: 'There is a to-morrow,' and then you will love me; meanwhile you will obey."

Then I left her standing alone in the little sacristy. I dared not turn back. Did I, I should have demeaned myself before her. I should have pleaded for forgiveness on my bended knees, such was the feeling that came over me. For though I had defied her, and commanded her—aye, and flouted her—she was such a woman as I had never seen before. Undutiful as a daughter, as she might be, cat's-paw of the priests as I believed she was, she was still as beautiful as an angel to me. Aye, and noble too, although all my reasoning told me she was not. For woman is so made that, to the man who loves her, she can defy reason, and laugh at all the wisdom of the schoolmen.

When I entered the little chapel, the priest was kneeling at the altar, and so lost was he in his devotions that he noted not that I stood by his side. His face was pale and agonised, his body as rigid as that of a dead man.

"Wake up, master priest, and take me back to my friends," I said.

He rose to his feet quickly.

"You have seen her, spoken to her?" he asked, fearfully.

"Aye."

"And——" He looked at me as if waiting for me to answer the question which he dared not utter.

"She hath defied me," I said.

"Aye, defied you! Then the saints be praised, for they have answered my prayers. Come, Señor Hamstead, and thank God for His mercies."

With this he led me back to the prison from which I had come, never speaking a word to me, but muttering to himself all the while.

When we came to the door, he unlocked it quietly, and then turned as if to leave me.

"The señorita——" I said.

"She hath defied you," he replied. "Those were your own words."

"Yes, she defied me, laughed me to scorn. But doth she remain in the sacristy?"

"No; there is a way by which she can get to her own chamber. She knoweth it well. The chapel is a private one belonging to the palace, and she goeth thither often."

"I think she may desire to see you before she sleeps," I said. "You will tell her that I told you how she defied me."

"Aye," he replied, "I will tell her."

For a long time I sat alone with my thoughts. I did not wake Mawgan nor John Trenoweth. The former slept soundly, making neither movement nor sound, but John Trenoweth was evidently dreaming of his sweetheart, for he called her by name, and spoke loving words just as a fond boy might speak to the maid he loved first, even while he held her in his arms.

"He is happy," I said to myself, "and I

will not awaken him. There is no need. Besides, God knows what to-morrow may bring forth. Let him be happy while he can, but I must speak with Mawgan; I must tell him all that it is necessary for him to know."

Whereupon I awoke him, and then I whispered to him much that had taken place, but even to him I could not speak of the love which



"'I will not hinder you. The door is not locked.'"—*p.* 747.

had come into my heart, or what I had said to the Spanish maid concerning it.

"God be praised!" said Mawgan, when I had finished. "This is as it should be, Rupert. While I have been sleeping thou hast been thinking and acting. Aye, but it is a good plan, and there will be fighting to-morrow."

"Fighting," I repeated, "aye, and hard fighting too, or I am much mistaken. I much fear the end of it all." For now that I had thought it all over, the plan seemed truly a madman's.

"Nay, nay," replied Mawgan gleefully. "But all be well. Think of it! To feel my sword in my hand again, and a good horse under me! Why, it will be heaven. Only in one thing art thou wrong, Rupert."

"And that?"

"We must all escape together. We three, side by side, having the women with us, can defy them all. But you must not leave us, lad. Together we came, and together we will return."

"If we return at all, God will work a miracle for us," I said. "But I have a feeling that we shall be separated. But what of that? If you can give Sir John Tremayne his daughter, and John Trenoweth can have his sweetheart, we shall not have come in vain. But the plan may come to naught."

"It will not—it must not—it shall not!" cried Mawgan. "What if we are few against many? We shall fight in the open air, man—that is the thing, that is the thing!"

"Aye, it will be glorious—that is, if the maid loves her mother enough to do my bidding."

"She must, I tell you. She hath English blood in her veins, and it will tell. But we must go together, lad, all together!"

To this I made no reply; for, in truth, I had other things in my mind than to find out the King's plans concerning England. I felt I cared not to leave Spain if I had to leave Isabella de Valencia behind.

But I told nothing of this to Mawgan, even although we talked long together concerning the work we had to do.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW WE TRAVELLED TOWARDS THE PALACE OF THE KING.

IT all came about even as I had willed. How, I know not, for our movements, when daylight came, were shrouded in mystery. There were many messengers who came into our apartment, and while, on the one hand, they treated us as though we were prisoners, I thought I detected at times more courtesy than was common. But this I found. Before the doors were opened for us to commence our journey I saw near the entrance a mysterious parcel, which on examination proved to be long cloaks, reaching almost to our heels, together with our swords.

"This augurs well," cried Mawgan, handling his blade lovingly. "Well, I tell you! Your words have had weight, Rupert, and the maid hath not altogether ceased to love her mother."

"Aye," broke in John Trenoweth, "and I shall be near Esther to-day. Think of it, my masters—think of it!"

For I had told John Trenoweth something of what had taken place. I had also bidden him be ready for strange events. I did this because, in spite of the joy in John's heart, and the confidence in Mawgan's, I was in great fear. For, as I have said before, I am one who dreads much what may take place, even though I know nothing of it when those very things I have dreaded come upon me.

We were led, I remember, to the Plaza de la Constitucion, which was close to the palace, under a strong guard, and, having reached this spot, I saw a great concourse of people, who seemed much desirous of seeing us. For there was that in their eyes and their reverent behaviour which showed me that the scene in El Cristo de la Vega still remained in their memories.

"They are under the protection of the saints," I heard it whispered again and again. "The arm was uplifted, I tell you, and the King is desirous of seeing and speaking with them."

I saw, too, that Pablo Toledo was in command, and that both he and his soldiers were fully armed. Pablo was in gay attire, too, and he strutted vainly about, like a man well pleased with himself, as I have no doubt he was.

Presently he became impatient, even as I was, for nowhere did I see Isabella de Valencia or her mother. He looked again and again towards the palace, muttering fiercely. At length I became much afraid that they might be too ill to take a long journey on horseback, but before long my anxiety came to an end, for three women came towards us, their faces all carefully hidden by a kind of headgear which the Spaniards call a mantilla. I quickly saw, moreover, that they were the women I had expected to see, for Isabella de Valencia was not easy to mistake, while such was the impression that the other two made upon me at the Circo Romano, that I was not likely to forget them. I saw, too, by the look on John Trenoweth's face that he had recognised his sweetheart, for I heard him say again and again:

"Now may God be praised! May God be praised!"

"Mount your horses quickly!" cried Pablo Toledo. "Quickly, I say. Soldiers, guard the prisoners carefully. *Hacia adelante!*"

Whereupon we mounted our horses, which were well-fed, strong-limbed animals, and this rejoiced me much, especially when I saw that the soldiers under Pablo Toledo's command were to ride upon mules, which, while strong and sure-footed, were not so fleet as horses.

Often did I look towards the Señorita de Valencia, but she gave me neither word nor look, save once, and then it was a look of scorn and anger, not unmixed, I thought, with derision. Neither did we get a word with the other women; for, as I have said, their faces were well concealed and they seemed to act as though they were in a dream.

We were a silent procession as we passed down the steep hillside towards the river, for the morning was cloudy, and, as I thought, threatened rain, and I doubt not all felt the gravity of our situation. The people, I remember, followed us some distance; some murmuring that the King would be gracious to us, and others saying that we should all be committed to the flames, seeing that, in spite of the smiles of heaven, we were still English, and had defied Spain and her religion.

This part of the journey, moreover, was more difficult than any other, for the road to the river was very steep and badly made, so that even the mules had to pick their steps carefully, but presently we reached a bridge called the Puente de Alcantara, which, I have been told, is one of the oldest bridges in the world, and was built by Wamba in the

far back past. In crossing this bridge, moreover, I saw what an impregnable city Toledo was; for, as I have said, the river nearly encircled it and ran along a great gorge, which from side to side was well nigh two hundred feet. Thus, the waters being deep and rapid, and the gorge being, as the Spaniards said, *muy profundo*, neither man nor horse could enter the city except with great difficulty.

Just after we crossed the river, I saw on the roadside a statue erected to Wamba, to which the soldiers lifted their caps as though they regarded it with great reverence, and it was then I was able to estimate the strength of our guard. For the people followed us no further than the bridge, where, after they had given the Spanish salute "*Va con Dios*," they returned to the city.

"Nine besides Toledo," whispered Mawgan to me. "Three to one, and one over. Man, we live, we live!"

I shook my head, for though the guard was not large, I did not see how we could overpower them and escape with the women. Nevertheless, I felt my blood tingling, and my arms becoming hard.

Whether Pablo Toledo knew we wore swords or no I am not sure, for our long capes covered us completely. Moreover, he paid us but little heed; instead, he devoted all his time to Isabella de Valencia, who, as I thought, received his attentions gladly. More than once I saw her look up into his face with a gay laugh on her lips, especially when he seemed to say something that was gay and witty. This, as may be imagined, made me angry and sore at heart, for, situated as we were, I was in a fit humour to be jealous, especially when I remembered the words she had spoken to me the previous night.

I saw ere long that we were going in the direction of Madrid, at which place, I presently learned, we were to stay that night, and as the distance between the two cities was about sixteen leagues, I judged that we could not get there until after dark. Especially was this so when I saw the rate at which we were travelling. For what with the condition of the roads, which was as bad as it could be, and the fact that Pablo Toledo was content to amble slowly by the side of Isabella de Valencia, I felt sure that we were not covering more than four or five miles an hour. In addition to this the days had now become short, the darkness beginning to appear not long after six o'clock.

I said nothing to Mawgan concerning the many thoughts that were passing through my mind. In truth, I could not if I would, for the soldiers rode too near; nevertheless, I saw by the look in his eyes that he was thinking deeply, and would be ready for action at any moment. As for John Trenoweth, he kept his eyes steadily upon Esther Truscott, while his lips constantly moved as in prayer.

A little past noon we stopped for our midday meal, near a little place called Cabañas, and after this the sun shone brightly, which caused a little more cheerfulness in our party. Two or three soldiers sang songs of love and battle, while Pablo Toledo continued to pay court to Isabella de Valencia. Never once did she seek to go to her mother's side, and, although I am sure the señora felt pain and weariness at such unwonted exercise, her daughter appeared entirely callous and unthoughtful.

When the afternoon had become somewhat advanced, I saw that Pablo Toledo seemed more anxious. He looked often at the position of the sun, and urged his soldiers to go faster.

"But the roads are bad, señor capitan," replied one of the soldiers at length. "They are full of pits and holes, and, did we go fast and a horse put his foot into one of them, his leg would snap like a reed."

"What!" cried Pablo Toledo haughtily, "dare you answer me back, you dog! Another word, and I will tie you to a post, and have you horsewhipped. *Ayunador*, faster, I say!"

To this the soldiers made no answer, but although they urged the horses forward I saw the look of angry defiance in the men's eyes, for the Spaniard, however low of degree, loves to be treated as a *caballero* and brooks not threatening language.

Presently Mawgan found means of coming to my side. "Is it not time to act?" he said in a low whisper.

"Not yet," I replied. "We cannot get to Madrid until an hour after dark. We must therefore wait until after sunset, and if possible escape in the darkness."

At this a soldier rode between us, for owing to the condition of the road we had drawn near together. From time to time I looked carefully around me to see the condition of the country, and again I was impressed with the sadness of the scene. For Spain even under bright sunshine is not such a land as I had expected. I had heard of it as the home of sunshine, and laughter, and song; but it is not. It is very grey, and barren, and forbidding. Both here and southward it is a very mournful country. In many parts, and for many miles, it is treeless and well nigh verdureless. It is true that here and there you may find beautiful spots, but on the whole it is a stern,

melancholy country, with long, far-stretching plains, barren, rugged mountains, and terribly lonesome valleys. Unlike our own country it has neither groves nor hedges, and while one can often hear the shriek of the eagle or the cry of the buzzard, the voice of the singing bird is seldom heard. Neither are the mouths of its people filled with laughter; rather, they are a somewhat sad race, given much to melancholy and solitude. Even that day, when the sun was shining, although two or three of the soldiers gave vent to song the others rode in solemn silence as though they regarded laughter as beneath the dignity of the soldiers of so great a nation.

"How far are we from Madrid, señor?" I asked presently of one of the soldiers.

"Two, perhaps three hours or more, excellency," he replied.

"Must we get there to-night?"

He nodded his head, and then as I saw the sun sinking behind a ridge of hills I gave Mawgan Killigrew a look which caused the fire to come into his eyes.

"When?" he asked, not heeding the soldier's look.

"I will give you the sign," I replied.

"What said your excellency?" asked the soldier.

"You will know when you conquer our country and learn our language," I made answer.

"Aye, and that will be soon," he replied haughtily. "But be your English señoritas fair, excellency, as fair as the women of Spain?"

"I prophesy that you will lose your heart the day you land on English shores," I replied.

"Oh!" he cried in high good humour, "but I will let your English señoritas know what a Spanish soldier is like. I will show them that we are not only fighters, but lovers."

As he spoke my heart gave a great leap, for near us I saw a party of what I felt sure were gipsies. The sun had now set, and ere long I knew it would be dark. The country, moreover, was lonesome beyond words, no human habitation being in sight save a castle perched upon a peak some three miles away.

"See?" I said to Mawgan. "Remember Inez!"

I knew then that he also had seen the gipsies and had drawn his own conclusion. We had now entered a rocky valley, while I noted that the gipsies likewise made their way thitherward. I urged my horse forward, while Mawgan and John, at a sign from me, did the same, until we had placed ourselves in front of the women. I had also drawn my sword from its sheath, hiding it, however, beneath my cloak, and held myself in readiness.

We had not gone far into the valley before it became much darker, and this was doubtless owing to the great rugged rocks on our left throwing their dark shadows upon us.

"Ready!" I cried, as suddenly as the report of a musket; and immediately we rushed upon three of the men who, unprepared for our attack, fell before us without resistance. In a moment the whole party was in confusion. Pablo Toledo, who had ridden by Isabella de Valencia's side almost unheedingly, now swore a savage oath and rushed forward.

"Ah, traitors!" he cried savagely. "You would escape, would you?" And he struck at me furiously.

I parried his blow, and so wheeled my horse that I had him at an advantage; at least, I thought I had, but I had not reckoned that he not only wore a steel cap but a corslet. Consequently my blow, which somewhat stunned him, neither unhorsed him nor placed him what the French call *hors de combat*. Moreover, I was harassed by the others, who now attacked us furiously, some swearing strange oaths and others crying to the saints to help them in the fight. In truth, I was more than once in danger of being cut down, and perhaps should have been but for Mawgan Killigrew, who seemed to be in three places at once, and who fought for the very joy of it!

"Three to one, and one over!" he cried again, and again. "Come on, Master Spaniards, come on!" and his laugh rang out clear as a bell.

As I have said, the light was not good; still it was not so dark but we could see what we were doing. John Trenoweth was on foot, but as I thought surrounded. How he lost his seat I do not know, but the fact did not seem to disadvantage him one whit, especially as in the midst of the struggle I saw him take a Spaniard and lift him above his head as though he were a baby, and then throw him from him with terrible force.

"Esther, my dear maid," I heard him say more than once, and speaking in the Cornish vernacular, "doan't 'ee be 'fraid, my buty, your John 'll saave 'ee!"

How we should have fared but for one thing I know not, for this I will say, although the Spaniards are smaller and weaker men than we, they know how to fight. Moreover, they do not lack courage, although, God knows they had not the same reason for struggling even to the death as we had. Especially did one of them make me wrath, for he handled his sword as if to the manner born; neither do I believe I should have got rid of him, harassed on all sides as I was, had not John



"I quickly saw that they were the women I expected to see."—*p.* 750.

Trenoweth come to my aid when I was most sorely pressed, and with one blow felled him to the earth. Still we fought against terrible odds, and presently I saw Pablo Toledo recover himself and rush towards me with fierce anger in his eyes. Had we been man to man, I should have rejoiced because of this, even although he was partly protected by armour, for I instinctively felt him to be my enemy, and that he desired to wed the woman I had learnt to love. But we were not man to man. Another Spaniard harassed me sorely, and although he was but a small man, who, if I had him alone, would have been but of little account, nevertheless hindered me from giving my full attention to Pablo Toledo. As he came I heard a woman's voice, although, amidst the din, I was not sure whose it was, saying, "Beware, Master Hamstead," and this set my heart beating fast with joy, although it did not help me. As may be imagined, I was sore put to it, for Pablo Toledo was a fighter, and I had to meet both him and the little Spaniard I have mentioned. At that time, too, the men we had at first struck down recovered somewhat and came to their companions' aid, so that, on the whole, we were sorely harassed. I saw a look of confidence in Pablo Toledo's eyes, and heard him utter a cry which seemed like victory. As I have said, I know not how the affair would have ended, but for one thing, for the odds against us were great, but when the fight was at the hottest, I heard Mawgan cry out, "Inez, Inez! *Ayuda, ayuda!*" This word, "*Ayuda*," is the one which the Spaniard used to summon help, and which Mawgan had learned while we were in prison, and no sooner had he uttered it than, as if from the ground beneath our feet, a dozen strangely attired forms rose.

"The gipsies to the rescue!" I heard on all sides, and then I knew little of what happened, except that Pablo Toledo diverted not his attention from me.

"You I will have, Master Ruperto Hamstead!" I heard him say. "Here, soldiers, and let not the leader escape!"

And then I received a blow which stunned me. I felt myself falling from my horse, and although I struggled to keep my senses, all things became dimmer and dimmer, even as they seem when a man falls asleep.

Only one word I heard as sight and sound were departing from me, and that was the word, "*Granada*," and that word was not real to me, but only as the memory of a name concerning which one has dreamed.

How long I was unconscious I know not, neither to this day do I know; but when at last I awoke there was no light save that of the stars. I felt a great pain in my head, and I seemed to hear the roar of a distant sea; but so much was I dazed that I could not for some time tell where I was, nor recall the reason for what seemed to me a strange condition.

Presently, however, my mind became clearer, and then all of a sudden I remembered all that had taken place.

Still, I did not move, but lay quietly, just as a sleepy man might lie in his bed, although he knew that the hour for rising had come.

"Did it not mean a worse death for us he should die now?" I heard someone say.

"Why should it mean death for us at all?" said another. "It is the Señor Capitan Toledo who will have to answer to the King."

"Aye, but three to ten, think of it!"

"It would have been all well but for *los gitanos*."

"And this is the leader, we have the man who is most important."

"Where is the señor capitan?"

"*Sabe Dios*. He is gone after them, but it is no use. The gipsies were many, and they have horses."

"This will be another reason for putting them to death. But we cannot catch them. They disappear in their holes like rabbits. But what would you?"

"Where is the señorita?"

"I know not. Gone with the heretic mother, I expect."

"Nay, nay. The señor capitan will see to that. For the old women he cares not, but for the señorita he is *enamorado*."

All this I heard as I lay there, after which the men became silent, for there was the sound of voices and the trampling of the feet of horses.

"It is Señor Pablo Toledo coming back," I thought, and eager to know what had taken place, I sat up and looked around.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ENTRANCE INTO THE PALACE OF PHILIP II, KING OF SPAIN.

"*SANGRE de Cristo!*" I heard Pablo Toledo say savagely, as he drew up. "They have escaped in the darkness. Where I know not, for the gipsies have a thousand hiding-places. The King will demand a strict reckoning for this, my men! Think of it. Three to ten, and two of them escaped!"

"But they fought like devils," someone answered, "and the gipsies came."

"Gipsies, bah? But should not ten Spanish soldiers be equal to fifty Englishmen and gipsies. I tell you there is witchcraft in it all. They weaved their hellish spells, and turned our swords aside. Besides, how did they get swords? I tell you there is treason, treason somewhere! But where is the wounded Englishman?"

"Here, here!"

"Hah, that is well! We have the leader, and his Majesty will be somewhat solaced." He came up to me as he said this and spurned me with his foot.

"Dog of an Englishman, rise! he said haughtily.

I rose slowly to my feet, for I felt weary beyond words, and my head gave me great pain.

"You would not call me a dog were I not wounded and had a sword in my hand," I replied.

"Pah!" he said savagely.

"Aye, a coward always insults a man he hath at advantage!" I replied.

"Coward! Call me a coward, you dog."

"Aye, a coward," I said quietly.

"Would I had not to take you to his Majesty," he replied, "else would I kill you as you stand."

"Aye," I replied, "but you would not fight me fairly."

In this I was unjust, for Pablo Toledo was not a coward, but a brave man, although a cruel one.

"A captain may not fight his prisoners," he replied.

"I may not be long a prisoner, señor captain, I replied. "Will you meet me when I am free, even as my father met yours?"

"When you are free!" he sneered. "Aye, when you are free I will do you the honour of sending you to hell with the sword of a gentleman. But we must away, and I do not see the señorita. Where is the señorita?"

"Here!" said a voice which sent my blood tingling through my veins.

"Ah, señorita," said Pablo Toledo, "it grieves me much that this should have happened. But what would you? Through treason the prisoners obtained arms, and coming on us unawares wounded some of my men before they could defend themselves. Then, as you saw, the gipsies came up, and in great numbers overpowered us, and took away the two men, and —and the others. But they will be found. We will ride quickly to Madrid, where I will arrange to send out men who will scour the whole country side, so that even before we can get to the Escurial they will have been brought to the presence of the King. Besides, we have the most dangerous of the three, the arch-plotter of the whole business.

I could not help smiling even then, at the light way in which Pablo Toledo spoke, and I was sure, although Isabella de Valencia spoke no word, she was not deceived.

"But you are a soldier's daughter," went on Toledo, "and therefore know the fortunes of a soldier's life. It grieves me much that you should see bloodshed, but, as you know, it was your own wish that you should accompany your mother and her heretic serving woman to the Escurial. It is very unfortunate; but what would you? The lustre of Pablo Toledo's career cannot be dimmed by a little misfortune. Besides, as I said, they will be discovered and brought back to-morrow. Let us forward then!"

So please, your excellency," said one of the soldiers, "but there be three men too badly wounded to travel."

"Then let them lie here for the night," said Toledo lightly. "If someone does not pick them up through the night, the men whom I will send will find them in the morning. Forward, I say."

Whereupon we mounted our horses, I with very great difficulty, for I was wounded, although not badly, in more than one place. Even when I had mounted, I sat my horse with difficulty, for in addition to the pain my wounds gave me, I was so closely pinioned to my steed, that I could barely move my limbs. Moreover, I was closely guarded, so closely that even had I been unshackled and unwounded there would have been no possibility of escape.

But concerning this I did not grieve; indeed, as may be imagined, I was overjoyed at the course events had taken, for everything had turned out as I had hoped. Indeed, all things were better than I hoped, for had not the gipsies come to our aid, at a time when the battle seemed sore against us? and had not Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth taken the two Englishwomen with them? I wondered much whether Inez was among the gipsies when Mawgan had cried for help, or whether they were a strolling band of vagrants, who were glad of any excuse for fighting the King's soldiers. But I did not fear. Mawgan Killigrew was no fool, while John Trenoweth still had that in his possession which made the gipsies do his bidding.

During the hours we rode through the darkness I heard Isabella de Valencia speak no word, although Pablo Toledo tried often to draw her into a conversation. Again and again did he bid her not to trouble about her mother's fate, and tell her that she would be

brought to the King before another sunset. What comfort he thought this might bring her I knew not, especially as the King was



"He must be leading me to another prison, I thought to myself."—*p.* 758.

so bitter towards English heretics; nevertheless, he spoke in the way I have described, although she never made answer to what he said.

"What share hath she had in all this?" I kept asking myself as we rode along in the darkness. "Can it be that I have misjudged her, and hath she really obeyed my bidding?" And, although my heart beat joyfully at the thought, I could not bring myself to believe it. I remembered that for months she had played into the hands of the Jesuits, for months she had stood by regardless of her mother's fate, neither could she do aught to save her, save to ask us to write to Sir John Tremayne in order to persuade him to give his possessions to those who were the enemies of his country. And yet there were many things I could not understand, so that even although my reason told me she was my enemy, and the tool of my enemies, my love pleaded for her.

That night we stayed at Madrid, but concerning the city I can say nothing. It was dark when we entered, and although I was but little fit to travel, it was barely light when we started the next morning. Through the night I had lain in a cold, dark room, and although my wounds troubled me sorely, no attention was paid to them; but food was brought in plenty and of a wholesome nature, so that I was not so weak as I feared I should be.

The journey from Madrid to the Escurial was marked by no particular event. I noticed, however, that none of the guard save Pablo Toledo were the same as accompanied us the day before. Moreover, Isabella de Valencia was not with us. As a consequence Pablo Toledo rode along for the first part of the way in moody silence. Mile after mile we traversed without speaking a word, and when once one of the soldiers burst into a song he harshly bade him hold his peace. Had not my wounds fretted me, I think I should have enjoyed the journey, for it was not long, being only about thirty miles at the most; moreover, the country here was much finer than that to be found in the region round about Toledo.

When we had travelled perhaps twenty miles, Señor Pablo Toledo drew up his horse close to mine.

"Methinks you are in pain, Señor Hamstead," he said, in a tone which I think he meant to be kind.

"My wounds fret me somewhat, and my limbs are much cramped," I replied.

"Will you give your word of honour that you will not try to escape if I have your bonds taken off?"

"Willingly," I replied. For in truth, now that Mawgan and John Trenoweth had escaped with the Englishwomen, I felt no desire to get away. Rather, I desired to see the King for purposes concerning which I have mentioned.

Whereupon he caused my bonds to be unfastened, which enabled me to ride with some

degree of comfort. He also bade the soldiers leave us together, so that we might converse freely.

"I made a promise to you last night that if ever you were free I would honour you with my sword," he continued presently.

"Aye," I replied. "And I hope to avail myself of that promise."

"It shall be as you wish," he said gravely. "Not that I expect you will ever gain your freedom. It is true his Majesty pays great heed to what seems to him the intervention of the powers of Heaven, and therefore the saints alone know how he will regard the strange happening in El Cristo de la Vega. But then he also is a Catholic, and hateth English heretics, so that I much fear you will be burned—that is, if you do not repent and promise to lend your aid in driving that upstart Elizabeth from the English throne. Besides, he will be angry that you aided the gipsies yesterday in letting those—those other heretics escape."

"As to that, I should think no soldier could be angry," I made answer. "And as the King is himself a soldier, he will surely forgive me for doing that which he himself would do were he a prisoner."

"If you were a prisoner in any other country, methinks what you say would be sound speech," he replied, "but not in Spain, not in Spain!"

"And why not in Spain?" I asked.

"Do you ask that?" he asked as if in astonishment. "You speak as if a Spaniard were like other men. You should know, Señor Hamstead, that Spain is God's chosen land, even as the Spaniards be God's chosen people. He who resists us, then, resists God."

And this he said gravely, as though he fully believed what he said, which in truth he doubtless did, and it was this which made the Spaniard so haughty, and so impatient and angry at the least approach of resistance.

"It is because of this, you must tell me what I ask you," he went on.

I did not speak because his tone of calm assurance made me angry.

"I require you to tell me, then, by what means you and your friends obtained arms yesterday."

"I know not, senor."

"You know not. Beware that you do not lie to me."

"I do not lie," I replied. "Again I say that, were I free, you would not speak such words to me."

"The son of Don Ferdinand Toledo speaks when he will, where he will, and how he will," he replied. "But I accept your words. There is, however, another question I would ask you. Do you presume to lift your eyes to the señorita in love?"

"An Englishman does not talk lightly of love," I made answer, "therefore he would not answer such a question."

My reply angered him. I saw him bite his lower lip savagely, while his eyes gleamed with rage.

"Have you dared to hold converse with her?" he asked presently.

"May I ask by what right you ask?" I retorted.

"By the right of conquest," he answered haughtily. "It is my purpose to honour her with my hand, therefore I take summary vengeance on those who would breathe her name save with reverence."

At this I laughed, for I saw not only anger, but jealousy in his eyes.

"When I honour a woman with my love," he went on grandiloquently, "it is enough to forbid any other man to think of her, save as a subject may think of a queen. Henceforth, she becomes sacred. Therefore, I demand that you shall tell me all that hath taken place between you."

"How can we have had converse?" I asked, suppressing the retort which came to my lips. "Have I not been closely guarded? Have I not been in prison?"

"She hath English blood in her veins," he said, seeming to speak more to himself than to me, "and her mother hath filled her mind with English thoughts. Moreover, there are many things I do not understand. But these shall be explained, and although I speak fairly to her, if I find that she hath in aught thwarted my will——"

He did not finish his speech, but glared moodily at the great mountains which lay northward.

"I have seen love in your eyes," he went on, "and that, but for the King's commands, would have meant your death. For how dare you, how *dare* you lift your eyes to the woman I have chosen!"

Presently we saw lying, nearly at the foot of a great range of mountains, a palace, and, pointing towards it, I asked what it was.

"It is the palace of the King," he replied. "In less than three hours after noonday we shall be there. When I have delivered you up to the guards there, my duty is for the time done. But remember what I have said, señor."

I longed to ask him where the señorita was, and whether she, too, would have to appear before the King, but remembering what he had said I held my peace. We therefore rode on

for some time in silence; nevertheless, from time to time I scanned his face closely.

"Do you know my patron saint appeared to me in a dream last night?" he said after a long silence. "Aye, but she did, and spoke to me. She revealed to me the fact that you loved the señorita, and this made me know that I had seen love in your eyes. You see this sword!"

"It is my father's sword," I said, "the sword by which he conquered your father, the sword by which he was tempted to kill him, but did not."

"The Saint Teresa spoke to me about it," he went on solemnly. "She told me that I must keep it always, for if ever it came into your possession again, you would conquer me both in love and in war. Perhaps that is why I have spoken to you in this way, señor. Perhaps, too, I have spoken harshly, for full well do I know how impossible it is for any man to look into my Isabella's eyes, and not to love her. How else should I, Pablo Toledo, have lost my heart? But I have told you my will, and that is enough."

After this he spoke no other word until we drew up to the great palace which King Philip had but lately built, and which was called the Escurial.

When we drew nearer, I saw that the King had caused many trees to be planted around his palace, and that many new houses had been built close to it. In truth, it struck me as one of the fairest places I had yet seen in the country. Not that it was grand and imposing like Toledo; rather it was too new to have that atmosphere of grandeur which is associated with Toledo; nevertheless, the village looked homely and restful. When at length we entered the precincts of the palace, however, this feeling departed. For the whole pile was plain to severity. All round the central building, which was at once a church, a vault, and a palace, were long rows of stables, and lackeys' chambers, which were only separated from the palace by a great courtyard, where soldiers walked and gossiped, and this, as I thought, was more reminiscent of what the Spaniards called a *barraca*, or a place where soldiers are trained, than a King's dwelling place.

But concerning these things I cannot speak with confidence, for directly Pablo Toledo gave his message to the guard at the gates, we passed into the church, where Pablo Toledo, having knelt at the altar and given thanks to God for bringing him safely hither, sent a message to the King. And this I found was in accordance with the King's wishes. Even in cases of great urgency, all messengers had first to kneel at the altar, ask forgiveness for their sins, and thank the saints for their protection, before coming into his presence.

This done, I was presently led through long passages until I was ushered into a badly lit room, which, as I judged, was under the surface of the ground, while Pablo Toledo was told to present himself to the King without delay.

How long I waited in this room I know not, for I seemed as one in a dream. All the events which I have here set down flashed through my mind with the speed of lightning, and although I tried to understand their meaning, I could not, my brain being somewhat dazed. I think, however, that I must have remained there for some hours, for when presently, messengers came to me, no light pierced the iron gratings which connected the apartment with the open air.

"Follow," said one of the messengers who came to me.

"Whither?" I asked.

But he spoke no word. Instead, he walked along the gloomy passages with a stately, measured step, never deigning either by word or look to notice me.

He must be leading me to another prison, I thought to myself, as presently we descended some steps and stopped at a closed door.

"Stand here," he said, "and wait His Majesty's will."

"Is the King within?" I asked aloud.

"Hush," he whispered haughtily. "How dare you speak aloud, when your words may disturb either his councils or his devotions!"

At this I concluded that he must be behind the closed door, which, naturally, caused my mind to be much perturbed. And yet I could not imagine how the King of Spain, who had built such a wondrous palace, should choose for himself rooms that were well-nigh underground, and so situated that no ray of sunlight could ever reach him, and where he could not see either the green trees or the blue sky.

But I spoke no word, and for that matter I desired not to speak. The place was as cold as a vault, while the warders looked more like statues than living men.

Presently the door opened, and I heard my own name: "Ruperto Hamstead."

One moment later and I stood in the presence of Philip of Spain, the second of his name, and regarded as the mightiest monarch in the world.

"Kneel!" whispered a voice; but for a moment I could do nothing save gaze round the room.

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR.]

TALKS TO MEN.

By the Rev. H. B. Freeman, M.A., Vicar of Burton-on-Trent.

III.—AS FATHERS.

"Men who, from being engaged in business, seldom see their children, do not care much about them."—Dr. Johnson.

"A MAN who has a young family needs no business or profession," was an astounding assertion once made to me by a father with a high sense of parental responsibility. But it is possible to learn a great deal from these pungent half-truths. I decline to believe that my friend's idea of his duty was one whit more irrational and lop-sided than the view taken by plenty of fathers among our acquaintance, whose home life, so far as it can be said to exist, would indicate that they place every conceivable interest — whether money, reputation, society, or ordinary amusement—before the personal care and culture of the consciences and intelligences of the boys and girls whom they have helped to bring into the world.

"A game the most interesting and picturesque—but, ach! these laborious English, why do they not make their servants play it for them?' is a current criticism of a last century German upon a crack cricket match at Lord's. Nor, by inversion, is the gibe without present application. Many an Englishman treats the moral and spiritual nurture of his offspring just as the unappreciative Teuton was surprised he did not treat his cricket. Superficially, his children are to him interesting, and his pride would be pinched if he did not see them neatly dressed and picturesque; but as to that most awful game which is the choice in youth between good and evil, and in which the stake is an immortal soul, his servants or his wife may play it for him.

Such indifference finds no sanction either in the kingdom of nature or of grace. Whatever be the alien claims upon his time and faculties, the paramount duty of a father is towards his sons and daughters. Nor let us scruple to state the alternative with equal emphasis. If a man shrinks from such a burden, he has no right to have placed himself in the position of having incurred it. The plea of parental preoccupation is alike fallacious, whether it be based upon the claims of getting one's livelihood, or of religion. "When I have clothed my children, and fed them, and *punished* them," was the observation of a member of a certain exclusive sect, who considered himself to be over-pressed with outside charitable calls, "I have done all that duty requires of me." From such blasphemy, in the name of that "Face loved of little children long ago," the blood of every genuine father recoils. "Make the lives of children," said Tennyson, "as beautiful and as happy as possible." If we may think of St. Paul for the moment, not so much as an inspired apostle as a profound student of human nature, one of those childless but sympathetic "lookers-on" who often "see most of the game," we are grateful for the sanctified common sense with which he tells us that the man who does not regard those of his own household as his first charge "hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

But there is reason in everything, save in the ravings of fanatics on either side of a question. The average father, with bread to earn and a place in the world to win, is likely not to be able to see as much of his children as might be desirable. Except upon Saturday afternoons and Sundays there are not many hours of the waking portion of youthful existence which he spends at home. Such domestic conditions are far from ideal, but love has marvellous powers of adaptation. If brief, but hearty, morning family worship is, as it ought to be, the day's starting-point for the household, a few moments for subsequent bright conversation can be found, and usually there are other ways. Perhaps few latter-day parents ever use those four delightful and dumpy volumes, Maria Edgeworth's "Early Lessons" about little Frank, and Rosamond, and Harry and Lucy. They were read to

me as a boy, and I have continually used them in my own paternal capacity. Those of us who know the books will remember that the father and mother of Harry and Lucy were accustomed to impart instruction before breakfast to their precocious progeny during the more advanced stages of getting up. Miss Edgeworth, in her quaint preface for parents, confesses that this is a counsel of perfection. "Be it therefore hereby declared that fathers and mothers are not expected to devote . . . even two hours out of the four and twenty to their children, that no mother is required to suspend her toilette—no father to delay shaving—while the children blow bubbles, or inquire into the construction of bellows, windmill, barometer or pump." Still, Miss Edgeworth, with a spinster's acuteness, discerns this too common parental fault, and good-humouredly insists that fathers and mothers must devote a rational portion of time to their offspring.

To the most engrossed fathers a practical suggestion may be offered. Sunday should be the children's day, a hallowed interval set apart for the benefit of boys and girls, big or little. This may need self-denial. After a hard-pushed man has offered God the first-fruits of the day of rest in worship, he will now and again have to give up some harmless social recreation, some bit of healthy exercise that would carry him far afield. But the blessings of keeping in touch with his family, by being thoroughly one with them for the seventh part of every week, are enough to compensate for more sacrifice than will ever be required from a love that "beareth all things." Sundays need tact. A man (a fond father, by the way, according to his lights) once assured me that he had been led to give up all attendance at God's House, from having been so nauseated with pious Sabbatical exercises in his youth. We shall manage otherwise. For the younger children there is that "evening talk," which soon comes to be so dearly prized. It is a thousand pities if, as we fear, the good old custom of reading aloud to children by their parents has largely fallen into disuse. Besides the useful lessons unconsciously conveyed, nothing can train the ear and mind to appreciate felicity of diction and grace or splendour of expression, as can the living voice. If the writer may submit a personal illustration, he would take the magnificent picture from the Book of Job, of the speeding of the ostrich. This fine image rushes before him, as vividly as though it were read yesterday, from a father's "evening talk" of forty years ago: "What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider."

The fathers to whom we are talking, we will assume, are convinced of the duty of sparing as much leisure as they can for their children. We will venture to suggest less obvious ways in which they may still neutralise their good intentions.

Children are quick to resent injustice, and fathers are more prone than mothers to be hasty and disproportionate in their punishments. It is worse than a mistake to visit an act that may cause real personal annoyance, such as the smashing of a valuable piece of porcelain or the blunting of a favourite razor, with as much severity as a moral fault like telling a lie. We will go further, and say that we have seen a father scold and worry his boy for failings which an unprejudiced observer, who knew both sire and son, could tell perfectly plainly were inherited direct from the father himself. For example, there is a family where absent-mindedness is a marked trait. I was sitting once in the refreshment room at "Muddleboro'" Station, and saw a boy whom I knew, dart in, hysterically clutch a small parcel from a central table, and then rush out again. Following him along the platform, I watched him spring into the guard's van of a train already on the move. Fortunately, he landed safely; but he might have been killed upon the spot. To my inquiry, some months afterwards, as to the cause of this foolhardy behaviour, my young friend answered: "I had been on a visit to my aunt at York, and my father told me to bring home two cream cheeses. I almost forgot to buy them, and then found that I had left them behind. I dared not have gone home without them—so I jumped!" The little story has always seemed to me a sad example of paternal obliquity. The father, a thoroughly good and kind-hearted man, but absent-minded and forgetful to a degree, would have been bitterly angry at the inherited lapse of memory.

When boys are begining to grow up to man's estate, there is a discretion needed

to preserve the balance between affection and authority. The happy mean can best be described as companionship. A father's possibilities with his big lads, if he has really "made friends with them," are infinite, but behind such friendliness there must always be the realisation of an iron will, capable



HOW HARRY AND LUCY WERE TAUGHT.

of being exercised. There is a certain exceptional and painful religious difficulty, to which, in these unsettled days, it might be helpful to allude. Let us suppose a father, deeply sensible of the priceless value, for those who possess it, of the Christian faith, and with the heartiest admiration for the life and teaching of its Founder. Intellectual obstacles keep him from a full assent to the creed of Christendom; but he would be only too thankful that his son should never wander in his own miserable darkness. He debates as to what should be his line of conduct as an honourable man. This dilemma was dealt with in a published letter written sixteen years ago to a correspondent by the present Bishop of Oxford. Dr. Paget, in words of much sympathy and beauty, pleads that his friend's sons may never know of his uncertainties, and urges that the very suspicion of his unbelief would take away all reality from their own immature conceptions of religion. The advice was followed with gratitude and regard; and the self-suppression of the honest doubter had the reward for

which any other father who acts as he did may humbly hope—that he was brought to a complete knowledge of the Truth before he died. Companionship of a father with his grown up sons is the best antidote to the acquisition of undesirable acquaintances, and, what is even of more moment, it will stop, if anything mortal can do so, a premature and pernicious matrimonial engagement. All the paternal ravings and railings, and turnings out of house and home, and "never-let-me-see-your-face-again" sort of business, not wholly confined to the pages of minor novelists, will only add fuel to the flames. But if a father really knows his young man well enough to put his hand upon his shoulder, and to say, sadly but tenderly, "My boy, you are a fool. Believe me, you are a fool!" there may be a chance of rescue.

An important and, so far as I am aware, not a well-worn division of our subject, is the relation between a father and his daughters who are verging towards womanhood. There are beautiful extant examples of filial confidence and love, where the girls have most happily associated themselves with their father's interests and work. "To my loving and devoted helper in my ministry," runs the dedication of John Baldwin Brown's "Higher Life." "No other companion in study but my daughter," wrote Dr. Edersheim, from his remote country parish, in the preface to his massive masterpiece, "Jesus the Messiah." The index to the five tremendous volumes of the "History of the Norman Conquest" was compiled by a daughter of the historian, who has passed to her rest. Readers of Charles Kingsley's "Memories" recall how the Canon and his daughters would set out from Chester for their geological rambles on summer afternoons. We know households, perhaps, which are motherless, or in which the mother is an invalid, and where the father and daughter, each the complement of the other, manage everything with entire success and unity. But my own observation of life has shown me that, strange as it may seem, this special relationship is far from being always so harmonious, and that the fault is nearly always upon the father's side. Some men seem, considering they have been married, to have extraordinarily little knowledge of feminine nature, if we may judge by the lamentable lack of tact which they display in their dealings with their daughters. Genuine love is stupid sometimes, as well as blind, and needs sense quite as much as spectacles. I have seen a big girl bullied at table before strangers, beyond the bounds of female endurance, because of a temporary loss of appetite. By a slow torture of tactless teasing, by unconsciously riding roughshod over her special foibles and susceptibilities, I have watched a father drive a grown-up daughter (to whom he was, in truth, passionately attached) to the very verge of tears. And of the threatenings of such tears the tormentor would be sublimely oblivious, though they might be painfully plain to an onlooker of average insight and sympathy. The father who wishes to win the perfect trust and *camaraderie* of his girls, must be at the trouble to turn over a few pages of that curious book, of which no man (and there have been deep students) has ever reached the end—the book of a woman's heart.

We have reached the limits of our present talk, and are conscious that we have never once uttered the word "Education." This reflection would be the more alarming, if we did not feel that the essence of education is implied in much that we have said. We take it for granted that the father whom we are addressing will provide for his sons and daughters the best instruction that he can, and that he will try to discover, as soon as he is able, the intellectual bent of each particular child. But the responsibility for the highest welfare of our boys and girls can never be shuffled off upon others for any equivalent in hard cash. The parents who greedily clutched at the State's gift of free education, a few years ago, that they might be relieved from a domestic incubus; the fathers and mothers who grumble in a clergyman's ears to-day because the hours occupied by Sunday school are not long enough—all these have scandalously failed in their sacred personal and parental trust. Nor is the principle which we have been urging less insistent in affluent circles, where money would willingly be spent like water if cleverness and culture could be purchased at so much the square foot. The most elaborate education is a fraud and a delusion if it lack the indispensable element of home—that last relic of Paradise.

XUM

A DIP OF INK.

A COMPLETE STORY.

By Alan St. Aubyn, Author of "A Fellow of Trinity," "Mary Unwin," Etc.

IT was the strangest church service in London. The congregation did not assemble until the clergyman had arrived; and then they shuffled into their places in the most extraordinary fashion.

Some of them came in on their hands and knees; others hopped in on one leg; some were carried in arms and placed on couches, which took the place of pews in the bare room in which the service was held. Others were supported by white-robed nurses while they limped slowly and painfully across the floor to the clear space in front of the minister, while the greater number shuffled in as best they could by themselves.

It was a strange congregation: some lying down, some sitting stiffly on a bench; the greater part squatting, lying, or rolling upon the floor, as suited their size and condition. A peculiar feature of the assemblage was that in most cases the little feet of the youthful members of the congregation were bare and shoeless, and in *all* cases the limbs were bandaged.

The matron took her seat at the harmonium, and the service opened with a hymn. Only the nurses, in their white caps, stood up during the singing. The rest of the congregation remained seated or squatted on the floor. They did not move from their places till the service was over. Those who had been set up on the benches remained sitting till they were lifted down, and those on the floor made no effort to rise.

The clergyman from his desk looked down upon the sad little group before him as he spoke of the love of God, and of His tender care for His suffering children. He had looked upon the same scene many times before; it was not new to him; but to-day he was moved out of his usual composure, and his voice faltered as he pronounced the blessing.

He remained in his place till the congregation had shuffled out. It was astonishing how soon the room was clear; in how short a time they all managed to get away. He watched the crippled children limping out of the door, and when they were all gone he turned to the lady who had been seated at the harmonium.

"Is this really the *last* time?" he asked. "Is there no possibility of going on?"

"None," she said with a sigh. "We cannot go on without funds. It has been a struggle for years past. The subscriptions have fallen off—people have so many calls now—and the work that is done here is comparatively unknown; it appeals to so few."

"That is the pity of it; if it were known there would be no lack of support."

The matron shook her head.

"Oh! you don't know," she said, "how difficult it is to get people to take an interest in things. There are so many appeals to the public for help, great philanthropic schemes that have the first claim. Our work is so small in comparison that we are overlooked."

"Small," he repeated with some heat. "Is it a small thing to give all these little ones a chance in life? It is a great work you are doing here, a splendid work!"

The matron only sighed. "If people only felt this!" she said. "I know it is a splendid work. It helps those who cannot help themselves. All these little creatures you see here are the children of the poor—children who will have to live lives of toil, who, but for the care they get here, would be cripples all their lives. Thank God! a great deal has been done to lessen the suffering, to fit them to take their place in the world. Oh, yes, we have great things to thank God for. So many lives have been made more tolerable; the burden has been eased—removed in some cases,

but eased in all. It is a great thing, though the world may pass it by, to succour these blighted lives; to straighten the little twisted limbs and make the crippled feet serviceable for the journey of life."

The clergyman was moved by the matron's words.

"It is not a work to let drop easily: it is worth making an effort—a great effort—to continue it," he said with emotion.

"Everything has been done that can be done," she said sadly. "The committee has not decided to close the hospital without much care and thought. If we could only raise a thousand pounds we could go on; we could keep the place open another year, and then—who knows?—something might happen."

"You think a thousand pounds would be enough?"

"It would be enough for our presents needs. But there is no chance of raising it in time. The committee meet to-morrow to surrender the lease. I have already written to the parents to remove the children, and the nurses have notice to go. This is the last service you will hold here. Another Sunday the place will be closed."

The clergyman who had held the service went down the stairs with these words in his ears, "Another Sunday the place will be closed."

Closed for lack of funds.

The service at the hospital had been held as was customary after the morning service in the parish church. The vicar was later to-day than usual, and when he reached the house where he was due for lunch the company had already assembled.

"Why are you so late?" the lady who occupied the seat at the head of the table, asked him. "We were afraid you were not coming."

"I was detained," he explained, "and I'm afraid I forgot the time. I had to say good-bye to my little friends: it was their last service."

"Their last service?"

"Yes; they go away to-morrow. The place is to be closed."

"Closed! Why is it to be closed?" the lady inquired.

"For the usual reason—lack of funds."

"Lack of funds! Why do they not make an appeal to the public?"

"They have already appealed without success. There are so many charities needing help; so so many demands on all sides; and this is a very obscure work."

"It may be obscure, but it is a very noble work; it helps those who are quite helpless—who would be helpless all their lives without it," the lady said with some warmth.

"What work are you talking about, Mary?" a thin, reedy voice inquired from the end of the table.

The vicar had not observed the speaker before; he had come in late, and she was already seated. He looked down the table and saw a little lady at the farther end, sitting with the children and their governess. He did not observe her particularly. She was very plainly dressed, and of middle age; he had an idea, if he thought about her at all, that she was a relation of the family—a poor relation.

"A hospital for children crippled in their feet. It has been carried on hitherto by voluntary subscriptions, and these seem to have failed—and they will have to close their doors," the hostess explained.

"It is very sad to come to that," the little lady said, speaking in a low voice with a certain thrill in it. "They must have fallen on evil days indeed to send the children away. If there really no other alternative?"

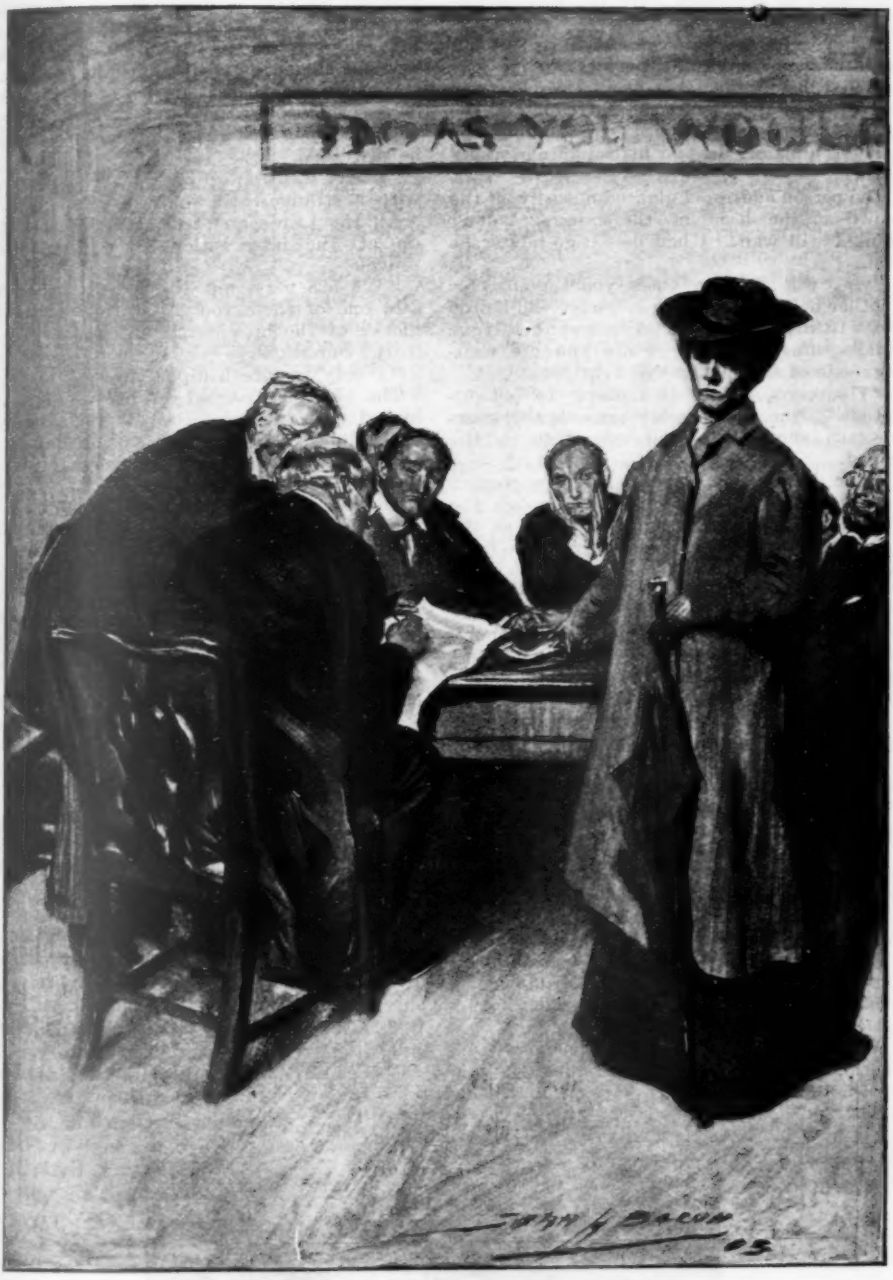
"None; unless the Good Samaritan comes to their aid with a thousand pounds," the vicar said, as he left the table and went about his work.

He was preaching in the afternoon to a large fashionable congregation in a West-End church. He preached from the same text that he had preached from at the Children's Hospital in the morning, and he altered and adapted it to suit his hearers. He spoke of the love of God, and of His care for His suffering children. It was still the message of Love and Care. His lips did not falter when he spoke of God's unceasing care, though he did not for one moment lose sight of the sad scene of the morning. Faith, he reminded his hearers, was more strained by the mystery of Providence than by any difficulties in the word of God. He was feeling the strain himself, but it did not interfere with his message.

The next day brought the breaking up of the Children's Hospital. The mothers came early to fetch away their children. Some were there as soon as the doors were open—women who had their day's work to do, and wanted to set about it with as little delay as could be helped. There was some formality to be gone through before the little patients could be taken away, some papers to be signed, and the women had to await the meeting of the board before they could receive the formal order of discharge.

There was a good deal of grumbling among the mothers at the delay as they waited for the committee to arrive; but there was no complaint against the authorities for the step they had taken. They understood that the work could not be carried on without funds. They had learnt the lesson of submission.

"Do you think the gentlemen will be here soon?" a voice in the crowd asked the matron—



"A paper fluttered from her fingers."—*p.* 766.

a low, penetrating voice, with a thrill in it. The hand of the clock over the mantelpiece pointed to eleven as she spoke.

"They will be here almost directly; but there is some important business to be gone into first, before the papers can be signed. The lawyer is waiting for the surrender of the lease," the matron replied, singling out the speaker, a plainly dressed little figure in rusty black.

The person addressed glanced uneasily at the crowd at the head of the stairs. "I don't think I will wait. I had better go now," she said.

"It will be no use your going for another half hour; the gentlemen will be too busy to attend to you. You can get your child's things together while you are waiting; one of the nurses will help you.

"Thank you, there is nothing to get together." She moved away towards the staircase as she spoke, and was lost in the crowd.

"She hasn't got a child here," a woman volunteered. "I see her going through the wards, looking first at one and then at the other, an' I asked her if she had come to fetch her child away, an' she said she had no child to take away. God had taken her child away years ago. I asked her if it was crippled like these, and she shook her head. 'No, thank God! thank God!' she said, speaking all of a tremble, and she went off without another word."

"What is she here for if she has not come for a child?" another woman asked.

"Perhaps she has come with a friend. It's handy to have someone to take the bundle. A crippled child's an armful, let alone carrying a bundle besides."

The board had met in the room below. Half a dozen grave-looking men were gathered round a table, and the solicitor's clerk who had awaited their arrival was unfolding a deed he had taken out of the bag.

He unfolded it leisurely, and spread it on the table before the chairman, a bald-headed, benevolent-looking old gentleman, with spectacles on the bridge of his nose.

While he was intent on the document and the man of the law was directing his attention to a note at the foot, the person who had no child to take away pressed forward. "Will you give me a dip of ink?" she asked, in a low penetrating voice that could be heard by all.

The lawyer, who had his back to her, looked over his shoulder and motioned her away, and one of the men seated at the table remarked in a severe tone that the committee were engaged on important business and could not be disturbed.

"I only want a dip of ink," she persisted, with a strange thrill in her voice.

All the men seated round the board looked up at the interruption with grim disapproval.

"We are very much engaged just now," said one of them roughly, with a withering glance at the interloper. "If you will wait in the outer office——"

"I only require a dip of ink——"

The chairman paused in his reading, and looked over his spectacles at the speaker.

"A dip of ink, did you say, madam? By all means. Jones, give the lady a dip of ink."

The clerk ungraciously handed the pen to the person who would not be put off, and the committee returned to the reading of the deed of surrender and forgot all about the interruption.

The pen was brought back presently, and as the lady laid it on the table a paper fluttered from her fingers on to the legal document the chairman was reading, and she walked rapidly over towards the door.

"What is this?" he said, taking up the paper she had dropped.

He read it slowly, with a quiver of the nostrils and an indrawing of breath.

It was a cheque for a thousand pounds!

"Gentlemen," he said, in an agitated voice, "this—this quite alters the aspect of affairs. Madam, you must allow me——"

But when he glanced over his spectacles the lady was already gone.

The mothers lost their morning's work, but they did not take their children away. They went back to their homes with light hearts and wondering lips.

The Good Samaritan was not a man after all. It was a woman. They had seen her for themselves. The hospital did not close its doors: it has not closed them yet.



MASONIC BENEVOLENCE.

By Alfred F. Robbins, I.P.M., 1928.



STEWARD'S BADGE, ROYAL MASONIC BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

TO the average citizen who is not a Freemason—and the number of such seems becoming less—the Craft appears to present itself as a social, even occasionally a convivial, and, perhaps, at times a picturesque institution, one for the promotion of good fellowship and nothing more. Yet this is only a superficial view of an organisation which year by year dispenses a larger amount in benevolent assistance to the less fortunate among its members and their dependents than any other secular body. It is not necessary, in order to substantiate this statement, to look at the labours of Freemasonry all over the globe—though the educational and charitable work done by the many Grand Lodges of the United States and British North America, with their close upon a million of members, is so great as to merit more than passing mention. Suffice it for the present to deal, not even with the benevolent, educational, and annuity branches of the Mark Benevolent Fund, organised by the Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masons, but only with the charitable efforts of the nearly three thousand Lodges of Free and Accepted Masons under the jurisdiction of the United Grand Lodge of England, and the case will be proved.

Statistics, as we all know, are apt to be fallacious; but, in a matter of this kind, "money talks." It may even be said to cry aloud when, as was the case in 1902, the Freemasons attached to the Grand Lodge of England subscribed something like £84,000 toward their three benevolent institutions, the total income of which for the year was over £102,000, the receipts of the Girls' School from all sources being £35,700, of the Boys' School £32,000, and the Institution for the Aged £34,700; while the Board of Benevolence, as the Almoner of Grand Lodge, distributed not much under £13,000.

These, however, are only the general figures, and they far from exhaust the subject. One of the essential principles of Freemasonry is the necessity for affording relief to the deserving when



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)
ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR BOYS: FRONT OF MAIN BUILDING.

in distress; and, from the moment a man becomes a Mason, he finds openings in various directions for the display of a justly bounded benevolence. He can give personal aid to one whom he considers to be both worthy and unfortunate; but the practice of indiscriminate alms-giving is deprecated among Masons, as having a tendency to encourage the undeserving and thus to prejudice the Craft. He can afford more effective assistance by directly contributing towards the Benevolent Fund of his own Lodge, and subscribing towards the three great Masonic benevolent institutions. Through his Lodge, he in many cases pays a certain "poundage" or proportion of his annual fee to a fund for distribution by the Almoner, while another proportion of that fee furnishes a "due" to Grand Lodge, from which the Board of Benevolence makes its grants. Outside the metropolis, he can further aid by supporting the charitable work of the Provincial Grand Lodge to which he is attached; while in London he can render similar help to one or other of the associations which assist deserving candidates to be elected to the institutions already indicated. Thus, from his own private Lodge right through to Grand Lodge itself, there is a continuous linking of charitable effort which should be binding upon every true Freemason.



(Photo: W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, W.)

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, GRAND MASTER.

The work, of course, which stands out most prominently in the public eye is that of the three great institutions—the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, and the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution for Aged Freemasons and Widows of Freemasons. The more strict among the brethren, it is to be observed, do not refer to these as "charities," a word which unhappily has been often so misused as to convey some idea of taint or even disgrace. They are regarded as institutions for assisting those in need of aid in such a manner as to preserve their self-respect. It is only in reference to the Benevolent Institution that the beneficiaries can be considered virtually helpless: the children in the two schools are those that can be truly helped, by giving them such an education as, but for the loss of their father, they would ordinarily have received. There is no badge for the aged Freemason or his widow—no livery or uniform for the girls and boys; and these latter are led to be proud of the schools in which they have been put—so proud, indeed, that there has been established a Lodge composed of "old boys," who have demonstrated their appreciation by raising large sums for the Girls' School as well as for the one to which they themselves belonged.

The King, as Protector of the Craft, is Chief Patron of all three institutions, the Duke of Connaught, as Grand Master, being President of the Girls' and Boys'; and Queen Alexandra, following the example set by the late Queen Victoria, is Chief Patroness of the Girls'. But while this royal favour is indicative of the high esteem in which these organisations are held, it is because of the hearty and liberal support given by the brethren throughout England and Wales that they are sustained at their present degree of

efficiency and excellence. Much of this must be held to be due to the respective Secretaries—Mr. F. R. W. Hedges, of the Girls'; Mr. J. Morrison McLeod, of the Boys'; and Mr. P. W. Colville Smith (in very recent succession to Mr. James Terry, who long had held the office), of what is often called "the Old People's." The quiet, persuasive, almost gentle style of Mr. Hedges and the more robust, energetic, and oratorical exertions of Mr. McLeod are already well known to and appreciated by the Craft throughout the country; and the somewhat differing but thoroughly effective efforts of Mr. Colville Smith will win for him an equal popularity. Each of the three has had his great "moment": Mr. Hedges—though, unhappily, he was made to pass through severe illness for his great work—when he was able to announce at the 1902 annual festival that the aggregate collection for that occasion was £30,000, the largest total ever obtained at any ordinary festival of that or the other institutions; Mr. McLeod when, at the great centenary celebration in 1898, he had the privilege of handing to the then Prince of Wales, Grand Master of the Order, a slip showing a total collection of £134,000, soon afterwards raised to £141,000; and Mr. Colville Smith, when, at the first annual festival of his organising, he presented a subscription of over £25,000, which was well calculated to rejoice the heart and stimulate the efforts of a newcomer to the position.

The aggregate work which has been effected by the three institutions can be told but briefly. The Girls', which has its school close to Clapham Junction, and which was founded, appropriately enough, on Lady Day, 1788, admitted the first fifteen to its benefits on January 5th of the next year; and having provided for 2,085 girls since its establishment, at this moment educates 267. The Boys', which has its splendid new schools at Bushey, having only just removed from its former quarters at Wood Green, though inaugurated ten years later than the Girls', has accorded its benefits to 2,530 sons of Freemasons, of which number 330 are at present under its care. "The Old People's," which has a home at Croydon, but which mainly does its work through an annuity of £40 for men and £32 for widows, dates only from 1835 in inception and 1850 for full fruition of idea; but in that time it has benefited 1,754 annuitants, and 483 men and widows are annuitants at the present time, besides which 20 widows are receiving, for a stated period, half the annuity that had been voted to their late husbands. Yet these figures, eloquent as they are of continuous and costly aid, do not tell everything: it needs one not only to visit the various institutions but to sit upon their committees to realise the perpetual,



(Photo: W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, W.)

HIS MAJESTY THE KING, PROTECTOR OF THE CRAFT.

painstaking, and even paternal care which is exercised by everyone concerned—whether committeeman, secretary, officer, or teacher—to ensure the personal comfort and the individual welfare of all who are entrusted to them by the Craft.



(*Photo: Fred Spalding, Chelmsford.*)
THE REV. W. QUENNELL.
(*Grand Chaplain*)

But there is another phase of Masonic benevolence which is continuous in its action, and to which every Freemason contributes, and yet of which a great number of Freemasons themselves seem to be unaware. That is the work which is done by the Board of Benevolence, appointed by Grand Lodge, and meeting monthly at Freemasons' Hall to consider cases of distress. To ensure that these shall be both worthy and properly dealt with, a petition embodying the claim for relief must be signed by the Master, Wardens, and the majority of the members present in open Lodge assembled, "having known the applicant in reputable circumstances, and having satisfactory grounds for believing the allegations set forth to be true." And it is laid down in the Constitutions of the Order that no case to be brought before this Board may, on any account, be canvassed beforehand among the members, but that a fair, impartial, and unbiassed consideration must be given to each application; while, if the petitioner is a relative, or a member, or the widow of a member of the same Lodge as one of the Board, the latter, after being heard on the merits of the case, must retire while it is discussed. The steady stream of relief thus ensured often staves off an evil day for the suddenly distressed Freemason or his widow, and in many instances places the applicant in a position not to require further aid.

As with the central, so with the outer bodies: organised benevolence is the mark of Grand Lodge and Provincial Grand Lodge alike. In the various provinces—which are mainly co-terminous with the counties, but which have to be divided in huge districts—exist organisations for systematising the subscriptions to the Masonic institutions and obtaining the full benefits from the resulting votes. Beyond these, the leading provinces have benevolent institutions of their own. West Lancashire, for instance, possesses a girls' and a boys' school, as well as an institution for aged Freemasons and widows; and East Lancashire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire, among other provinces, do something the like.

In this work London is at a disadvantage, for, as it is not a province, its five hundred and more Lodges are amorphous and unorganised, whereas, if the capital were divided into four provinces, just as Lancashire and Yorkshire are into two each, some systematic efforts in the same direction could be put forth, beyond the associations of Lodges already existing for the promotion of approved candidatures



(*Photo: S. J. Allen, Pembroke Dock.*)
THE REV. DAVID BOWEN.
(*Grand Chaplain.*)

XUM

for the several institutions. Yet, benevolent work can be done, and done most effectively, by individual Lodges, which will carry out the true principles of Masonic charity. There happily exist Lodges which associate most closely the practice of benevolence with the promotion of comradeship, and which find their greatest satisfaction and most lasting pride in the doing of good. These afford an effective answer to those who seek to excuse their reluctance to be charitable by pleading that too much is spent in the machinery of distribution, for the private Lodge need be put to little or no cost in that regard. What is the result, even in a Lodge of which every member has to work, and to work hard, for his living, and has no assurance of a permanent income? That, by the systematic practice of putting aside as "poundage" for its Benevolent Fund a proportion of the fee charged to every newcomer, and the odd shillings from the guineas paid as annual dues, as well as by the determination never to have a festivity, even of the humblest kind, without calling upon the individual Brethren to consider the claims of the distressed, an amount of good is year by year being done which has had incalculably beneficial results.

Let there be considered the strong position in regard to charity which a Lodge possesses when, at any moment, if one of its members, or a widow of such, appeals for assistance in time of need, it can instantly enquire and immediately relieve the applicant. It is much to be able, by extreme hard work, to secure the election of a candidate to the benefits of one or other of the three excellent institutions: it is equally much—it is even more—to be able, without red-tape, without delay, without expense, to help the afflicted at once with relief. To succour the afflicted, to relieve the distressed, to comfort the widow, and to sustain the fatherless, are objects which should be dear to every heart; and the writer of these lines has the joyous satisfaction, from years of experience, of knowing how worthily these objects have been realised by the systematic, sustained, and increasing flow of Masonic benevolence.



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR BOYS: GROUP OF BOYS.

(*In the background is the Assembly Hall.*)

THE UNEXPECTED.

AN AFTERNOON'S GOSSIP.



OUR o'clock on a miserable November afternoon. A thick fog, through which the occasional street lamps peered with jaundiced eyes; a day when most people who could stay indoors would pull down the blinds, stir the fire, and congratulate themselves on the fact; and yet so many had ventured, as Miss Crane expressed it, to "brave the elements," that every chair in Miss Prescott's snug little drawing-room is occupied, and Rebecca, who had only placed two cups on the tea-tray, is quite in a bustle. One was aware of a subtle feeling of tension and excitement, but of course, whilst Rebecca was coming in and out, only ordinary topics could be discussed the vagaries of our English climate, the prevalence of colds in the head, and each lady's favourite remedy therefor. When the muffins had been handed, another log put on the fire, and Rebecca finally closed the door, there was a sigh of relief. Mrs. Lindley remarked, that in no other house could so large a party come in unexpectedly, and find such a variety of delicious cakes; Miss Prescott must forgive them for flocking to see her, but, as she had only come back from her London visit that morning, they all were anxious to tell her the correct version of the story that everybody was talking about. So startling and unexpected. She was delighted to see Mrs. Vernon, who was sure to know every particular. Mrs. Vernon, whose husband was the vicar of the neighbouring parish, sat of right in the large easy-chair by the fire, and was looking more grim and uncompromising than usual.

"I am invariably the last person to hear any gossip or scandal, Mrs. Lindley," she said.

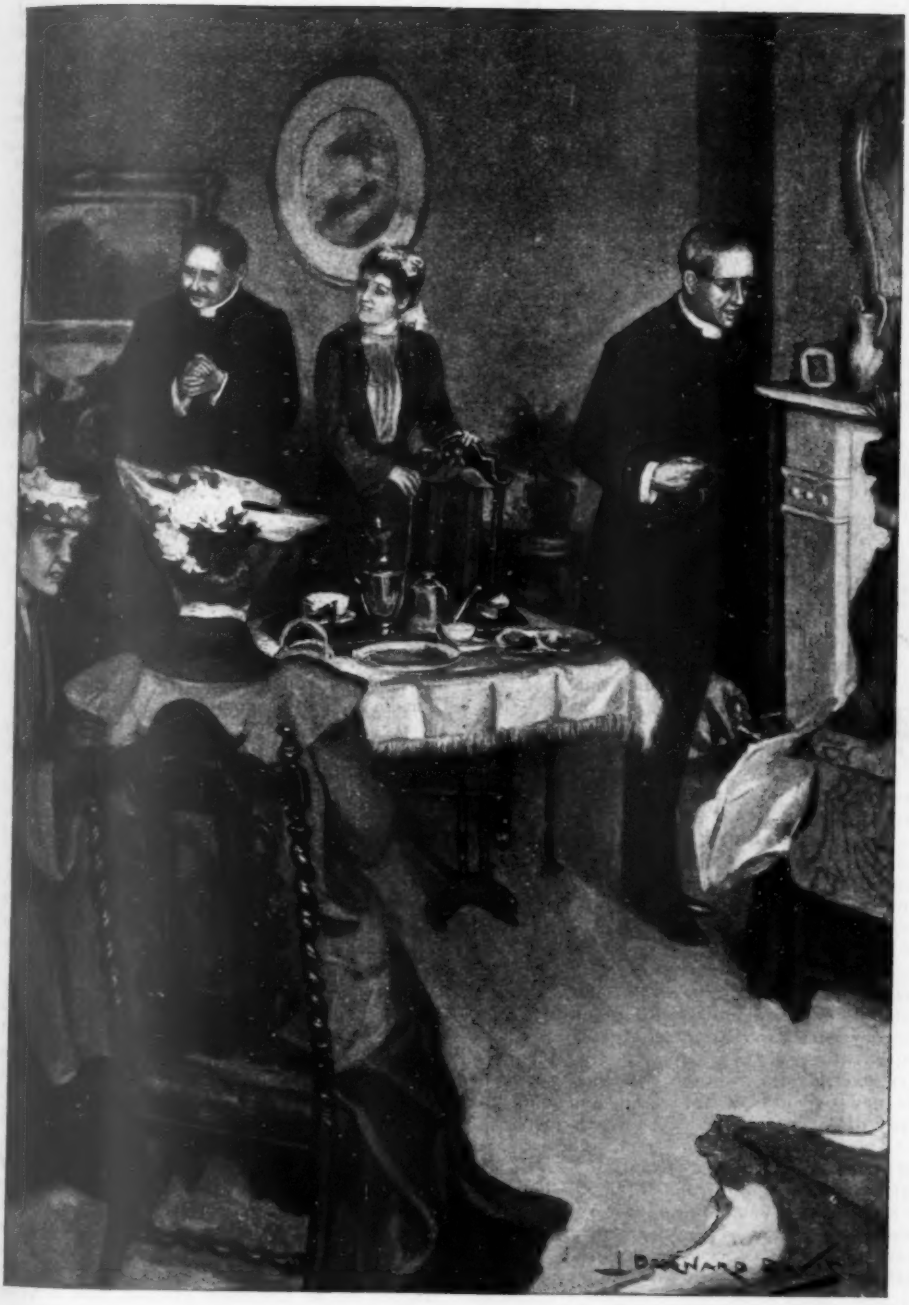
"We all know what ridiculous reports were circulated for the first year or two after his wife's death; *one* rumour, as perhaps you may remember, I was personally obliged to request my friends to put a stop to," said Miss Clarendon, bridling. "So at last we grew quite tired of saying how badly a clergyman's wife was needed to take the lead at mothers' meetings, and in the parish, and being able to appeal to dear Mrs. Vernon in any difficulty, and things seem to have settled themselves in a sort of groove now. If Mr. Norton had only chosen a lady of suitable age; but a chit of a girl like May Turner! No doubt his feelings were worked on. May has been looking like a poor miserable ghost for the last two months—no proper pride about her: wearing her heart on her sleeve," concluded Miss Clarendon, who is a very dignified lady.

"Oh, you are quite at sea!" laughed Helen Lindley. "May's engagement to Jack Roberts is no secret now, and she will be married and start to British Columbia next month. Somebody told her that settlers out there had to live on tinned peaches, pork and tea, and she tried to get used to the diet."

"Well, Helen," returned Miss Clarendon huffily, "if it is *not* May Turner, will you please tell us *who* it is?" "At any rate," put in Miss Crane, "the poor creature is not to be envied, and I should like to warn her what she has to look forward to. Mr. Norton may be a very learned man—I don't set myself up to be a judge—but what is the use of quoting Greek and Latin in a church like ours? And as to Shakespeare and that German writer, Gertie—what's her other name?—*I* think they are quite out of place in a pulpit. And so absent-minded, his housekeeper has told me, he often doesn't know if he has had his dinner or not. Very kind to the poor, of course, but believes any stories they make up and tell him. Now, Miss Prescott, you used to be so intimate with poor Mrs. Norton——"

At that moment there was an important ring, then a violent paroxysm of coughing and sneezing in the hall. Miss Prescott turned to Miss Lindley. "That must be Mrs. Gregory!" she exclaimed, "Helen, do you mind giving up your chair and taking the music-stool?" Then Mrs. Gregory was announced, and there was quite a chorus of inquiries after her shocking cough, and all the disparaging remarks on the weather were gone over again.

"Mr. Gregory implored me not to venture out in this awful fog; you know how anxious and solicitous he always is about my health, but I told him, *ennui* is harder to bear than an attack of bronchitis, and Miss Prescott would be quite stimulating to us unfortunate stay-at-homes, bringing that delightful London atmosphere back with her!" said Mrs. Gregory. "And how well you are looking, Miss Prescott!" she continued. "Such a healthy colour—quite flushed, I declare. And I'm so glad you adopted that piquant lace bow and pink velvet on your hair! Excuse me, but your dress is most becoming. A



"'So you all came to congratulate our dear friend Miss Prescott.'"—*p.* 775.

charming confection!" "So that's the name of this new chocolate shade, is it?" asked Miss Crane. "And very sensible, too."

"Oh, my dear Miss Crane!" laughed Mrs. Gregory, with a meaning glance at Mrs. Hardyng.

"A perfectly natural inference, from the word you used, Mrs. Gregory!" interposed Mrs. Vernon, adding with emphasis, "*Our* mother tongue is quite good enough for *us!*" Now this was really spiteful of Mrs. Vernon; for Mrs. Gregory's parent, who rarely visited her daughter, was an irrepressible and quite *h*-less old lady. An angry flash from Mrs. Gregory's eye showed that the shaft had gone home, but she could ignore it, and would bide her time. "Oh, Miss Prescott!" turning to the tea-table, "you are actually giving me sugar! Not a morsel, pray! I have far too much regard for my figure! It is such an advantage to be slight; one can wear anything, and not be tied down to blacks and browns. I see that you are upset by this report about Mr. Norton, Mrs. Vernon. Anything matrimonial always worries you, I've noticed," continued Mrs. Gregory. "Now everybody must prepare for a great surprise: you are all quite wrong. Miss Prescott, don't trouble to ring for fresh toast; in fact, I took some tea before I started."

"But I thought you wanted to hear what is going on in town," interposed Miss Prescott, half laughing. "We can find out *that* for ourselves in any newspaper!" cried Miss Clarendon. "It is far more important for us to hear who is to be put at the head of the parish. Now, dear Mrs. Gregory, we are all listening, and no one shall interrupt you!"

"Well, I'll throw off my furs, and begin at the beginning," said Mrs. Gregory. "Thank you, Helen; you are always so good-natured. Throw them down on the piano, or anywhere. Now then, of course, I had heard the same person fixed upon that you have."

"But I've been told of five different ones myself—two widows and three spinsters," interrupted Helen Lindley. "Hush-sh!" came from the circle, all now bending towards Mrs. Gregory with rapt attention (Miss Clarendon, being rather deaf, putting one hand to her ear), except Mrs. Vernon, who had taken up the newspaper as a fire-screen, and had suddenly discovered an interesting paragraph.

"I was walking up the street, and just passing the greengrocer's, when I heard Mr. Vernon's voice, inquiring if Brown had any of his favourite lemon-pippins. We all know what a kind interest the dear vicar takes in everything that concerns his flock" (a sympathetic murmur from the audience; Mrs. Vernon visibly stiffening, though still absorbed in an article on Secondary Education).

"So I thought," continued Mrs. Gregory, "I would pop in to Brown's for a minute, as I wanted to remind him to save me plenty of horse-radish for Christmas Day—you know what a feature Mr. Gregory makes of the sauce, an old family recipe. Where was I? Oh, yes. Poor Mr. Vernon with such a rasping cough, and no wonder, actually no wrap round his throat.

"'So two more victims are to be offered on the altar of Hymen,' I said, in my silly, playful way: Mr. Gregory often tells me I might be only seventeen." ("Fifty-seven exactly," murmured a voice behind the newspaper.) "I veiled my remark," continued Mrs. Gregory, "because I was sure that Brown was listening." ("So clever of you! words from an old valentine," put in Miss Clarendon.) "'Then it's not a secret after all?' Mr. Vernon said, evidently quite relieved. And then he told me it was a step he had for years been advising his old friend to take, and though *she* would be the greatest loss to the town, yet we mustn't be selfish when the happiness of two such estimable people was at stake: I am often quite touched by the beautiful way Mr. Vernon speaks of matrimony: 'And it isn't as if *Mr. Norton* had a daughter,' I remarked, remembering the crumpled rose-leaf—shall I call it?—of my own early married life. 'However sweet a girl Dora Williamson may be—' 'Mrs. Williamson! My dear madam, nothing of the kind, I assure you!' Mr. Vernon said, quite flustered—if you'll excuse the expression; and then he paid me a compliment which I know I only deserve, and said as I could keep a secret." Here Mrs. Gregory was seized with a fit of coughing, more irritating to her audience even than to herself. Mrs. Vernon dropped her paper and looked across at Miss Prescott in consternation. "And at that physiological moment," continued Mrs. Gregory with a convulsive sneeze, "up comes Mr. Norton himself, 'wanting,' he said, 'to know Mr. Vernon's opinion of a particular clause of the Education Bill.' Wasn't it provoking? I had hardly patience to speak to him with common civility. However, I *did* find out something, for Brown—who knows if a mouse stirs in the place—said he hoped the new rector would patronise him, and it seems that Mr. Norton has accepted a living somewhere in the North—where, I don't know, and really don't much care." "Then I hope we shan't have an elderly man in his place!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardyng, "but someone who can enter into the life of the young people, and join in their amusements now and then. Mr. Norton would as soon think of taking a thunderbolt as a tennis racket." Footsteps sounded in the hall; Miss Prescott hastily started up as the door opened, and a voice which all recognised said—"May I come in, dear Anne?"

If the thunderbolt Mrs. Hardyng had just mentioned had fallen in their midst, it could scarcely have caused more consternation than these few words.

"I had no idea that you were entertaining friends this afternoon, or I would not have intruded," said Mr. Norton. "Ah, Mrs. Vernon, I see it was my own stupidity in understanding you to say you intended to have a drawing-room meeting at your own house, to discuss and explain this rather complicated Bill. I am very pleased to see so much interest shown in the subject; it is all highly creditable both to your intelligence and——" Mr. Vernon had bustled in and was shaking hands, and looking even happier than usual. "Stayed behind Mr. Norton a moment to rub my shoes: one is apt to be a little *de trop* at times, eh? Just looked in to see if my wife wanted an escort through the fog. So you all came to congratulate our dear friend Miss Prescott. Most kind, and very natural, I'm sure!"

Mrs. Hardyng was the first to grasp and meet the situation. She crossed the room with her usual calm and elegance, and saying that she and Sybil must really be leaving, begged to offer her congratulations to Mr. Norton as well as Miss Prescott. These were suitably acknowledged, the bell was rung for Rebecca to open the hall-door, and they were gone.

Then Miss Crane, her voice quivering with agitation, said—"Miss Prescott, I am astonished, after all the years that you, like myself, have enjoyed a single life, you should now contemplate matrimony, with all its pitfalls, trials and crosses!" "Oh, come, Miss Crane," interrupted Mrs. Lindley, "I can't sit quietly and let you talk like that. I ought to know something about the matter, having had two of the best of husbands, and I maintain, whatever you may prefer, I'd rather be married ten times over! What are you laughing at, Helen? Of course there are worries, but when once you find out what a man really enjoys for his dinner—why, you take a pride and pleasure in putting it before him, like Mrs. Gregory with the horse-radish sauce, you know!" "There are far higher considerations," said Miss Clarendon solemnly. "I consider there is no more awful responsibility than to become a clergyman's wife. What renunciation of self, devotion to duty!" "But Miss Prescott has seen all that in the daily life of my dear wife," said Mr. Vernon, and he smiled benignantly on Helen Lindley, who was kissing Miss Prescott, and saying how dreadfully they should miss her.

"I hardly know whom to congratulate most, you or Mr. Norton," said Mrs. Gregory tartly. "Like Miss Crane, may I ask what induced you, after *so many* years of deliberation?"

"Oh, I thought it would be so nice to have someone to look after my luggage," said Miss Prescott, with a laughing glance at her *fiancé*.

"Now, Anne, that is too cruel of you!" returned Mr. Norton, looking at her in a way which, as Miss Clarendon said afterwards to Mrs. Gregory, "would have been ridiculous in that silly Jack Roberts, but in a clergyman of Mr. Norton's age, showed a most absurd and quite deplorable infatuation."



Christian Children, Heirs of Heaven.

Words by M. B. ELLIOTT. *Music by* J. W. ELLIOTT.

TREBLES ONLY. *Poco allegretto.*



2.

Live the life God sets before thee,
Tread the path by Jesus trod,
Till at last thou standest safely
In the City of our God.

3.

In that sweet and holy Haven,
Free from weariness and pain,
All thy toils shall be forgotten
In the everlasting gain.

GOD'S BEAUTIFUL CREATURES.

BUTTERFLIES.

By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

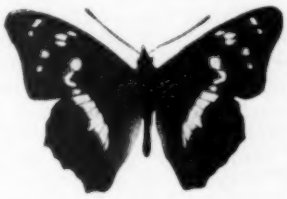


POLYOMMATUS ARGUS.

AMONG the most beautiful of God's beautiful creatures butterflies must surely be included. It so happens that the loveliest kinds are frequently the most common, and appear season after season abundantly, and add greatly to the charms of the summer landscape. Like animated blossoms detached from stem and leaf, they flit freely in the sunny air, imparting to the flowers among which they roam the appearance of spontaneous vitality, and acquiring in turn from the motionless flowers the reflected beauty of their refined association.

There are insects which leave the egg fully formed and only increase afterwards in size. They undergo no transformation; they simply develop by ordinary growth maintaining all through life the same external characters. They never reach the condition of the perfect insect, but continue to the end mere larvæ. On the other hand, there are insects that pass through a series of remarkable transformations. They develop from the caterpillar and chrysalis stage to the butterfly. In this last stage of their existence they acquire wings, and, instead of clinging helplessly to a leaf or crawling closely to the sod, they mount up freely into the air, and pursue their flight from flower to flower. A metamorphosis of this kind is therefore essential in order to attain the perfect condition of insects. Unless they undergo it, they can never acquire wings, or be anything else but matured embryos, or larvæ maintaining an independent existence.

This wonderful process—the most wonderful perhaps, if the most familiar, in the whole scheme of nature—has been adopted as a time-honoured symbol of the change which man undergoes in the process of dying. Death is "the shadow feared by man" as apparent destruction; but should we live always as we now live upon the earth, should we never pass through the experience of death, we should remain mere human embryos, undeveloped beings for ever. Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. It is only through death that the mortal can put on immortality. It is only by undergoing a metamorphosis as complete as, and at present more inexplicable than, that which the caterpillar



APATURA IRIS.

undergoes when it passes through the apparently lifeless condition of the chrysalis and becomes a butterfly, that we can pass from the seeming hopeless condition of the grave to the winged condition of the angel, acquire the full power of our being, and soar from earth to heaven.

As a most impressive illustration and prophecy of the real elevation attained by the mysterious transition of death, the butterfly has always possessed an interest which its own beautiful hues and

graceful airy form would not have imparted to it. It appeals not only to the love of beauty in man, but even more to his ardent desire to penetrate the darkness and nothingness at the end of his life, and fastens his imagination upon some object-lesson of earth that may bridge across the awful gulf and connect "this pleasing anxious being" with an eternal existence beyond. Men from the earliest times have wondered at the metamorphosis of the butterfly, and they have been quick to perceive what a help it was to their instinctive belief that death is not the end-all of life. What a beautiful picture it offered of the clod-chained, earth-creeping human insect, mounting though the temporary darkness to the light everlasting and to the boundless freedom of heaven! While the book of nature as a whole was full of unknown hieroglyphics, this one fact of the symbolic significance of the butterfly was rightly interpreted. The same Greek word was employed to indicate both the butterfly and the human soul; and one of the most charming of the old classic myths is the union of Cupid and Psyche, both adorned with butterfly wings—symbol of of the love that makes life immortal.



URANIA SOLANUS.

When the symbol passed from the dim pagan world to the light of Christian truth, it acquired fresh illumination in the transition; and it shone upon many an old volume of forgotten theological lore like a sunny ray passing through the painted window of a cloister. The old popular idea of the resurrection was that the decayed body was recomposed, and arose from the grave an entirely new and different structure, carrying through death into the eternal world no feature of resemblance to the old earthly being; and with this common conception of the resurrection, the popular conception of the metamorphosis of the butterfly—that it was the change of one creature into another by a monstrous transmutation—corresponded. It was an exact parallel, a perfect analogy. But the truer science of a later day discovered the real structure of the caterpillar; that it contains within itself all the rudiments of the future butterfly in all its parts, becomes the butterfly simply by casting its skin and expanding and unfolding parts, previously concealed and immature, till the ideal of the perfect insect is at length attained. And with this truer science a truer symbolism kept pace. The old false dogma of the preacher gave place to the truth of nature. The natural history of the insect teaches the same blessed truth as the psychical history of man—that immortality is only a glorifying of the mortal, a full unfolding and perfecting of the nature and the love and the existence that now is.

The remarkable resemblance between butterflies and flowers has long been noticed. Through the close association between them they seem changed into each other's image. The insects of flowers, they are themselves flower-like insects. But the resemblance between them is more than a poetical one—or rather, the poetry in this case is founded, as it always is when real, upon the veriest truth. The flower is the perfected condition of the plant, and the butterfly is the perfected condition of the caterpillar. The leaves and stems of the plant live for their own nourishment and growth, but the flower requires no nourishment and ceases to grow, and is occupied only with the reproduction of the race; and similarly the caterpillar does nothing else but feed and grow, while the butterfly, though it sips from a thousand blossoms, takes little or no solid sustenance. It ceases to grow, and its whole time is taken up in preparing for the future race that is to spring from it. The winged state of the insect is thus equivalent to the flowering of the plant. The object in both cases is the same; and as the butterfly has a short life when its object is accomplished, so the flower speedily fades when the seed is formed. One more feature still we can see in this striking parallelism between the two kinds of life, for, as the caterpillar is shut up and concealed in its chrysalis, to emerge a lovely fairy in the summer sun, so the blossom is imprisoned and unknown in the bud or closed calyx,

XUM

to expand at last in the genial air, a miracle of beauty and grace.

Who has seen the rising of the first star in the seraphic after-glow of evening? Who has noticed the silent bursting of the rosebud into the full-blown rose? And who has caught the precise moment when the butterfly emerges from the chrysalis and stands revealed in its radiant perfection? These things come not with observation. It may happen, however, that you may have the rare good fortune to be a witness of the "coming out" of the butterfly on a bright May morning, when so many other things that make the beauty of early summer are also "coming out." Different species appear earlier or later, and even of one species there are various successive broods, so that some are already on the wing while others are still wrapped up in their shrouds, and hanging pendent in their hiding-places. As all the parts of a flower are folded up in the bud, and have only to be fully unfolded, so the various parts of the butterfly exist in the sleeping chrysalis, and need only to be fully matured to burst their trammels and emerge into the sunshine. The wings of the butterfly, at first damp and drooping, small and crumpled, rapidly dry and expand by the fresh supply of air, and, in a short time they reach their full dimensions, and the bright creature is enabled to join its companions in the air. The tender and delicate chrysalis endures, in its safe hiding-place, the severest cold



VANESSA IO.

of the long winter, and yet survives. It may actually be frozen into a lump of solid ice, and yet be nothing the worse. The early summer awakes it out of its sleep, and breathes into it the breath of restored life.

The wing of a butterfly — one of the most beautiful objects in nature. Surpassingly lovely to the eye in its rich variety of hue and velvety softness of texture, it is even more wonderfully splendid when examined with a magnifying lens. The soft meal with which it is covered, and which gives it this radiant and often metallic appearance, then comes out as minute feathers or scales, like the wings of a bird or the skin of a fish. The number of these little scales is immense, upwards of a hundred thousand of them having been counted in a space of a square inch, and each is as perfect



VANESSA URTICA.

as though it were the only one. Their form is extremely varied, being usually an elongated oval, more or less notched at the margin; and some of them are marked with striæ or parallel lines, which have been used as test objects by microscopists. Among these scales other peculiar ones, called plumules, are dispersed singly without any order over the wings of male butterflies of certain species, but no traces of them occur on the wings of their females. No doubt this rich mosaic of feathers, with which the wings of butterflies are overlaid, serves a most important purpose in the economy of the insect, but it would almost seem as if it were given more as an ornament, to show God's delight in making beautiful things for the sake of their beauty alone, than for use. For, stripped of its plumage, and reduced to a thin transparent membrane, veined and dotted with the hollows where the feathers were inserted, the butterfly's wing is still an efficient organ of flight. There are species that do not possess this splendid adornment; and in some tropical butterflies there are large spots on their wings left naked and perfectly transparent, contrasting vividly with the gorgeous hues around them. Often this feature of beauty belongs to both sexes alike. But, just as in the case of birds, in which the adornment in confined to the male sex, so the males of butterflies have a much brighter picturing of their tiny plumes, and are distinguished by the velvet patches of hairs, or down, which they bear upon different parts of the membranes or upon the veins themselves.

It is usually the upper surface of the wings alone which exhibits this sexual distinction. The pretty Orange Tip has a white-winged partner which has a much soberer appearance. The little Argus is of the most brilliant blue, while his female has a douce purplish-brown colour; and the bright colour of the Brimstone male fades in his bride to a greenish white. The object of this soberer colouring of female butterflies is, it would seem, as in the case of birds, to render them less visible to their enemies during the important operation of egg-depositing.

Although the close resemblance in many instances between the general appearance of butterflies and that of the plants and situations which they frequent has been long noticed, the reason of it was not understood till lately. It was recognised, indeed, as part of the fortuitous assimilation or mutual likeness which exists among the productions of the same localities, culminating in the human world in the mutual resemblance which husband and wife by long association acquire. But now the secret has been disclosed. It arises from protective and mimetic causes. Many butterflies have resemblances in colour and shape to their surroundings which are often perfect down to the most minute detail. There is one species of green butterfly in this country—green being a very uncommon colour in this group of insects, as it is among blossoms — the *Thecla rubi* or Green Hairstreak, which shows this colour on the under-side of the wings and assimilates them to the green leaves on which it rests. When it alights on a leaf it folds its wings over its back, so that only the green under-side is visible, the upper surface being differently coloured. The Orange Tip butterfly,



ANGYNIUS PAPHIA (MALE).



PAPILIS AJAX.



ANGYNIUS PAPHIA (FEMALE).

when it rests on its favourite umbelliferous flowers, has scattered green spots mixed with white on the under-surface of its wings, which look like a rough sketch of the small white flowerets mingled with minute green leaves around it. In the Natural History Museum at South Kensington there is a most instructive case of butterflies illustrating such protective colour resemblances. One species of Indian butterfly is so like a dead leaf that it is readily mistaken for one by birds, which would otherwise prey upon it. As regards the blue and orange patches on its upper wings, and its large size, it is one of the most conspicuous of insects. But then it is not easily caught on the wing. When it settles on a twig, however, it exposes to view the under-side of the wings, which are coloured and veined exactly like a withered leaf. The disguise is still further carried out in the patches on the under-side of the wings imitating the spots of mildew which appear here and there irregularly on a decayed leaf. The contour of the wings also is in this position oval, and they are sharp-pointed at one end, like the termination of a leaf, while their tails at the other end touch the stem of the plant in the way a leaf is attached.

Some butterflies have tints so brilliant that they are unusually conspicuous; and it is often the case that such species, owing to some disagreeable qualities—some acrid taste or offensive smell—are distasteful to birds. The brilliant hues are therefore warning colours. When birds see them they invariably avoid

the possessors of them. Other species, that are pleasant food for birds, mimic the warning colours of these uneatable butterflies and masquerade in their adornings, so that they may secure the same immunity from attack. The most abundant butterflies of the Amazonian region are the Helicons, a family whose brilliant patterns, the same on both sides of their wings, render them highly conspicuous. They are also slow flyers, and this, combined with their gaudy colours, would seem to expose them more to the attack of birds than any other group of insects. And yet they are left carefully untouched, and the race flourishes in an extraordinary manner, so that they are the prevailing kind in the region. The secret of their preservation is that they have a disagreeable odour and a nauseous taste. Another and distinct family of butterflies, the Leptalids, allied to the common white cabbage butterflies of our country, frequenting the same region, are destitute of the strong taste and stinking odour of the Helicons, and are altogether palatable in the bill of fare of birds, escapes persecution by being exact facsimiles in colour, shape, and appearance of the ill-flavoured butterflies. Naturalists at first classed them in the same family, but a more careful examination showed the extraordinary mimicry. Among North American butterflies, the *Basilarchia hipparchus*, which is an edible species and has a tawny brown colour, diversified by black bands and marks, exactly copies the pattern of the *Anosia plexippus*, an entirely different species, which is poisonous and unpalatable; and this case is more remarkable because it is the only species of the genus which resorts to this mimicry, all the other species being dark-coloured, with blue spots round the margins of the wings. Birds soon recognise the patterns and colours of uneatable butterflies, and the nearer the edible species can approximate in their mimicry of these objectionable species, the more are they themselves protected.



ORNITHOPTERA MINOS: DEEP VELVET, RED, AND YELLOW. (6 *inches across.*)

On the score of utility it is easy to see what an advantage the one kind possesses in the struggle of life by being mistaken for the other. Any disguise that secures to a butterfly a longer lease of life, even if it be only a day, during the all-important season of propagation, may suffice in many cases for laying eggs and leaving offspring, which would inherit



A SPECIES OF PURIS.

the mimicry that had been the safeguard of the parent, and exhibit it to an increasing extent for the benefit of its kind. It is in the tropics, principally, that this kind of mimicry exists, for there the butterflies are far more persecuted by birds and lizards than in this country. Owing to the comparative immunity of our native butterflies, both sexes have to a larger extent than elsewhere the same colours and markings. But in the tropics the female is nearly always less conspicuous than the male, so that she may have a greater chance of escaping while depositing her eggs.

It is part of the same mimetic system that there are many instances of seasonal dimorphism among butterflies, suited to the altered surroundings. A near relative of the nettle Vanessa, belonging to the Continent, has two broods which differ considerably from each other. The spring brood is called *V. levana*, and the summer *V. prorsa*, and they used to be ranked as separate species. But it has been shown that they are produced from the same caterpillar and feed upon the same plant, and can be reared from one another by raising or lowering the temperature, and thus producing artificial imitations of summer and winter. Another circumstance belonging to the same mimetic

system is the large size of the wings of all butterflies, and especially of tropical species, in comparison with the size of the bodies. This circumstance, making them more conspicuous, might be supposed to be inimical to them, but it is an actual defence. The large wings divert attention from the more vital parts, and are first seized by birds, and on account of their dry membranous character break off, without greatly injuring the butterflies. Mutilations of the wings of tropical species are often noticed, showing that they have just escaped being devoured at the expense of their wings. A still further correspondence between butterflies and their surroundings may be noticed in the curious fact that on small and exposed islands they have their wings reduced in size. The common

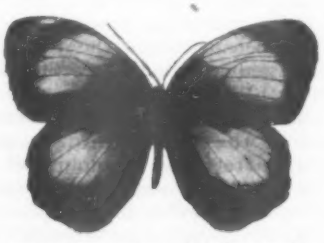


CYNTHIA CARDUI.

Tortoise-shell butterfly (*Vanessa urtica*) is only half the size in the Isle of Man that it is on the adjacent mainland. In Madeira the butterflies of the coast, where most of the fertile land is, would be liable to be blown out to sea by the sudden gales of wind that arise, and be lost. They have therefore gradually acquired shorter wings, and in some cases their wings have become altogether abortive, while the very same species on the continent of Europe possess fully developed wings. On Kerguelen Island, one of the stormiest and most shelterless places on the globe, a native moth is entirely without wings, and is thus in keeping with the Pringlea or native cabbage, which has flowers without petals, and is made shipshape in all its parts to stand the almost perpetual gales.

But it is not among full-formed butterflies only that these curious cases of protective resemblance and mimicry occur. They are far more numerous among chrysalides and caterpillars, and the reason is obvious. Butterflies are very short-lived in the winged state. All they have to do in that state is simply to pair and lay their eggs, and these processes take but a short time. After they are accomplished their life is of no value, and it is of no consequence whether they are destroyed at once, or left to linger on for a short time. The necessity for protection at this stage is therefore reduced to the lowest point, for the risk which they run is very slight. It is altogether different with the chrysalides and caterpillars, which are exposed for long periods—often for two seasons—to numerous enemies, to constant dangers, before they can undergo their final transformation. Hence we should antecedently expect to find what we actually do, that they are protected in the preparatory defenceless stages of life by numerous and varied devices, whereby they delude or frighten their enemies. Many exposed chrysalides are capable of harmonising their colours and angles with their surroundings. Dark chrysalides are found usually in shady places, and pale ones on bright surfaces, while green leaves have supported green kinds attached by their threads of silk. The chrysalid of the *Vanessa polychloros*, which hangs from its boss of silk among the withered foliage of the elm on which its caterpillar feeds, is coloured exactly like a withered elm-leaf.

When just hatched caterpillars often show no markings at all; they are uniformly green, like the leaves on which they feed, and a minute green caterpillar is sufficiently protected. But afterwards, when they become older and larger, they are characterised by longitudinal striping which breaks up the surface, and is thus an aid to concealment. A close connection exists between these longitudinal lines and the habit of the caterpillars which exhibit them of feeding upon grass, or low-lying linear plants growing among grass. The stripes being sloped like the blades of grass, render them less conspicuous. For the most part they



THAUMANTIS DIORES. (4 *inches across.*)

are motionless by day, resting upon grass stems, and feed chiefly at night. As the caterpillars grow, the longitudinal stripes often disappear on certain segments, and are replaced by diagonal lines, like the nerves of leaves, branching off at the same angle as the ribs of leaves, and resembling them very much in general effect.



PAPILIO MACHAON.

In cases where the caterpillars are very conspicuous, being of a bold, dark colour, appearing in the sunshine, they are covered with hairs which protect them from birds, even though they are not distasteful in themselves. We are familiar with the black hairy caterpillar of the common nettle butterflies, *Vanessa Io* and *Atalanta*, crawling conspicuously across our path, and shunned by every living creature. In other cases of very conspicuous caterpillars they are generally nauseous in taste, and are therefore avoided by insectivorous birds. The common British butterfly, *Papilio machaon*, has a caterpillar that is smooth and has very red spots, and is therefore very visible; but it emits a strong-scented liquor when alarmed, and is therefore unpalatable. Thus we find how admirably all the stages of a butterfly's life, from the caterpillar and the chrysalid stage to the perfect winged insect, are protected by their resemblance to their environment from their numerous enemies; and we are justified in concluding that there is not a spot or a colour, a hair or a line, on the creature during any of these stages for which there is not a reason, and which has not an important purpose to serve in the economy of nature.

Moths are very like butterflies, but they may be distinguished by the general fact that moths have a softer and more mealy texture. They are creatures of the twilight, whereas butterflies belong to the sunshine. Moths also are developed from cocoons, often of silk, but sometimes of much harder material; whereas butterflies as a rule weave no cocoons, but harden themselves into mummies, and are developed from the bursting of the skin of their own naked chrysalides. Butterflies, too, have club-shaped antennæ; whereas moths are destitute of distinct terminal knots to their antennæ. By these simple characteristics moths may at once be distinguished from the butterflies which they closely resemble.

Butterflies are specially abundant on the European continent, in North America, in the Brazilian forests, and in the Indian and Malayan regions. The butterflies of some regions have often a general resemblance to one another in colour. In a forest in southern Brazil the butterflies are almost entirely blue, while beyond that locality they are uniformly yellow and red. A particular type occurs in regions widely separated, which may probably result from similar conditions of environment. On the flowery plains at the head of the Sea of Galilee, I was delighted to see some of our own familiar butterflies—the Painted Lady, the large and small Cabbage Whites, the Clouded Yellow, and the common Orange-Tip—in the strange company of several Nubian and Egyptian species. My heart warmed especially to the sight of the common white cabbage butterfly, which in my native place used every year to come out with the flowers of May and usher in the



MORPHO ALEXANDROVNA (6 *inches across.*)

summer. It gave me a tender home feeling, and reminded me of happy days when as a boy I loved to chase it over the spring blossoms of the garden. In our own country there are about one hundred and fifty species of butterflies, including varieties, as well as about forty or fifty doubtful kinds that are occasional visitants. A few have become extinct, and some of the rarer species are rapidly disappearing,

rendering it necessary to protect them from the omnivorous collector.

The great mission of the butterflies is to aid in the propagation of the flowers with which they are associated. They feed



MORPHO MENELAUS.
(6 *inches across.*)

upon the nectar of these flowers, and in sipping this carry away the pollen of one blossom to another, and so help to carry on that wonderful process of cross fertilisation by which those varieties of hue and form and contrivance are produced which so greatly diversify the world of plants. Their long proboscis is peculiarly intended to extract the honey from tubular blossoms, and the colours by which they are attracted are reds, purples, and deep yellows. The senses of butterflies have been evolved in strict correlation with the shapes and hues of the flowers which they frequent; while the flowers by long evolution have slowly acquired forms and hues exactly adapted to a surer and less wasteful mode of fertilisation by means of their insect allies. It is interesting to know that by such modifications the flowers in the course of the generations are becoming more varied and beautiful, and that the butterflies too are partaking in the reactions of these modifications, and becoming assimilated to the flowers. And thus the love of the beautiful in man himself has been educated, and he has been taught to rise from the lowest elements of it to the highest; from admiring the shapes and hues of flowers and butterflies to a rapturous appreciation of gorgeous sunsets and sunrises, of autumnal hues and distant purple hills, and the countless effects of cloud and sunshine on sea and sky and landscape which are reflected in our highest flights of poetical thought, and in our deepest meditations on religious truth.



AT THE MARRIAGE OF JOYCE.

By E. S. Curry, Author of "Christina's Chance," "Christopher to the Rescue," "Christabel's Rebellion," Etc.

"IF you'll take my advice," said Mr. Geoffrey Blundell, "you'll not give Christina any important part to perform. She'll be sure to disgrace it."

"Oh, Geoffrey! she must be bridesmaid," expostulated his wife.

"It won't matter what she does," said Joyce, happily. "We shall be at home—nobody will mind."

Joyce was paying her last visit to her sister before her marriage. It had been postponed for a year, her lover, Mr. Oliver Mallion, having deemed it his duty to volunteer for South Africa. Mr. Damer had been obdurate to the pleadings of his young daughter that the marriage might take place before Mr. Mallion's departure, and had been duly penitent when one morning Joyce had brought *The Times* to him with a pallid face, and had pointed silently to the announcement amongst the war casualties, "Captain Oliver Mallion—severely."

"If you had let us marry, father, I could have gone to him now," she said softly.

The father's heart smote him. "My darling, we will cable, and if necessary I will take you out now."

But good news had followed. Though Mr. Mallion was badly hurt, and would limp for the rest of his life, yet he was out of danger, and was presently invalided home. And the marriage was fixed for September, now approaching.

It was Sunday afternoon, and the three children were in happy evasion of their nursery guardians, and in possession of their parents and aunt and her convalescent lover. The tea-table had been set out under the trees, and the children were severally converging to it. Since Mr. Mallion's return from the war, the three had been filled with military ardour. Constant drillings took place, in which Christopher took the lead and Christabel and Christina were perforce obliged to perform minor parts. When they frequently rebelled, Christopher betook himself to the gates of the drive, and through its crannies hailed the village boys on their way from school. He had been found one day, on a little green in the lane, issuing loud commands, with much energy and a very red face, to a ragged regiment of twenty, consisting of boys twice as old and big as himself, their sisters, cousins, and aunts; and at the head and tail, to ensure obedience, his own two sisters.

Nora considered things, and allowed the drillings to continue—only conditioning that they should take place at stated times on the lawn, at a suitable distance from the river. The whole household had been employed in the manufacture of white helmets, without which, it appeared, nothing satisfactory could be done; and a drum had been imported, to the beating of which the best boy or girl for the time being was told off. On this afternoon, for want of this fascinating employment, the children had shown signs of restiveness.

"If I could have the drum, mother," Punch had remarked wistfully, with that far-away look in his blue eyes his mother found it so hard to withstand, "my comp'ny would soon come."

"Not to-day, dear," Nora said. "It's Sunday, and father and Mr. Mallion and Auntie Joy want to be quiet."

"Are it wicked to drum, mother?" asked Judy.

"No, Judy; the soldiers march to church with their drum and band."

"I should like to march my comp'ny to church," said Punch eagerly.

"P'raps it might make them gooder," said Judy thoughtfully. "They was very bad yesterday, and some on 'em throwed away their swords."

"Indeed! What did they do that for?"

"'Cos Punch shouted 'Right 'bout face!' and they didn't want to, 'cos they was lookin' at

the little black pigs runnin' about the field which they'd let out, and Barnes were runnin' after 'em with all his might. He was very angry with us, Barnes was, mother."

"There's a time for everything," Nora said. "And this afternoon—it is Auntie Joy's last day here, you know, darlings—we will try and be quiet,"

"Auntie Joy get married," interrupted Toby. "Toby goin' be b'idemaid, Toby is."

"Judy, too," asserted Judy. "We've got some new frocks, daddy."

"Have you, my daughter? And has Toby got a new frock, too?" Mr. Blundell asked, catching the little one as she trotted round, seeking what was of most interest in the company she surveyed.

"Toby got a f'ock and a cap," she announced. 'Kite a long f'ock."

"And when Auntie Joy goes to the church to be married," Judy eagerly explained, "Toby and me's got to go after her an' not tread on her train and tumble down."

"Arduous duties," Mr. Blundell said, laughing. "And what is Punch to do?"

"Oh, Punch has got to hold up her frock, so as it don't get all dirty," Judy explained.

"Could I have my drum to go to church with?" asked Punch pensively. "I'd like to have my drum and my comp'ny, and Auntie Joy's frock wouldn't matter."

"But grandfather hasn't got a company down there," his mother reminded, "and we can't cart all the little boys and girls so far."

"Puff-puff!" suggested Toby improvingly, with her alert air. "Go in puff-puff with Toby. Toby take 'em, Punch."

Ten days later the little village of Garton was early astir, preparing for the marriage of Mr. Damer's young daughter. Amongst the busiest were the three children, whose parts in the ceremony were becoming an unconfessed anxiety to their mother. The gardens at the old hall were looking lovely in their fresh autumn dress, and the big tents on the lawn were in the hands of decorators and workmen.

After a morning of delight, amidst confusion and bustle which called for many helping hands, the three children had been captured and dressed for the ceremony.

"You will be very good, darlings," Nora said, as, in picturesque and lovely dress, she took the hands of her little daughters and descended to the hall.

They were too occupied for a moment or two in regarding their somewhat unwontedly splendid mother to reply. Then Judy asked,

"Is you goin' to be married, too, mother, as well as Auntie Joy?"

And Christina echoed, "Mother be married, too?"

"No; mother's going to see Auntie Joy married; mother was married long, long ago, darlings."

"Oh!" said Judy doubtfully, still looking pensive. "Judy don't 'member, mother, when you was married."

"Toby neither," echoed Toby assentingly.

"You's littler," reminded Judy, peering across her mother's gown. Then catching sight of Punch, "Did Punch hold your frock for you, mother, when you was married?"

"No, darlings; Punch wasn't here then, it is so long ago. Look! here is Auntie Joy, and it is time to go. Be very serious, darlings."

The bride started on her short walk to the little church in the park hard by, and behind her, somewhat oppressed by the magnitude of his charge, Punch carried her long train. The two little girls trotted after him hand in hand, Judy with a sense of sisterly anxiety as to the conduct of Christina, Christina filled with desire to time her little legs to the solemn pacing of Christopher. Their father had kissed them as he locked their hands together and started them on the little journey, saying:

"No antics, Toby. Now remember you do just what Judy does, and don't disgrace your parents. She will," he added to his wife, as he watched the little face turned with its alert look to Judy. "Not for long at a time will your youngest daughter, my dear, be content to imitate anybody."

"At least she has the instinct of obedience," said Nora, watching her offspring. "I hope she doesn't understand what 'antics' means," she added severely. "You should not have put things into her head. And Judy was rather a dangerous example to give her. Her conduct isn't always to be depended upon."

The little church was full of friends, rich and poor, amongst whom Joyce had grown up. The old rector had christened her, the old bishop had confirmed her; and the other performer in the ceremony was a young cousin, chubby and pink-faced, well known to all there in his capacity of curate. The children performed their parts in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, though the relieved sigh with which Punch laid down his shimmering burden on the crimson carpet was heard all through the little chuch. The solemn tones of the old bishop beginning the service impressed the three as they stood, hand in hand, making a lovely picture of beautiful childhood in the eyes of those who watched them.

After a minute or so Nora ceased to feel anxiety, they were so good and attentive, and she soon became absorbed in the service that was going on. Then suddenly there was a little sound recalling her attention,

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and she saw the quaint figure of her baby beside the bishop, holding his white robes as though they were her mother's skirts or the apron of her nurse. At the same time her husband's soft whisper reached her ears.

"I told you so. Shall I fetch her back?"

"No, oh no! See!" For the bishop had laid his hand softly on the little head, and Christina was standing still and serious-looking, gazing out before her with wide-eyed interest on the faces of her friends.

Perhaps she found the seriousness of everybody oppressive, for in a minute or so she slid from beneath the bishop's restraining hand, and trotted gently back into the aisle. There, undeterred by the frowns of Punch, who made an unavailing effort to catch her hand as she passed, she gave a look round and trotted away down the aisle towards the open door. And as she went she called out shrilly in her cheerful tones, "Toby go 'way. Toby not be married no more."

Those who heard were wise, and nobody stopped her, the circle round the door opening for her to pass through. Out in the open, Toby glanced round, and then her eyes sparkled, for sitting on a little green grave close by was a chubby boy, dressed up in his best clothes and looking very miserable. His best clothes were composed of brilliant tartan, which, together with a shock of the very reddest curls, delighted Christina's sense of colour; whilst his blurred cheeks and lip of woe appealed to her tenderest feelings. For Christina was always ready to assuage misery.

She went and sat down beside him, eyeing him with manifest admiration mingled with her pity, whilst he, distracted from his woe by her propinquity and the bright glances of her blue eyes, took his consoling thumb out of his mouth and solemnly stared back at her.

"See now at that!" his mother said admiringly—she had been trying to smack him into quiescence for some minutes. "Ain't she a beauty. It's plain as Miss Nora—it's her youngest—teaches 'em to be kind. Just see how my Jimmy notices her, bless her!"

Meanwhile, inside the church, Punch had been assailed by many doubts. It could not be allowed that Toby should desert her post like this. It was nearly as bad as if she had run away in battle—she, a member of his company. He glanced aside at his mother and father. Their faces were quiet and composed, in no wise disturbed by the defection of Christina. Punch felt forlornly the indifference and aloofness of their attitude.

"They'se forgetted us," he thought with a pang.

Then, as a little movement began and a joyful chant was uplifted from many strenuous throats, whilst the bride and bridegroom followed the old bishop up the chancel, Punch made up his mind. He would recover the deserter.

"Keep still, Judy," he whispered to the remaining sister, whose satisfied smirk of self-approval he truly read; "I'll go and fetch back Toby."

The circle round the door parted again, and Punch emerged into the little churchyard, a fair quaint little figure in his picturesque old-world dress.

"Ain't he a picture?" the women asked each other admiringly.

Christina had just managed to plant her little white feet, in their unwonted coverings, on the greensward, in exact imitation of the attitude of the tartan baby, and was admiring the two pairs of sturdy legs with much animation of gesture, when Punch accosted her.

"You's runned away, Toby! You's a bad, wicked soldier! You come back with me."

Toby lifted her head from the contemplation of her toes, and looked defiant.

"Toby s'an't!" she said.

"You's got to!" asserted Punch; then, with restrained eagerness. "What's this? Is it a 'cruit?"

Toby glanced round at the tartan baby and solemnly nodded. She was familiar with recruits; they were always turning up, at all times and in all sorts of guises, but they were usually of a larger make.

"Then get up and take hold of her hand," Punch commanded, "and I'll quick march you both back."

Toby struggled to her feet, possibly with that instinct of obedience her mother had commended, and between them they pulled up the recruit, who abandoned his sucked thumb to the clasp of Toby. Punch placed himself before them and commanded loudly:

"Right 'bout face! Quick march! One, two!"

And before the admiring mother could reclaim her offspring, the circle round the door had received and enclosed the trio.

"Well, I never!" said the mother. "If they ain't bin an' took my Jimmy along with 'em, and he as quiet as you like. My, though! Won't he howl directly!"

Up the little church pattered the little feet, the new recruit dragging a little on Toby's insistent pull. By this time the service was over, and most of the performers in the ceremony had retired to the vestry. Directed thither, Punch marched his sister and her spoil, where Judy at least received them with becoming gravity. She seemed instantly to grasp the situation, and, with a look of conscious superiority directed towards

Christina, took possession of the tartan baby's disengaged hand.

"Where have you been, Toby?" her father asked, smiling down on the three.

Toby ruminated, watching with alertness the scene going on before her, her eyes specially noting the bright happiness of her young aunt's face.

"She runned away," put in Punch, as he applied himself again to his duty of page. "But she fetched a 'cruit, an' 's got him fast; least, Punch don't know he's a him—thinks so," with puzzled looks at the tartan garment.

Down the church to the strains of wedding music the procession streamed, the tartan baby waddling with due gravity between his two supporters. Out in the open, for the first time his defenceless position among strangers seemed to strike him, and with a prodigious howl he arrested Punch's steps and brought the bride to a standstill.

"What is the matter?" Joyce asked, glancing round.

"It's the 'cruit, Auntie Joy. He can't march proper; he ain't learned."

"Bless your heart, Miss Joy, it's on'y Jimmy Jones a-howlin' for his ma," put in a bystander. "Here, Jimmy, come along wi' me, and don't werrit them young ladies as has been so good as to take you to the weddin'!"

And Punch with exceeding dissatisfaction saw his new recruit snatched away into motherly arms and withdrawn from his command.



"'What's this? Is it a 'cruit?'"—*p.* 787.

"Why did you run away, Toby?" Mr. Blundell asked his little daughter when presently the house was reached.

"Runned away," in pensive reflection, "'cos Toby don't like bein' married, Toby don't; not like Auntie Joy," she added in a curious tone of disapproval.

"I feared you'd disgrace us, Toby," her father went on. "I guessed you'd misbehave."

With an exultant cry Toby embraced his legs.

"Mis-be-have!" she ejaculated in her clear intonation. "Toby misbehave kite nicely, Toby do."

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HEALTHY RELIGION.

By the Rev. Frederick Hastings.

TITUS i. 5-9 and 13-16.

PAUL was interested in Crete. We have in the last chapter but one of the Acts an account of one dangerous voyage along its coasts. He knew the dangers. Hence he gave certain advice on the voyage that ended in the damage at Melita. Possibly he had been wrecked aforetime on the shores of Crete. "Thrice he suffered shipwreck," and once was "a day and night" buffeted (2 Cor. xi. 25). He may have been wrecked there and preached the Gospel, for he learned the importance of this prosperous island with its many harbours, its hundred towns, and its maritime population.

Here for a time the truth made great progress, and then the difficulties that sprang up necessitated someone of clear brain, strong convictions, special knowledge, great tact, and granite firmness to overcome them. Titus was selected as the one who could lead the members of the infant churches to cling to "sound" (healthy) doctrine.

There is no mention of Titus in the Acts of the Apostles. Paul tells us in the Epistle to the Galatians (ii. 3) of a doctrinal storm that once raged round Titus, when the question as to the submission of Gentile converts to the Judiastic initiatory rite was seething. Spite of the fact that Titus remained a Greek, he was received as a brother Christian by the officials of the church at Jerusalem. Paul made much of this fact. That which is perplexing is how it was that there was no mention of Titus in the Acts of the Apostles. Lightfoot thinks he was not important enough to be mentioned. But Professor Ramsey, in his valuable volume on St. Paul, thinks that Luke, as writer of the Acts, did not mention him because Titus was possibly related to himself. Humility may have led him to drop reference to the important mission which he and Titus had undertaken in carrying contributions to the poor saints at Jerusalem. Some think that this Titus was identical with Silas, but that cannot be maintained. Titus evidently knew Paul before Timothy was brought into association with him. He may not have been so tender and consolatory to the apostle as Timothy, but he was an honest, splendid helper.

Some have affirmed that Titus was a "very unsubstantial personage," and that this letter was only an elaborated extension of some small letters from Paul. The epistle, however, from first to last bears the stamp of genuineness.

Titus the Roman Emperor had something to do with the destruction of Judaism, but Titus the deputy of Paul had evidently much to do with building up a "healthy" faith in an important district. Crete was an outpost of the Church's faith. Titus was a born organiser. He was a man fitted to deal with the cultured Greeks or the barbarous Dalmatians. In Crete he had a hard task. The Cretans had a bad reputation. Paul quotes what one of their own poets had said of their lying propensities. An "unenviable trio" were the Cretans, Cappadocians, and Cilicians. They had a malign character which, alas! to this day has been perpetuated. They were morally like a man with a broken constitution and an incurable wound. Says Paul—giving almost the stamp of inspiration to Epimenides, a pagan oracle—"Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, idle gluttons." These are strong words and would be thought to-day uncharitable if applied to some systems that are religiously unhealthy. What the Cretans were nationally would affect the character of the infant churches. They were tainted by the evil atmosphere around them, and it is always hard to dissipate a taint. Paul selected the right man for the work of consolidation and correction. But Titus, perhaps, even needed the reminding which Paul gives, in the opening sentences of the epistle, of the grandeur of the charge committed to him.

Paul tells Titus at once what he had to be, and what he was to do, when he told him what sort of elders he was not to appoint. If the leaders of the flocks were not pure and "healthy" in their doctrinal views, what could be expected from the members? The elders were specially to be given to hospitality, not to be mean even though treated meanly at times. Of good Dr. Hamilton, of Regent's Square, one of his old servants said, "Hardly a week passed without our having to make up an extra shakedown for somebody or another." A ministerial friend of mine said, "I always have a plate, or pillow, and a pulpit ready for any good brother, but I am particular as to the selection for the pulpit."

As we read this epistle we see that the note of the need for purity runs through the whole. Then new elders would know of

the dangers from the gross and sensual rites and ideas of paganism. But there was something more dangerous and subtle in Judaism. It created a bad atmosphere. It perverted the truth, choked Christian spirituality. It taught asceticism, fasting, and meritorious works. It made everything to rest in observance of minute ceremonials. It spread traditions in place of truth. It spread unhealthy doctrines. It despised salvation by faith, and threw a slight on married life. It denied the spiritual power, the power of a living faith. Paul, writing to Titus, said that teachers of such things and "gainsayers" should be "stopped." They could not be stopped by force of arms or by persecution, or tumult, but only be stopped by truth speaking.

Is there anything in the Church to-day that is open to such a description as that given of the Cretan church which Titus needed to try and put right?

It were easy to throw stones at others from whom we differ, but what of ourselves? Have we been content to live on the doings of the past, on the struggles of our fathers, on the tradition of those who resisted wrong to the death?

Have we been proud of the heroic efforts of the men of 1662, and neglected to oppose compromises of 1902?

From the first to the last of this epistle, Paul shows how perversion can come from impure minds. He shows that ascetic and ceremonial observances will have no effect in a man's salvation if the heart be impure. It is in this connection Paul says, "Unto the pure all things are pure." This taken by itself would be a deadly heresy. Men must not rely on outward purifying and then go into impure things; nor may they do it because they think themselves pure in heart. The really pure in heart will certainly not see evil where others notice it. Like draws to itself like. Plunge an ivory handle into an electric bath and it will take on no silver; but put copper thereon, and it will be coated with it. Voluminous writers who are facile in descriptions of low life must have some slime of evil remaining in their own souls. Those who live questionable lives in any sphere are not good teachers of purity, whether on the stage, the platform, or in the pulpit. Healthiness of faith is needed if the outcome in life is to be pure.

In England we need a purer social and religious atmosphere.

What splendid effort Roosevelt, the earnest President of the United States, is making to lead his nation to keep in the line of righteousness. He has shown how at the back of the material lies the moral. When he discussed the formation of the great trusts that are spreading their octopus grip over everything in the States, he showed that unless these things make for the development of character, they are evil. The moral health of the people is the first thing, the spiritual soundness the most important. We in England see the same need. We should desire to see purity in commercial life, in art life, in political life, in the Court, in educational systems, in the church life of every denomination. The standard of purity must be placed high. Moral and spiritual health must be promoted. There is immense impressiveness in the way Paul insisted on this. He wanted things set in order not only for the sake of Crete but for the progress of the Gospel throughout the world. One disordered district may, like one discontented church member, upset all the rest.

Paul was just about to give up his work. He knew he would soon be called home. There is deep pathos in this attitude of the apostle. He has given up all mystical writing for the directly practical. He is near the other world. Its shadow falls over him, and his words therefore are strong, vivid, vibrating, zealous. When you are nearing your end you want directness of speech, or you give it. Paul gave it when writing to his great coadjutor Titus, and reminding him of how he had trusted him to stay and set things in order in that seemingly hopeless district of Crete.

It is of the highest importance, then, that we, like Titus, should have a lofty ideal of holiness, to see what we, who are sons of God by faith, are expected to be. We should be conscious of the indwelling of Christ purging the conscience and moulding the life. By His sacrifice we are put on a footing of freedom from the condemnings of sin, and the love to Him as our deliverer should make us pure.

If the eye is all right and in a healthy condition, the light of the sun will be welcome and useful, but if not it will be painful and damaging. The bad spirit will make bad surroundings, and the impure heart will produce only impurity. On the other hand, the pure in heart walk with God. They have heaven below. They sit in heavenly places in Jesus Christ. They help by the harmony of life to swell the hallelujahs of the blessed. The state of the heart being changed to love of healthy religion, everything else is changed.

How little would have been heard of Titus but for his association with Paul at Rome in his captivity. We have no knowledge of where this early Cretan bishop died, but of this we are sure: that wherever he went he spread the tenets of a "healthy" religion.

XUM



SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—V.

Lewis Harper, a wealthy owner of racehorses, establishes his family and his training stables at The Lodge, a fine house near Woodstead, a small town near London. The Harper family consists of his wife and daughter, two frivolous Society "butterflies," all for dress and show, and his son Leslie, a young barrister, who spends most of his time working amongst the East-End poor. He has become disgusted with gambling and racing, because his chief friend at Oxford, a brilliant scholar, committed suicide when he had gambled away all he had. The children of Herbert Raynor, the leading solicitor of Woodstead—Margaret, Gerald, and Violet—become very friendly with the Harpers, especially Gerald and Violet, who are induced by their example to gamble. Violet loses a large sum, intended to pay Christmas bills, in playing cards at The Lodge; and then, afraid to confess the truth at home, invents a story of a young man who snatched her hand-bag from her in a lonely lane, and ran away. Mr. Raynor thereupon reports the supposed loss to the police.

CHAPTER VI.

AN OFFER FROM LEWIS HARPER.



AS the days went on, and nothing more was heard of the missing banknotes, or the mythical young man in the brown overcoat and bowler hat, for whom the Woodstead police were actively searching, Violet Raynor, relieved from her first fears of detection, became persuaded that in a short time the affair would blow over. She had carefully avoided all mention of it outside her own family, following the advice of the police; and was still further reassured by a few words from Lilian Harper, when the two girls met at a bazaar for the parish schools held in the Guildhall the following week.

"I received your note; and you needn't be afraid I shall make any indiscreet revelations," began the plutocrat's daughter, as she contemplated a pile of knitted articles on an adjacent stall, with a contemptuous air. "I quite understand that you don't want your father to know you were unlucky at cards—he disapproves of them, doesn't he?"

"He doesn't like playing for high stakes," acknowledged Violet.

Lilian shrugged her graceful shoulders. "It's wonderful what antediluvian prejudices linger in these country towns! Everybody plays nowadays—everybody in society, at least—and if you don't want to be quite out of it, you must do the same! Oh, there's mother! She loathes these tedious parish affairs, but she thought she must come, for the look of the thing! Well, mother, how are you getting on?"

"Bored to death!" peevishly answered Mrs. Harper. "There's not a single thing worth buying, and not even a raffle to make the affair a little amusing! What do I want with frocks for poor children, and hideous home-made fancy-work? I don't know any poor children, and if I did, I shouldn't buy frocks for them *here!* I'm going, Lilian—I really can't stand it any longer!"

"Well, I'm not going just yet; you can send the carriage back for me," returned her daughter. At the door she espied handsome Gerald Raynor just entering; and she was in nowise indisposed for a flirtation with him. Therefore, Mrs. Harper, a vision of opulence in her velvet and chinchilla and jewels, sailed out of the hall; to the great disappointment of the Vicar and his wife, who had expected her to spend some pounds for the benefit of

the schools, which were deeply in debt. Instead of which, she had audibly expressed her disappointment at the quality of the articles on the stalls, and only spent a few shillings altogether! Such meanness seemed incomprehensible to them, in the rich Mrs. Harper, who never grudged any sum for her own gratification. But there is no meanness like the meanness of the selfish rich, who only live to please themselves.

Margaret Raynor, who was helping at the Vicarage stall, and watching everything with her quiet, observant eyes, saw Mrs. Harper sweep out with her meagre store of parcels, and her brother Gerald make his way, smiling and eager, to Lilian's side. The plutocrat's daughter at once ran through the gamut of her practised allurements, for his benefit; first raising her eyes to his face, then dropping them with a pretence of shyness, then giving him a side-long glance, then a bewitching smile, and finally walking him off as her captive for so long as she chose to remain. Margaret sighed as she resumed her task of selling the children's clothes so scorned by Mrs. Harper. It was very evident that Gerald was falling more and more into the toils of this bare-faced flirt, who, his sister felt sure, was only amusing herself with the country lawyer's son in default of better game.

Gerald, however, was in the seventh heaven as he and his enchantress went the round of the stalls and the entertainments provided in the adjoining rooms. It was by no means an inexpensive honour, that of escorting this triumphant beauty in the sable coat and Paris hat, who discoursed so glibly of the great world of Ascot and Hurlingham, Cowes and Homburg; for she calmly announced that she had forgotten her purse, and left him to pay for everything. He bought her an expensive spray of gardenias, a box of French sweets, a hideous china cat she fancied, and paid for her admission to all the entertainments, besides unlimited tea and ices in the refreshment room.

Gerald went across to Margaret, as the dinner hour approached. "Miss Harper has asked me to go home with her and dine at The Lodge," he announced, with manifest pleasure. "I shall just run round to Elmfield to dress, and she'll pick me up in the carriage."

Margaret's fingers trembled a little as she smoothed out a holland apron she was packing up. Such a profound mistrust of the Harpers and all their ways had already come over her that, if she could, she would have prevented Gerald from ever setting foot in their house again.

"Do be cautious, Gerald, and don't let them persuade you to gamble," she whispered earnestly. "You know you can't afford to lose, and father will be very angry if you play for high stakes."

But when did a sister's well-meant remonstrances ever avail to restrain a brother from folly? Not often, I fancy, except in books. At any rate, Gerald received her advice with palpable scorn. "You needn't be afraid—I know how to take care of myself," he said loftily. And he rushed off to dress, leaving Margaret to resume her labours with a heavy heart. It was characteristic of her that she had cheerfully consented to help at the unattractive Vicarage stall, since aid was most needed there, because the other girls preferred selling flowers, or china, or sweets, which lent themselves much more readily to flirtation than kitchen aprons and babies' frocks.

"I can't think how you can be bothered trying to sell such rubbish!" Violet exclaimed, as she came upon her sister in the act of wrapping up a very ugly woollen comforter. "Who in the world can have bought a thing like that?"

A stout, good-humoured lady standing by, turned round at her words. It was Mrs. Day, the wife of the principal Woodstead doctor. "It may not be æsthetically beautiful, but it will keep our old gardener warm these cold winter days, Violet," she said pleasantly. "I've bought a good many things at this stall, for I only care for what is useful."

As Violet went away, without any answer save a disrespectful pout, shrewd Mrs. Day looked at Margaret with a smile. "She has a good deal to learn yet, that pretty sister of yours!" she remarked, with the bluntness of an old friend. And Miss Raynor, with an inward chill of foreboding, acknowledged the justice of the words. She herself often trembled for the future of weak, vain Violet.

Meanwhile, Gerald, arrived at The Lodge, found himself one of a party so numerous that he no longer felt flattered by Miss Harper's pressing invitation, since it was evident, on counting the guests, that Lilian had only asked him to make the table even. He scarcely exchanged a word with her during the evening, for his faithless charmer devoted herself to Mr. Pike, a large, pale young man with an eye-glass, who, it appeared, was the son of a rich London brewer. The talk, as usual at the Harpers', ran chiefly upon money: the mining market, investments, and, above all things, the large sums made on the turf during the autumn by some lucky speculators. Mr. Harper proclaimed anew the merits of his Derby colt, who was coming on in a manner which surpassed the fondest anticipations of his trainer.

"You gave five thousand for him at the

sale of the Chilcott yearlings, did you not?" asked the young man who was the subject of Lilian's marked attentions.

"Oh, no—only three thousand guineas—and he was cheap at the price," returned the plutocrat complacently.



"'You needn't be afraid—I know how to take care of myself.'"

"The best bargain you ever made," chimed in his wife, who had grudged a sovereign that very afternoon to help the harassed Vicar of the parish with his schools.

"If he wins the Derby, he'll be worth at least twenty," added the master of the house.

Scarcely was the elaborate dinner over than the guests, with one consent, rushed away to amuse themselves. Mrs. Harper collected a few like-minded with herself, and sat down to her favourite Bridge, whilst Lilian gathered together the noisiest members of the party for a game at pool. With her went Gerald, who was mortified to discover that the skill on which he prided himself was conspicuously inferior to that of several of the others—notably, Lilian's adorer, who grabbed at the stakes with as much greediness as if he had been a professional billiard sharper. When Gerald had lost all the money he had in his pockets—several pounds—he began to feel bored, and, affecting not to hear Lilian's suggestion that they should change to roulette, he followed Mr. Harper to the gorgeous smoking-room, where his host proposed they should have a cigar by the fire. Once seated there, they talked until far into the night—a conversation destined to have momentous results to Gerald.

Hitherto he had known but little of the science of the turf—for a science it is, so that the unwary outsider, who knows nothing of its inner secrets, need never hope to profit by it.

The talk of his host, who was intimately acquainted with the history of nearly every race-horse in England, was a revelation to Gerald, though he blushed repeatedly at his own ignorance of form, pedigree, and handicaps. But when the plutocrat in the most matter-of-fact way announced that his winnings during the previous year amounted to many thousands of pounds, the young man's blood caught fire. Long dissatisfied with the narrow routine of a provincial solicitor's office, with the gain of a few pounds here and there, it struck him how delightful it would be if he could make money for himself on the turf. According to Mr. Harper, it was the easiest thing in the world; it was a mathematical certainty that any man of ordinary intelligence, who took the trouble to study racing matters for himself, could not fail to win in the long run.

"Let me give you a few hints, my dear boy," said his host, with that vaguely generous air which had so largely conduced to his popularity. "Leave yourself in my hands, and I promise you'll never regret it. I'll put you on to a good thing or two, and for the Derby you've only got to back my colt Snapdragon for all you're worth. He can't lose. No, no thanks—you're a promising young fellow, and it'll be a pleasure to give you a little advice. Your governor pulls the purse-strings a trifle too tight, eh? Well, I'll promise not to say anything to him—you say he has old-fashioned notions, and never goes near a racecourse himself. Strange that such narrow-minded prejudices should exist in these enlightened days!"

CHAPTER VII.

MOTHER AND SON.

To be the son of a ne'er-do-weel father would not seem an enviable lot to most people, and yet it is a fact that the children of ne'er-do-weels sometimes turn out better than more fortunate members of society. Probably the mere contemplation of the paternal follies and vices gives the young mind a strong bias in favour of virtue, and a hatred of the especial sins which cast a shadow over its early life. For all vices cast sinister shadows, though too often only upon innocent people, who have to suffer for faults which were not theirs.

The Colliers had been respected in Woodstead, and handsome tablets to once thriving townsmen of that name still adorned the parish church, though the family ranked as less than nothing now. Woodstead still shuddered at the recollection of Edmund Collier, who, after trying various occupations unsuccessfully, had sunk lower and lower in the grip of the drink fiend, until an injury received in a fall had ended his worthless life. He had married a pretty little governess, a helpless, unpractical mortal, whose domestic misery vented itself in ceaseless bewailings of her hard lot; and they had one son, now grown to manhood.

Charlie Collier had not been brought up, but dragged up, in the dingy lodgings which served his father for a home so long as any landlady could be induced to put up with his irregular hours and equally irregular payments. A shabby, sordid life his was, his only refuge from his comfortless home being a cheap school, when his father had money to pay the fees. Friends they had none, for everybody respectable looked down upon Edmund, and Mrs. Collier considered herself far above the humble people who were their neighbours. So Charlie grew up, dependent on his own resources, a reserved, silent lad, with a fierce resolve deep down in his heart that he would get on, and avoid his father's vices and failings. He had learnt all that cheap schools could teach him, and in the evenings he attended technical classes and lectures in connection with an endowed Mechanics' Institute in Woodstead; and now, at twenty-two, he was a clerk in the office of Mr. Stone, an auctioneer and estate agent, at thirty shillings a week.

It was not a very splendid outlook for youthful ambition; for promotion, if it ever came at all, could only be very slow. But he had his mother to support, and living at Woodstead was cheaper than in the large towns in which he might have found a better post. Also, they were saved the payment of rent, for he and his mother occupied three tiny rooms above his employer's business premises, in consideration of acting as caretakers and keeping the offices in order.

He ascended the stairs from the office one January evening to find his mother stooping over the grate in their little sitting-room and kitchen combined, with the bellows in her hand, and a despairing expression on her faded but still comely face. What should have been a glowing fire was choked beneath a mass of fine coal dust, and showed hardly a spark. The room was very untidy, and a half-trimmed black bonnet lay amongst the cups on the half-spread tea-table, together with reels of cotton and sundry odds and ends.

"I never saw such a grate!" querulously exclaimed Mrs. Collier, as her son, who was well used to similar scenes, took the bellows from her grimy hands. "I just sat down for a few minutes to alter this bonnet—it's so shabby I feel ashamed to be seen in it—and when I looked round again the fire was out!"

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"It's this coal-dust which is smothering it," answered her son, poking gingerly at the black heap. "A few nice lumps would make it burn directly."

"Oh, it's all very well to say that, but there are no nice lumps amongst the last lot we had in from the coal merchant. He always puts us off with dross and rubbish—he knows we're poor, and poor people always get put upon!" irritably complained the widow.

Charlie's only response was to go to the coal cupboard outside on the landing, and rummage for some better pieces, which were easily found, after which he methodically proceeded to re-light the fire. Mrs. Collier meanwhile whisked away the bonnet and finished setting the table. She was a born sloven, always behind time, and always in some difficulty or other, which might have been avoided by a little common sense. She opened the tea-caddy, when the kettle began to boil, and uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"There! I quite forgot to get any tea, and there isn't a scrap! What a nuisance to have to go down all those horrid stairs again!"

"I'll go out and buy some," said Charlie, reaching for his hat. Truth to tell, anything was better than being pent in that small room listening to her grievances.

The grocer's to which he directed his steps had several people in it, mostly workmen's wives, waiting to be served. Just as his own turn came, a slender, delicate-looking girl of twenty—unmistakably a lady, despite the plainness of her dress—hurriedly entered, and, seeing her, he drew back from the counter immediately. Flushing to his forehead, he raised his hat deferentially. "After you, Miss Turner. I can wait."

She gave him a pretty smile in acknowledgment of his courtesy, and whilst she made her purchases at one counter he managed to procure his tea at another, so that they left the shop together. He walked with her to the end of the street, she chatting pleasantly concerning everyday trifles in a sweet voice which was perhaps her greatest charm. Madeline Turner was one of the ten children of a deceased Woodstead doctor, who, with characteristic English improvidence, had left not a single penny-piece for his family to live upon. When will it be recognised that such conduct is an absolute crime against the hapless children thus flung helpless upon the world through no fault of their own? No nation on earth affords so many melancholy examples of parental improvidence as the English, and that in all ranks of society.

Mrs. Turner had taken a situation as housekeeper in a large school, and her children were scattered to the four winds. Only the two eldest, Madeline, who taught music, and Grace, who was a daily governess, remained in Woodstead. Charlie had made Madeline's acquaintance at one of the evening classes he attended; and though she ranked above him socially, in the strict classification of the little town, she was always pleasant when they chanced to meet. Of course, he could not venture to ask her to his sordid, untidy home; and he sighed more than once as he slowly returned thither, thinking how refreshing it was to hold converse with a lady, even for a minute.

Tea over, his mother bustled about, tidying up the room, with most unusual energy, which was presently accounted for by the arrival of a visitor, Daniel Horn, a red-faced, coarse-looking man, a builder in fairly prosperous circumstances, who was currently reported to be thinking of marrying Mrs. Collier as his second wife. He did not agree particularly well with his grown-up children; and was not averse to an occasional chat with the widow, who, arrayed in her best, flattered him to his heart's content, and put on all the airs of a young girl for his subjugation. Charlie sat by in silent annoyance, for he detested Horn, who was uneducated and narrow-minded, besides notorious for driving hard bargains. Weary of her narrow life, his mother condoned all these shortcomings in view of her admirer's riches; silencing her son's remonstrances with the unanswerable argument that Daniel could not possibly turn out a worse husband than Edmund Collier had been.

In despair, Charlie tried to lose himself in studying a book dealing with antique furniture, a knowledge of which he hoped might be advantageous some day, if he ever had the good fortune to become an auctioneer himself. But he heard his mother's giggles through it all; and reflected, with a kind of rueful satisfaction, that Madeline Turner never giggled.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIVE-POUND NOTE.

THE fateful five-pound note, upon which a good deal more was destined to hinge than Violet Raynor in her short-sighted selfishness had ever dreamed, remained locked up in Mrs. Harper's cash-box for some weeks; a continual run of luck at cards and roulette keeping her in sufficient funds for ordinary needs. As a rule, both she and Lilian were very fortunate in games of chance. Some people are, and there is no explaining the reason why; though it is not a gift to be coveted by generous souls.

But one day it became necessary to open her cash-box; and it happened in this wise. It is painful to have to enter into such delicate

details concerning a lady, but truth compels me to state that something had gone wrong with Mrs. Harper's best wig, which obliged her to send it under cover of secrecy to the principal Woodstead hairdresser for the defect to be made good. Perrin, her confidential maid, was entrusted with the delicate matter of the necessary negotiations regarding the "transformation," as she called it to her mistress, though to the rest of the world she bluntly denominated it a wig. Hers was the duty of calling for it when it was done, and when she was duly equipped in her smart outdoor garments her mistress gave her a bank-note and a bill.



"'This description fits you to a T!'"—*p.* 797.

"Pay for it being done, and settle this account at the same time, Perrin," she said, alluding to a bill for the innumerable washes and creams which women with more money than sense nowadays consider indispensable to their toilet. What Mrs. Harper and Lilian frittered away in a year on scents, and lotions, and beautifiers for their complexions, would have kept a middle-class family in comfort. They would give a guinea for some much-advertised nostrum, costing its makers perhaps twopence, and not so beneficial to the skin as plain cold water would have been, with an unquestioning faith which would have been beautiful, had it only been exercised in a better cause.

Perrin the discreet accordingly departed, trying to look as if she did not know how much of her mistress was real and how much—how *very* much—was not. The groom drove her into Woodstead, for she was far too fine a lady to walk. It was late in the afternoon when she arrived at the hairdresser's, but though the "transformation" was ready for her in a sealed box, the united efforts of the establishment were unequal to dealing with the five-pound note. Change is often exceedingly difficult to procure in country towns, and the banks were closed. The principal was away, and the staff consisted of a feather-brained girl with a face and coiffure strikingly resembling those of the waxen lady in the window, and the office boy, who had even less brains, without the coiffure.

"You *must* get change somehow—Mrs. Harper won't like it if I don't pay the bill," imperatively announced the maid. The truth was, that the good lady wished the little matter of the wig buried in oblivion as soon as possible. So Tom, the office boy, sallied forth with the note; and, after vainly trying one or two other places, entered Mr. Stone's office. No one was in but Charlie Collier, who for the last half-hour had been bored by an old lady who wanted an impossible paradise of a house, with all conceivable advantages and a large garden, for £20—or less—a year, and was highly indignant to learn that such a residence was not to be had in Woodstead at that rent.

"Change for a five-pound note? I'm not sure whether there's as much money as that in the place, but I'll look," Charlie said, going

to a drawer. A small amount of petty cash was kept in readiness for each day's expenses, the clerks of course being required to render an account of all disbursements.

However, the change proved to be forthcoming, mostly in silver; and it was not until Tom was gone that it struck Charlie that, as the lad was quite a stranger to him, perhaps it would have been wiser to ask whose errand-boy he was, and whether he came honestly by the note. But the old lady had so badgered him with her demands for a drawing-room twenty feet long, and a south aspect, and hot water on every floor, and a garden well stocked with fruit trees, and all for £20 a year, that he really hardly knew what he was about. He locked the note carefully away, resolving to cash it at the bank first thing in the morning, so that the others should not complain of want of small change.

He knew perfectly well that he was unpopular with his fellow-clerks, who looked down upon him as a milksop and a hypocrite because he declined to spend his evenings loafing about bars and billiard-rooms, never risked a penny on a horse, and read instructive books instead of the sporting papers. They had no ambition or wish to rise, no interest in their occupation beyond the receipt of their weekly salaries, and no thought of saving for sickness or old age, when they could no longer work. And they resented it as a personal injury that anybody else, and especially a son of that notorious ne'er-do-weel Edmund Collier, should have the presumption to wish to rise. But perforce Charlie bore their snubs and sneers; telling himself that every man who is worth a rush has to endure unpleasantnesses of many kinds during his passage through life.

Following his usual custom, he was in the office next morning, and had everything placed in readiness, some time before the others made their appearance. Mr. Stone, who lived about two miles out of Woodstead, was seldom exact to the minute, and his subordinates, Bates and Gammon, took advantage of this.

As the clock struck ten, Charlie rose and donned the brown overcoat and black felt hat which had already lasted him two winters, and briefly explained to the others that he had to go out on an errand for a few minutes. He did not say anything about the five-pound note, for his colleagues were so apt to twist his most innocent speeches into something unpleasant that he said as little to them as possible. At the bank he was well known, and was therefore not a little surprised when the cashier, who was usually quite friendly, looked first at the note he tendered to be changed, and then at him, finally asking him if he had received the money from Mr. Stone. When he answered "No," he was promptly requested to interview the manager in his private room, and account for his possession of a Bank of England note the payment of which had been stopped.

Taken entirely by surprise, he cut a sufficiently foolish figure as he admitted that he had received the note from a boy he did not know, and could not identify again. But the real seriousness of the matter did not strike him until the arrival of the stout superintendent of police, who had been privately sent for by the bank authorities. The good man arrived swelling with haste and importance, and immediately his eyes fell upon Charlie he executed a melodramatic start. He hardly waited to hear the particulars before he opened his memorandum book, and proceeded to read out Violet Raynor's description of her imaginary assailant.

"Tall, dark, looked like a clerk, with a round black felt hat, and a brown overcoat," he pronounced with great gusto. "Why, young man, although of course in the eye of the law every individual is considered innocent until he's proved guilty, this description fits you to a T! Mind, you are not bound to make any statement incriminating yourself; but the whole thing will have to be looked into." And he narrated the story told by Violet at the police station.

Charlie's distress can be imagined. "It's all a mistake. I was certainly not in Briar Lane that day, and I never saw Miss Raynor, or her notes either!" he protested again and again. "I'd scorn to be a thief, and you may ask Mr. Stone, or anybody who knows me, whether I ever wronged a living soul of a farthing in my life!"

The superintendent received these appeals with professional calm. "We must hear what Miss Raynor has to say on the subject first, young man." The Raynors were greatly respected in Woodstead, and it was only natural that the son of the notorious Edmund Collier should find his word worth little in comparison with theirs.

"If you could have told me the name of the boy who gave you the note, I could soon have ascertained the facts of the case," continued the superintendent doggedly. "As it is, you're found in unlawful possession of a stolen note; and you can only account for it by a tale of an errand-boy you never saw before. It may be true, or it may not. I express no opinion about that. But under the circumstances it's my duty to take you into custody. The magistrates sit to-morrow, and meanwhile we'll hear what Miss Raynor has to say."

"Take me into custody! But I've told you

the truth!" cried Charlie, passionately. "Don't—oh! don't—disgrace me by treating me like a common thief!"

But the myrmidon of the law was inexorable. Mr. Raynor was the town clerk, and the superintendent hoped to curry favour with such an important official by showing zeal on his daughter's behalf. He conceded that Charlie should be taken to the police station in a cab, with drawn blinds, and no intimation given to the general public; but to the young man that was disgrace enough for the rest of his life.

"It's all because I'm a Collier—the curse of my father's bad name is upon me!" he thought miserably to himself, as he sat with clenched hands in the bare little room which had been assigned as his resting-place. "I shall be ruined, innocent as I am, and she—Madeline—will know it, and wonder how a common thief should have dared to speak to her—to touch her hand!"

In an agony he buried his face in the pillow of the grim-looking little bed. Such are the legacies which unprincipled parents bequeath to their unfortunate children, who are surely, of all creatures under heaven, the most to be pitied. For the world has a terribly long memory where failings are concerned, and always delights to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children if it possibly can.

CHAPTER IX.

AT THE POLICE STATION.

IT is a trite saying; but no less trite than true, that adversity shows people in their true colours. Very few natures can emerge triumphantly from the ordeal, and amongst these rare souls was not Mrs. Collier. When the intelligence of her son's arrest was conveyed to her, she rushed instantly to see him, her bonnet falling off, and her jacket fastened awry, and nearly drove him mad by her complaints and bewailings.

"Oh dear! oh dear! that it should ever come to this! A poor widow like me, with nobody to look to if you should lose your situation with Mr. Stone! What do you say, Charlie? 'Is it possible I can believe you guilty?' Why, of course not! A mother's feelings——But you haven't been betting or gambling, have you?"

"I never wasted a shilling in betting in my life!" cried her son vehemently.

"Well, of course, I didn't know—and they say there's a dreadful lot of betting going on at Woodstead now Mr. Harper has moved his training stables here," moaned the widow, mopping her wet eyes with a very doubtful handkerchief. "Oh dear! oh dear! As if I hadn't had a sufficiently bad time of it with your father, without all this, just when I hoped for a little peace! And oh! what will Mr. Horn say? He'll never have anything more to do with me after this. He's such a hard man, and never forgives, they say!"

"Dear me, mother, one would think I had been sentenced to five years' penal servitude at least!" cried Charlie, fairly out of patience.

The words were the signal for another shriek of woe. "Oh dear, dear! Will it be as bad as that?" cried his mother, looking at the door as if she expected to see the warders standing there to take him off to Portland at once. She knew nothing of the laws of her country, and when he tried to explain that the case had not even been heard yet, and there was every prospect of his release on the morrow, she only sobbed out that perhaps it would be all right, but she was only a poor widow, and it was very hard for her—dreadfully hard!

He soothed her as gently as he could, and, when she was calmer, persuaded her to tidy her dishevelled figure before going into the streets. "Ah! You were always such a one for appearances, Charlie!" she sighed, as she contemplated her tear-stained face in the little looking-glass on the whitewashed wall. "But how can a mother be expected to think of such things when her only son has been arrested by the police?"

"Hundreds of innocent men have been arrested before now," returned Charlie; and when he had persuaded her to go he sat down and thought with profound pity of poor Job and the comforters who have become proverbial for all time. In this, the blackest hour of his life, his mother had nothing to say which could afford him a gleam of consolation. He might as well have had a visit from Poe's raven; and he thought longingly of Madeline. Surely, if she knew what had happened, she would feel sorry for him—though he *was* Edmund Collier's son!

The first action of the superintendent after Charlie's arrest was to see Mr. Raynor at his office, announce the discovery of one of the notes, and request that his daughter would attend at the police station as soon as convenient, to see whether she identified Charlie as her assailant. The worthy officer then departed to make some further inquiries, whilst Violet's father returned at once to Elmfield to tell his daughter the news.

She turned ghastly white when he told her, which he attributed to the natural dislike of a refined young girl to be mixed up in a police court case. "I'm very sorry, but there's no help for it, dear," he said kindly. "But we must know whether this is the guilty man or not. He certainly corresponds exactly with your description, though I always believed him to be a

respectable young man, in spite of his being the son of Edmund Collier. I've seen him once or twice at Stone's office."

"Do you know the young man by sight, Violet?" asked Margaret.

"No, I don't! I never saw him in my life! I don't believe he did it, father! I'm sure it was some stranger, and nobody from Woodstead! Can't you go and tell the police so, and prevent my being mixed up in this horrible affair?" implored Violet, nearly crying. Her terror at the idea of facing a court of justice was extreme, for she feared that in some way or other the lies which she had told would be discovered.

"No, my dear, you alone saw the man, and you are bound to give evidence, for mere hearsay is not allowed. He was in possession of one of your banknotes, remember. But don't look so terrified. I shall be with you, of course, and all the officials will be very polite, I'm sure."

But still Violet looked so ghastly that sensible Margaret, observing that her father and sister ought to be fortified by an early lunch before going to the town, rang the bell for such refreshments as could be immediately got ready. But when they came Violet could eat nothing. She looked so frightened and guilty that Margaret, unsuspicious as she was, felt puzzled, and began to wonder whether there could be any more reason for her sister's strange agitation than met the eye.

The brougham came to the door, and Violet got into it, pretty much as if it had been the prison van to convey her to Newgate. At the police station they were received with extreme deference, and ushered into the magistrates' comfortable private parlour, where the superintendent, with many smiles and bows, apologised for troubling Miss Raynor with such an unpleasant piece of business. When all was in readiness they were summoned to a white-washed yard, where, drawn up against the wall, were half-a-dozen young men, including Charlie, as nearly corresponding with Violet's description as possible, and all dressed alike in brown overcoats and bowler hats, borrowed for the occasion. Violet was asked if she could identify any of these, but she stoutly denied that any of them resembled her despoiler. He had a squint, she now suddenly remembered, and she was positive he was not a Woodstead man. The superintendent went to the farthest limits of the permissible in the way of hints, but her testimony was not to be shaken.

Nor could she identify the banknote, the number of which she had not thought of taking. But her father had, and produced the entry in his pocket book, proving beyond all doubt that it was one of the two he had given to Violet.

It was with a feeling of intense relief that the girl found herself driving home again, though she could not escape the ordeal of appearing at the police court on the morrow. She was urgent that her father should endeavour to procure young Collier's release. "It would be such a dreadful thing if anything happened to him through me!" she shivered. She had read in novels of innocent men being sent to prison for crimes they had never committed, and her conscience reproached her in no measured terms. But the one thing she ought to have done—namely, to confess the whole truth then and there to her indulgent father—she was too cowardly to do. Then, as ever, she thought of herself first, as she had done from childhood.

Before the magistrates next day she repeated her story of the unknown marauder in Briar Lane, though she denied that he bore any resemblance to Charles Collier. The magistrates, all of whom she knew in private life, released her after a very brief examination. Her father, however, identified the note, nor could the young solicitor who defended Charlie shake his evidence in the least. It was an unfortunate thing for the accused that the most complete defence—namely, an *alibi*, which would, of course, have put an end to the case at once—was out of his power; for, on the afternoon when he was supposed to be in Briar Lane, he had been sent, as was proved by entries in the office books, to examine and report upon an empty house in that very neighbourhood. That part of Woodstead was always very quiet, and he met hardly anybody, and nobody he knew, either going or returning; so that, though he denied that he had been in Briar Lane at all, there was really nothing to prove the truth of his assertion.

The superintendent announced that he had not yet been able to trace the errand boy who brought the note to Mr. Stone's office; and on the application of his solicitor, the defendant was released on bail till the following week, Mr. Stone finding the necessary surety.

But it seemed to Charlie that even the police cell would have been a pleasanter abode than the Colliers' narrow quarters, *plus* his mother's incessant worrying. In floods of tears she bewailed the fact that Mr. Horn was deeply indignant at being "mixed up with gaol birds," and if her son got into trouble he never meant to speak to the widow again. "And he meant to marry me—I'm certain he did!" sobbed she. "It would have been a splendid chance for me, and I should have had quite a lady's life! And now, if I lose him, and my only son too—oh dear, oh dear!"

The three days which elapsed before the magistrates sat again were the longest and most miserable he ever spent in his life. He was

forbidden to go to the office before the case was settled one way or the other, and he stole out by back ways for long solitary walks in the country. His heart was very sore as he surveyed the dreary winter landscape. He had toiled and slaved, he had fought with himself, he had resisted temptations to idleness and dissipation, for this, for this! To his youthful impatience there seemed no hope for the future, no prospect of ever setting himself right with the world again.

Returning late from one of these dismal rambles, he ran plump upon Madeline Turner at the corner of the High Street. He would have feigned not to recognise her, but she stopped, and held out her hand with a smile of such marked and insistent friendliness that he felt constrained to take the little fingers gingerly in his own. At the same time some thing leaped to being in his heart which was destined to survive all the shocks of chance. If he had never consciously loved her before, he loved her now, when she, kinder than his own mother, held out her hand with such winning trustfulness to the son of Edmund Collier.

The words she said were few and stammering, but they sufficed. She believed in him; she was sure it would all be cleared up, and made right; on no account must he give way to despair, and fancy he had no friends in Woodstead. And then, releasing her hand with a blush, she fled. But the moral effect of the interview was incalculable. She lifted him out of the Slough of Despond, and dissipated the morbid fancies to which he was too prone. He began to hope he might yet take an honourable place in the world, and rehabilitate the family fortunes.

It was well that he had had this gleam of comfort before reappearing at the police court, for the triumphant acquittal he hoped for resolved itself into something far less satisfactory. In the interval, the police had discovered that Tom, the hairdresser's boy, had been sent to change a five-pound note; but both he and the doll-faced assistant—who of course had never thought of taking its number—resolutely refused to identify it for the stopped one. The truth was, the assistant, knowing Mrs. Harper to be such a good customer, was in mortal dread of offending her by saying anything which could lead to the note being traced to her; for it was certain the arrogant mistress of The Lodge would greatly object to being mixed up in a vulgar police court case. And so, though it was quite true neither she nor Tom had any idea what the exact figures on the note had been, they conveyed the impression that they were not the same as on that presented at the bank by Charlie.

Perrin was not called—indeed, it never transpired that she had any connection with the case at all. She was shortly leaving to be married, and was occupied with more important matters than the fate of young Collier.

So, in the absence of any clear, positive evidence of his guilt, Charlie was acquitted. But, although Mr. Stone gave him a good character, an ugly doubt was left behind. Violet Raynor's nervous disclaimer might be only out of kindness and a desire to screen the culprit. People always attribute beautiful motives to the owners of melting blue eyes and peach-like cheeks. And Charlie's account of how the money came into his possession was a lame one at best, and supported by no one's word but his own. And then he was a Collier—trust Woodstead to remember that! So, although the magistrates acquitted him and dismissed the case, the effect came perilously near to the historical verdict. "Not guilty, but don't do it again!"

CHAPTER X.

A VISIT FROM LESLIE.

AMONGST the many unpleasant consequences of her deceit which Violet Raynor had not foreseen was the nine days' wonder produced by her appearance as a witness in the police court. All her friends, naturally enough, came crowding to Elmfield, eager to hear all about the handbag and the mysterious stranger in the brown coat, and declined to leave until they had satisfied their curiosity, though her snappy, short answers showed how distasteful the subject was to her.

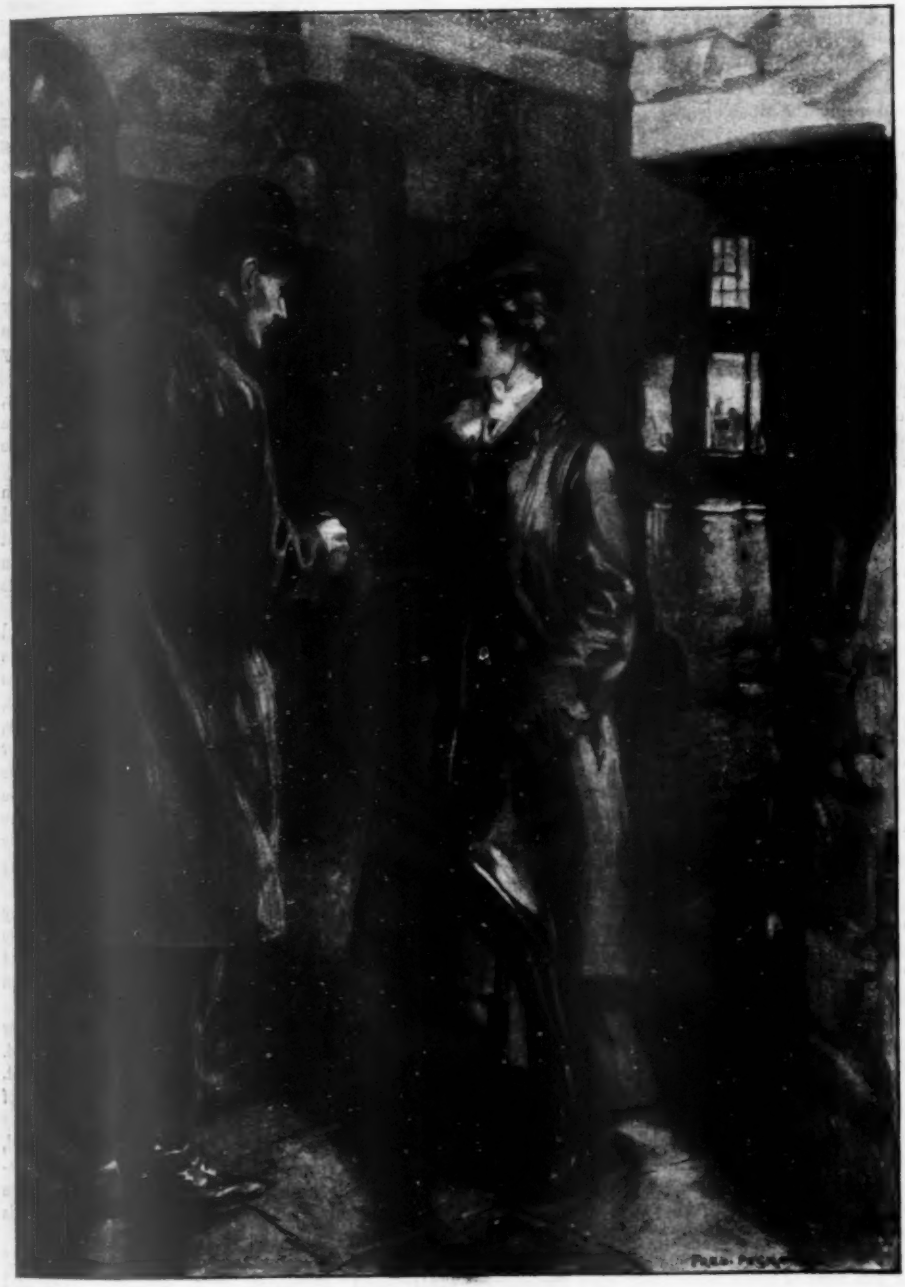
Of course, the news came to the Harpers' ears, occasioning to Lilian an unwontedly thoughtful mood. Whilst Mrs. Harper—who had not the faintest notion that the five-pound note in dispute was the identical one she had entrusted to Perrin—expressed her indignation that the roads about Woodstead should not be safe for a lady in broad daylight, Lilian sat revolving events and dates. She could see as far into a millstone as most people.

"It was the ninth of January that the Pooles were here, wasn't it?" she suddenly asked.

"Goodness, don't ask me! I don't keep a diary, as you know—couldn't be bothered with such nonsense."

"We played Nap the afternoon they were here, because it rained."

But Mrs. Harper only yawned. Bridge, napoleon, roulette, *vingt-et-un* were such commonplaces with her that she never dreamt of marking her days by them.



"She was sure it would all be cleared up."

"And Violet Raynor lost a good deal," continued Lilian.

Mrs. Harper merely yawned again. She was only interested in her own winnings, and had long ago forgotten how Violet had been fleeced by herself and her friends. But before Lilian could reply the door opened, and Leslie entered, quite unexpectedly.

"I hope you don't mind my taking you by surprise, mother, but I thought I'd run down for a little skating now it's turned so cold," he began, with a slightly raised colour, as he kissed her powdered cheek. "I've been a little seedy, and really London in February is no joke."

"I'm sure it can't be, down in that horrid East-End," assented his mother, who looked upon her son's self-imposed labours as sheer, downright lunacy. "Some day you'll be getting some awful fever or other, and dying down there, and it'll be all your own fault, because you wouldn't remain in the station to which you were born."

Leslie's secret thought was that not a few of the slum denizens he sought to benefit were far better born than he; but, without arguing the point, he continued:

"I met some Woodstead people at a dinner-party the other night—the Longs: you know them, don't you?—and they told me there has been great excitement over a dastardly robbery from Miss Violet Raynor in one of the public roads here. It must have been very unpleasant for her, as she was all alone. I hope she's none the worse for the shock and the fright?"

"Oh, dear, no—not a bit," said Lilian calmly. "So that is the secret of your sudden appearance, is it, my dear brother?" she added to herself.

"She might easily have been hurt," persisted Leslie. "Suppose she had been knocked down by the cowardly ruffian, with no assistance near! Have you seen her since it happened?"

"Oh, dear, yes! She was at a ping-pong party at the Millers' only yesterday."

"They took up some man from Woodstead on suspicion, but nothing came of it," said his mother. "A clerk, or something of that kind. These country police are such dolts!"

Leslie sat twiddling with an old Dutch spoon he had picked up from the silver-table, for some time before he spoke again. It had a mimic windmill at the top, and he seemed to find pleasure in making the sails revolve. "Do you know," he said diffidently, at last, "I think it would be only civil if I went round to the Raynors' to inquire how Miss Violet is. Sometimes a shock isn't felt until days afterwards; and I'm sure it must have been very unpleasant for a refined girl like her to be dragged into the police court."

"Well, as I told you, she was at the Millers', playing ping-pong for all she was worth, yesterday," returned Lilian drily. "But, of course, if you wish—though I tell you beforehand that she hates any allusion to the affair, and nearly snaps your nose off if you mention it."

"Ah! That shows she has had a serious shock!" said chivalrous Leslie, and he rang the bell to order the dogcart to take him to Elmfield. Lilian shrugged her shoulders as the door closed behind him.

"It's pretty evident he's awfully gone upon Violet Raynor," she remarked. "He has come down on purpose to see her, though I don't suppose she will have any fortune, unless a few hundreds when her father dies. And Leslie will be very foolish if he doesn't marry somebody with money."

"Good gracious, yes!" cried Mrs. Harper, sitting bolt upright. "The daughter of a beggarly country lawyer? What can he be thinking of?"

"Oh, Leslie never had a spark of common sense! But don't excite yourself, mother. I fancy—though I am not sure—that if I should ever want to, I may be able to put a spoke in Miss Violet's wheel one of these days. Time will show."

Unconscious of these strictures, Leslie reached Elmfield about tea-time, and found the whole family assembled, except Mr. Raynor, who was still at his office. Other visitors were present, and the one topic was Violet's recent adventure, which they persisted in discussing, despite her manifest unwillingness. Leslie listened while he drank his tea, and when the strangers had gone drew his chair beside hers. "I do hope you were none the worse for that scoundrel's dastardly attack," he said eagerly. "I notice you don't like to speak of it. No wonder."

Violet's eyes fell before the ardent sympathy expressed in his. "Oh, of course, it was horrible to have to appear before the magistrates, and see my name in the local papers!" she answered hastily.

"I should think so, especially as the fellow was not caught and punished as he deserved. It seems strange that, if he were really innocent, this young Collier should be possessed of one of the stolen notes."

"So everybody thinks," said Gerald. "Indeed, the general impression is that he's keeping something back—and meanwhile I don't suppose he'll find his position very pleasant with his fellow-clerks and the rest of Woodstead."

"But that seems to me shamefully unjust!" interposed Margaret, with kindling eyes. "I know a little about him: he used to be at the wood-carving class last winter, and I should say

be would be the last man to rob anybody of anything! He was acquitted by the magistrates, and surely the matter ought to be allowed to drop now!"

"His father was an awful scamp—let us in for a lot of money over a mortgage he tried to negotiate," replied Gerald. "I never knew a more unprincipled liar than Edmund Collier."

"But that's no reason his son should be bad too," urged Margaret. "And I don't believe he is—I like his face."

Whereat Gerald and Violet with one consent began to laugh, ridiculing the idea that there could be anything in physiognomy. It was *so* like Margaret to espouse the cause of people who were down, Violet observed to Leslie, quite failing to see that, without intending it, she had paid her sister a very high compliment.

But Miss Raynor stuck valiantly to her guns. "When a man has been declared innocent he should be regarded as such. You yourself, Violet, declared that he was not the man you met in Briar Lane; and I can't see that the fact that his father was bad has anything to do with it whatever. No man ought to be held answerable for his father's sins."

"Well, it's the way of the world to do it, as you'll find," said Gerald. "There'll always be a doubt attaching to this young Collier now."

"Then it will be most unfair!" cried Margaret indignantly. As her dark eyes flashed, and her cheeks glowed, she was really very pretty for the moment; so much so that Leslie caught himself wondering whether some people might not admire her continual change of expression more than Violet's colder beauty.

Then Mr. Raynor came in, to welcome young Harper warmly, for he had taken a fancy to him; and as he pressed Leslie to stay to dinner, saying that Gerald would lend him anything he needed in the way of dress, the visitor consented. They had a pleasant evening, with no cards, but some merry games of ping-pong, in which Mr. Raynor surpassed all the young people, who attempted ambitious tennis-strokes, less successful than his simpler methods. And at eleven o'clock Leslie drove home, well pleased to have escaped the senseless gambling which would have been inevitable in his father's house.

Like Charlie Collier, the doctrine of heredity was falsified in his case; for Leslie had no single point of resemblance to any of his family. His training at Oxford, where he had had the fortune to get into the thoughtful, earnest set who view life as a state of probation, and not as a mere playground, had done much for him; and the sad death of his chosen friend had done still more. He had never been an idle, selfish trifler; from his earliest years a sense of heavy responsibility—nay, something almost approaching the idea of expiation—had sobered him, and kept him from the indulgences open to a rich man's son. He knew that much, if not most, of his father's wealth had been acquired in ways which would not bear the light; and worse still, so far from being of benefit to any living soul, it was merely being squandered in ways which were distinctly demoralising to a large section of the community. And it seemed to Leslie that some day there must surely be a reckoning for these things; that justice could not sleep for ever; that the fortune so abused and misused must certainly bring misfortune in the long run upon its possessors. And so, whilst he had the means and the leisure, he devoted himself to doing what little he could to lessen the crying evils of our time; gathering a class of rough lads about him for games and gymnastics in the evenings, giving lectures and friendly talks to working men, studying the problems of over-crowding, endeavouring to create in the minds of young clerks and office boys a taste for something better than the public house and the betting ring. If in general the results obtained were disappointingly small in proportion to the labour expended, at least he had the satisfaction every true man feels at being up and doing.

Shallow observers, knowing he was Lewis Harper's son, marvelled greatly at the utter disparity in tastes prevailing between him and his father. Nor would they have been enlightened had they been told that it was being Lewis Harper's son which made Leslie what he was. It was because his family were quite content to tarry in the plain of selfish indulgence and ignoble ease that he never ceased to hear sounding in his ears the Voice which bade him escape for his life to the mountains—that Voice which has called so many men, from the earliest dawn of history, from evil surroundings to the higher life of self-sacrifice. And though some have resolutely closed their ears to that solemn Voice, whilst others, like Lot's wife, have gone a little way and then turned back, the great glory of persevering to the end has been the lot of too many for even the sceptical world of to-day to doubt the reality of their call.

[END OF CHAPTER TEN.]

IN A FRIGID LAND.

By Day Allen Willey.



(Photo: R. E. Holloway, St. John's, Newfoundland.)

WHEN LIFE IS MENACED: FISHING SCHOONER CAUGHT IN A FLOATING ICE FIELD.

ONE of the most interesting possessions of Great Britain is a land which is far removed from ordinary civilisation, being a peninsula which borders the North Atlantic ocean and the Gulf of St. Lawrence for a distance of over one thousand miles. Travellers have called this region the land of fogs, bergs, dogs, and cod, and pronounced it unfit for human habitation except during two or three months of the Arctic summer; but Labrador is the abode of no fewer than eight thousand white people who are the King's subjects, while in the Eskimo villages which fringe the shore are about two thousand of these quaint people. During the summer, however, from twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand people from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia migrate to Labrador to seek a livelihood in the fisheries, so that fully thirty thousand human beings dwell upon the waters in the vicinity of the coast and upon the coast itself.

It is a land where one must be brave to seek a livelihood, and it can be said that the people who have taken up their abode along its rocky shores are as brave as any which pay allegiance to any government, for they are as patriotic and loyal as though they lived in the heart of England itself, yet the hardships which they endure would discourage many who are residents of a country more favoured by nature. Depending chiefly upon the waters around the peninsula, which are filled with not only fish, but contain schools of whales, and in the season many seals, their calling forces them to embark in their little vessels during storm and sunshine alike. Often they are caught in the ice, and many a crew has been rescued only

after its members were nearly dead from cold and hunger. Owing to the great length of the coast-line, the few settlements are many miles apart, and the majority of them have no one to render medical aid, the faithful missionaries who have been sent out by various religious denominations often performing the services of physician as well as giving religious advice.

To relieve the suffering and destitute, within the last few years a number of vessels have been fitted out by generous people to cruise along the coast rendering service wherever possible. Most of these relief ships can hardly be called by this name as they are very small craft, some not as large as the ordinary fishing schooners. Yet they have done a great work of mercy, although the physicians in charge have faced dangers and undergone hardships which prove them to be heroes indeed. The pioneer was the *Albert*, which crossed the Atlantic from England in 1892, and for four years sailed up and down the coast entering the various harbours and sometimes anchoring for days among fleets of fishing vessels, while the medical men administered remedies and performed surgical operations. They also distributed books and papers, especially among the crews of the fishing vessels, to while away the many dreary hours. During the first year engaged in this service, no fewer than nine hundred patients were treated and thirty-five harbours were visited. During the next year so many were the calls for assistance that two thousand five hundred persons were relieved in various ways.



(*Photo: R. E. Holloway, St. John's, Newfoundland.*)

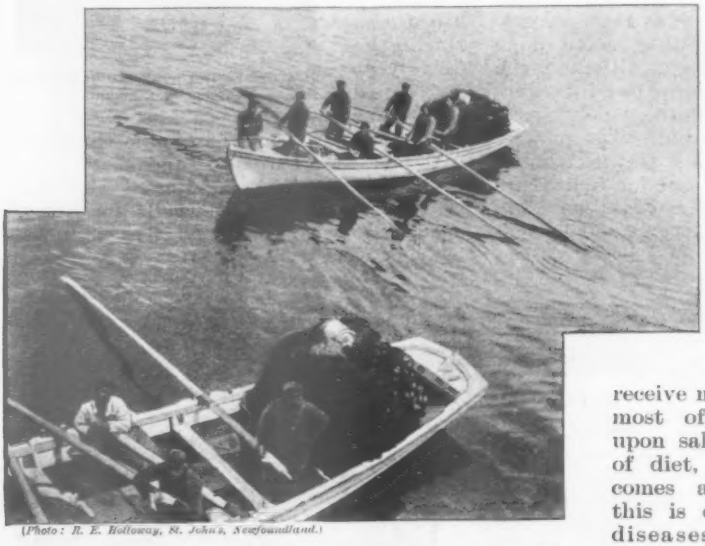
HEAD OF ESKIMO DOG USED IN HAULING SLEDGES IN LABRADOR.



(*Photo: R. E. Holloway, St. John's, Newfoundland.*)

WHAT THE LABRADOR PEOPLE DEPEND UPON FOR A LIVELIHOOD: CODFISH.

Such has been the interest manifested both in England and Newfoundland in the voyages of these vessels that a little steamer specially constructed is now in commission. It is called the *Strathcona*, named after Lord Strathcona, who has been instrumental in having it constructed for the Royal National Mission, which inaugurated the relief work. The *Strathcona* is constructed of steel, and though but eighty-four tons in size it contains a hospital having accommodation for a dozen patients as well as compartments for medicines, food suitable for the sick, and other supplies. The steamer is in charge of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, who first engaged in the work on the *Albert*. Dr. Grenfell is assisted by Drs. Bobarat and Curwen and by two warm-hearted women, Misses Cecilia Williams and Ada Cawardine, who are trained nurses. The *Strathcona* no longer crosses the ocean at the end of the season, but remains in port either in Newfoundland or Labrador, and the physicians, and sometimes the nurses, continue their work on shore, often making visits overland when the necessity arises. These journeys are made with the aid of snow-shoes and sometimes in dog sledges, and may be from fifty to one hundred miles in length.



(Photo: R. E. Holloway, St. John's, Newfoundland.)

THE BOAT FISHERMEN OF LABRADOR GOING OUT TO SET THEIR NETS

Thanks to the attitude displayed by the Church of England and the Wesleyan Church, a number of mission stations have been established on the peninsula by English organisations, while the Moravians have also become deeply interested in not only religious work but in general relief, one of these missionaries having been located in Labrador for over thirty years. As the result, some of the larger towns, such as Indian Harbor, Battle Harbor, and Hopedale, include not only churches and schools, but hospitals, where Eskimos as well as whites who are seriously afflicted can be accommodated for treatment. These structures are crudely but substantially built, and truly form oases in this country of desolation. They are as well known to the few Indians and Eskimos who inhabit the island as to the fisher folk, and sometimes patients are brought over five hundred miles in vessels and on dog sledges to receive medical treatment. As most of the people depend upon salted food as an article of diet, scurvy at times becomes almost epidemic, and this is one of the principal diseases which must be checked, if possible.

It is during the short summer season that the people seek the sea for means of their subsistence. The fishermen having vessels go on cruises, which may last a fortnight or more, catching the cod-fish by lines from the deck of the vessel also with what are called trap nets, which are set in various locations where schools of fish have been found, and visited daily in small boats. Sometimes one of the nets will contain two or three boat-loads, so that as fast as the boat is filled it is rowed or sailed back to the fishing schooner, a distance of perhaps five or six miles, unloaded, and returns for a fresh fare. In the busy season the fishing is sometimes carried on by night as well as day, the crews merely stopping for



(Photo: R. E. Holloway, St. John's, Newfoundland.)

ONE OF THE PERILOUS TASKS OF FISHER`: RAISING A TRAP NET.

meals and when they are literally exhausted. A large number of people go out from shore and fish from small boats or set nets within sight of land, bringing their boat-loads into the coves, where the women and children spread them out for drying and salting, the process by which they are cured for market. Fortunately the waters about the island form one of the greatest fishing grounds in the world, and sometimes the crew of a schooner will secure enough in a season to support their families during the many months when the Arctic winter keeps them prisoners in their settlements, and leave them perhaps a little profit. Most of the fish is sold to the Newfoundland merchants, who send agents in vessels regularly during the season to buy them, in addition to maintaining a large fleet of fishing craft themselves in these waters during the summer.

But every year many lives are lost owing to the various dangers which attend the occupation, and during the winter the people are almost entirely cut off from the rest of the world, so that the mission stations are practically the only sources of relief during this season. To reach families which need help, nearly all of the stations have dog trains, which consist of rude sledges drawn by eight or twelve of the native Eskimo dogs—animals so hardy and inured to the cold that a team will haul a load of from one hundred to two hundred pounds twenty-five and thirty miles in a day over the snow-fields and the ice-covered bays and inlets. The missionaries in charge are fearless and devoted in their



(Photo: R. E. Holloway, St. John's, Newfoundland.)

ONE OF THE PROMINENT ESKIMOS AT LABRADOR.

duty, and more than one has lost his life, being frozen to death whilst on a mission of mercy. In connection with the stations are also several missionary vessels, which go from harbour to harbour where there is no church, the clergyman on board holding services, sometimes on the ship performing marriage ceremonies or christening children, while often they reach a place in time to pay the last rites to the dead. Nearly all of the mission vessels have steam power as well as sails, and, in addition to their religious work, have performed a good service in giving relief, for they are supplied with medicines, food, clothing and other stores to be distributed among those in distress.

In spite of what has been done, however, during each winter terrible suffering is endured. The temperature frequently becomes so low that it is dangerous for one to venture beyond the rude huts which are called homes, and many a one has been found amid the snow and ice with some portion of the body so badly frozen that it had to be amputated with no surgeon at hand.

Under the circumstances it is not surprising that a strong religious feeling exists among a great majority of this people, while their gratitude to the brave men and women who have thus endeavoured to help them is touching. When one of the relief vessels anchors among a group of fishing craft, the choicest of their catch are taken aboard by the captains, and should any of the crew pay a visit to one of the schooners, he is treated as a guest of honour. In a number of instances the mission ships, as well as the hospital ships, have met with accidents, either running ashore or encountering some other danger. If the mishap occurred near a settlement or where any of the fishermen were engaged, every boat in the fleet would go to the rescue if necessary. In fact, this fleet of mercy is as well known along the Labrador coast and the coast of Newfoundland, as an English or French war vessel, and it is unnecessary to say that, when one enters a harbour or comes in sight of a fishing fleet, its presence is hailed with pleasure.



(*Photo: E. E. Holloway, St. John's, Newfoundland.*)

MORAVIAN MISSION STATION AMONG THE ESKIMOS AT HOPEDALE, SHOWING SCHOOL, HOSPITAL, AND CHURCH.

Scripture Illustrations & Anecdotes

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

JUNE 21ST, 1903.—**St. Paul's Charge to Timothy.**
Passage for reading—2 *Tim.* iii. 14—iv. 8.

POINTS. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

1. Make wise to salvation.
2. Are inspired by God.
3. Are to be faithfully taught.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Bible the Interpreter of Truth.** If a man in the night, by the light of a lamp, is trying to make out his chart, and there is storm in the heavens and storm upon the sea, and someone knocks that lamp out of his hand, what is to be done? The storm is above and the storm is below, and the chart lies dark, so that he cannot find it out — that is all. If it were daylight he could see the chart well enough; but there being no light, and the lamp on which he depended for light being knocked out of his hand, he cannot avail himself of that which is before him. And the same is true of much of the Bible. It is an interpreter. It is a lamp to our feet and a light to our path. And those truths which have their exposition in the Bible, and which are a revelation of the structure of the world and of the Divine nature and government, do not depend for their truth upon the Bible itself. They are only interpreted and made plain by it.—*Beecher.*

God in the Bible. In the diamond fields of South Africa a diamond was found to which was given the title of "fly-stone." Placed under a magnifying-glass you saw enclosed, in all its brilliancy, a little fly, with body, wings, and eyes in a most perfect state of preservation. How it came there no one knows, but no human skill can take it out. So, in Holy Scripture, the Spirit of God is found in a place from which no power of man can remove it.

The Bible the One Book. There is an old proverb, "Beware of the man of one book." He is a terrible antagonist. A man who has his Bible at his fingers' ends and in his heart's core is a champion in the army of God—you cannot compete with him. You may have an armoury of weapons, but his knowledge of Scripture will overcome you, for it is a sword like that of Goliath, of which it was said, "There is none like it." An aged saint, fond of books, put away, in the latter part of his life, all other books, and read nothing but this. He was a scholarly man, yet he was monopolised by the one book, and was made mighty by it. If we are driven to do the same by necessity, let us remember that some have done it by choice; and let us not bemoan our lot, for the Scriptures will be sweeter than honey to our taste, and will make us wiser than the ancients.—*Spurgeon.*

JUNE 28TH.—**Review.**
Summary Text—2 *Tim.* iv. 18.

POINTS. THE BLESSEDNESS OF GOD'S SERVANTS.

1. They are kept from harm.
2. They have a sure inheritance.
3. God's glory to be seen in all.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Watchful Providence.** There is an aged Christian in Dublin who passed through the following eventful experience:—'Some years since," he said, "I was travelling on horseback in one of the country districts, when the sudden report of a pistol-shot reached me. I was satisfied that I had been aimed at, but also was thankfully conscious that I had escaped harm. Hastening onwards, I reached my home in safety and entered the house. It had been my custom for years to carry a small Bible in the breast-pocket of my coat. Taking it out on this occasion, judge of my surprise at finding a leaden bullet embedded in the leaves. It had penetrated as far as the Gospel of St. John. Removing the bullet, and opening the book at the spot where it had rested, my eye fell upon the words, 'Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given Me.'"

What Heaven Is. A scoffing infidel of considerable talents, being once in the company of a person of but small intellect, but of genuine piety, and thinking, no doubt, that he should obtain an easy triumph in the display of his wit, put the question to him, "I understand, sir, that you expect to go to Heaven when you die; can you tell me what sort of place Heaven is?" "Yes, sir," replied the Christian; "Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people, and if your soul is not prepared for it, you, with all your boasted wisdom, will never enter there."

Glory Claimed for God Alone. Cromwell, in announcing the victory at the battle of Naseby to the Speaker of the House of Commons, added, "Sir, this is none other but the hand of God. To Him alone give the glory, wherein none are to share with Him." Would not St. Paul have

said the same about *his* conquests? He had made numerous converts, baffled his enemies, convinced his opponents, preached before kings, been saved from shipwreck. He ascribed all the power and glory to God.

JULY 5TH.—Israel asking for a King.

Passage for reading—1 *Sam. viii.* 1—10.

POINTS. 1. The cause—Samuel's sons unsatisfactory.
2. The request—showing rejection of God.
3. The answer—petition granted, to their future punishment.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Religious Training.** "It is already a hard case for me," the late Queen Victoria wrote with reference to the pressure of public business which prevented her from giving to the little Princess Royal all the attention that she wished, "that my occupations prevent my being with her when she says her prayers," and the following note of instructions respecting religious training was drawn up by the young mother of twenty-five for the guidance of her deputies in this important work:—"I am quite clear that she should be taught to have great reverence for God and for religion, but that she should have the feeling of devotion and love which our Heavenly Father encourages His earthly children to have for Him, and not one of fear and trembling; and that the thoughts of death and an after-life should not be presented in an alarming and forbidding view, and that she should be made to know *as yet* no difference of creeds."

Resignation in Prayer. We read that when Socrates prayed his petition was only this—that the gods would give to him those things that were good. And this he did, forasmuch as they alone knew what was good for man. But he who should ask for gold or silver, or increase of dominion, acted not, in his opinion, more wisely than one who should pray for the opportunity to fight or gamble, or anything of a like nature, the consequences whereof being altogether doubtful, might turn, for aught he knew, not a little to his own disadvantage.

Prayed, Answered, but not for Good. A beautiful boy, the only child of a widowed mother, lay on his bed apparently dying. The mother, a professedly religious woman, fell on her knees and, in an agony of almost frenzied grief, implored God to spare her child. She forgot to add "If it be Thy will." She would take no denial! And God heard her prayer and answered it in her own way, and spared the child's life. But, alas! the boy grew up to be a curse to her, and after a few years of dissipation he ruined his mother, and himself had to flee to a distant land. The mother died broken-hearted. How much better to have let the will of God be done, and the child taken in its innocence from the evil to come.

JULY 12TH.—Saul Chosen King.

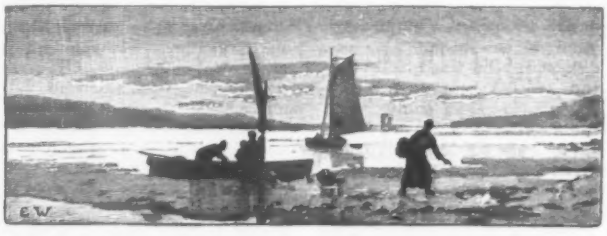
Passage for reading.—1 *Sam. x.* 17—27.

POINTS. 1. Saul chosen by God.
2. Saul accepted by the people.
3. Begins his reign well.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Garibaldi.** In all the great crises of Garibaldi's life there was a deep undertone of religious feeling. "God first, and the country next," he would often say to his men. He believed that God had raised him up for a special purpose, and that he was often protected in danger by Divine interposition. He thought he saw his mother praying for him in the thick of the fight. She had taught him in his childhood noble lessons of religion and patriotism, and he believed that his life was given to her intercessory prayers.

The Coronation. There were many and important functions among the late coronation ceremonies. It was a solemn and impressive scene when the King and Queen received, at the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the emblems of Christ's body and blood, the spiritual food to strengthen them for their high and great office. And there was another very stirring scene when the King was presented in turn to the different classes of his subjects—lords and nobles of high degree, bishops and other classes of ministers, barons and knights—to all in turn the King was presented as their Sovereign, and all in turn, with loud shouts of joy and welcome, accepted him as King. The Israelites at Mizpah shouted "God save the King!" as a welcome to Saul, and the lords, ladies, and commoners welcomed King Edward VII. with the same words in Westminster Abbey, and the song has gone from land to land throughout all England's vast domains as a prayer to the King of Kings, "God save our King and Queen!"

General Havelock. A friend once asked the wife of Havelock how her husband bore himself during the terrible conflicts in India. She replied, "I know not, but I know he is trusting in God and doing his duty." These glorious words may bind us all together; wherever we are and whatever our work, be it that of a king or a labourer, if those who know us best can say with certainty when asked about us, "They are trusting in God and doing their duty," we shall have the blessed peace that was given to Havelock.—*Dean Stanley.*



The Gardener Harry.

by Nora Tynan O'Mahony

A Complete Story.



HEN Doctor Maunsell died, leaving his delicate wife and daughters almost totally unprovided for, great was the head - shaking and foreboding of the wiseacres of their neighbourhood as to what would become of them. For one thing, poor sickly Mrs. Maunsell, with her weak chest and asthma, would surely be but a broken reed to depend on—more of a hindrance, indeed, than a help in their difficulties. Now if the girls had been sensibly brought up, and given some profession or occupation of their own, what a difference it would have made to them now! To be sure, Gretta and Bessie were only children as yet, but that great tall tomboy Harry ought to have been at something useful long ago. It was really extraordinary how people could be so blind and improvident not to look forward and be prepared for an emergency such as this. Of course, they would have to give up their nice house, dismiss the servants, and take rooms somewhere in the town. So all the busybodies and wise-acres predicted.

But somehow it never seemed to enter gentle Mrs. Maunsell's head that she was in any way bound to give up Clonmellon, the pretty two-storied house, covered with clematis and Virginia creeper, which stood at the end of the village, with its trim, well-kept garden, and windows a blaze of flowers, the envy and admiration of every passer-by. She had lived there since her wedding-day, eighteen years ago, and she never thought of making a new home now.

To be sure, she must dismiss Rielly, the old man who fulfilled during all that time the double office of gardener and coachman, and she must sell the two horses and the brougham and the high dog-cart in which her husband had been used to go his daily rounds. She must send away Mary, the housemaid, too, and try to manage with the sole services of Anne, who had been the children's nurse in days gone by, and latterly had taken up the duties of cook and kitchenmaid in one.

Fortunately Mrs. Maunsell had a small income of her own, left her by her father, a mere matter of sixty or seventy pounds yearly, of which she had thought very little in former days. But now it was something to be grateful for. Her husband, too, had luckily bought out the interest in Clonmellon, so that she need only pay the small yearly headrent of £7. She was a hopeful woman, and made up her mind that they would manage along somehow till the girls were old enough to be of use.

But there was the difficulty. Gretta and Bessie, who were studious, sedate little creatures, were too young as yet for one to think of putting them to any business or profession; whilst Harry, the oldest, and the tomboy of the family, could never be induced to study anything. Now if Gretta had been the oldest she could have taken up teaching or typewriting or something of the sort. Mrs. Maunsell thought with a sigh of her friend Mrs. Mackay, whose daughters

had opened a typewriting and scrivenery office of their own, and of her old school-fellow Jane Elliot, whose girls made a living by illuminating. But Harry! As well think of chaining up a young hare, or a bird of the forest, and expecting them to do such things. And yet—would she have had the dear child different?

It seemed, indeed, as if Harry had never been meant to live under a roof, like mere ordinary mortals. In the spare hours when Vixen, the Doctor's old hunter, was not requisitioned by him, Harry would ride her wildly all over the country, taking hedges and ditches in her flight, fearless as a bird on the wing; and at the meets of the local hunt, she was always one of the first in at the finish, from the days when she had been able to ride at all, on the little black pony, since dead, which had been a present from her father on her seventh birthday.

When Vixen was not to be had, she would set off, with no other companion than her Irish terrier Jack, for long country walks, over rough roads and hills and across green fields, taking whichever path came first, and crossing hedges and high walls and mountain streams as if they were the most trifling of obstacles. A pretty figure she made, too, coming back from those long solitary rambles, in her scarlet Connemara cloak, her face flushed with the bracing exercise and her brown hair tossed in the wind.

The only time Harry ever became useful was when she could help old Rielly in the garden, pruning and budding rose-trees, weeding the beds of flowers, sowing the seeds in springtime, and gathering them again in autumn. Indeed, she did not disdain rougher work than this, taking a spade in her hand and using it with a will and to some purpose, at other times raking up the garden walks, or rolling the velvet lawn to a still more velvety softness.

"'Twas the pity o' the world," Rielly would say, with a sigh, "that Miss Harry wasn't born a boy. She'd make an elegant gardener, she had such use of her hands. An' there wasn't a flower in the garden, no, nor a blossom or blade in the fields either, but Miss Harry knew the name of it and all about it."

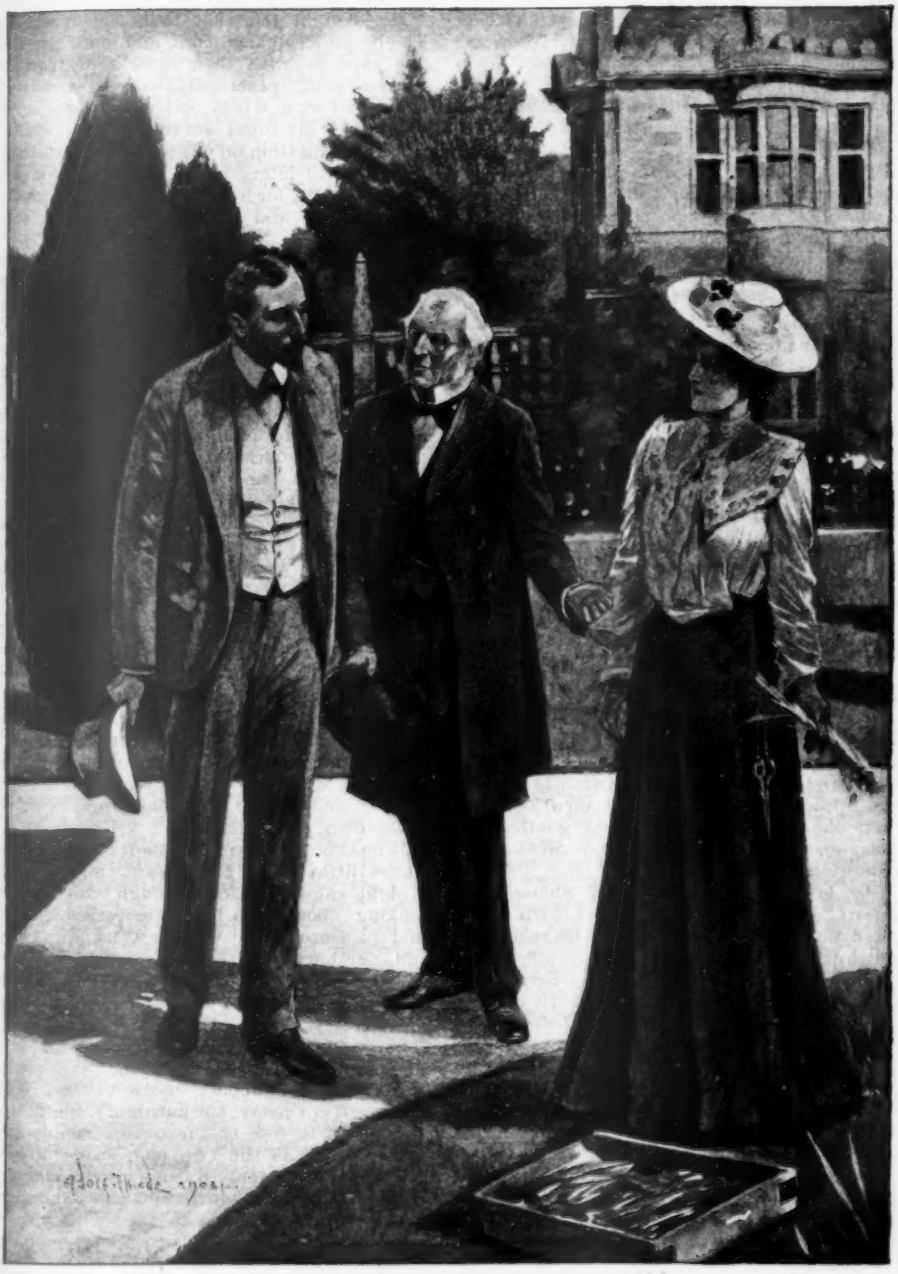
When Rielly was gone, Harry grew perforce more steadily industrious, for at all costs the garden could not lie neglected. It gave her something like a physical pain to see a plant droop and languish for want of water, or grow thin and ill nourished and hurt by the impertinent encroachment of weeds.

And it was wonderful how those self-same weeds would grow! In spite of constant care on her part, it took her all her time to keep the place in fair order. Sometimes she found herself wishing that she had Rielly back again—not that she grudged her own time and work to it, but there was so much more than she could do unaided—even if she had someone to do the rougher part of the work for her; but it was hardly to be thought of at present. Then slowly and by degrees a plan evolved itself in Harry's mind by which she might not only be able to make the garden pay for itself, but also to help her mother a little bit too. She would begin to grow fruit and flowers and vegetables for market, even if she had to begin in the smallest possible way.

At first it was only a small beginning indeed. She started by sending such flowers and fruit as she already had at her disposal to Dublin each Tuesday and Friday, the best market days. Not having either a horse, trap, or man at her disposal, she sent them neatly packed in baskets or wooden boxes, by the baker's man, who passed the market on his way home each evening. He knew Harry since her babyhood, and was only too glad to be of service to her.

After a while, she felt that the proceeds of these sales would justify her in employing a boy to help her at a small wage. With his aid, she had a much wider field to work upon. In addition to the fruit and flowers, she was now able to send baskets of peas, lettuces, celery and all kinds of early vegetables to market, besides keeping their own kitchen supplied with a variety it had not known even in Rielly's days. She learned her work better as each week went by, realising that without constant care and tilling and manuring, her wares would not fetch the highest price. That year she made a five-pound note by the sale of raspberries alone; and then there were the currants black and red and white, the gooseberries, apples, pears, plums, and the grapes in the greenhouse. She began to wish now that she had more glass at her disposal, so that she could go in more extensively for grapes, and for tomato growing, which she was told would be very profitable.

She felt pretty thoroughly at home in her work before the second year ended. She knew her market, too, and learned to look ahead for sale days likely to be more than usually profitable. At Easter, at Whitsuntide, and all during the month of May she knew that flowers would fetch a good price, being required in large quantities for the churches. Even the resources of the fields were not neglected. Before St. Patrick's Day she took Gretta and Bessie and old Anne the cook out, to help her to pick great boxes of real shamrocks, for which she received not only a good price, but also a letter from her sales



"'This is the young lady of whom I told you.'"—*p.* 814.

man complimenting her on their quality and condition. In the spring she sent wild primroses, cowslips, marsh marigolds, yellow flaggers and rushes and all sorts of wild flowers; in summer woodbine and wild roses, moon daisies, poppies and grasses; in the autumn great baskets of mushrooms and blackberries. She flattered herself she had started quite a new Irish industry.

By-and-by their own garden proved too small for her scope, and she began to think of enlarging her field of industry. She made up her mind, if possible, to have Rielly back again to help her, since she now had a good balance in hand each week, even after the boy Peter's wages had been paid.

At the back of Clonmellon was a great park, Shanganagh, with a lonely, untenanted house in its midst, surrounded by terraces, and gardens, and orchards. It had been without an inhabitant as long as Harry could remember; and, indeed, she almost looked upon its reputed owner as a myth. For years back there had been displayed on the ancient pillars of the gateway a notice, "To be Let," and at the foot of the placard was written, "For particulars, apply to Mr. John Knight, Solicitor, Main Street, Ardcath."

From the back windows of Clonmellon, Harry had often gazed wistfully into the high-walled garden with its tangle of roses, and across the orchards, with the apple and pear trees laden with pink and white blossom or golden sun-tinted fruit. She began to wish now that she could induce old Mr. Knight, whom she knew very well, to let her have the use of the garden, with its fruits and flowers, for a moderate yearly rent. She wondered at her own boldness when she walked into the old gentleman's office one April morning and made the suggestion.

"To let you the gardens of Shanganagh House?" he said, looking at her with a surprised amusement as he took off his spectacles and slowly rubbed them in a huge silk handkerchief. "Why, my dear young lady, what on earth would you be doing with them?"

"I am going in for market-gardening now, you know, Mr. Knight."

She felt a little hurt by his amused look and the fact that he evidently had not heard of, or else had forgotten, the success of her enterprise. She was nineteen now, and a very responsible person in her own opinion.

"Well, well, we'll see about it, we'll see about it, child. But you must wait a few days till I think it over. You know the owner has been away travelling this many years back."

"Do, please, let me have it, Mr. Knight," she pleaded. "I will give you a fair rent for it; and, surely, you might as well let me have the use of the place, and keep it in order, as have it run to ruin for want of care."

Mr. Knight felt that that was quite true. The house at Shanganagh, and more especially the gardens, with their wealth of fruit and flowers going practically to loss, was really somewhat of a white elephant, and a serious trouble to his mind at times. The result of a little meditation on his part was that Harry, a few days later, found herself the proud yearly tenant, for a trifling rent, of the gardens and orchards and greenhouses of Shanganagh House.

The neighbours, of course, shook their heads at the folly of such an undertaking, and prophesied nothing but disaster to come of it. But Harry was not in the least afraid. Before the year was out she had put quite a new complexion on the place. The gardens were trim and tidy, every flower-bed stocked to overflowing with roots, and plants, and seedlings. The fruit trees and vines were pruned and nourished; the greenhouses had every broken pane mended. She had now two extra boy helpers, besides old Rielly and Peter, and she had bought a spring-cart and a steady old grey mare to carry her produce to market. People began to flock to the gardens for young bedding plants, shrubs, and seedlings, the sale of which Harry found to pay extremely well. She had now become a nursery-man, or rather woman, of some standing and reputation. Mrs. Maunsell's cares grew steadily less each day, and Gretta's and Bessie's schooling and music lessons were paid for with the results of Harry's labours. And Harry was more than rewarded when her mother would look fondly at her and stroke her hair, and call her "her own good Harry."

When she had been the tenant of Shanganagh for a little over two years, one day Mr. Knight came walking through the gardens, looking about him with increased surprise and pleasure as he went. With him was a tall, sun-burnt gentleman, wearing a pointed beard, and with a slightly foreign air about him, that for Harry had a decided charm and interest.

She was busy lifting the roots from a bed of jonquils, now past flowering, and putting them into flat wooden boxes to dry, before storing them away till autumn. She flushed the daintiest rose colour to the roots of her brown hair, as the two men came towards her, and she suddenly became vividly conscious of her clay-stained gloves and skirt and shoes.

Mr. Knight looked at her with his old amused smile, which Harry found more embarrassing and even irritating now than ever.

"This is the young lady of whom I told you, who has rented the gardens these past two years," he said. "And we must

acknowledge, Sir Phelim," he went on, "that she has made a vast improvement in the appearance of the place. It was fast going, if not indeed gone, to ruin, and I'm sure we both owe her a debt of gratitude for the work she has done."

The stranger had taken off his hat and bowed with a grave politeness. Harry bowed in return, devoutly thankful that the etiquette of the occasion did not involve the offering of such a grubby hand as hers, and wishing furiously that she was not so foolish as to blush as she did. She felt the stranger's blue eyes fixed on her with something that looked like a quizzical admiration, and she did not like it a bit.

After exchanging a few polite commonplaces, the two men moved on, and Harry continued her work, meditatively wondering if Sir Phelim had come home for good and if this was to be the end of her happy gardening days here. She sighed regretfully at the thought.

After that there was an unusual commotion and bustle each day about the great old house in Shanganagh. Workmen came, carpenters and plumbers, glaziers and painters; the sound of hammer and saw went on continuously. The outside of the house was painted down, the windows re-glazed, the plumbing and plastering repaired, the walls papered or painted, new window blinds went up, the worn and faded old mahogany furniture was re-covered and renewed. And still there was nothing said of Harry's giving up her tenancy of the garden.

Every day Sir Phelim came down to the garden to talk to her about her flowers and her work, and also to tell her of his own improvements. Once, indeed, he had even invited her and Mrs. Maunsell up to the house to inspect his work, and to ask for her advice and approval, which Harry gave very seriously and conscientiously. By-and-by she felt not a little surprised and pleased to find that the new wall-papers and hangings were all of her selection. She hoped somewhat anxiously that Lady Fitzgerald would be as pleased with her taste as Sir Phelim evidently was.

It was said that Sir Phelim had come home to settle down here with his wife, being tired at last of travelling and of foreign strange lands. He had not visited Shanganagh since he was a little boy of twelve, and that was nearly twenty years ago now. Harry, serious-faced and busy as ever, listened with a curiously heavy heart, which grew heavier and sadder each day to the merry whistling and singing of the workmen. She felt that her happy gardening days at Shanganagh were fast drawing to a close; she might look out for another field to work in as soon as possible, and she knew not where to turn; but she would never be as happy again as she had been here.

One day Sir Phelim came down as usual to where she was at work. It was already past working hours, but to-morrow was market day, and she must get as much done as she could while she still had daylight. It was a soft, delicious June evening; Harry always remembered it. The sun was beginning to sink in a red trail of glory behind the wood at the back of Shanganagh; the rooks cawed noisily in the trees. The scent of the roses hung fragrantly on the moist evening air.

Sir Phelim had asked for some roses to decorate the house; Lady Fitzgerald was expected to arrive to-morrow. Harry felt an absurd, unreasoning sinking at the heart as she listened to the news, and bent her head to hide a flushed cheek, as he watched her from where he carelessly sat, on the edge of an old-fashioned sun-dial.

"She loves roses," he said, "better than any flowers. But there, child, you have enough. You mustn't rob your garden, even for her. Would it be too much to ask you if you could come up with your mother in the morning and fix them in the vases for me, and have a look about the house and see that things are right? I'm afraid my old housekeeper is more concerned with the practical side of things."

Harry felt an unreasoning childish anger against the coming stranger.

"Certainly," she said, a little stiffly. "But I might not be able to arrange things to your wife's taste, you know."

"My wife!" he said, in amazement.

"Yes," she answered, wondering at his air, "Lady Fitzgerald."

"Lady Fitzgerald is my mother, child," he said. "She is coming only for a few days, as she cannot tear herself away from her beloved Paris for a longer time than that, even for the pleasure of her son's society. I have no wife, alas!" Then suddenly he caught her hands in his. "But I will have one, sweetheart, won't I?" he said pleadingly. "Won't you come and share my loneliness?"

Harry all at once felt ready to laugh and cry in the same breath. She was not able to answer him, for fear of doing the latter first.

"Answer me, Harry, darling. I want you to be my wife, my sweetheart, to take care of me and Shanganagh, and everything in it and about it—not forgetting the gardens, of course. Won't you come?"

Her smiles suddenly overcame her tears, and she looked up at him with a roguish little laugh, full of happiness and love and joy.

"Well, for the sake of the gardens——"

He took her in his arms and kissed her.



(*By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool.*)

MOTHERLESS.

(*From the Painting by Arthur Stocks, in the Walker Art Gallery.*)

THE DEAN OF GLOUCESTER AT HOME.

By Raymond Blathwayt.

(With Illustrations from Photographs by Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE very dreamland of history is this beautiful old Deanery of Gloucester. There is no room in England which has so long a story attached to it as the Dean's library, for it was built by Normans some eight hundred and twenty years ago. Think for a moment what that means! Only fifteen or twenty years after the battle of Hastings! That library and the adjacent rooms, those picturesque old bed-rooms have stood there through almost the whole of our rough island story.

Think of the conversations that have taken place upon the varied stirring events of English history, at the moment of their happening, within this house wherein a fire has been lighted every single morning for eight hundred and twenty years. Think of the varied people who have passed through those stately chambers, conversed in those pillared halls, and made their orisons day after day within the shadows of this veritable poem in stone.



THE ENTRANCE HALL: LATE 12TH CENTURY VAULTING.

Right up to the present moment, when we rejoice in the close of the long and weary South African War, the story of England has been told by living lips, as each single chapter of it has slowly unfolded itself, by the dwellers within these storied walls, which themselves are full of their own varied romances.

Here, in one of these rooms, tradition says that the ill-fated William Rufus lay sick nigh unto death, and in that storied chamber he pressed the archbishop's crozier into the reluctant hands of Anselm, who was hurried forthwith into the adjacent abbey-church, where a solemn "Te Deum" was sung in thankfulness to God for his appointment.

The beautiful drawing-room and dining-room formed at one time a large hall, probably once known as the Aula Regia. In this room Richard II. held the famous parliaments known as the Parliaments of Gloucester. Some two and a half centuries later came Laud, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, as Dean, and he put up the exquisite panelling which reaches from floor to ceiling, and which is as fresh and bright as the day when it was first placed there. It was in the Deanery of Gloucester that Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn spent the first eight days of their ill-starred honeymoon, and here it was that James II. "touched" for king's evil.

I stayed for a few days at the Deanery, and I liked to lean out of my deep-embrasured window, looking down upon a little cloistered plot of green, with



THE DINING ROOM.

the great cathedral tower, round which the rooks whirl and scream in a windy sky, frowning down upon the quiet scene, and try and conjure up the people who must have leaned there a thousand thousand times in the long dead past.

William the Conqueror certainly must have been one of them, for he often came to the abbey when it was first built, and his son Rufus was there too, and probably almost all the early Plantagenets slept now and again in those silent rooms. Tudor maidens have sat there, and perchance sighed for the dead chivalry of the brave old Norman days; and Puritan soldiers who visited Colonel Purey, who rented the Deanery during the civil wars, doubtless looked through that window, and envied the quiet life they gazed upon for a moment ere passing into the troublous world again.

And one day thick black smoke floated in upon the breeze, the smoke of the burning of the martyred Bishop Hooper just outside. There is no end to the long memories that knowledge and imagination can conjure up as one sits within the Deanery of Gloucester; for, you see, it is said to be the oldest inhabited house in Great Britain, though possibly Glamis and Raby run it close.

And he who lives there now, what manner of man is he? Picture to yourself, then, a grey-bearded dignitary, clad in the orthodox gaiters and apron, and with an intense restlessness and vivid energy characterising his every movement; a man as full of conversation as, fortunately, he is full of information, for he is widely and deeply read upon a hundred different topics. Dean Spence speaks and writes well in several different languages. A genial and encouraging personality, an earnest and inspiring preacher, he has peopled the vast cathedral, over which he rules so wisely, with an enthusiastic and a devoted congregation, of which men of all classes that go to the making of a large city form not the least part or the least regular attendants.

Talking with him, as we sat in his historic library, hung round now with ancient tapestry and with bookshelves reaching to the ceiling, the whole lighted up with great windows, that in the reign

of Edward III. replaced the old Norman lights, he told me how he wrote those works of his dealing with the golden past of Church and State, which are so rich in picturesque detail, graceful writing, and an indefinable literary charm—books, for instance, such as his "History of the English Church," and his "Early Christianity and Paganism," or "The White Robe of the Churches."

"Well, of course," he replied, "I make the subject my own before I put pen to paper. I try to learn what happened in each year of the period of which I write. I am now engaged in studying the 'Golden Age' of Christianity, the last century of the Roman Empire up to the time when Alaric sacked the Eternal City. This was an age illumined by the greatest churchmen who have ever lived—Athanasius, Basil, the two Gregories, Ambrose, and Augustine, and Hilary—and round these men I group my pictures. In such a way I give it a personal and an individual touch, which it could not otherwise possess. I am studying, too, the civil conditions of life and society in either camp in that same age, Christian and Pagan, and my information I obtain from their own writings, which are voluminous, and from all the best modern authorities: the Duc de Brogile, M. de Villemain; that marvellous professor of the Sorbonne who, alas! was taken from us so early—Ozanam; De Boissier, the Academician, Von Hase and M. Allard—these and many others provide me with rich material. During the writing of my last book I spent several weeks in Rome, mostly buried in the catacombs, or else in studying various authorities and manuscripts in the great libraries. For the writing of my other books I have read much monastic and mediæval literature, commencing from the 'Roman de Rou' of the twelfth century down to Bishop Peacock's 'Repression of Overmuch Blaming of the Clergy' in the fourteenth century, published in the Rolls Series."



THE ROOM AT THE DEANERY TRADITIONALLY ASSOCIATED WITH WILLIAM RUFUS.

It was curious to note the wonderful youthfulness, the perpetual activity—mental and physical—the vivid, vigorous speech, the picturesque and yet exactly descriptive phraseology of the Dean as he talked. Eternally youthful, and with all the enthusiasm and the ideals of youth still clinging to him, and which are, indeed, the inspiration of all his



THE DEAN IN THE LIBRARY.

work, yet it is more than sixty years ago since the Dean first saw the light in a house in St. James's Square which now forms part of the Junior Carlton Club. His father was a well-known Queen's counsel, and a great law writer, who represented Ripon in the House of Commons. The Dean himself was educated at Westminster School, where he was a Queen's scholar. On leaving Westminster, he was nominated to a clerkship in the Board of Trade, where in a very short time he attained considerable proficiency in foreign languages. As private secretary to Sir Douglas Galton he was thrown much into contact with such well-known scientists as Sir Roderick Murchison, Wheatstone, Sir Charles Lyell, and others distinguished in science in the early 'sixties. But after five years at the Board of Trade, and mainly owing to the influence of men like Dean Alford of Canterbury, and Dr. Ellicott, the present aged Bishop of Gloucester, he resolved to take orders, and for that purpose attended lectures in theology at King's College, proceeding a little later to Cambridge, where he eventually took a first in the theological tripos. There he carried off many University prizes and distinctions, and easily obtained the Professorship of English Literature at St. David's, Lampeter. Here he remained for six years, until 1871, when he became Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol and Rector of St. Mary de Crypt, Gloucester. In 1876 he was appointed Principal of the Theological College at Gloucester, where he was beloved by his pupils and admired for his brilliant theological expositions. In 1877 he succeeded the late Bishop Thorold of Winchester as Vicar of St. Pancras, and only left that great and influential position in 1887 on his appointment to the Deanery of Gloucester.

When he came to Gloucester, it must be frankly acknowledged that the cathedral life was to a certain extent a dead letter. But on Dean Spence's arrival all this was speedily changed. Under his transforming influence--and that I write but simple fact any inhabitant of Gloucester will speedily assure you--the mother church of the diocese sprang into life, and activity. The sleep of two hundred years and more was broken, the old life, the old hopes, the old enthusiasms, were awakened, and the cathedral took her place as the mother of all the churches in the diocese. And of the Dean's suc-

cess as a preacher and an organiser let the vast nave services—services which are crowded to the very door with devoted working-men and working-women—eloquently testify. Indeed, the Dean has succeeded in popularising the cathedral, and especially in the ears of the working classes, more almost than any other man of whom I have heard. He has endowed it in many directions, and by varied methods, with a new life and a new meaning for them. For years now he has been in the habit of taking round large parties of mechanics and artisans, of Oddfellows and Foresters, their wives and daughters, and unfolding to them the romance, the story, and the history of the grey old pile which arches itself so splendidly, so eloquently, far above their upturned gaze.

I once followed in his wake as he led some of these simple-minded, wondering folk, fascinated by the charmed lore, poetry, and teaching which fell from his lips. Passing through the beautiful Romanesque nave, with its stern old Norman arches coloured by some fire in the far-off centuries, and through the low-browed arch of the choir screen, he called attention to the difference between the Romanesque nave and its stern massive gravity and the gorgeous picturesqueness and airy lightness of the soaring Perpendicular choir; and he told them, as he dwelt upon the gap of three centuries which elapsed between the building of the one and the perfecting of the other, that that was why he objected to the popular notion of the screen being taken away and the nave and choir being thrown into one. "See," said he, "over the old Romanesque pillars of the eastern portion of the cathedral the Perpendicular builders of Edward III. have thrown a veil of white stone tracery, which has effectually hidden all signs of the older Romanesque work beneath. See how they have taken off the old roof, raised the whole choir many, many feet, until it became the lofty edifice at which you are now looking." The same noble artists of Edward III., he told us, also took out the great east wall—the solid east wall of the Romanesque builder of William the Conqueror—and put in place of that wall another wall of glass, the grand



THE LIBRARY: LATE 11TH CENTURY (BARREL VAULTED).

east window of Gloucester. They filled it, as you see, with that lovely creation of translucent glass—red, and blue, and yellow, the colours which, with all their skill and pains, no twentieth century artist in glass can hope to equal, much less to surpass."

From architecture the Dean went on to history, and he told his listeners of the great dead who were sleeping in that fairy-like choir.

"There," he said, "lies Serlo, the chaplain of the Conqueror, and the first inhabitant of the Deanery, then the Abbot's House, which from his day to the present moment has never been unslept in for a single night: Serlo, the pupil of Lanfranc, who introduced into England the stern cloister life which his master had lived in the old monastery at Bec. There, too, lies Robert, Duke of Normandy, the Conqueror's eldest son and the rightful heir of England, one of the vilest of the vile, a bad son, a bad ruler, a selfish profligate, but who, for love of a beautiful Norman lady—Sybilla of Aversa—contrived for a few years to throw off the false glamour of vice, and who under the spell of that great love showed himself in the first crusade the bravest of the brave: so brave that in that mighty host men say a miraculous light ever shone round his spear; so brave, so devoted, that the chiefs of the great crusading army for a moment halted in their choice between him and Godfrey de Bouillon as the first king of Jerusalem. To make up for his disappointment, the Crusaders appointed Duke Robert's chaplain, Gilbert de Malatesta, as the first patriarch of Jerusalem. And yet in the end," continued the Dean, with a touch of sorrow in his voice, "the poor man fell away when his wife died; and, as he lay, blinded by his brother Henry Beauclerc, a broken-hearted prisoner in Cardiff Castle, his last request was that he should be brought back to the holy abbey of Gloucester he had known so well in the days of his youth, and there be buried. And there he lies beneath that grey stone in front of the 'high altar,' that is his effigy; indeed a touching and a pathetic memory."

Pointing to a great canopied tomb, with a fair alabaster figure, crowned and sceptred, lying still and motionless, the Dean said, "And there lies Edward II., murdered, as most of you know, at Berkeley Castle seventeen miles away from here. In the abbey library the story is told in manuscript how once Prince Edward, afterwards king, was sitting at meat with the abbot probably in the very room in which I now dine every day, and the prince, turning his eyes to the pictures on the wall—pictures probably of tapestry, which represented the kings of England, his own royal ancestors—'Lord abbot,' said he, 'I wonder whether you will ever put me in this picture gallery of yours.' The abbot paused. 'My prince, yes,' said he. 'Yes, in my gallery, in the gallery of my abbey, but in a far nobler place than in my dining-hall.' And how true that was. For five hundred years the effigy of that sad prince, as you now see it, has lain on the right hand of the Holy Table."

"Ah!" continued the Dean as he gazed round the great building and upon his fascinated hearers, "what a magnificent and what a romantic old England lies buried beneath our feet!" And then he pointed to another stately canopy, within which is a rough effigy carved in the reign of great Edward III., and beneath which repose the bones of the great founder of the abbey, the King Osric. "Now there is an interesting story to tell you with reference to that tomb, and one in which I myself took a personal part.

"Osric, you know, was a great Norse chief, and the kinsman and lieutenant or vice-king of the king of Mercia. His father was fourteenth or fifteenth in descent from the god Odin. In the last quarter of the seventh century he ruled over the Hwiccian territory which is now known as Gloucestershire.

"Later in life he became king of Northumbria, and was a friend of the Venerable Bede. Dying, he asked to be buried in the abbey he himself had founded at Gloucester, and through the changing fortunes of this great religious house the bones of its founder were kept with pious care. It was early in Henry VIII.'s reign that they were moved to their present place of high honour. Now before I came here this tomb at which you are looking was considered a mere cenotaph and empty of any mortal remains whatever. But my attention was called to a remark of Leland the historian,

who spoke of the translation of Osric's bones from the Lady Chapel to their present resting-place, and this determined me to open the tomb and ascertain who was right, Leland or modern public opinion.

"The opening was a very solemn and picturesque occasion. In the dead of night, by torchlight, which cast flickering shadows and great lights upon these ancient pillars and stern grey walls, and in the presence of myself and one of the canons and the architect, the tomb was opened, and, bending forward, we saw the coffin and some of the long dead hero's bones."



THE DEANERY GARDEN, DATING FROM THE CLOSE OF THE 11TH CENTURY. THE DEANERY IS SHOWN IN THE BACKGROUND.

As we passed out into the sweet summer evening and watched the long shadows cast by the grand old church, and the birds wheeling round the tower far above our heads, we realised that the building possessed a new charm and a deeper interest for us than ever it had held before. That is one phase of the Dean's work.

But there is yet another and a higher; and it is this latter phase which stamps the Dean's rule as so thoroughly effective and beneficial a one, so far as the populace themselves are concerned.

When he went to Gloucester, the masses entered the great church of the diocese but rarely, if, indeed, they ever entered it at all. To-day the most popular and the best attended services in the diocese are those evening services which the Dean loves so well, and at which he himself preaches, in the great Norman nave. I asked him what kind of sermon, what subject, most interested his Sunday evening auditors.

"Well," he replied, "that is a rather interesting question to answer, and to it there is only one reply, and that is—'The old, old story.' They cannot hear it too often. I have proved that by experience. I have given them sermons on the catacombs of Rome; on the old religious life of their own country; on the new criticism; on the great period of the Reformation, but all in vain. They fell, comparatively speaking, flat."

At seven o'clock that Sunday evening the glorious old nave was crammed from one end to the other, and as the Dean gave out his text (St. John xx. 31) you might have heard a pin fall.

His subject dealt with the personality of our Saviour as put forward by the beloved apostle, whose Gospel, the Dean maintained, differed from all others in that it was written in the very words of the great Master Himself.

His theme here was the momentous question so often asked from the first days until now, "What think ye of Christ?" He dwelt on the reply to this query—contained in fourth Gospel. The

teaching of St. John leaves no possible doubt as to what *he* thought of the Master. . . . The Dean then at some length called attention to the peculiar and unique language of St. John in his Gospel.

"Where did John learn his wonderful style?" asked the preacher. "Whence his language? Out of what quarry did he hew those sayings, so simple and yet so grand: 'I am the bread of life'; 'I am the light of the world'; 'I am the good shepherd': 'I am the resurrection and the life'; 'I am the way, the truth, and the life'?" He called attention to the strange, emphatic repetition of marked words, a repetition monotonous and yet divinely musical.

"St. John's thoughts, his words, his language in a mysterious manner suit all ages and all degrees of education. These words keep coming up to the surface of the memory, they haunt the soul with a blessed persistency. Where did he get them from, these words, these phrases? Where, indeed, but from the Christ Himself." His strange, winning style was no doubt based upon his memory of the method in which Christ set forth to His own the mysteries which concerned Himself and His work with us—in the loved words which so many generations of Christians have prized so deeply we hear the ring of the very words of Jesus.

It will be long before I forget that sermon in that stately Norman nave of Gloucester, with its memories of some eight hundred eventful years.



THE DRAWING ROOM: THE PANELLING WAS ARRANGED BY ARCHBISHOP LAUD, SOMETIME DEAN OF GLOUCESTER.

REAL GENTLE FOLK.

An Address to Boys and Girls by the Rev. E. J. Hardy, M.A., Author of "How to be Happy though Married," "Manners Makyth Man," Etc.

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."—PHILIPPIANS ii. 5.

IT is a mistake to suppose that good manners are the exclusive property of the rich and well educated. They are found wherever there are people with unselfish hearts who try to do to others as they would be done by, and people of this kind are distributed pretty equally amongst all classes.

The following is an instance of good manners being shown at different ends of the social scale. A young lady who came out of an aristocratic house in the West-End of London, when hastening round a street corner, ran against and nearly knocked down a little street Arab. The girl said, "I am very sorry, my poor boy, and hope that you are not hurt; I ask your pardon." The little Arab, taking off the apology for a cap that was upon his head, said: "You can have my parding, and welcome, miss; and the next time you run against me you can knock me down altogether, and I won't mind." And then, turning to his chum, he said: "I say, Jem, that's the first time that ever I had anyone asking my parding; it seemed almost to take me off my feet, it did." An old squire in the West of Ireland called upon the mess of a regiment quartered in the neighbourhood. On going away, he remarked with great consideration: "Now, perhaps you'll be after asking my son Tom to dine with you, but don't do anything of the kind, for he has neither clothes nor manners." Some boys cannot afford good clothes, but all can get manners. How? By opening their hearts to the love and gentleness of Christ.

"The best of men
That e'er wore earth about Him was a Sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true Gentleman that ever breathed."

He who is really influenced by the spirit of this "true Gentleman" cannot fail to be well-mannered in the best sense of the word.

"'Describe a gentleman,' you say?
Yes, I think I can.
He's as gentle as a woman
And as manly as a man."

He is a good son, husband, father, friend, and is generally true and just in all his dealings. He "backbiteth not with his tongue," as the Fifteenth Psalm says, "nor doeth evil to his neighbour, but maketh much of them that fear the Lord."

It has been said of the Epistle of St. James that it is emphatically the letter of a gentleman—a term implying, in its literal proper acceptation, all Christian excellency.

Best of all, however, is the description of a gentleman which St. Paul gives in the thirteenth chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians: "Charity," or love, "suffereth long and is kind." It has been said that the test of good manners is to be able to put up pleasantly with the bad manners of others. Charity "envieth not"; charity "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." Snobs unduly appreciate themselves, and depreciate others. Charity "doth not behave itself unseemly"—that is to say, a true gentleman studies the feelings of others, and tries not to give pain. Charity "seeketh not her own." It is only vulgarians who are grasping. Charity "is not provoked," and therefore a true gentleman is not touchy and prone to take offence. Charity "thinketh no evil, and rejoiceth not in iniquity." The Christian gentleman turns a deaf ear to scandal, and puts the best construction possible upon people's actions. And thus the description of a gentleman as he ought to be is perfect.

Talking of gentle people, the late Archbishop of Canterbury once said: "I consider no man a gentleman who, at his club, will read the *Times*

and keep his elbow on the *Spectator* or some other paper he wants to be sure of getting hold of afterwards; I count no man a gentleman, however long his pedigree, if he prefers to jostle another person, especially a lady, rather than walk off the pavement. The man who gives way in order to oblige another, and is unselfish, is, to my mind, the superior, whatever his rank in life may be." Nearly a century ago there was a lawsuit, in which Trinity College, Dublin, was concerned. On this occasion the Rev. John Barrett had to give evidence. The barrister who cross-examined him, thus records his experience: "I examined the most learned of the whole University, Dr. Barrett, a little, greasy, shabby, croaking, round-faced vice-provost. He knew nothing on earth save books and guineas, never went out, and held but little intercourse with mankind. I worked at him, unsuccessfully, more than an hour; not one decisive sentence could I get him to pronounce. At length he quite grew tired of me, and I thought to conciliate him by telling him that his father had christened me. 'Indeed!' exclaimed he. 'Oh, I did not know you were a Christian!' At this unexpected repartee the laugh was so strong against me that I found myself muzzled." To some baptised and highly respectable persons one is tempted to say, on hearing them make profession of religion, while they are unkind, unsympathetic, and therefore badly mannered in their daily lives, "Oh, I did not know you were a Christian!"

Even in church, people are not sometimes as well-mannered as Christian gentlemen and ladies should be. A young man came to the door of a church in the Midlands. He advanced a few steps, then walked slowly up the aisle. The congregation stared, but no one offered him a seat. He turned and marched back again in the same deliberate way. Then he left the church, and returned carrying on his shoulder a great log of wood. With this he went to the top of the church, put it down without a smile and sat on it. The reproof was felt. Many pews were opened and seats offered, but it was too late. The youth sat on his log composedly until the service was ended, then shouldered it and walked out, giving the congregation something to think about.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

85. By what name does St. Paul speak of the Old Testament, thereby showing his belief in the inspiration of these writings?

86. What charge does St. Paul give to Timothy concerning his ministerial work?

87. Whom does St. Paul mention as a fellow-labourer who had previously forsaken him?

88. Against whom does St. Paul warn Timothy?

89. From what circumstance should we infer that the Christians at Rome were greatly terrified by the cruelties of Nero?

90. What is related concerning Claudia, whom St. Paul mentions among the Christians at Rome?

91. What reasons did the Israelites give for wanting a king to rule over them?

92. In what way did the conduct of Samuel's sons displease the people?

93. Why was the desire of the Israelites to have a king a sinful one?

94. In what manner was Saul elected to be king?

95. Where did the election of Saul take place?

96. How was Saul prepared to perform his duties as a king?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 729.

73. Twelve days only, and therefore could not have had opportunity of raising sedition against the government (Acts xxiv. 11).

74. By declaring his belief in all things written in the Law and the prophets and his adhesion to the worship of the God of his fathers (Acts xxiv. 14).

75. Because Felix the governor hoped that a ransom would be given by St. Paul's friends (Acts xxiv. 26).

76. Salvation both for Jews and Gentiles (Acts xxvi. 20).

77. In the writings of Moses and the prophets (Acts xxvi. 22, 23; St. Luke xxiv. 27).

78. He was the son of Herod Agrippa and was king of Trachonitis, a region on the east of Jordan—he had the power of appointing the high priest (Acts xxvi. 1; Josephus, "Ant." xx. c. 1 and 7).

79. It sets men free from the law of sin and death (Rom. viii. 2, 3).

80. By living a life of complete submission to the guidance of the Holy Spirit (Rom. viii. 14).

81. He prevented the sailors leaving the ship (Acts xxvii. 30-32).

82. God sent an angel, who appeared to St. Paul with the message that he and all on board the ship would be saved (Acts xxvii. 22-25).

83. He sent for the elders of the Jews to explain to them the reason of his being a prisoner at Rome (Acts xxviii. 17-20).

84. He resided in his own hired house, and received visitors, but was guarded by a soldier, to whom most probably he was bound by a chain (Acts xxviii. 16, 20, 30).

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

FROM FATHER TO SON.

AMONG the names which stand in the front rank of Christian philanthropy in the nineteenth century, few are more honoured than that of the late Dr. Thomas Guthrie, the pulpit orator and pioneer of Ragged Schools in Scotland. The story of his accession to the ranks of Temperance workers at the instigation of an Irish carman, one of Father Mathew's recruits, has been often told. His great work in Edinburgh can never be forgotten, and the moving pen pictures which he drew in his widely circulated book, "The City, its Sins and its Sorrows," have led many to recognise the claims of the poor for practical help and sympathy. Two sons of this famous man still survive—namely, Mr. James Guthrie, J.P., one of the leaders of Temperance work in Scotland, and Mr. Alexander Guthrie, who for upwards of a quarter of a century has been a tower of strength to every good movement in the city of Liverpool. For some time he took a leading part in the operations of the Liverpool Young Men's Temperance Association, and for years he has been an active supporter of the United Kingdom Alliance. Too often the sons do not always tread in the footsteps of their fathers, but in the case of Dr. Guthrie we have an illustration of two sons building upon the good foundation laid by their illustrious parent.



(*Photo: W. Crooke, Edinburgh.*)

MR. A. GUTHRIE.

WORK AMONG THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

Temperance work among the very poor, and also among the upper classes, receives considerable attention, but it is doubtful whether the great middle class is catered for with as much intelligence as one could wish. At Holly Park, Crouch Hill, the Wesleyans have a guild for the children of the well-to-do, and upon a recent occasion Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vernon sent out invitations to a very large number of young folk. The spacious schoolroom was set out in drawing-room fashion, and refreshments were served at numerous small tables round which friends found friends. At a later stage a lantern lecture followed, in which the young folk were taken through "the story of the Temperance movement," the lecturer laying special emphasis on the part which Methodists had taken in the work. This seems to be an admirable way of enlisting the interest of those who are not reached by the ordinary Band of Hope movement.

WORTH NOTING.

The writer was recently privileged to take part in the formation of an adult branch of the C.E.T.S. at Hampton Hill. The clergyman responsible for the meeting has a rare eye for details. At the moment when the speaker urged those present to join the society a plentiful supply of cards, specially ruled for signatures, was placed on the table, and a score or more lead-pencils sharpened ready for use! What a contrast to those meetings at which no mention is made of the pledge, and if the pledge-book is asked for the secretary explains that he has left it at home, but will bring it next time!

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS."

In the old church accounts of Mortlake there are some curious items, as, for example, "Paid for blotting out the cherubims in the church, 2s. 6d." It is well that English sports in the riverside parish are attended with but little drunkenness, for in these accounts appears the following entry:—"Paid for a frame and a whip that hangs in the church for drunkards, 1s. 6d."

AN APT RETORT.

An elderly female with a small bottle of gin in her hand stopped a friend the other day, and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but is this the way to the workhouse?" Looking at her gravely, the friend pointing to the bottle, said, "No, ma'am; but that is!"

HELPING THE VILLAGES.

At this time of the year, when so many town dwellers go for a change of scene into the country, it may be well to call attention to the fact that the Temperance workers in the villages are always glad of a little friendly help from "the stranger within the gates." A meeting on the village green, or

on the rectory lawn, or in some convenient meadow, can often be arranged at a few days' notice, and the visitor from the town, by giving an address, may put the case before the villagers from a fresh standpoint. In these days it is well to get hold of young men and young women and interest them in Temperance before they are called to face the over-mastering temptations of town life.

A WORLD-WIDE ORGANISATION.

The widespread influence of the Good Templar movement is strikingly shown by the illustration which we give of a Military Lodge of Good Templars in the Seat of Justice in the palace of the King at Delhi. Total abstainers who happen to be either in the army or navy find the Good Templar Order very much to their liking, as, no matter to what quarter of the globe duty calls them, they generally find a Lodge ready to give them a hearty welcome and to greet them as brothers for the time being. The good comradeship of Templary is thus a protection and shield to "Tommy Atkins" and "Jack" when far away from the land of their birth, and there can be no doubt that in this way the Order serves a most beneficent purpose. Mr. Joseph Malins, the Grand Chief Templar, has literally visited the ends of the earth in the discharge of the duties of his office, and his emphatic testimony is that drink is a destroyer in all climes and among all races; on the other hand, he asserts that there is a great awakening of intelligent interest in the Temperance propaganda among religious and social reformers the wide world round. The growth of Temperance opinion in some quarters may not be so rapid as an enthusiast could desire, but nevertheless it is there, and by sure degrees the little leaven is working a change.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

Another sheaf of testimonies from the judges as to the connection between drink and crime will afford much food for reflection. Lord Cairns frequently threw in his lot with the Temperance workers. Speaking at Bournemouth, he said: "I am here to show my sympathy with and interest in every movement which can be made to grapple with, and, if possible, to diminish the dreadful evil of intemperance in our land. I believe it is scarcely possible to describe or to exaggerate the blessings which would come down upon this country from the practice of Temperance. It would brighten many a home which is now bleak and desolate; it would empty our gaols and our workhouses; it would fill the pockets of our working classes; it would elevate their moral as well as their spiritual condition; and I am quite sure it would tend greatly to elevate their health and improve their physical strength.' Lord Chief Justice Russell remarked "that he had the greatest reverence for those who are joined together in the crusade against drink. I acknowledge to its fullest extent the evils of drink to those who drink to excess." Mr. Justice Grantham at the Liverpool Assizes once said, "I cannot help seeing, what every other judge has seen before, that drink is the great cause of the crime with which the judges have to deal."



GOOD TEMPLARS AT DELHI: MILITARY LODGE IN THE SEAT OF JUSTICE IN THE PALACE OF THE KING.



WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

God our Refuge.

IT is a life darkened with sorrow, or a life mixed with danger and uncertainty, that brings us the more frequently and fervently to our knees in prayer. A writer, who deeply loved the West of England, has told us of a fishing village on a perilous part of the coast, where, in the early part of the last century, the favourite piece of music of the congregation at church was the old metrical version of the 121st Psalm. Hardly a fisherman joined in those sacred words who was not in continual jeopardy. Many a woman who sang, mourned a husband, father, brother, or lover, drowned at sea. Within the memory of many villagers, a sudden storm had made sixty widows and orphans in a single night. And because they felt they had no strength on which to lean but the Everlasting Arms, they often asked for this psalm, with its message of consolation and protection:

> "At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
> Thy God shall thee defend;
> Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
> Safe to thy journey's end."

Light on the Clouds.

SOME of life's griefs look so purposeless to those of us who lack faith, that they remind us of the old American woman who, in the early days of trains, was brought by friends from her distant homestead in the heart of the hills to gaze upon the awful splendours of Niagara before she died. It was a well-intentioned act; but all that the world-worn dame could ejaculate as she looked, for the first and last time, upon the tortured torrents, was, "What a waste of troubled water!" And yet Niagara is sometimes resplendent with a sevenfold rainbow. It is a comfort, when the Christian is enabled to discern something like design in the harsher disciplines of existence. Sir Frederick Treves, for example, has been lately pointing out to us how different are the ancient and modern conceptions of disease. Old physicians, such as Sir Thomas Browne, regard sickness as a sort of "malignant entity," to be fought as an emissary of Satan. Later discoveries have shown that many of the most painful symptoms are actually beneficent, gallant efforts of Nature to eliminate the poison. Inflammation is, at least, a proof of vitality; and we notice how careful a good doctor will often be about venturing to stop a cough. Let us accept these tokens (and the candid and inquiring mind will find many of them) of a kindly purpose permeating the stern scheme of things. "We know in part, and we prophesy in part," but there is always enough light to go on by; and, in spite of what sometimes look like dropped stitches and ravelled threads, the perfect pattern of the web of human destiny is passing, generation after generation, through the noiseless looms of the Eternal.

An All British Colony.

BEFORE the days when the eyes of Europe turned westwards, declaring that there, somewhere in the direction of sunset, lay the land which contained the "things hoped for, cared for, and lived for"; before the time when the Red Men roamed as masters of the soil, the great Saskatchewan River carved out a valley through the north-west of that part of America now known as Canada, and lost itself in Lake Winnipeg. The river worked on, fertilising the valley, whilst the Red Men diminished. Now a remnant of about 20,000 have settled down on their own reservations as peaceable breeders of fine herds of horses and cattle. Railways have broken the silence of many parts of the great Dominion where cities of mushroom growth have sprung into existence, whilst a fertile portion of the valley has remained quiet and undisturbed. This could not last. Thousands of Germans and Americans have colonised many miles of North-West Canada. At the suggestion of a Canadian clergyman, the Rev. G. E. Lloyd, the Government consented to reserve about 600 square miles of the Saskatchewan valley for British occupation until April 15th, 1903. The tract of land was selected, with the advice of the Deputy-Minister for the Interior and various other authorities, by another Canadian clergyman, the Rev. I. M. Barr. He traversed the valley, and fixed on a rich coal-possessing and grain-producing belt as the most suitable for the first British colony organised to form a settlement in North-West Canada. Mr. Lloyd wrote letters and articles on the subject which were widely circulated by the Press. A cry arose, "Canada for the British";

better still, it was accompanied by a resolve that land freely given by Government, and blessed by the smile of Nature, should be worthily occupied. The leaders decided that the settlers should not go beyond the reach of care for bodies and souls. The Government agreed to erect school-houses, and these are to be used as places of worship. Only settlers who are able to pay their fares and incidental expenses, and whose presence will contribute to the comfort and well-being of the community at large, are encouraged to avail themselves of the advantages. The Canadian Northern Railway guarantee to go through the country, and to give employment for a year to men who are recommended as holders of homesteads, but who have not the capital to work these free grants of land at once. The Colonial and Continental Church Society has appointed as chaplain the Rev. G. E. Lloyd, who is thoroughly familiar with the country. At the time of the rebellion in 1885, Mr. Lloyd served as chaplain to the Queen's Own Rifles, and was recommended for the Victoria Cross on account of exceptional bravery and gallantry. The half-breeds, against whom England was then at war, are now ready to welcome the British, and guides from amongst them have been already engaged to meet the party at Battleford. The leaders have the names of about 10,000 men, besides a certain proportion of women, on their list of applicants. Of these 2,000 engaged berths in a ship that sailed on March 31st. Another thousand, including the Marquess of Donegal and some of his people, and many others who, it is hoped, will be leaders in organisation, and lay readers connected with the fifty places of worship projected by Mr. Lloyd, are amongst the party who had arranged to start for the new British Colony during the spring. As a result of the large number of applicants for grants of land, the Government has reserved two more tracts of land: the one about the size of Middlesex, another about the size of Surrey, making in all an area of 3,000 square miles.



A VIEW IN THE "ALL BRITISH" COLONY.

Some New Books.

A NEW story, "Pearl Maiden," just published by Mr. Rider Haggard, strikes, for him, a fresh note, but it is one which will be very welcome to many of our readers, for the tale is one of the Fall of Jerusalem, and is concerned with the adventures and the romance of a young Christian girl, Miriam, in the days of the Roman Empire. The picture which Mr. Rider Haggard presents of life in Rome and the Empire, in the days of Cyril, is a most interesting and realistic one, and it is hardly necessary to say that the story, which is issued by Messrs. Longmans, is of absorbing fascination.—Mr. Frank Paton well calls "Lomai of Lenakel," who is the subject of his new book, published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, "a hero of the New Hebrides," and this picturesque record of a present-day triumph of the Gospel in the savage islands of the South Seas is most encouraging for all workers in dark places, at home as well as abroad.—Messrs. S. C. Brown, Langham and Co. send us two volumes of a series of collected sermons by popular preachers, which they are issuing under the title of "The World's Pulpit." The first volume is "The Glory of Life," by the Rev. Dr. Monro Gibson, and the other, "Old and New," by Canon Scott Holland. It is not necessary to adopt as one's own every expression in every discourse included in volumes like these, but they serve a very useful purpose in bringing within the reach of a wide circle of readers the thoughts of great thinkers and earnest advocates of truth. From the same publishers we have also received two pretty little volumes, reprinting books originally issued a century ago, under the title of "Cinderella" and "Rhymes for the Nursery," which are interesting as showing what was the literature provided for our grandfathers and grandmothers in their nursery days. We have also to acknowledge the receipt of the following works:—A cheap edition of Miss Amelia E. Barr's story, "Was it Right to Forgive?" (T. Fisher Unwin); "Open Air Studies in Bird Life," by Charles Dixon (C. Griffin and Co.); and "Twelve Sermons on Humility," by the late C. H. Spurgeon (Passmore and Alabaster).

Hindu Seekers after Sanctity.

To get rid of guilt, to wash away sin, to offer some expiatory sacrifice—these are aspirations deep-rooted in the mind of the religious Hindus. The outward signs of an inward craving for peace with God and a quiet conscience are evident wherever these people may be found, but more especially in the valleys of sacred rivers. There



The *melas* offer an opportunity of seeing religious mendicants in great numbers. Ghastly objects, almost destitute of clothing and hideously painted, exhibit their voluntary tortures. They have, or profess they have, relinquished all earthly possessions and forsaken all that makes life sweet to gain merit with the gods; yet the misery of their faces tells its own sad tale that satisfaction is as far away as ever. Some drag heavy chains fastened round their waists, others lie on boards studded with nails. An Indian Civil Servant took photographs of three Gosains at the same fair held at Shukaltirth, on the Nerbudda. The term Gosain or Gosavi is applied to religious mendicants in general; but it belongs properly to a special class of whom the most respectable are





are many famous places of pilgrimage in India; a *tirtha* or shrine may be situated in a sandy plain usually frequented only by tigers or jackals, but during the annual *mela*, or sacred fair, it is thronged by crowds. Men, women, and children come in boats, some perhaps to die of cold, hunger, and hardship far from their homes. In days gone by it was not unusual to see dogs, vultures, and jackals collecting to prey on the dead bodies left behind. An impression prevails that holiness is to be measured by the severity of self-inflicted suffering and mortification.

INDIAN FAKIRS.

1. *Lying on the back, with eyes covered with earth, and large stones on the chest.*
2. *Standing on the head for an hour at a time.*
3. *A human ostrich.*

the reputed descendants spiritually of Saukava Áchárya, and are regarded as possessing great sanctity. The first, a repulsive creature with his eyes plastered up, drew out so much admiration and reverence that the sheet on which he lay was dotted over with coins. The Hindus think that they gain merit of an inferior measure by supporting the saints and Brahmins. The second Gosain stood on his head for an hour together for the edification of the bystanders. A third lay with his head buried in the ground; but this act appealed less powerfully to the spectators. The object of visiting a *mela* is not invariably religious. Generally long lines of booths are erected and provide both merchandise and amusement. An appearance of gaiety and the sound of the conch and other musical instruments give an impression of holiday making. But the pilgrim boats bring also another class of men and women. Missionaries take their places in the crowded steamers, and endure for days and nights together the deafening noise of excited conversation mingled with recitations from the Shastras. The pilgrims readily purchase portions of Scripture, and listen when the missionaries tell them that the water of their most sacred rivers is powerless to wash away sin. Many of the educated *Babus* answer that they know it; they have only come because they cannot break away from the custom of the country. The blind faith of the women is often, however, very pathetic, and their strong religious instincts worthy of a better object. Some ladies of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society go not only amongst the crowds, but find admission inside the booths occupied by the higher caste women. At a great *mela* held at Saugor, at the mouth of the Ganges, they went from tent to tent, gaining everywhere a welcome. The pilgrims were delighted to hear of a Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. They bought Scripture portions to take to their homes; some had come from Nepaul. "We could listen all day"; "We cannot let you go"; "This is a happy day for us now that we have heard such beautiful words," were amongst the exclamations that told of the delight of first hearing the story, so familiar in a Christian country, of salvation through Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund.

LIKE a well of bright, spring water, Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund still flows freshly on, for the benefit of poor pastors; but the lady herself laments its decline and poverty as compared with former years. Loss of many helpers by death, the recent national troubles, and, it is sad to read, "a serious subsidence" in Mrs. Spurgeon's own resources, have all contributed to bring the Book Fund low, and cause her great discomfort. Still, during the last two years more than ten thousand volumes have been sent out, making a total of nearly two hundred thousand for the twenty-seven years of the Fund's existence, in addition to very many thousands of sermons, tracts, pamphlets, and copies of *The Sword and the Trowel*. Still further, through the "Auxiliary Book Fund," one hundred and sixty-nine grants consisting of two thousand four hundred and sixty-eight volumes were made during the past two years to lay and local, preachers, the total number of recipients from both Funds rising to six hundred and forty nine. The Fund is quite undenominational, for though the greatest number of its beneficiaries belong, as is right and proper, to the Baptist churches, yet many others are members of various communions, including that of the Church of England. But though comparatively little money has been sent to Mrs. Spurgeon, yet there has happily been a decided increase in gifts of books and in clothing. Some of the volumes have been "better than rubies," while many a grateful heart bears testimony to the immense benefit of the wearing apparel distributed. The kind friend who gives yearly forty pounds of Ceylon tea to be sent out with the Christmas parcels repeated the handsome donation last year, to the great delight of numerous households. In addition to the Book Fund and Clothing Store is the Pastors' Aid Fund, from which Mrs. Spurgeon makes grants of money to supplement slender stipends. A few friends have faithfully assisted in this work and their large-hearted annual gifts have enabled her to respond to many claims coming before her, but quite recently, to the lady's great sorrow, the two chief supporters of this Fund have passed away, one by sudden death. Mrs. Spurgeon hopes that others may arise to take their place so that she may never have to refuse a cry for aid from a poor pastor whom she knows to be deserving of help. Yet another Fund exists as an adjunct to these, a Fund for "General Use," and from this Fund grants have been made for special purposes, such as to enable a poor pastor to take a sea-trip for the restoration of his failing health, and to assist in maintaining another during an interval of rest when suffering from a complete breakdown; other grants from this Fund aid in the reduction of debt on a chapel, or pay for renovation, or assist in the purchase of a site. It is also a source of supply for the foreign translation and distribution of sermons. Thus through another two years—often, we fear, in weariness, and suffering—has Mrs. Spurgeon carried on her beloved work and she pleads earnestly for assistance, enabling her to continue her ministry among poor pastors.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from March 31st, 1903, up to and including April 29th, 1903. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For *"The Quiver" Waifs' Fund:* L. R., Newcastle, 5s.; "A Working Woman," 5s.; C. M. M., Wormit-on-Tay, 5s.; Mrs. L., 5s.; R. S., Crouch End, 5s.; J. F. R., 2s. 6d.; Anonymous, Lee Green, 2s. 6d.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "An Irish Girl," 10s., 7s. 6d., 1s. 6d.; "Bradford," 10s.; E. C. Formby, 10s.; Anonymous, Burford, 5s.; J. F. R., 2s. 6d. The following amounts have been sent direct: A. W., Cambridge, 1s.; T. F. G., 10s. 8d.; M. W. M., nr. Yeovil, 5s.

For *The Children's Country Holidays Fund:* M. P. S., Hastings, 10s.

For *The Ragged School Union:* G. M. B., 10s.

UNIV. OF MICH.



SUE OF THE MILL.

(From the Painting by Horace Fisher, exhibited at the Royal Academy.)

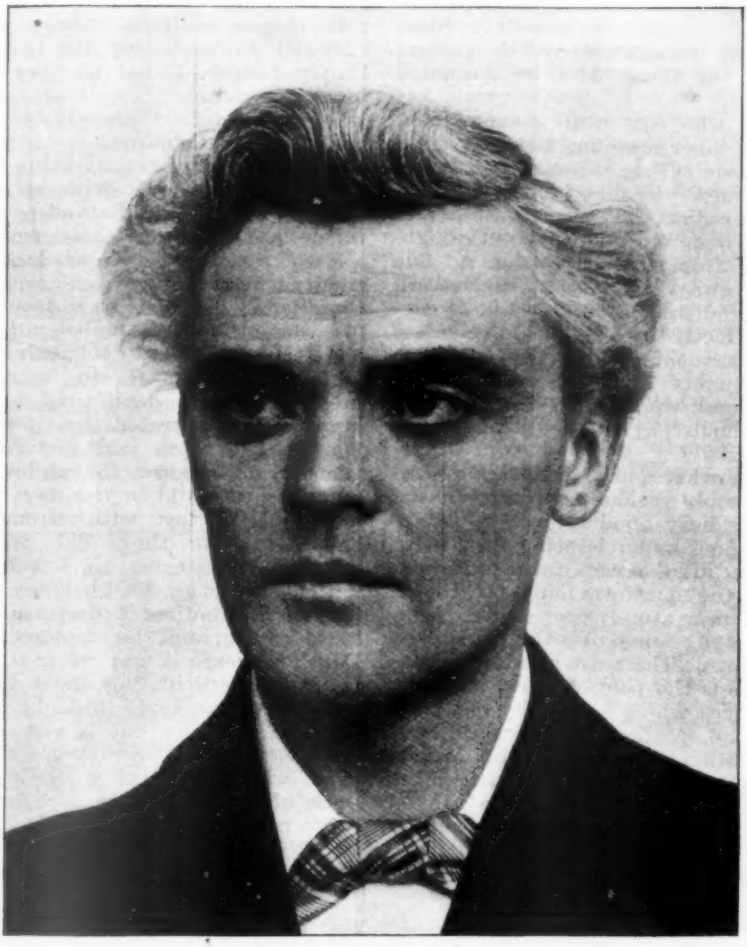
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THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL: AN APPRECIATION.

By Raymond Blathwayt.

(With Illustrations from Photographs by Cassell & Co., Ltd.)



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.
(Specially taken for THE QUIVER.)

MID-DAY on Thursday at the City Temple: the great building is crowded from end to end, from floor to ceiling; the people crush one another upon the pulpit steps; the very gangways are thronged.

And what a miscellaneous assemblage is thus cast up by the vast and wandering ocean that surges through the tideways of the greatest city in the world! There is the city merchant, prosperous, sleek and well-fed, highly content; there, too, is his pale young clerk spending his luncheon hour in the worship of God—or,

which is perhaps more likely, of the young preacher who is now thrilling all London. Many Anglican clerics are here, too, and any number of Dissenting ministers. There are women in abundance; and for the rest, the casual wanderer, the American visitor, the colonial tourist, make up a sufficiently cosmopolitan assemblage—though "cosmopolitan" does not by any means convey the general impression of those who are gathered here to-day.

To him who can read a crowd and discern its inner meaning the impression is conveyed of an assemblage mainly Nonconformist in its religious convictions, radical in its politics, and sturdily British and middle-class throughout. And from this impression no one can get away. That it is not an Anglican audience, at all events, is conveyed distinctly by the fact that most of its constituents sit to pray, and that it is thoroughly British is evidenced by the heartiness with which the old-fashioned Methodist hymns are joined in by all.

And for what purpose is this assemblage of people gathered together in the middle of a busy London day?

As the first hymn is being sung there quietly ascends the well-staircase leading up into the platform-pulpit a slight, pale-faced, prematurely grey-haired, clean-shaven young man clad in a black Geneva gown. The most notable feature in his face is the pair of dark, pathetic, innocent eyes which look sadly out upon and beyond their present world. A curious stillness pervades his whole demeanour. Very modestly he takes his place in front of the great Bible, lying upon the cushion upon which Dr. Parker used once to bang his fist so vigorously; and with a clear, rather Anglican utterance, with no effort, but with the still small voice that always carries well, Mr. Campbell gives out his text, having first read a chapter from the New Testament.

"The last verse of the fifth chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians—'He hath made Him to be sin for us Who knew no sin.'"

"Now," says he, "let us take this verse in the literal order of the Greek reading—'Him Who knew no sin, He made to be sin on our behalf, that we might become the righteousness of God in Him.' If our reading of this be right," says the preacher, leaning slightly forward and making a slight gesture with his uplifted hand, "it is a stupendous thing to contemplate, for we have in a few words the complete doctrine of the Atonement. Many preachers," he continues, whilst his audience is hushed into deeper stillness, "have a great difficulty in preaching the Atonement, simply because it has no place in their own experience. I know a good man who once said: 'What is the good of the Atonement to me? I have tried to live as well as I can. I know and love Christ just as much without it as I would with it.' But I stand here to-day to declare that the Atonement is in a very real sense the whole of Christianity. Take it away, and you have no Christianity left." Here a deep murmur of assent arose from the listening throng, and they gathered themselves closer together, as it were, to listen to the preacher as the depth and interest of his subject penetrated their understanding. "It is often said nowadays that men do not appear to exhibit a sense of sin as they did in the days of Whitfield and Wesley, with strong crying and tears—as they did when Mr. Spurgeon first came to London. That sainted statesman, Mr. Gladstone, declared that he had noticed a decrease in men's sense of sin, and he deplored it. Dr. Dale considered it was owing to men not fearing but speculating about God."

"Now I take leave to doubt if sorrow for sin is dying out in our midst. I believe that there are more men than ever who are filled with a burning sense of sin; but that sense is changed in its mode of expression.

"There sits a man here in this Temple to-day of high repute, great influence, vast wealth, with power over the minds and bodies of men. You envy him! Don't! He is suffering the tortures of Hell! And why? Years ago he married a sweet wife. He treated her with cruel coldness and studied neglect until he broke her heart. Now he is drawing near the end of life, and he longs for the tender grace of a day that is gone.

"He is as much a murderer as the man who was hanged last week. But the horror of the situation is that, whether there be Christ or God, he is doomed to torture. That is his sense of sin. And

sin is a real thing. It is not a Bible word, or a Popish word: it is a newspaper word, a Stock Exchange word, a Fleet Street word."

The preacher then briefly depicted a man seated in the Temple at that moment who, through neglected opportunities, had sunk in life into poverty and degradation; another, cursed with a success that was built upon a lie; and still another, who was haunted with an overwhelming secret sin to which he was ever giving way.

"And have these men no sense of sin?" he cried, in thrilling accents. "The awful thing about sin is not its punishment, but its guilt.

"Repentance! Well, repentance which is the result only of the fear of punishment is not worthy the name. And remorse is not repentance. You must get rid of the association with sin. Ah! but can you?

"Certainly not on earth. See how society treats a woman who has fallen but once into sin. I don't say society is wrong. But how impossible it is for her to try for the higher life. Her sin is ever with her. The magdalen must never essay to be the saint, for society will ever remind her of her sin.

"A man commits a theft in early life, and goes to prison for three months. Let him try and get back. Society will for ever point the finger against him.

"Think of poor George Eliot's insistence on the Nemesis of Justice. Poor Hetty was more fool than sinner, and George Eliot trampled on her from first to last. Was not Hetty George Eliot herself?"

And then a few last words.

"My broken life is Christ's. Why don't I explain it? I can't.

"'Him Who knew no sin, God made to be sin on our behalf.'

"The gospel of reconciliation is from the first to the last page of the New Testament."

That Mr. Campbell's pulpit style is pre-eminently Anglican is due perhaps to the fact that for many years he studied at Christ Church, Oxford, under the kindly guidance of Dean Paget, the present Bishop of Oxford. For long it was a moot question whether he would not take orders in the Church of England,



HILL LODGE, THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL'S HOUSE AT ENFIELD.



MR. CAMPBELL IN HIS VESTRY AT THE CITY TEMPLE.

and it was mainly owing to his dislike of appearing thereby to unchurch his own Presbyterian ancestors that he entered the Congregational ministry.

But the Anglican nature of his University training has left its mark, as it always does: as it did with Newman and Manning, as it has done with Stopford Brooke, and even with Mr. Charles Voysey, for you cannot shake it off: it has a pervasiveness of its own, a strength and a vigour of abiding life from which none can ever shake himself entirely free. I noticed it emphatically in the person and conversation and the whole train of thought of the celebrated historian, Mr. James Anthony Froude. Nor is it to be desired that it should fade away. For as a pervading influence, held in strict bounds, it is not without a certain grace and beauty of its own. And it will be interesting to note how it operates in Mr. Campbell's case, and how, through him, it will influence the whole of metropolitan Nonconformity. For the City Temple is the Westminster Abbey of the Free Churches, and almost unconsciously they are influenced by the spirit that breathes forth from that centre of religious life. Anglicanism is as definite and as formative and determinative in its essence and tendency as Romanism itself, and, indeed, it is possibly responsible for an even greater variety of ecclesiasticism than that of the sister Church. Anglicanism produced Laud, the courtly, poetic Herbert—whom one might term the Quietist of the English Church; it was responsible for the scholarly and judicious Hooker, for F. W. Robertson, Kingsley, and

F. D. Maurice. There is no evading its pervasiveness, there is no limit to its universality.

Anglicanism, with its scholarly traditions, its stateliness, its ceremonies, its courtly associations, must influence those who come, for however brief a time, within its subtle atmosphere, and Mr. Campbell confessedly has not escaped its highest and most winning attributes. He laughingly acknowledges that he stands alone in quoting the Fathers in the Free Church pulpit. And almost alone he stands in the holding of preparation classes and meetings for the Holy Communion.

But it must not be imagined that he is tied and bound by the chain of Anglicanism to walk only the beaten track. Rather he follows in the steps of those Anglicans and Free Churchmen who have struck out a new path for themselves, and, though much of his early theology was based on a deep and prayerful study of Pusey's "Library of the Fathers," he regards Professor Fairbairn, of Mansfield, as the greatest force in theological thought, Anglican or Nonconforming, that we have amongst us at the present moment.

Based on a substantial foundation of Anglican theology, Mr. Campbell is steadily building up a conception of the religion of Christianity which widens the whole of his outlook upon the vast spiritual world by which we are surrounded. For, be it noted, spirituality is the dominating note of his whole life; it is the main inspiration of his vivid and strenuous religion. And, more than that, he maintains, with a conviction that grows stronger day by day and every day, that, despite many apparent evidences to the contrary, spirituality is the note of all English life at the present moment. In his estimation, the intellectual mood of the hour is one of wistful uncertainty. That mood which ten or fifteen years ago was one of indifferent or captious Agnosticism is now changed into one of wistful longing for the deep spirituality of the hidden nature. Intellectuality and spirituality, he maintains, are joining hands in a manner which would have been impossible a few years ago, and we may therefore look for marvellous results from the combination within the next decade of time. The interest of the scientific man of to-day in religious questions, apart from their doctrinal bearing, is a friendly and not a carping interest. And so real and keen is this interest that he is persuaded that the next great rehabilitation of



IN THE GROUNDS OF HILL LODGE.

religion will come rather from the side of science than theology. And in this hope, surely, the young preacher is more than justified by, to quote but one instance, the trend of Sir Oliver Lodge's recent discourses. Surely these are more significant than most religious teachers of to-day imagine.

At all events, it is symptomatic of what will be. For the first time in the history of thought, theology, science, and philosophy have discovered a common viewpoint—viz. the universal substance one in essence, always and everywhere, with the mind of man, has at once an effect and a related cause.

And again Mr. Campbell feels strongly that the period of dreary negation is drawing to its end. Men are tired of negatives; they demand affirmatives; they are weary of the criticism that pulls down, they clamour for the faith that builds up. Here, too, is an inspiring source of his life and work.

All this, he is convinced, is tending towards a deepening of the spiritual life. "Let us get back to the living Christ," he cries. "We have done with historical evidence. Men must declare their spiritual hunger."

At the same time, I do not wish or mean to imply that he would do away with, or that he ignores, the higher criticism when it comes from deeply spiritual or earnest and scholarly sources.

He holds, as all must hold, that in the present day more than ever an uncultured ministry, even though it be to a certain limited extent a spiritual ministry, means a hungering and unsatisfied church. An untaught church, as I have always maintained, is a mere encumbrance in the path of civilisation, spirituality, and progress. "Cut it down: why cumbereth it the ground?"

The Church's ministers cannot be too carefully trained, can never pursue their studies too long or too deeply. Mr. Campbell's sermons are quite as much the outcome of the study as they are of the experience of everyday life.

And it would be interesting to know what have been, and what are, the literary and theological sources whence most of his inspiring pulpit utterances are drawn, and upon which his vivid and helpful and purposeful theology is based.

Well, to begin with, he is an enthusiastic student of Newman—John Henry Newman—and those of my readers who remember the exquisite thought and phraseology of Newman's celebrated Easter sermon will readily realise how the grace and spirituality of such a writer appeals to a man of the mental and spiritual fibre of the new minister of the City Temple. And he has read much of the Cairds, both John and Edward, as well as Canon Driver's "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament." I am entering purposely into detail in this part of my paper, for I wish to show not only how Mr. Campbell has built himself up as a preacher of the Gospel of Christ, but also a way by which all clergymen, all ministers, can equally prepare themselves. Dr. Westcott he regards as one who has written for a generation yet to come, so advanced and liberal is he in his delicate thought and exegesis. As a critic, he considers that Professor George Adam Smith has done much to remould the religious thought of to-day, and especially does he recommend the works of Professor A. B. Bruce, particularly that dealing with the Old Testament; sadly acknowledging, however, that of later years he has become too negative in his teaching, as evidenced by his article on "Jesus" in the "Encyclopædia Biblica," though Mr. Campbell considers there is no reason to think that what he says in that article represents all he thought about Him. Another fine Scottish scholar of liberal views and great value to young ministers is Dr. Marcus Dods. As I have already said, he regards Dr. Fairbairn as our leading theologian, and he considers that his latest book, "The Philosophy of the Christian Religion," will be the standard work in this department for long to come.

And upon the question of philosophy as it touches the borders of religion he would lay great stress. It is the battle-ground of the future. It is remarkable, in this connection, how the mental attitude has changed towards great questions of every kind within the last few years.

Huxley and Tyndall are antiquated to-day, and, with deep respect be it spoken, in the opinion of Mr. Campbell, so even is Mr. Herbert Spencer. His great system of philosophy, the work of his life, is already being superseded: the tide of interest is passing on and leaving it behind. This is equally remarkable in the case of the German savant,

Haeckel. His last work, "The Riddle of the Universe," belongs to the scientific attitude of fifty years ago rather than that of to-day. Haeckel stands for materialism, but no scientific man of the first rank is now a materialist, even though he may be unwilling to class himself as an idealist. Mr. Campbell is persuaded that the best work of the moment, from the religious point of view, is being done in psychology, before which a vast field is ever opening up. And most prominent in this work stands, he considers, Professor James, whose Gifford lectures, "Varieties of Religious Experience," have produced a wide interest in two hemispheres, and form already an indispensable text-book in theological colleges. And belonging to the same school there should be mentioned the name of Dr. Schofield whose works, "The Unconscious Mind" and "Springs of Character," are as valuable in their way as the treatises of Professor James. From what I have said it will readily be understood that Mr. Campbell is of the opinion that we are passing into an entirely new era of religious thought, a period in which synthesis will be attempted with materials which the historical method has supplied to us in the realm of theology. He considers that criticism has now reached the point where it has done all it can for us, and his hope and expectation is that psychology will now help us to a fresh understanding of the imperishable principles of religion and right. His studies have led him to the conclusion that historically the spiritual sense has reasserted itself after every period of stagnation or materialism in thought or practice.

Sometimes it has done so even extravagantly, and we are not without signs that something of that kind is coming to-day. Man is starved without religion, be his material conditions what they may.

Of one thing Mr. Campbell is certain and it is this: If the Churches cannot supply the need, men will turn in desperation to Christian Science and the like. And that they should do so even now is a shame to us for the feebleness with which we present our Gospel to them. It is useless to feed them on negations.

And one great feature in his character is his power of vivid imagination. I have always felt that it is the imaginative man who in the end does the finest work, for it is imagination that "gives the touch of the exquisite" to the completed task. No great statesman, no preacher, no really first-class workman, can attain the summit of his desire, of his ambition, without the aid of imagination. And Mr. Campbell possesses the imaginative mind in its highest and best sense. Therefore it is that the literature of imagination has for him a special appeal, a special message. He reads much of the current literature of the day, and is well up in that part of it which, from the fictional standpoint, deals with questions of religious interest. He realises that the novel is but a mirror of the mighty world, and that in it spiritual tendencies may be discerned almost as clearly as in the works of science, or of philosophy, or even of theology itself. And he regards the religious novel as a power whereby men's hearts may be reached spiritually when theology, which is not a subject popular with the man in the street, could not possibly affect them.

Imagination, he considers, has its message to the world through the popular medium of fiction just as surely as the sermon or the pamphlet.

I need scarcely say that, with such a man, spirituality enters into every aspect of his life and work. I have purposely avoided touching on his political opinions—it would be out of place in such a magazine as this—but I cannot leave quite untouched his attitude towards the questions which are most violently agitating this vast body politic at the present moment. And from what I know of Mr. Campbell I can safely prophesy that, whatever may have been its attitude in the past, the City Temple of the near future will be in the forefront of the great social battles and in all endeavours for the bettering of the unfortunates of humanity. Mr. Campbell will never leave the problems of a great city without attempting to assist somewhat in their solution. Hitherto, it has to be confessed with shame, they have been too much avoided by the comfortable, self-satisfied, prosperous, orthodox church- and chapel-going people.

But just as intellectuality and spirituality ought not to be separated, so,

says Mr. Campbell, the proper man to deal with the social problem is not the professional agitator, but the spiritual teacher. Most people are willing to admit that Christ and the teaching of Christ are ideal for the individual character, but not everyone is prepared to go the length of saying that the spirit and teaching of Christ are the social ideal also. Here, says the new pastor of the City Temple, here is the problem now set before the religious world. Christian people must see and declare that many of our present social institutions are hideously unjust and wrong. The commercial conscience ought to be one with the Christian conscience. Unlimited competition is wrong, and in the end becomes tyranny; on the other hand, combinations of workers are often tyrannical and selfish, too. The ever-recurring industrial wars between capital and labour should be put an end to. Why should spiritually minded men stand idly by, as if these things did not concern them?

Mr. Campbell is entering upon a ministry which we all trust will be a lengthy one. It cannot be doubted for a single moment that it will be pregnant with great results. Is it too much to say that it will mark a new departure in the whole religious life and history of our great metropolis?



THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL AND HIS DAUGHTER.

XUM



By A. Fraser Robertson, Author of "Mark Hamilton's Daughters," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

"I shall meet him in the place
Where we always meet,"

SHE hummed softly to herself as she tripped across the fields, her blue eyes aglow with a lovelight. She sped towards the sea, looking to right and left. Then, coming to a tufted stone dyke that did duty as a sort of sea-wall between Afternish and the water, she perched herself thereon and swept the horizon with searching eyes.

Behind her Afternish glinted among the trees, the smoke from its chimneys curling upwards in faint blue wreaths. On her right lay a straggling group of crofters' huts, and on one of these she fixed expectant eyes. Even as she looked the door opened and a young man emerged, and after a swift scrutiny came quickly towards her. His athletic figure stood out sharply silhouetted against the sky. He vaulted a low gate that stood in the way, and came towards her cap in hand.

"What prescription can you suggest to stem old Mother Mackenzie's garrulity?" he asked before he had fairly reached her.

"Prescriptions are more in your line than mine," she returned, smiling. He took her hand, and held it rather longer than is warranted by an ordinary greeting.

"Tell me how you are," he asked, studying her face deliberately.

"In my frail ordinary," she returned, her eyes dancing, her colour rising.

He dropped his scrutiny and prodded the cementing mortar of the rather decaying wall with his stick, his face grown suddenly grave. "Flo," he said, "Dr. Ross has written."

Her cheeks paled visibly, and she dropped her occupation of idly picking tufts of grass from the wall.

"He is coming back?" she queried.

He nodded. "To-morrow. He is in Edinburgh to-day. I go south the day after."

He drew a step nearer and imprisoned the hand that lay nearest him.

"So soon?" she breathed, and it was as if the sun had suddenly withdrawn and left the landscape in greyness.

"Look here, darling," he said: "I must speak to your father or your sister to-morrow."

"To Marian, of course," she interrupted.

"We have put off too long already," he said gravely. "We ought not to have kept such a confession to the last."

"You will come back soon?" she said, looking up at him.

He smiled down at her fondly.

"Soon?" he reiterated, with a sigh. "I wish with all my heart it might be soon. But you forget I have to carve out a fortune first."

She rallied with an effort at sound of his sigh.

"We are neither of us Methuselahs," she said, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "We can afford to wait."

"I am sometimes beset with misgivings," he remarked, looking at her.

"Why, pray?" she demanded.

"I am no match for you, Flo," he said rather abruptly. "You must know it. Miss Steuart must know it. Everyone must know it. You could do so much better."

Her eyes flashed.

"I might have Ronald Mackenzie, to be sure," she said demurely, "and Corrybreck."

They both laughed, the owner of Corrybreck being something not far short of an imbecile.

"And possibly Colonel Gordon," she added meditatively, "but, as the Prayer-book says, thou shalt not marry thy grandfather."

"You are not afraid of being poor?" he queried, half relieved.

"Afternish is falling about our ears," she said, looking at him archly; "and these," holding out a pair of shoes rubbed and worn at the toes for his inspection, "these happen to be my best."

They both laughed again. The shadow of the parting had hardly power to quench their lightness of heart.

"I shall slave day and night," he said, looking down at her earnestly; "but a village doctor's wife—it seems such a miserable position to offer you."

She put her hand lightly over his mouth.

"If I am content——" she said, and the look that flashed from her blue eyes would have allayed the fears of the majority of men.

* * * * *

"Child, how you fidget! I declare you are quite getting on my nerves."

The sisters sat together in the drawing-room at Afternish. Dinner was over—something of a Barmecide feast at best. An ancient skinny fowl, that skimmed over the dish when Marian attempted to dissect it, and a glass dish of boiled rice, handed by Mackinnon with a grand air meant to direct the attention to the gleaming silver bearing the effigy of George III. that adorned the table, and away from the paucity of viands. The master of the house, a mental and physical wreck, had been borne off to his rooms by the assiduous Mackinnon, who combined a multitude of offices in his person. His was a pathetic enough feebleness, for still in lucid moments he vaunted of the royal blood that flowed in the Steuart veins. It was still the ruling passion of his life. Here in a side eddy of life one might almost have believed the ancient feudal system revived. In decayed splendour, with their battered ancestral home falling about their ears, the house of Steuart still dwelt on its former glory. They exacted the utmost allegiance from their dependents. They preserved old Highland customs scrupulously, and reigned like kings in a spot where the march of civilisation had not yet acted as a grand leveller. The punctilio was almost pathetic in the midst of their poverty. What booted leaking boats, broken-down fences and unpruned hedges, and the old house falling into ruin? None of these could affect the prestige of the Steuarts. So they hugged themselves in their family pride, and erected it into a god to worship.

Miss Steuart's pale, chiselled features were lighted up by the flare of a solitary candle that burned on a table beside her. She bent over her work, striving to catch its rays.

The younger girl—there were fifteen years between them—lolled on the hearthrug, where a few embers burned with a pallid flicker. She curbed her impatience at her sister's rebuke. Then she rose impulsively and threw herself on her knees by her chair.

"Marian!" she burst out. "Oh, Marian, I am so happy!"

It was the old cry, heard now and then amid the din and strife of life's sorrow. Half an oppression, it almost seems as if the rarity of such a state of things makes it perilous. Marian dropped her work and regarded the dewy blue eyes and flushed cheeks in amazement.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Dr. Hillary has asked me to marry him."

The sweet lips faltered over their confession, and a rosy hue dyed the cheeks. Her sister's pale eyes dilated. She sat erect.

"Dr. Hillary!" she echoed incredulously. Flo nodded. How musical in her ears sounded the trisyllable!

A pause ensued, during which Marian's rather cold eyes continued to gaze at the younger face, over which wonderful blushes chased each other. Then she spoke slowly.

"What astounding presumption!" she said.

"Marian, why?" exclaimed the other, startled, and she fell to trembling.

"Why? why?" echoed the elder sister scornfully. "Do you ask *why?* Have you taken leave of your senses, child? A Steuart of Afternish to mate with a village doctor, a man whose father is in trade—he told me so himself—whose grandfather was probably in the gutter! You don't mean to tell me," scrutinising her sister's face, "that you even remotely contemplated the possibility of such a step?"

The young face beside her had drooped so that she could hardly see it.

"I see you did," she pursued, in tones of reproach. "How could you, Flo? We all have our responsibilities in life, and that of social position is a responsibility as much as wealth, or intellectual gifts, or personal attractions, or anything else you choose to name."

The girl raised her head. It was pitiful to see the quenched light in the blue eyes.

"But if the man is a good man——" she faltered.

The other made a gesture with her hands as if moral worth were too insignificant to count upon.

"The young man may be all that is estimable," she said, with an indescribable curl of her thin upper lip; "but so is Monro the gamekeeper, and for a Steuart of Afternish——" She broke off.

Flo had struggled to her feet. The whole attitude of the figure, that five minutes ago had expressed buoyancy and light-heartedness in every curve, had undergone a transformation.

Marian's eyes followed her.

"We have all something to sacrifice," she said uncompromisingly. "You are not the only one."

Her sister walked slowly to the door.

"I think I shall go to bed," she announced in muffled tones. "Good-night."

She dragged her lagging feet upstairs and along the sparely carpeted passage that led to her own little room. She crept to the window that stood open, and kneeled with her elbows on the sill. The moon made a palely gold pathway on the water.

"Give him up!" she murmured. "Live without him! I shall die if I do."

Her head drooped on her folded arms. "A Steuart of Afternish," she repeated, in much the tones her sister had used. "Would to Heaven I had been Belle Macfarlane at the Steuart Arms, if so I could have exchanged the Steuart ancient lineage for him!"

But yet no thought of defying Marian, of attempting to overthrow the family idol that they had worshipped ever since she could remember, entered the girl's head. She had not lived in the healthful breezes of the outer world, only breathed all her life this enervating atmosphere of pride of birth fostered by the adulation of the simpler folk about her. Therefore she did not rise in indignant arms when told that she was contemplating degradation in marrying the man she loved. She only felt powerless under the march of this cruel Juggernaut that was crushing the young life out of her. But it did not occur to her to resist. We do not fling away the religion of a lifetime in a moment. It has become an inheritance, a habit, a part of ourselves.

By-and-by, becoming conscious that she was chilled to the bone, she rose and shut the window, lit a single candle, and by its guttering light spread her poor little writing-case before her and began what seemed to her her death sentence.

It was quite a childish little letter when finished, but none the less final.

"I spoke to Marian last night, but she says it is quite impossible that I can ever marry you. I would far rather have your love than be 'the daughter of a hundred earls,' but Marian says *that* is a wrong and distorted view to take of things; that we are responsible to uphold our position as we are responsible for any other inheritance. I daresay to you this will seem all very ridiculous. I suppose the best prayer I can pray for you is that you may forget me. *That*, for a man out in the world and with his work, ought not to be so hard as it will be for—Yours sincerely,

"F. S."

Geoffrey Hillary dashed the letter to the floor after reading it, and paced the room agitatedly. The confusion of packing was evident in all about him.

"Was there ever such a consummate piece of snobbery? Such abominable antediluvian prejudice?" His face flushed darkly. "No one fit to tie the shoe-lace of a Steuart of Afternish! This is Miss Steuart's doing, and she has imbued my darling's mind with her narrow-minded notions. If I had been a blackguard—but because I am a tradesman's son! Royalty itself could hardly surpass her arrogance."

He went and picked up the letter and scanned it anew, gnawing his moustache fiercely the while.

"Shall I beard the lady in her den?" he debated with himself. "But I might be tempted to be uncivil. And besides, what have I meantime to offer—especially as a set-off against this heinous crime of lowly birth? No, better go away and carve out a career for myself, and come again. But to leave Matorlich without seeing Flo——"

There ensued a short sharp struggle with himself. Then he put the letter in his pocket. "I'll wait," he said, with tense lips, and resumed his packing.

CHAPTER II.

IF a vague hope that Geoffrey Hillary would refuse to accept her decision upheld Flora Steuart, in the course of a day or two, the hope was quenched. Dr. Ross returned to his duties restored or partially restored, and the *locum tenens* departed, making no sign. Marian treated the subject as a chapter of a book closed. Flo herself made heroic efforts to shake off the misery that had her in its clutches. She tramped the heather in a short skirt. She scrambled among the rocks by the sea as of yore. She took long breezy gallops on old

Maggie, who was taken from the hay-field for the purpose. She did everything that she had used to do with a feverishness that seemed to over-do it.

By-and-by, when spring swelled into the wealth of summer and the sea-girt island seemed an earthly paradise, her staying powers threatened to fail her, and she drooped.

"Does your head ache, Miss Flora?" old Kirsty inquired, surprising the girl in her favourite attitude of elbow on the window-sill and eyes staring seawards.

"Did you ever know me have a headache in my life?" asked the girl, rallying one of her old smiles with an effort. The woman came nearer. The child had been her nurseling—her dead mistress's dying charge to her. She stroked the crinkly hair with her horny hand.

"Will it be the heartache mebbe, then?" she insinuated in her soft Highland brogue.

The question brought the blood in a great crimson tide surging over the girl's cheek and brow and throat.

"What nonsense, Kirsty!" she said, with an effort. "How you let your imagination run riot!"

She shifted restlessly beneath her touch, and the woman with a sigh withdrew her hand. Then, as if suddenly compunctious, Flo turned and threw her arms round her, and as suddenly released her and rushed from the room.

"I'm not so far wrong, after all," she murmured to herself. "My old eyes can see a bit farther than people think."

As the summer advanced and waned, melting insidiously into the mellow tints of autumn, there was no doubt in the world but that the younger Miss Steuart drooped. The elder sister, remarking it vaguely, prosaically prescribed a run to Inverness.

"You might go and see Kate Macalister," she suggested, but did not urge it when Flo shook her head. She was made of the stern stuff of the martyr herself, and had only contempt for one constructed of less enduring material.

The old man, in one of his glimmerings of intelligence, noted that the house was silent to the blithe carollings of his younger daughter's voice—that her face lacked the light that was like sunshine on a landscape.

In time winter drew on, and the lonely island was rain- and wind-swept. The waves broke on the shore with long hoarse roarings. Lying wakeful in her little room, in the teeth of the Atlantic, to the accompaniment of a rattling casement Flo listened to the monotonous "thud, thud" of the breakers till it almost seemed as if madness would have been a relief.

About Christmas a cough developed—a little hacking cough, that lasted well into the new year. Marian called in Dr. Ross with the calm precision with which she would have called in the plumber to stem a leakage, and the doctor prescribed a tonic, and discoursed of "nerve exhaustion" and general debility.

In the first pale days of spring the peeping primrose was hardly paler than the girl's face, and the blue hyacinths that starred the mossy dells about Afternish had never received from her a cooler welcome.

One night Kirsty came to her room. There had been a suppressed excitement about the old woman for some time past, and to-night she was agitated by a sort of trembling eagerness, while there was a strange mixture of stern determination about her lips. Flo was brushing her brown hair listlessly. Kirsty took the brush from her hand.

"Miss Flo," she said falteringly at last, "there's a piece of news."

"Is there?" asked Flo apathetically. What mattered to her the local gossip? Was Neil Macleod's son going to the colonies, or Mary Gillies to service in Glasgow?

"Dr. Ross has got a visitor."

Once a visitor to Dr. Ross thus early in spring would have been as a breeze from the outer world. Now he was of no account.

Kirsty watched the pale oval of the girl's face.

"I'm mista'en, too, if the doctor isn't what they call a cat's-paw in this case," went on the old woman, "and it's Miss Flora herself" (using the quaint Gaelic idiom) "that's brought the young doctor back to Matorlich."

She had the girl's full attention now. The crinkled head was suddenly jerked from beneath her hand, and, pale to the lips, Flo faced her.

"The young doctor?" she repeated incredulously.

"Dr. Hillary himself," replied the woman. "They do say he has made his way in the south wonderful, though I always did say he was extraordinary clever for a young man; a bit of money, too, has come his way—and so I thought I would just tell you, Miss Flo."

The pallor was succeeded by a glow of crimson, and the girl turned away to hide it. Geoffrey here! Geoffrey within a few miles of her! Geoffrey prosperous! But then again, stilling her tumultuous pulse, she asked herself how should it concern her? He could be nothing to her. There was the same hideous nightmare—the same hard stone wall for her love and longing to beat themselves against.

Above her old Kirsty's face quivered with



"Flo turned and threw her arms round her."

eagerness, whilst her heart glowed at the thought of her own wily diplomacy. Who but she knew of that carefully prepared, laboriously executed letter that had found its way to Geoffrey; that pathetic record of her young mistress's pale sad looks, her weariness and general drooping, and the threatened spoiling of her young life? Was it not a secret all her own?

Suddenly she sank on her knees by the dressing-table.

"Miss Flo, dear," she burst out, her old voice trembling, and laying her hand on the girl's knee. "Promise me—I want you to promise me—it'll be different this time."

"What?" breathed the girl, looking at her half guiltily.

"What I say," she repeated. "That you won't turn a cold shoulder on the young man. You're my dear dead mistress's dying charge to me," she went on, with a touch of tragedy, "and I won't stand by to see your life made a wreck of for all the blue blood that ever ran in anybody's veins. It's Burns, isn't it, that has it, '*A man's a man for a' that*'? And I'm thinking he's about right. It's downright wicked to make a god of family pride, or of anything else—I don't care what it is. Ofttimes I've said to myself, sez I, 'It's a poor enough bargain Miss Marian made when she sent away young Mr. Harvey, as fine a young man as ever stepped up pulpit stairs, and him a missionary at the earth's ends at this very moment among cannibals mebbe, for all she knows to the contrary. And there she sits with her bits of em broidery about her, growing thin and old and sad, hugging a poor empty shell and having thrown away the kernel. It's cold comfort, to my mind, her knowing that she hasn't 'disgraced the family.'"

Flo's eyes followed the woman's lips, diverted for the moment from her own affairs.

"So Marian had a lover?" she asked, half musing.

Kirsty nodded.

"I've told you this," she went on, "because I want you to go right the other way. That's why they light the bonfire on Torr Head in a storm. To send the ships to the right-about, for fear they come crashing on the rocks. Say 'Yes' to the young doctor, Miss Flo; say 'Yes,' as your own heart tells you. Never mind if he isn't good enough in the eyes of the world to mate with a Steuart. Take my word for it, it's cold comfort to put any mortal thing in the place of love."

The girl's cheeks glowed. The lustre had come back to the blue eyes. She seemed to hang on the woman's lips. She breathed quickly and rather agitatedly.

"And defy Marian?" she whispered. The old woman nodded, as if afraid to utter the audible treason.

There was a pause. Then the girl suddenly laid her head on old Kirsty's shoulder.

"Oh, Kirsty," she breathed, "I love him so!"

"Then tell him so," advised the old woman, with a sympathetic moisture in her faded eyes.

* * * * * *

"Dear child, if you had only taken your courage in your hands a year ago!" said the young doctor, noting the thin outline of his *fiancée's* pale face.

"Oh, Geoffrey, I couldn't! As it is, I feel like those people we used to read about in history, who broke idols—'icon' something."

"You might erect a new one, if you are conscious of a sense of blank," he suggested demurely.

She laughed her old light-hearted laugh.

"I am so astonished at my own temerity," she said, looking up at him. "I don't believe I should ever have defied Marian and the family traditions if you had not been on the spot. Doesn't it almost seem what people call 'a special interposition of Providence' that Dr. Ross should have asked you up just when he did?"

"Undoubtedly," he assented. "Otherwise a piece of diplomacy on the part of old Kirsty," he amended silently to himself.

* * * * * *

Calmly, sternly, without further remonstrance, the elder sister, as it were, wiped the younger from her life. If Flo thought it worth while to disgrace the Steuarts by a miserable alliance, she had chosen her lot deliberately. For her own part, she did not swerve from the programme she had laid down for herself long ago—the programme of a joyless, loveless existence. If a secret conviction ever visited her that the worship of the family fetish was, after all, a poor substitute for something else, she made no sign. If, as time went on, she envied her sister a fulness of living she herself had deliberately put from her, she kept the bitter discovery for her own heart alone.

HOMES OF REST FOR MINISTERS.

(Illustrated from Photographs by Cassell and Co., Ltd.)



ST. DEINIOL'S HOSTEL, HAWARDEN, FROM THE GARDEN.

SOME time ago, a young "son of the Manse" was taking a holiday cruise on a merchant vessel. The captain, a typical North Country skipper of the old school, asked him one day "what his father was," and on being informed, remarked, "Ah! a parson. He's got a soft job, then." Even now the idea may linger, fostered perhaps by descriptions of idyllic parsonages in fiction, that the life of the minister of the Gospel is a "soft job," an easy, leisured, respectable sort of occupation, not to be compared for strain and severity with the demands of an ordinary secular calling.

No one who understands what ministerial work means in town or country, would ever agree with the estimate of the worthy sailor above mentioned. The vicar of a slum parish, with the endless details of social and charitable work that fall on him in addition to his purely spiritual duties, the country minister, cycling for ten or twelve miles against a bitter wind to his village preaching place, are no comfortable sinecurists. And that this fact is recognised, sufficiently appears from the multiplication of Homes of Rest for the clergy of all denominations.

Conspicuous among these is Mr. Gladstone's foundation, St. Deiniol's Hostel and Library at Hawarden, six miles from Chester. "That great Christian man," as Lord Salisbury called him, made it a maxim of his own life that change of occupation was the best recreation; and when he was worn out with the strain of political life, nothing refreshed him like a few hours among his books with Homer or Dante, St. Augustine or Bishop Butler. Thus the boon which he has left to the wearied and rest-seeking clergyman consists in facilities for study, and the Hostel at St. Deiniol's is part of

the same scheme as the Library, which it was the delight of his later years to collect and arrange.

"While the principles of the institution," wrote Mr. Gladstone, "will be those of the historic Church of this country, it is my earnest desire and full intention that the hospitality of the institution and its conveniences and advantages should as far as possible be made available for persons beyond the pale of the Anglican Church."

Accordingly we find among the inmates of the Hostel Nonconformist as well as Anglican clergymen, and indeed students of all classes and creeds, though naturally Christian ministers of religion are in the majority. Six hundred students have taken advantage of the Library since it was opened eight years ago. The volumes in the collection number upwards of 34,000, and the Library is kept up-to-date by the purchase of theological works from time to time, Mr. Gladstone having left an endowment for that purpose.

The Hostel is at present the old Grammar School of Hawarden, which has been converted into a very pleasant scholarly retreat. There are several little private studies in the Library building, which the students can use if they desire. The grounds are pleasantly laid out and there are delightful walks and cycle rides to be enjoyed in the neighbourhood. All these advantages are offered to the students for the exceedingly modest sum of twenty-five shillings weekly, the only condition being that the visitor should desire to use the Library for purposes of study.

The new Library buildings were opened last autumn, and as soon as the necessary funds are collected it is proposed to pull down the old Grammar School and build a new hostel, which will be continuous with the Library and will cost about £15,000. Application for admission or for further particulars should be made to the Rev. the Warden, St. Deiniol's Library, Hawarden.

The Clergy Hospice at Hendon caters for rather a different class of visitor. It is for clergy of the congested districts of the dioceses of London, Rochester, and



ST. DEINIOL'S LIBRARY, HAWARDEN, SHOWING SILVER STATUETTE BY RAGGI (REPLICA OF THE MANCHESTER STATUE), JUST PRESENTED TO THE LIBRARY.

St. Albans, who are broken down by work and need complete rest and change. The house is a large and pleasant one, standing in its own grounds, and has been devoted to its present purpose by the generosity of the owner, an earnest and large-hearted Churchwoman. It will accommodate six clergymen at a time, and meals, attendance, and washing are provided free of cost for the guests, who

One of the best known of holiday homes for ministers is the one at Margate which goes by the name of the Clergy Seaside Rest. This home was founded in 1880 by the Rev. H. Woods Tindall, and has entertained over two thousand clergymen since its foundation.

The late Archbishop Temple, a few years ago, gave from his own experience a strong testimony to its usefulness. "I



CLERGY SEASIDE REST, MARGATE: VIEW FROM DRAWING-ROOM VERANDAH.

come by invitation from the Chaplain, who is at all times glad to hear of suitable candidates, who are in need of rest and quiet for a short time.

It must indeed be delightful, in the words of the Bishop of London (a recent visitor at the Hospice), for toilers in the slums of Bermondsey or Wapping, to find a place where they "can escape for a few days from the nervous strain of the perpetual trams and omnibuses, get a good night's rest, and have a quiet time to read and think. Worries look less when you can get a little distance from them, and nerves are soon rested by fresh air and good food."

myself," he said, "have personally been acquainted with many instances of clergymen who might have been strong at this moment and able to go on with their work, but who are now laid on the shelf for a considerable period, simply because they had not the chance of taking a rest at the moment when the rest was needed."

There are many of such workers who are quite able to pay something for their board and lodging, but who cannot afford the heavy charges of ordinary seaside hotels and boarding houses. The Home meets their wants by charging

only twenty-five shillings a week for board and lodging.

The house is delightfully situated, close to the sea, which washes up to the garden in front, so that visitors get the full benefit of the renowned air of Margate. It contains ten bedrooms, reading and smoking rooms, besides the usual reception rooms, and it stands in a most accessible part of the town. The Rev. M. Pryor, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Margate, is Chairman of the Committee.

A similar Seaside Home for the clergy has been established at Scarborough in connection with the diocese of York. Here the principle is the same: the visitors are asked to pay a proportion of the cost of their accommodation, and the deficit is made up by subscription.

died suddenly in a railway carriage while on his way to Brighton. Dr. Spurgeon's work at the Pastors' College had brought him into contact with the domestic needs and troubles of many hardworked ministers, and his sympathy with them was always keen and ready. In founding the House of Rest, Mrs. Spurgeon was therefore honouring the memory of her husband in the way that he himself would have most approved.

The Home was formally opened in September, 1900, and the deed of gift handed to the President of the Baptist Union for that year, the Rev. William Cuff. Since that time, about eight hundred guests have visited the Home, which, though intended in the first place for members of the Baptist denomination,



ARUNDEL HOUSE, KEMP TOWN, BRIGHTON.

Among the Homes of Rest intended especially for Nonconformist ministers, one of the most successful is Arundel House, Kemp Town, Brighton, founded in memory of Dr. J. A. Spurgeon, who was elected President of the Baptist Union in 1898, and in the following year

is by no means confined exclusively to them.

"What I like about the house," said a lady visitor, "is that it is so airy." Out of the spacious hall, adorned with medallions from Flaxman's designs, opens a fine suite of rooms. The dining-room will

accommodate thirty guests and contains a portrait of the founder, Dr. Spurgeon, which was unveiled on May 24th, 1901, by the Rev. F. B. Meyer. The comfortably furnished drawing-room looks seaward, and many a busy pastor will remember, with a sense of lasting refreshment, summer evenings spent on the verandah, looking out on the wide waters of the Channel, and admiring the splendid sunsets for which Brighton is famous. There is also a sunny room pleasantly fitted up for reading and correspondence.



DRAWING ROOM, WILTON HOUSE, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.

Brighton and Margate are world-famed health resorts. Littlehampton is less known, and yet for the purity of its air and the charm of its surroundings, it may rival its more popular sisters. A wide expanse of common bordering on the open sea; a fine breezy prospect bounded southwards by the meeting line of sky and wave, and northwards by the rolling chalk downs, while the towers of Arundel Castle may be perceived in the distance; quiet, sunshine, and a most invigorating air—these are the charms of Littlehampton.

It was the Rev. Darlow Serjeant, a well-known London Wesleyan minister, who founded the delightful home of rest which is now known as the Hillyers. Thirteen years ago, he came to the place and was struck with its capabilities. A fine private residence looking south, and suitable for the reception of about seventy visitors, was to be had. It had been tastefully decorated and fitted up with every modern convenience, so that the guests might have about them the comforts and refinements of a happy English home. The charges for accommodation are moderate in all cases, and in the many instances where a holiday is really needed and the money to pay for it is not forthcoming, this fact is never allowed to stand in the way. Paying, non-paying or partially paying guests are received on the same footing, and whatever help may be given to any visitor, the matter

is treated as perfectly confidential, and is only known to the authorities of the Home.

The delightful intimacies, the cordial good fellowship, which grow up in such a place as this, make the memory of it dear to all who have ever stayed there, and many are the hearts which will have been saddened by the news that "Sister Emma," the admirable and devoted Sister-in-charge for so long, had been suddenly called away last winter from the work she did so well, to the rest that remains for all such faithful labourers.

Another well-known House of Rest, chiefly intended for ministers and missionaries, although lay workers are admitted, is Wilton House, St. Leonards-on-Sea. The work began in May, 1885, in a smaller house in Devonshire Road, Hastings. This little Home only accommodated twelve visitors, but was so much appreciated that, a few years later, the present house was opened. It stands on the sea front, with a delightfully sunny and cheerful outlook and will accommodate from thirty to forty visitors. The terms are low enough to bring it within the reach of those ministers who cannot afford to take expensive holidays and who find in a place like this the comfort of bright and congenial society. The Home is worked in connection with the Evangelistic Mission carried on by Mr. G. Russell Hurditch.

So far we have only spoken of Homes of Rest in England. But there are some to whom the sunshine of a foreign land is almost a necessity, if slow disease is not to rob them of their strength and cut short their life work. For such cases St. John's Home of Rest at Mentone has been established, in one of the loveliest spots on the whole of the Mediterranean coast—

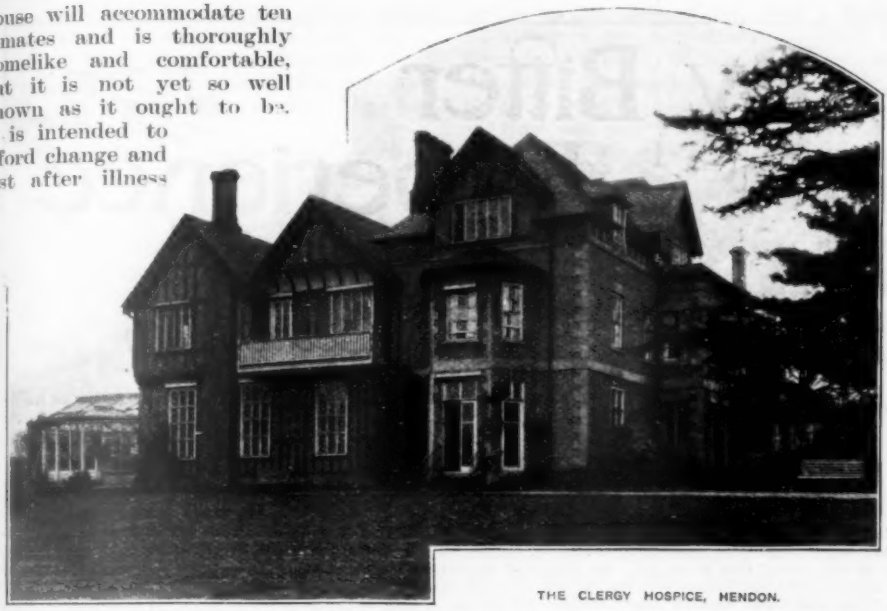
"A land of maize and orange blossom.
Of orange, aloe, and plum and vine."



ST. JOHN'S HOME OF REST, MENTONE.

The charge for board and lodging is only £1 a week, or about a third of what one often has to pay for quite modest accommodation on the Riviera. The

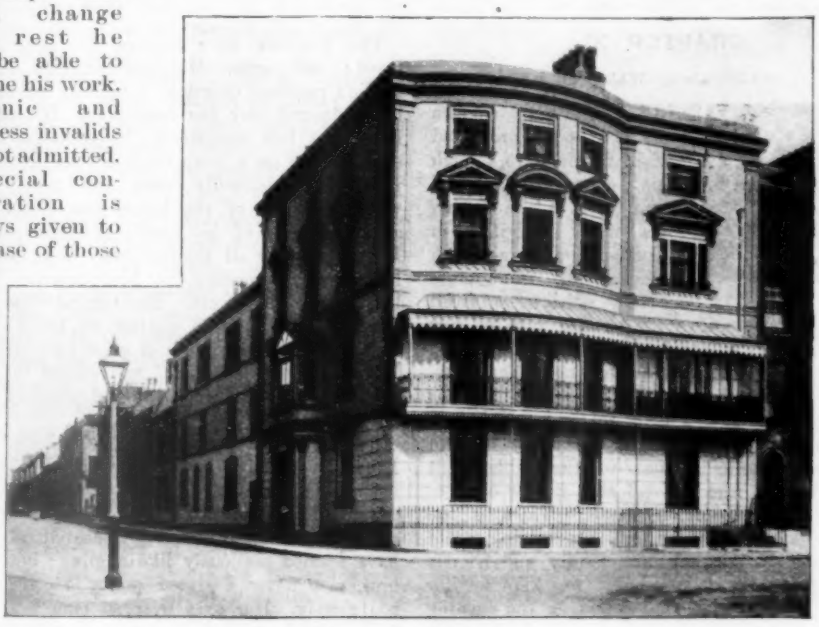
house will accommodate ten inmates and is thoroughly homelike and comfortable, but it is not yet so well known as it ought to be. It is intended to afford change and rest after illness



THE CLERGY HOSPICE, HENDON.

or temporary breakdown, and one of the conditions of the admission of an applicant is that his medical advisers give a fair hope that with change and rest he will be able to resume his work. Chronic and hopeless invalids are not admitted.

Special consideration is always given to the case of those who cannot pay even the small sum charged for residence in the Home, or provide for the expenses of the journey.



THE HILLYERS, LITTLEHAMPTON.



SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—X.

Lewis Harper, a wealthy owner of racehorses, establishes his family and his training stables at The Lodge, a fine house near Woodstead, a small town near London. The Harper family consists of his wife and daughter, two frivolous Society "butterflies," all for dress and show, and his son Leslie, a young barrister, who spends most of his time working amongst the East-End poor. He has become disgusted with gambling and racing, because his chief friend at Oxford, a brilliant scholar, committed suicide when he had gambled away all he had. The children of Herbert Raynor, the leading solicitor of Woodstead—Margaret, Gerald, and Violet—become very friendly with the Harpers, especially Gerald and Violet, who are induced by their example to gamble. Violet loses a large sum, intended to pay Christmas bills, in playing cards at The Lodge; and then, afraid to confess the truth at home, invents a story of a young man who snatched her hand-bag from her in a lonely lane, and ran away. Mr Raynor thereupon reports the supposed loss to the police. Gerald Raynor, who has fallen in love with Lilian Harper, becomes an easy victim to the gambling mania. Violet's false accusation leads to the arrest of a deserving young clerk, Charlie Collier, who has innocently become possessed of one of the bank-notes supposed to be stolen from her. He is tried by the magistrates and acquitted, but suspicion still clings to him, though Madeline Turner, the one girl in Woodstead whose opinion he values, despite the fact that their acquaintance is but slight, shows her confidence in him. Meanwhile, Violet Raynor meets with much sympathy for her pretended loss, especially from Leslie Harper, who is entranced by her pretty face, and is deeply in love with her.

CHAPTER XI.

A WORD OF WARNING.

LESLIE HARPER'S sojourn at The Lodge prolonged itself to ten days, though his conscience pricked him for thus abandoning his many activities in London for mere selfish amusement. The intense frost which reigned afforded opportunities for skating rare in this fickle climate; and gliding day by day over the perfect ice, with Violet Raynor never far away, even if her hands were not clasped in his, was an experience too delightful to forego. Previous tenants had always thrown the pretty lake in The Lodge grounds open to the public; but Mrs. Harper, who had all that horror of association with "common people" which is the sure mark of vulgarity and low origin, would allow nobody but her own family and friends to set foot on it. Open house was kept for her guests, who not seldom wound up the evening at The Lodge, also.

The Raynors were amongst the most privileged; and even Margaret enjoyed it, for Leslie's presence exercised a refining and steadying influence over the household. His father's laugh was less boisterous, the gambling in the evening was on a more moderate scale, and the proceedings generally were less rowdy than when the son of the house was away. For, although none of his family sympathised with his views, they all unconsciously paid him the tribute of pretending, in his presence, to be better than they were. His earnest glance was the only thing which availed to check Lilian in some unworthy piece of coquetry; and Mrs. Harper put on less rouge, and ceased to clutch at her card-table gains quite so greedily when he was by.

"I shall miss you when you go back!—how I wish you were always here!" Violet said one sunny morning, as they sped together over the ice, doing the outside edge in long, graceful curves. From any other girl the remark might have seemed perilously like angling; but somehow, men never analysed pretty Violet's words too closely. Her eyes were so blue, her lovely hair rippled about her ears so charmingly, and

her voice was always so sweet—to *them*—that they treated her like the fairy princess whose rosebud mouth dropped pearls and diamonds.

He smiled, well pleased, and then sighed.

"I should very much like to stay here too; but I feel I ought to be in London. There isn't enough for me to do here."

"But your father is always saying he wishes you would help him with the management of his horses."

"Oh, Mitton, the trainer, does that far better than I could! He has an enormous salary, of course. And my tastes don't find any scope in horses—I prefer men and women."

"But horses are such noble, graceful, lovable creatures!"

"In their place they're well enough—but not as an object in life. Train him as you may, a horse still remains a horse, even though he has learnt all the tricks of the circus. But who shall say what boundless possibilities may lie hidden even in the poorest little Arab rescued from the London streets? Train him properly, and he may possibly become a great man; plenty of poor boys have."

"But your horse might turn out a Derby winner, and win you hundreds of thousands of pounds!" cried Violet eagerly. Quite unknown to the authorities at home, she had already decided to bet a considerable sum on Snapdragon, at the suggestion of Mr. Harper; although, since her disastrous experience at napoleon, she took care only to play cards for moderate stakes, if she fancied she could not avoid playing at all.

But he shook his head. "And he might fail even to get a place, and lose you every penny you had in the world. Every great race sees many people reduced to absolute beggary!"

"Because they were too stupid to back the right horse!"

"Because they failed to consider the innumerable accidents which might prevent the most splendid racer from reaching the winning-post. There's no certainty on the turf—it is all pure gambling. And I should be truly sorry if familiarity with the favourite topic prevailing in our house should induce you to ever risk a farthing upon a horse. A love of gambling is terrible in a man; but ten times worse, it seems to me, in a woman."

His tone was so earnest, the glance of his dark eyes so full of feeling, that she coloured with shame. What would he say if he knew about the missing bank-notes and Charlie Collier? He never must know, of course!

"I hope you will never allow yourself to be persuaded to bet," he added wistfully.

"Oh, dear no!—of course not!" she returned, with a guilty twinge of conscience. How provoking that Leslie Harper, such a desirable catch from a pecuniary standpoint, should have these silly scruples! He would have been much nicer if he had been content to let things slide, and simply live to dress, and flirt, and enjoy himself!

"How well your sister looks on skates," he remarked, as Margaret approached with Gerald. She looked bright and animated, her cheeks glowing in the frosty air; but Gerald displayed an ugly scowl. He was only skating with Margaret because fickle Lilian had found a new adorer in a smart young officer staying in the neighbourhood. In a marvellous toilette of dark-green velvet, with a white picture-hat, Lilian disputed the palm of beauty with Violet.

Mrs. Harper, watching everything from the bank, decided that Leslie had talked long enough with Violet, and therefore called him to her. She did not skate well herself, though she pretended to delight in it, in order to appear youthful; but, in a girlish costume, she stood about the edge, or sat by the blazing fire on the bank, always finding some excellent excuse for not venturing far on the slippery ice. To Leslie, her manœuvres always recalled those of the immortal Winkle in similar circumstances.

"You've not given Miss Little a single turn," she began crossly. Miss Little was a plain, stout girl whose father had made an immense fortune out of pickles. "It's such bad taste for the son of the house to devote himself exclusively to one girl—unless, of course, he has something to gain by it."

"Well, I'll skate with Miss Little, if you wish," he returned good-naturedly. "But——" and he paused.

"But what? They say she'll have a quarter of a million; and I asked her on purpose to meet you, Leslie!"

He thought how that money had been made. The pickle-factory was in the East-End, and had the worst reputation for sweating the work-people, using damaged materials, and cheating of all kinds. But if he said so to his mother, she would only laugh. Money would have been money to her, if it had been made in the slave-trade.

For peace' sake he skated off to join the heiress. "Money going after money—as usual!" Gerald bitterly remarked to Margaret. In his vexation at Lilian's behaviour, he took a jaundiced view of everything.

She thought it best not to hear. "What a lovely day—we don't often get such good skating in February. But I must say I think the Harpers might have thrown the lake open to the respectable townspeople as usual; there is great dissatisfaction in Woodstead about it."

"Well, if you like to be jostled by all the 'Arries and 'Arriets in the place, *I* don't! They can go to the canal."

Margaret sighed. It was evident that under the Harper influence Gerald had distinctly deteriorated, and would soon become as selfish as themselves. A year ago he would have sympathised with the townspeople. "It seems a pity not to make people happy when it could be done so easily," she urged. Oh! the wasted opportunities of life! Never did they strike her so pathetically as when witnessing the heartless selfishness reigning at The Lodge.

"Oh, if you're going to preach, I shall be off," he said grumpily, unfastening his skates. "It's beastly slow here, and I'll go and have a look at the horses." And he strode away to the stables, which were beginning to exercise a powerful fascination over him. Mr. Harper had given him the run of the great establishment, and he frequently availed himself of it; but his sister sighed as he flung away.

"All alone, Miss Raynor? Come, that's too bad!" said Leslie's pleasant voice behind her. "May I have the pleasure of a turn?"

They spent a pleasant half-hour together; for she was most warmly interested in the East-End, and in all social questions. "I should like to go among the factory girls myself, and try to do a little good," she confessed. "But I can't leave father without anybody to manage the house."

"Your sister?" he suggested, thinking how useful a practical girl like Margaret would be in the slums.

"Oh, Violet's certain to marry," she answered simply. That was an article of faith at Elmfield; as also was the belief that Margaret herself was a predestined old maid, never likely to be loved by anybody.

He paused to survey the skaters sparsely dotted about the ice. "If this lake were near London, it would be crowded," he remarked. "I tried to persuade my people to admit the public, as usual; but they wouldn't hear of it."

"I do think it was a pity to keep so many people out," she assented.

"I'm very glad you do. I said the same to Miss Violet, but she preferred the place kept private. Mother says I'm an absolute Socialist about property, and it all arises from my being 'no sportsman.' I don't quite see the connection—do you?"

"No, for I should be sorry to think that sportsmen would be selfish enough to wish to keep all enjoyment to themselves. But I think the term 'sportsman' is often greatly misapplied."

Leslie and Margaret were together a good deal that day; and in the evening, when the young Raynors dined at The Lodge, and the rest had gone off to play pool and roulette, the two had a long talk concerning their favourite books. Margaret fairly started when Violet at last appeared, saying it was eleven o'clock, and their father would be furious if they kept the carriage waiting another minute.

Violet was in high spirits going home, despite Leslie's temporary defection. "What do you think? I've actually won five pounds at roulette!" she exclaimed gleefully, chinking the coins in her hand.

"I'm sorry to hear it—I'd rather you'd lost it instead," returned her sister soberly.

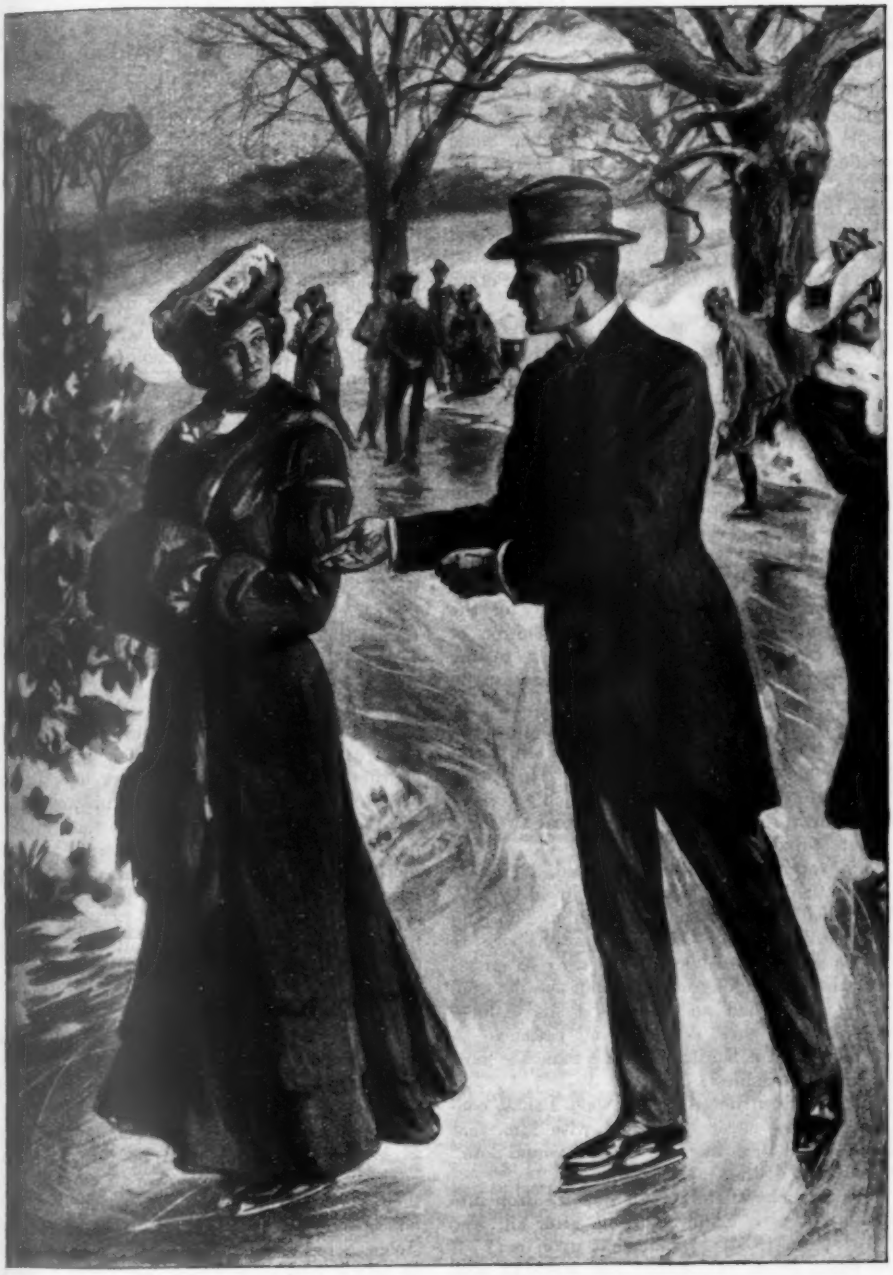
CHAPTER XII.

A GIRL WITH A HEART.

IT is unfortunately a fact that there is a deal of downright hard unkindness in the world, even at this stage of civilisation, when men are obliged at least to pretend they love their fellow-men, and any glaring injustice or cruelty which meets the public eye is certain of severe retribution. Nevertheless, beneath all the fair show of sympathy for misfortune fashionable to-day lurks a painful amount of active unkindness in secret places; and the man or woman "down on their luck," to use a popular phrase, know it in all its bitterness.

In spite of his acquittal at the police-court, and Mr. Stone's friendly commendation, Woodstead in general, and his fellow-clerks in particular, chose to consider Charlie Collier still an object of suspicion, and made his life almost unbearable. Secure in the fact that they were two to one, and their employer safely shut into his private room, Gammon and Bates exhausted all the petty persecutions congenial to small minds. They displayed ostentatious solicitude concerning trifling articles of personal property, such as knives, pencils, etc., when Charlie was present; they changed their conversation from football matches, betting odds, and billiards, to highly spiced anecdotes of celebrated thieves, which they professed to have read in the papers; and they never addressed their colleague at all, save when absolutely obliged.

In one sense, they were such pitifully commonplace cowards, so far beneath their victim in all the qualities which go to make a man, that he might well have afforded to treat them with contempt. But Charlie, who had a pathetically keen longing, as so many reserved people have, for sympathy and kindness, found it gall and wormwood to sit day by day in the company of men who despised him. He did his work mechanically, but all pleasure in it was gone. For it was not only in the office he encountered cold looks; he perceived, by the cool nods, or absolute cuts of acquaintances in the street, that



"'May I have the pleasure of a turn?'"

the poison of suspicion was working amongst them also. All except Madeline Turner; she spoke as pleasantly as ever, but they were both busy people, and seldom met.

The love of the marvellous, fostered by the detective fiction so popular nowadays, caused the Woodstead busybodies to assume that, even if Charlie had not actually robbed Violet, some confederate had done it, and they shared the plunder. The note brought by the errand boy to Mr. Stone's office was not the same as that presented by Charlie at the bank. He had seized upon the opportunity to try to cash one of the stolen ones; and had doubtless still got the other safely hidden away.

One of the people who firmly believed this neatly finished romance was Daniel Horn. He had always disliked Charlie, conscious that the young man stood in no awe of him or his money. But Mrs. Collier had so flattered and wheedled herself into the good graces of the rough builder that, but for Charlie, he would have proposed long before. But he hesitated to saddle himself with a stepson too old, and too big, and too clever to be bullied. And now, after this public scandal, he felt less inclined than ever to mix himself up with the ne'er-do-well Colliers; for one of his best points was the dogged, sturdy honesty of the Englishman, producing an absolute horror of theft. So he stayed away altogether, to the consternation of Mrs. Collier, who continually bewailed the fact.

"It's so dreadfully dull in the evenings, and we've so few friends, that I miss Mr. Horn frightfully!" she lamented one night. "He always had some interesting bit of news, which you *never* have, Charlie, for you never seem to hear anything in that stupid office!"

"I'm very sorry, mother," he said, trying to speak patiently. The petty gossip loved by Mrs. Collier had always been distasteful to him, and now that Bates and Gammon hardly spoke to him, he seldom heard any. He tried to amuse his mother in the long evenings, but she detested reading; they had no piano, and she disliked games, such as chess, draughts, and patience. A grown-up child is harder to amuse than the most tiresome of juveniles.

"If Mr. Horn doesn't come soon, I shall conclude, as I've never quarrelled with him, that he didn't like that affair of the five-pound note," fretted Mrs. Collier.

"Isn't it about time that was let drop into oblivion? I was acquitted; and, after all, who is Mr. Horn to sit in judgment upon me? If you really loved me, mother, you wouldn't wish to continue friendly with anybody hostile to me!"

She tossed her head. "Oh, if I considered all your likes and dislikes, I should never have any friends at all! I certainly shan't quarrel with Daniel Horn just to please you! If people are hard to convince about that bank-note, you'll just have to put up with it!"

"That isn't much consolation to a man shut up all day with two scornful jackanapes who take a pleasure in insulting him! Surely, when I come home I might expect a comforting word from you!" He looked wistfully at her, but she feigned to be engrossed in twisting a bit of ribbon into a bow, and avoided his gaze. He waited a minute; then, taking his hat, went out into the night.

Having finished the bow, Mrs. Collier proceeded to cut a paper pattern, quite unconcernedly. She was not absolutely heartless, as her son, striding angrily through the dreary streets, believed; but weak and selfish. As she reflected, truly enough, she had had a wretched life; and she would be foolish to refuse Daniel Horn, if he should propose. He could offer her a good home, where she would be able to entertain, if not the *élite* of Woodstead, at all events people vastly preferable to nobody at all. His children by his first wife were all out in the world, and would be no encumbrance to a stepmother. And, though he was considerably her senior, that, she considered, was an advantage. If she played her cards well, when he died he would leave her a snug little annuity, thereby rendering her a lady of independent means.

Meanwhile, bitter thoughts filled Charlie's mind as he stood, regardless of a piercing wind, on the bridge in the High Street, looking down at the lights reflected in the muddy river. He felt that he had no real home on the wide earth, despite his years of self-sacrificing toil. His mother was ready to leave him at a stranger's bidding to shift for himself in hostile Woodstead. It was a bleak prospect; many times he had already asked himself whether, if Bates and Gammon continued their daily persecution, he would be able to remain with Mr. Stone, for human endurance has its limits.

Involuntarily, he turned to the northward, where London lay, thirty miles off, its myriad lights quite invisible. The great city fascinated Charlie as it does most young men; and he wondered whether he could find employment there, as he had no friends and no introductions to anybody. Would people care to employ him if they knew he had been charged at Woodstead police-court with the unlawful possession of a stolen note? The dismal story would be sure to follow him everywhere, he knew; for discreditable stories always *do* follow even the most innocent people by some unexplained agency.

A number of people passing, singly and in

groups, made him draw back nearer the parapet; and one of them, a girl, hesitating a moment, stepped back and touched his arm. It was Madeline Turner.

"Mr. Collier," she said softly. It was Lent, and she was returning from the Thursday evening service, where there had been a stirring sermon on the duty of trying to help all who, from any cause, are weary of the roughness of Life's pathway. There are so many people, as the preacher pointed out, who might be saved from unhappiness and wrong-doing, if only some kind soul would give them sympathy and encouragement—*in time*. It was useless to wait till their misfortunes qualified them for a lunatic asylum, a hospital, or a suicide's grave. Go and speak the kind word, do the good deed, at once—delays have dangerous ends!

With the stirring words ringing in her ears like a trumpet-call, Madeline needed no more practical illustration than Charlie's miserable face. The most careless observer could see he was very unhappy; and why was he all by himself, looking down into the dark river? Some of the malicious Woodstead gossip about him had already reached her, proving his life was not a very enviable one. So, flinging punctilio to the winds, she accosted him, resolving to try to drive that shadow from his face.

He started, and mechanically raised his hat, muttering he knew not what. "I have been to the evening service," she continued. "My sister has neuralgia, and couldn't venture out; so, perhaps, if you've nothing better to do, you wouldn't mind seeing me home."

She had never proposed such a thing before, and the mere offer of congenial human companionship was balm to Charlie's sore heart. With gentle tact she talked to him until, before he knew it, he was pouring out the inmost troubles of his soul. He did not mention his mother—he was too loyal a son for that—but he confessed that his colleagues at the office made him unhappy, and he felt himself an object of suspicion at Woodstead.

She was too honest to deny it. "It's most shamefully unjust!" she exclaimed. "How can people be so stupid and prejudiced? If I were you, I wouldn't worry about it—it must come right in time!"

But he shook his head. "A doubt like this sometimes sticks to a man for life, Miss Turner. I sometimes think I might do better in London, only I have no introductions. Do you know anybody living there?"

"We had some friends there in my father's lifetime, but since his death we've lost sight of them. I wish I could help you to something—if you would rather go there."

"Oh, nothing is decided yet—it all depends on circumstances. But whether I go or stay," and a note of deep emotion crept into his voice, "I shall always feel intensely grateful for your kindness and sympathy to-night! Believe me, no poor wretch was ever more in need of a friendly word than I, when you passed me on the bridge!"

They had arrived at Madeline's modest abode, a small, ivy-covered house in one of the better streets, where the sisters rented furnished rooms. She stopped and looked up at him with a kindly smile. "I'm so glad! I've been wishing to see you, that I might tell you—but, indeed, there was no need for me to tell you, that I don't believe you would stoop to anything dishonourable!"

He wrung her proffered hand with an almost painful pressure, and though no more was said, both were conscious that something had come into their lives which must for ever change them both—that after to-night they could never meet on the old footing again. A few minutes had done the work of years. Since they met on the bridge, each had had a vision of the other's inmost soul—and been satisfied with it.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DEMORALISATION OF WOODSTEAD.

LESLIE HARPER returned to London much better for his holiday in the country; but leaving his family by no means inconsolable at his departure, for it was irritating to have everything about them tried by a standard higher than theirs.

Leslie, however, was much missed by others outside The Lodge; and especially by the Raynors. Although he had not yet confessed it to Violet, she was certain that he was becoming more and more in love with her. And it filled her with satisfaction; for Leslie could promote her from the sober routine of her father's house to the splendours of a rich establishment in London. Her husband might devote himself to philanthropic nonsense if he chose, but she had no intention of spending her days in Bermondsey and Shadwell, and other horrible places. She intended that Mrs. Leslie Harper should make a noise in the great world, with her beauty, and her toilettes, and her parties.

Another, to her own great surprise, missed Leslie even more than Violet; and that was quiet, undemonstrative Margaret. He was an absolutely new type to her, the embodiment of all that is best in the young men of our day, and immeasurably above the gilded youth of Woodstead, who had few ideas beyond cricket,

hunting, and golf. Deep down in Margaret's heart, unsuspected by most, was a passionate love of humanity at large, a desire to be up and doing, which found little scope at home. Hitherto she had battled it down, and tried to be content with the narrow path of duty; for she was not the shoddy philanthropist who goes off to plough in far-distant fields whilst the garden beside his own door remains a tangle of briars and weeds. But now she found herself thinking of Leslie, wondering what he was doing in London, and wishing she could see him again. She was well aware she was no favourite with the Woodstead young men, who voted her "slow" because she did not gush and roll her eyes about like Lilian Harper, talk golf and hockey by the hour, ask inane riddles like "When is a hen?" and remember all the names and weights of the year's University crews. But Leslie, whose good opinion she was conscious of desiring, certainly did not find her "slow" or he would never have talked to her as much as he did, even while Violet was by. She was well aware of his devotion to her younger sister; but, she told herself, that was no reason she and Leslie should not be—friends.

She was musing thus one afternoon in the drawing-room alone, when Mr. Raynor entered and sat down with a sigh. "Tired, father, dear?"

"A little; more worried than tired, though. I want to consult you about it, Meg, as I never can get hold of Gerald now, since he became so taken up with those Harpers. How I wish they had never come near the place! It's about that wretched little office-boy of mine, Timms. I only took him out of kindness, as his father has such a large family; and I find the young scamp has been helping himself out of the office cash-box, left unlocked by mistake. Only half-a-crown; but, if you please, to back a horse with!"

"That child taking to betting?"

"Yes; an older boy persuaded him to put it on a handicap, but he lost, and could not replace it, as he meant to. Isn't it awful, for a lad of thirteen?"

"It is, indeed. What shall you do?"

"That's what I want your advice upon. I could prosecute, of course, when he'd probably be let off under the First Offenders Act. Or I might forgive him, on condition of future good behaviour. He professes unbounded penitence now, naturally."

Margaret thought a minute. "Let him off, this time," she suggested. "He may have been led away; and the fright will probably prevent him from stealing again. His parents are so respectable, it would be a pity to disgrace them."

"It was Gerald's fault the cash-box was unlocked," continued Mr. Raynor. "He is most careless now, and seems to take no interest in what he calls 'the narrow routine of a country lawyer's office,' although my father and his father before him were quite content with the 'narrow routine' Gerald despises so much. But now, whenever he can, he rushes away to The Lodge, or to golf, or to play billiards at the club, besides continually taking days off under some pretext or other. I tell him it's all very fine to pose as a young man of fashion, but he'll find the practice will leave him when I'm gone, unless he alters very much."

"I wish he'd marry some nice girl; that would be an inducement to work."

"Yes; but Heaven forbid he should choose that flighty, over-dressed Lilian Harper! Not that he'd be half rich enough for her, but I'm afraid she has turned his head. Those people are demoralising Woodstead as fast as they can. It was a stable-boy at The Lodge who induced Timms to bet; and Rose, the milkman, dismissed one of his men only last week because he had been taking money to send to a racing-tout in London. The Vicar is quite distressed about it; even his boys in the Sunday school are talking about Snapdragon's chances for the Derby, and if the racing stables remain here many years they will ruin the whole community."

"That was the very thing Mr. Leslie Harper himself told me he feared. He would abolish them to-morrow, if he could."

"Ah! he's a nice young fellow, that. A great racing establishment brings endless riff-raff to the place, besides the army of helpers and grooms employed in it; shady betting men, and sharpers looking out for tips, who hang about the public-houses and talk to the silly lads and boys, who think it fine to associate with them, of the vast fortunes to be made on the turf. The labouring classes hear of the high wages paid to the stable-men, besides seeing Mr. Harper's employés swaggering about the town in gorgeous clothes, and it makes them envious and dissatisfied; with the result that there's such an amount of petty theft and pilfering in Woodstead now, as I've never known in the twenty years I've been Town Clerk."

"And how to stop it?"

"Heaven only knows! The gambling mania is getting a deeper hold of our young population every day. Since Mr. Harper has made large sums on the turf, every young noodle in the place, down to milkmen and office-boys, is wild to do likewise. The betting craze is the end of all honest work. A man who believes he'll be rich to-morrow through some lucky speculation isn't likely to trouble himself to do menial

tasks for small wages to-day. He feels himself above that sort of thing."

"Yes, I can quite believe a taste for gambling must make anyone restless and unfit for steady work," said Margaret slowly. She was too good a daughter to sadden her father by explaining all that was in her mind—the doubt whether Gerald had become infected with the same fatal craze. That would account for his perpetual quest of amusement; that, and his patent infatuation for Lilian. Margaret clenched her slender hands in the agony of her thoughts. Oh, not that!—anything but that! Heaven grant her only brother might never be drawn to that dread abyss which has engulfed so many promising young lives!

"Why, you are positively all in the dark!" cried Violet's gay voice at the door. "Pray, what plots are you two old fogies hatching over the fire? It's nearly dinner-time, Meg."

"And where have you been?" asked her father.

"Playing hockey at the club. We had some good games. By-the-bye, I met Lilian, Meg, and she says her brother's coming down to-morrow, to stay till Monday. He seems to be getting very fond of Woodstead."

Singing gaily, she danced away to dress. "Don't say anything to Violet about what we were discussing just now," anxiously enjoined Mr. Raynor. "I don't want her to be worried by what goes on at the office. Let her enjoy her youth while she can, and remain what she is—the sunshine of this house."

He little dreamt, good man, to what lengths his favourite daughter had already gone, thanks to that very gambling mania he deplored so much. Margaret never suspected it either, or her brow would have been still more anxious as she gazed into the glowing coals. Her thoughts were with Gerald, the heir of so many honourable ancestors. Would the general demoralisation of Woodstead end by engulfing him also?



"'I'm not accustomed . . . to being mixed up with people who get into trouble about five-pound notes.'"—*p.* 862.

"Don't worry, dear," said her father kindly. "That is a foible of yours, to be over-anxious. I promise I won't prosecute Timms, and if he keeps straight in future, nobody shall ever know about the half-crown. He shan't be stigmatised for life without being allowed another chance."

"How kind you are, father!" she cried eagerly.

"Not at all; I've a curious feeling that perhaps the day may come when some of *us* would be glad of another chance! I'm not a nervous man, as you know; but—well, sometimes I feel a vague disquiet about the future I can't account for, though I pass in Woodstead for a sufficiently hard-headed practitioner."

Their eyes met, full of unspoken understanding. Like Leslie Harper, Mr. Raynor could confide things to Margaret he never thought of breathing to another soul.

She started up with an air of forced gaiety. "Come and dress. The truth is, we both want our dinner, and that's why we imagine frightful bogies where none exist. We shall be all right when we've had something to eat."

CHAPTER XIV.

DANIEL HORN AT HOME.

MRS. COLLIER waited a few days, and, nothing being heard of Daniel Horn, she wrote, unknown to Charlie, a pathetic note to her dilatory swain, hoping she had not offended "her good, kind friend" in any way.

The response was the appearance of Daniel himself, the following Sunday afternoon. Charlie was out for a walk; and when Mrs. Collier opened the door and found the builder standing on the mat, she gave many exclamations of delight, determined to lose nothing for want of a few judicious compliments. Her visitor, a burly, red-faced man of sixty, with bushy side-whiskers, received her attentions with gruff complacency. He had just had a furious quarrel with his housekeeper at home, and was in a mood to appreciate delicate feminine blandishments.

"You received my note, Mr. Horn?" faltered the hostess, when the visitor was comfortably bestowed in the only easy-chair.

"I did, ma'am; I did. And I've come round to assure you there's been no offence given—by *you*, at any rate. But it's only right to tell you there's been some queer talk about that son of yours; and I'm not accustomed, let me tell you, ma'am, to being mixed-up with people who get into trouble about five-pound notes." And conscious of his unimpeachable character, and his handsome bank-balance, Mr. Horn inflated his chest, and glanced round the shabby little room majestically.

"I'm sure, Mr. Horn, my son was as innocent in that affair as you were," said Mrs. Collier, bridling. "He was acquitted, and it's a great shame if people are not satisfied with Miss Raynor saying she'd never seen him before."

"He might have had an accomplice, though," said Daniel doggedly. "At least, so some think. Of course, I don't say nothing. I'd rather believe your son was an honest young man, if I could. And now, what do you say to having a little walk with me? It's a nice day, and would do you good."

The widow hesitated, debating what this invitation might portend. Daniel had never asked her to go for a walk with him before. "Charlie's out; but I can leave the key under the mat for him," she decided. "If I'm not back by five, he must get his own tea ready."

She whisked away to her room, and made the smartest toilette possible; and then started with her elderly admirer, wishing his voice in the street had not been quite so loud, as it called public attention to his bad grammar. After a leisurely saunter, he suggested that Mrs. Collier should come home to his house for a cup of tea.

Again she hesitated; debating the delicate question of a chaperon. He had never invited her to his home before; could he possibly mean to propose? Her heart leapt at the thought, and at once she accepted the "very kind invitation." In truth, she was exceedingly curious to behold Daniel's abode for herself.

It was in a quiet street, a well-looking house enough, with a large builder's yard adjoining it, and a big walled garden at the back. Mr. Horn, with the amiable intention of mortifying his housekeeper, whom he more than suspected of matrimonial designs upon himself, did the honours with almost exaggerated deference. He showed his visitor through various rooms, furnished expensively enough, though in atrocious taste; and then round his huge garden, which was charming, and won Mrs. Collier's heart instantly. After being mewed-up so long in three tiny rooms, with not a blade of grass to call her own, the wide spaces of that garden were irresistible to Charlie's mother. And, oh! how delightful to gather one's own asparagus, one's own peas, one's own strawberries, and enjoy them in the perfection of freshness!

Tea was laid for them in the best sitting-room by Mrs. Butt, the sulky housekeeper, who, however, did not intrude her company upon them. Daniel asked his guest to pour it out, which she did with many coquettish glances, wondering the while whether the teapot was silver or only electro, and if they used it every day.

When the indignant housekeeper had gone banging out with the tray, after many contemptuous glances at the widow, Mrs. Collier made a move to go, but was checked by Daniel saying he wanted a word with her first. She seated herself once more on the hideous bright blue sofa, feeling the crisis of her fate was at hand.

He wasted no time in preliminaries. "I'm going to give Mrs. Butt the sack, for I can't stand her temper any longer. Now, you and me have known each other some time, Mrs. Collier, and it's my opinion we might do worse than make a match of it, for I want somebody to look after things, and no doubt you'd be delighted to get a good home like mine. Rather better than your cockloft in the High Street, eh? Only, there's one word I must add before you clinch the bargain."

The colour rose in her cheeks at his coarse assumption that she meant to jump at him immediately; but then, she reflected, he was well off, whilst she was a beggar, and beggars cannot be choosers. If she refused him, he could doubtless find another bride to-morrow. That housekeeper, for one.

"I must stipulate that that son of yours doesn't live here with us," went on Daniel. "I'm not going to have a great hulking stepson eating me out of house and home, especially as there'll always be that affair of the bank-note sticking to his coat-tails. He'll have his wages, and he'll do very well in them rooms of yours—when I was his age I'd never had a room to myself in my life—and he can come and see you sometimes, but not too often. I've my own children to think of, and he must make his way in the world without me. Now, what do you say? Do you promise to give him up, except for seeing him occasionally, if you marry me? Because if you don't, my proposal's off."

"I'm sure my Charlie would never wish to burden anybody. He's far too independent," remonstrated she, with a feeble spurt of maternal pride. Many women in her place would have scornfully rejected Daniel's offer, since it was clogged by the condition of parting from an only son. But her weak soul hungered after the material comforts her rough-tongued suitor could give her.

"All the same, I'd be better pleased if he was out of Woodstead; there's been a deal of talk about that police-court affair, and some folks think it isn't ended yet. And until it is, I don't want it said I encouraged shady characters to come to my house. Well now, ma'am, what's it to be? If it's 'yes,' I'll give Mrs. Butt notice to-morrow, so we can begin with a clean slate. And then you'll find yourself in clover; no debts, no duns, a steady husband, and half the women in Woodstead envying your good luck. Why, you ought to jump for joy at the chance of being so well off!"

But she did not jump; nor did she sink weeping upon her dear Daniel's shoulder, with a sobbing reference to her first husband. She was not a woman of fine perceptions; but the terms of his proposal seemed to her to admit of nothing but a brief, almost businesslike, acceptance. In his own rough way he was pleased.

"Ah! I thought you were a sensible little woman. We'll be married as soon as you like; there's nothing to wait for, and I want to get rid of Mrs. Butt. Shall we say next month?"

The widow had nothing to urge, since there was no use in pretending that time was required to prepare a gorgeous trousseau. So she assented to his suggestion, and he saw her home, though he declined her invitation to come upstairs and help to break the news to Charlie.

"I'm sorry I wasn't in to get the tea," she guiltily stammered to her son, who was reading by the fire. "But—but Mr. Horn called to take me for a walk, and—and I went home with him afterwards, and—and I've promised to marry him, Charlie, next month."

There was a brief pause, and then he said gravely, "Well, mother, I trust it may be for your happiness. No doubt you have given the matter due consideration."

"Consideration!" she echoed impatiently. "It didn't need much, I can tell you, when I saw the good home Daniel could offer me. I'm sick and tired of these poky little rooms where I never see a soul, and of all the pinching and scraping that never takes us any further forward, as far as I can see. But I shall always be very glad to welcome you, when you can spare time to come round, Charlie," she added, her eyes drooping beneath his penetrating gaze. "You'll stay on here, of course; you'll be well-off when you've only yourself to keep."

If for a moment intense bitterness filled his heart at seeing how the mother for whom he had made so many sacrifices could leave him without any compunction to shift for himself, at the bidding of a stranger, he choked it resolutely down. He could never make this selfish, shallow creature understand how she had hurt him. She would only imagine he was offended because he was not to share the luxuries of Daniel's abode.

"I hope you will find, in your new life, the perfect bliss you have never found in the old, mother," he said, rather ironically. "Of course I shall come and see you, but not often. I know Mr. Horn detests me, and I'll visit no man's house on sufferance."

Well, she reflected, perhaps after all it was best Charlie should take it in that way. It



"'Because, if you don't, my proposal's off.'"—*p.* 863.

wasn't likely he and Daniel would ever agree. "I shall come here and mend your things, and make your tea when I can be spared for an hour. And Mrs. Paul"—the charwoman who did the rough work of Mr. Stone's offices—"will cook your meals. Oh, yes, you'll be very cosy here, dear; and you can turn your bedroom into a study."

She went to bed quite happy to find he was so amenable; but he sat for hours over the ashy grate, feeling bitterly that he was now practically alone in the world. He divined, and fully returned, Mr. Horn's dislike; and he knew that his foolish mother had accepted the yoke of a hard tyrant, without magnanimity. And always, and worst of all, remained the sting that after all his years of loyal, devoted care, she could leave him without regret, for a new home in which he had no share.

Nevertheless, he bestowed most of his little hoard of money upon her, that she might appear a creditable bride. The wedding was of the quietest, after which Daniel took his wife to London for a few days, as he had business there; whilst Charlie went back to his lonely rooms. Another month went by in the usual quiet routine; and then came a blow, so sudden and overwhelming that it left him absolutely stunned. Mr. Stone went home one night to his comfortable country house, complaining of a cold. His wife urged him to stay in bed, but an important auction was arranged for next day at which he was obliged to be present. In the bitter wind of early April he had to stand out of doors, selling stock and farming implements. By night his cold had greatly increased; and though the doctor was instantly sent for, double pneumonia set in, and in a week he died.

Charlie came home, after attending his employer's funeral, and sitting down by the table, buried his face in his hands. Mr. Stone's death meant the downfall of all his humble hopes. His widow, who was left well-off, and had only one daughter, married and living at Brighton, had already announced her intention of selling the business, and going to live near her child. The only other auctioneer in Woodstead, Mr. Jackson, was even now, so it was understood, in treaty for the

business. Meanwhile, all the clerks had received notice, their employer having left each of them two months' salary as a legacy. If Mr. Jackson took over the business, he had already a staff of his own, sufficient to work it; and Charlie felt sure that, knowing no other profession than that of an auctioneer, and with that ugly affair of the five-pound note still remembered against him, he would find it very difficult to obtain other employment in Woodstead.

And so, indeed, it proved; for although Mr. Stone's executors gave him excellent testimonials, he went up one street and down another looking for work, but looking in vain. No house of business had any vacancy—for *him*. Nobody had any suggestion to offer, either, by which he might hope to find employment; and he advertised without result.

So it came to pass that in a few weeks he was within measurable distance of actual starvation. When his late employer's small legacy and the remnant of his little savings were exhausted, he would have nothing left. He would have died rather than be beholden to Daniel Horn for a crust or a shilling. But the builder made no offer of help to his stepson. His mother, of course, came and wept copiously over "her own dear child," but it was out of her power to help him. Daniel was a hard man, she confessed—hard and miserly—and the money being all his and not hers, she could not do as she liked. The bride was already finding out that all is not gold that glitters.

Those were terrible weeks for Charlie—weeks he could never forget, no matter what brightness the future might yet have in store for him. He even humbled his pride to entreat for work for wages far below those paid by Mr. Stone; but in everybody's face he read—or in his morbid pride fancied he could read—the double remembrance that he was Edmund Collier's son, and the hero of that unlucky police-court affair besides. Of course, if he had been actually a convicted thief, plenty of charitable agencies would at once have been ready to take him by the hand and endeavour to find him honest employment. But, being only a deserving young man who had lost his situation through no fault of his own, nobody felt any interest whatever in helping him. He was merely a human being; not a "case."

Was it surprising that at times his heart failed him?—that he debated whether, since this was the only outcome of all his endeavours towards better things, it would not be wiser simply to let himself go, and drift with the tide without further exertion, even if it carried him by sure degrees to the casual ward, the workhouse, or even the gaol?

He was indeed in imminent danger of sinking; as so many sink around us every day, just for want of a helping hand, never to rise again. Violet Raynor, who had long ago squared accounts with her conscience with the complacent reflection that, as the innocent man wrongly suspected of robbing her had been publicly acquitted, and taken back by his employer, no harm had been done by her falsehood, might perhaps have been startled out of her selfish calm could she have seen that same man's despairing face as he brooded over his misfortunes in solitude, seeing the wolf creeping ever nearer to his door. But she never even remembered Charlie at all; for pleasanter ideas engrossed her attention, all leading to the supreme thought that by-and-by she would be the rich Leslie Harper's wife, and as a necessary consequence, mistress of a fine house in London. His devotion was unmistakable; and he was always contriving pretexts for running down to Woodstead, even if only for a few hours, so as to have a chance of seeing her. Violet had never felt so satisfied with the present, so secure in the thought of the future, as she did now.

That just retribution for her wrongdoing might yet overtake her, and that when she least expected it, never occurred to her at all.

"Let fraud, and wrong, and baseness shiver,
For still betwixt them and the sky,
The falcon Truth hangs poised for ever,
And marks them with her vengeful eye."

[END OF CHAPTER FOURTEEN.]



ON PLAIN LIVING.

By the Archdeacon of London.

THERE can be no doubt whatever that the present age is strongly characterised by its love of luxury and material comfort. The style of living has enormously increased in extravagance during the last fifty years. One class imitates another; those who profess the faith of Christ make little or no attempt to extricate themselves from the surrounding stream of tendency; and so the higher ideals are almost forgotten.

So we are like Moses, when he cried in sad dejection and disappointment, "Thou hast not delivered Thy people at all!" After delivering the message of God to Pharaoh in full expectation of immediate submission, he was met with disdain and refusal. It is the same with us: when we contrast the fair promise of Christianity with the actual results which we see at this hour, we are tempted to exclaim, "Thou hast not delivered Thy people at all!"

There are those who are actually calling for a new religion. They say that the faith of Christ has failed. They accuse Christians of placing themselves for the most part on the side of the world, the strong, the rich, the powerful. They point to the evils of the day, and blame us for not curing them. They say that classes are more widely divided than ever; that the rich are richer and more numerous, and the lowest class both in town and country relatively poorer. They call our attention to drunkenness, pauperism, vice and crime. They say that, in spite of our high ideals of service, the labouring class are still herding together by thousands in all our great towns in miserable, unwholesome, overcrowded dwellings, whole families often in single rooms. They proclaim that society is rotten; that the men and women of fashion have lost all scruple, and are merely bent on self-indulgence; that fabulous sums are spent on eating and drinking, on dress, amusements and entertainments; that vice never showed itself so boldly in the streets, or was of a fouler complexion, or signalised itself more hideously by the youth of its victims; that the men, both of the fashionable and working classes, do not worship God. It was Matthew Arnold who warned us that our highest class had become material, worldly and selfish; our middle class vulgar and servile; our lower class brutal. And even if we allow for that exaggeration and for that shortness of sight which always makes people disparage their own age, which they know, in comparison with former ages, which they do not; yet, although we are aware of much that is good and hopeful going on in our national and civic life, we are inclined to echo these complaints and to repeat the protest of Moses.

Now those, of course—such as the readers of this magazine—who trust that we have something of the living God in our hearts, are well aware, both by experience and observation, that His arm has never been shortened, nor His ear heavy. The prevalence of the enervating spirit of luxury is simply through the want of faith, courage, and loyalty of a very large number of professing Christians. If one single man or woman were, without any reserve, to live a thoroughly Christian and spiritual life, it would be more powerful for good than the most brilliant arguments or the wisest enactments. If all Christians were like Gordon Pasha, said the Mahomedan refugee from Khartûm, all the world would be Christian. Miracles and apostles have done their work in laying the foundations of the Kingdom of Christ. We need more of the Holy Spirit in each individual heart; more boldness and fidelity in the Christian life. We have to get rid of the fatal spirit of being content with a low standard.

The vast majority of Christians seem to be satisfied if they can get saved, can abstain from positive open sin, can escape the keener stings of conscience, can conform to a plausible ecclesiastical system of conduct. There seems, as far as we can observe, too little zeal for the happiness of assured hope, too little ambition for the comfort of the higher spiritual life,

no realisation of those higher rewards of which Christ speaks, and a general blindness for the most part to the fact that, the higher our ideal and practice, so much the purer and greater our enjoyment of this life. These are the things that we need. If we could have the sincerity and courage to lead the thoroughly Christian life, if even a few Christians could set themselves, without any reserve at all, candidly and wholly, to follow the example and teaching of Christ, the effect on the world would be beyond calculation. It was thus that William Wilberforce and his friends brought about the reformation of manners in the earlier part of the nineteenth century.

Every generation of Christians (except in long periods of darkness and slumber) wakes up in turn to discover how little the example of Christ is followed as such. His Divine Being is worshipped in public and in private, He is admired, loved and honoured, the benefits which He bestowed on mankind are recognised and recorded; the great mass of Christians conform to the ecclesiastical setting which His teaching and principles have received. But few set about deliberately to do as He did.

It is difficult to criticise without appearing to claim superiority. But as, for a great many years, I have done what little I could to practise what I preach (by always travelling in the humblest way, third-class carriages, omnibus, and the like; by reducing personal expenditure on food and clothes to a minimum; by eating and drinking as far as possible at the rate of a working man; by taking as much interest in the affairs of the humblest as in those of higher classes, and by setting aside every vestige of worldly calculation and personal ambition), I may at any rate speak as one who has made the attempt.

The example of Christ is too much set aside. There are ingenious ways of getting rid of the direct lessons both of His conduct and of His teaching. If anything that He did does not suit us, we say that it suited Him because He was an exception, because He was the Son of God, because it was necessary to be very startling when He was founding a new Kingdom, because He lived in a peculiar age. People think of almost any reason that will explain away the application of His action to their own. And there is much in His teaching which, if taken simply and directly, would be very inconvenient in modern worldly life. So they say, perhaps truly, that it was only meant as a paradox; something exaggerated in the letter in order to convey truth in the spirit. But having thus got rid of the letter, they unfortunately think no more of the spirit, and allow it to evaporate altogether. That is the danger of a liberal interpretation of paradox. Or if they find that they cannot fairly say that the particular teaching which they dislike is a paradox, then they can always assert that it was a special injunction for a special age and occasion, and that people would be making a great mistake if they applied it to their circumstances. But they forget that even so it was said to somebody, that it contained a general principle, and that after all they cannot be quite sure whether they are not in that very condition in which he stood to whom it was addressed. So they get rid of the example and teaching of Christ where these do not suit their modern worldly notions.

Take a few instances. *Personal ambition.* "Ye know," said Christ, "that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them; but it shall not be so among you. But whosoever will be great among you let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you let him be your servant: even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." We have gone far from that. One of the chief, recognised, legitimate objects of modern life is to acquire personal authority, with all its pomp, trappings, and privileges. Think, for instance, of a Prime Minister's letter-table when he is forming a new Ministry: what astonishing applications he gets from the nominally Christian men and women who are among the leaders of social and political life, who have been baptised and confirmed, who attend church, who from time to time in regular course partake of Holy Communion; what peerages, privy-councillorships, baronetcies, ribbons, privileges, and places they demand; with what difficulties the Prime Minister is overwhelmed; what surprising and

unsuitable appointments frequently he has to make lest some disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ (or the disciple's wife) should go away disappointed!

Worldly honours. "Be not ye called Rabbi," said the Lord: "for one is your master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father upon earth; for one is your Father, which is in Heaven. Neither be ye called Masters; for one is your Master, even Christ." What a remedy for the widening gulf between classes! If all Christians put it in practice, that would be cured at once. But there is hardly anyone who thinks of it in connection with the advantages of worldly honour. Worldly titles and distinctions have for long centuries invaded the Church, in flat contradiction to our Lord's command. I do not think that the best of our prelates care about them; but the custom has become so ingrained that we see nothing incongruous in it. How can we expect a different standard in others?

Riches. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on the earth," said Christ. That is just exactly what almost all Christians do. Even the cure of souls, the most spiritual of callings, is so commonly named a "living" that none see any scandal in the name.

"If thou wilt be perfect," said Christ to the rich young man, "go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor; and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven; and come and follow Me." But we say that this was a special direction to the rich young man because he was so very worldly, and loved his riches too much. Are not most of us just the same? And yet we go and talk hypocritically about the unequal distribution of wealth, with the remedy actually in our hands. Probably we are not intended to divest ourselves of our capital, but to use its interest as a perpetual fund for doing good; but the spirit should be the same: the devotion of all that we have to the service of God and man.

Besides, it was not merely said to the rich young man. It was a counsel also to the disciples at large: "Sell that ye have and give alms: provide for yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not." Even if that is not to be taken literally and universally, it contains a principle habitually and persistently ignored.

And St. Paul repeats this cure for the unequal distribution of wealth, in words which would pierce our hide of self-complacency if they were not so familiar: "Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, Who gives us all things richly to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to share their goods with others." With ingenious perversity we say, "It is not I who am rich, it is the man that has more than me," forgetting that, according to Scripture, everyone is rich who has more than what is enough for the food, clothing and education of his family.

Expensive food. "Labour not for the meat which perisheth," said our Lord. That is exactly one of the main objects of most. They want to have it daily in abundance and variety; rich foods and costly wines. "He does you well," is one of the chief recommendations a man can have in social life at the present day. Almost every young couple setting up house would be glad of such things in order to attract guests to their table.

Worldliness. "The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches," said our Lord, "choke the Word, and ye become unfruitful." "No," we reply, "the world is better now, nor are riches so deceitful. It might have been a risk once, but the danger has now disappeared." But the world is always the same; in days of great luxury it is even worse. Never were the rich more severely tempted to spend their time in selfishness and ease, without a thought of spiritual life.

Social rivalries. "When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding," said our Lord, "sit not down in the highest room; but when thou art bidden go and sit down in the lowest room, that when he that bade thee cometh he may say unto thee, 'Friend, go up higher.'" A mere parable, we answer. We long to be in the most fashionable society. We like knowing titled, rich, and celebrated people. We push after them, and try to be in their company. We attribute far greater weight to a man's opinion if he happens to be a peer. Always trying to climb the social ladder, we turn our backs on those below us, or who have placed the ladder for us. Nothing, indeed, can be truer of the British race than this: there is a

constant, universal struggle, from the lower middle class upwards, to be in the company of those who are more ornamental than ourselves. If this is our temper, how can we expect the faith of Christ to have much power among men?

Hospitality. But further: "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen nor thy rich neighbours, lest they also bid thee again, and recompense be made thee; but when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame and the blind; and thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." Who pays the slightest heed to this command when making out a list for an entertainment? Is it not for the most part, if we must be candid, a struggle to get to our table the pleasantest people, or the smartest, or the richest, or the most influential, or those who will ask us in return? For the poor, bread and butter and tea; if we are particularly generous and extravagant, watercress and slices of cold meat; for the rich, the turtle soup and champagne, and the long series of delicate courses. There is no reason to press this further; only let the memory of those words of the Lord be a warning in our minds the next time we are making out a list of invitations.

Respect of persons. Take for a moment the solemn charge of St. James: "My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons. For if there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment, and ye have respect unto him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, 'Sit thou here in a good place,' and say to the poor, 'Stand thou there,' or 'Sit here under my footstool; are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges with wrong ideas?'" Who pays the slightest attention to this? Even in free and open churches are not the attendants so long and so deeply imbued with our unchristian habits of distinction that they invariably and instinctively put the dignitaries and rich people forward in the best pews, and the poor anywhere else? In spite of our best efforts, this will be so. Are not we to blame for the spirit which we have allowed to get abroad? Can we be astonished that so lame and impotent a practice of the faith of Christ has not yet cured the evils of our commonwealth?

The truth is, that we are lulled into a fatal security and indifference to these things by the fact that the world now calls itself Christian. We forget that it is just as worldly in its Christian guise, and far more subtle and dangerous than when it was openly hostile. Deceived by this worldly atmosphere, which is so specious, we leave nine-tenths of our life to be settled by the world on its own principles. We abandon to it very largely the mighty field of politics, the conduct of Christians in large bodies, the field of fashion, the field of custom, the various great fields of art, the field of journalism, the field of science, and a great part of the field of literature. Most Christians are content to reserve for the faith of Christ the salvation each of them of their own souls, together with a share in certain popular philanthropies. Sometimes the philanthropies go without the attention to the personal God. And then we affect to wonder that the world, calling itself Christian, but not really Christian, and grasping in its control all these great provinces of life, seems to be going back instead of forward!

So it will be, as long as we submit ourselves to the world, and conform without protest or murmur to its decisions and customs, and not to the principles of Christ. The maxims of political economy, for instance, if taken for ideals instead of a mere record of tendencies, are non-Christian. They are founded on selfishness, on the principle of each man for himself, and all for material prosperity. That is the world's truth. God's truth is: "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you"; "Love your neighbour"; "Love your enemy." God's principle for us is that in honour we should put one another forward. Christ's law is that we should lay down our lives for the brethren. Here are principles which, if duly carried out by each Christian for himself, would be a remedy for all human ills. Before we talk of a new religion we should at least try to be honest to the revelation which God has given us.

But, on the other hand, I venture to disagree with the Christian Socialists. They appear to me to look to compelling things into a right channel and direction

by legislation. As far as that is the case, their efforts seem to me to be thrown away. There are already laws on our statute-book which would cure every evil, for instance, of overcrowding in our great cities, and yet they are perfectly useless because nobody can put them into force. The weight of inertness is too heavy for them. Laws against excessive luxury were tried by some of the Roman Emperors; they were called "sumptuary laws"; but they were wholly ineffective, and always would be. Our Lord saw this, and He left legislation alone altogether. His Kingdom was in every sense not of this world. He began with the heart and the individual, and there He ended. It was there He wished to reign. If the heart of the individual were possessed by His Spirit, all the rest would follow. It is by getting each of us our own heart and conduct right in these respects, through the grace of God, that we shall maintain the truer standard of living, and reform the woes of the world, rather than by social interference, or new laws, or by forcing people against their will into conformity with wise principles.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus, Who . . . . made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant." He lived for thirty years of His human life with the humblest of peasants, in a little carpenter's shop, in a remote mountain village. His chosen companions were untutored fishermen. He associated with the lowest of the people, and took His meals with them. For three years He led a wandering life, without a home or a place where to lay His head. However little we may like to think of it, it is clear that He depended for food on the alms of others. It was by this total and absolute unworldliness, this unconsciousness of the world, that He prepared to awaken and regenerate it. It is in this that St. Paul urges us to imitate Him. It is only thus that we can hope to set right in our time the things that are wrong and make the rough places plain. We must take the faith of Christ in its entirety, and, following it scrupulously and loyally in everything, yield nothing to the world, however admirable and Christian may be its seeming, and refuse to be disloyal to our Master or to take one bit of His teaching because it suits us, and leave another alone because it endangers our luxurious worldly habits.

And there is a glory in plain living specially its own. There is something far more beautiful in the old, simple, cleanly, wholesome life of our grandfathers than in all the appliances of modern self-indulgence. When the fare is humble and healthy the body is not overloaded. The necessity of the annual recourse to German waters is obviated. When the thoughts are unoccupied with the elaborations and splendour of hangings and furniture, they will be free for higher and wiser flights. There will be nothing in the home to take the mind away from the things that are truly noble, generous, fair, lovely, and of good report. It was not for nothing that St. John said, in those words that are so unhappily neglected, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world: if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but of the world." It was not for nothing that St. Paul wrote: "The time is short: it remaineth that they that buy should be as though they possessed not: and they that use this world as not really using it."

"If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all." That is the principle of the Cross of Christ. That is the secret of true happiness. Service, not dominion. Self-sacrifice, not self-pleasing. And the glory of God will come into the heart, and the unutterable satisfaction of the fellowship of the Father and the Son will expel all false, poisonous, fading ghosts of spurious enjoyment, and we shall daily have that best of all prerogatives, the partaking of the Divine nature itself, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all.

Living Files and Rasps.

By John J. Ward.

(With Illustrations from Photo-micrographs by the Author.)

WHEN the first file was made, whenever that may have been, undoubtedly a valuable and serviceable tool was placed in the hands of man, and one which, with its various adaptations, has become almost indispensable in particular branches of labour.

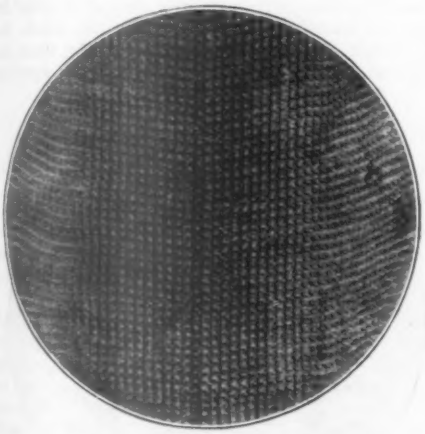


FIG. 1.—THE FILE-LIKE TEETH OF A COMMON GARDEN SNAIL.

But for the moment let us ask a question. Which came first, man or the file? Of course, the question is ridiculous, but, as a matter of fact, before man appeared on earth, files and rasps were in daily use, and use of exactly the same nature as we use files to-day—viz. for rubbing or abrading strong and hard substances.

It is true that the rasps and files here referred to differed from our present idea of such implements, inasmuch as these were living files and rasps, and the owners of which were slugs, snails, and shell-fish. And it may not be known to every reader that the greater number of living molluscs, or slugs, snails, and shell-fish, each carries one of these marvellous rasping tools for certain special purposes which I have to consider later. And just as various files are especially made to suit the particular work for which they are to be used, so the different genera and species of molluscs have specially adapted forms of files to suit the specific purpose for which they are intended.

Putting aside any little prejudice we may have regarding slugs and snails,—for really quite a large number of people possess a prejudice of this kind, although these same individuals frequently consume certain familiar bivalves, not to mention cockles, periwinkles, etc., and these really are very much one and the same thing—let us endeavour to find where snails keep these

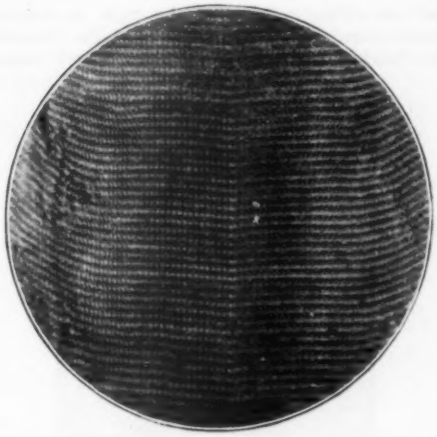


FIG. 2.—A PORTION OF THE FILE OF A COMMON GARDEN SLUG.

files, and see what purpose they serve in molluscan economy.

The mouth of a snail is, generally speaking

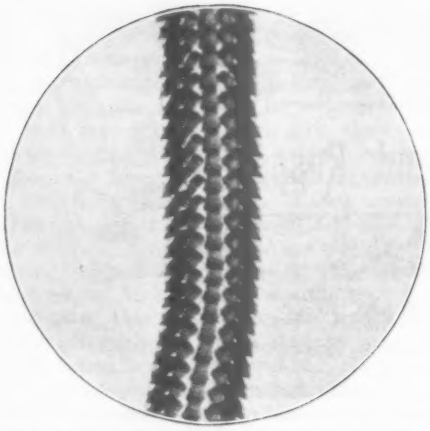


FIG. 3.—ANOTHER KIND OF PALATE FROM A SNAIL, SHOWING A DIFFERENT DENTAL ARRANGEMENT.

—as in the common snail and periwinkle—placed on the underside of the head, and may either be a simple circular, or semicircular, opening into the head-mass, or carried at the end of a blunt retractile snout. In some genera this snout or proboscis is a very conspicuous feature, and these genera are largely carnivorous. But there are other species which carry their mouths on the surface of their head, and these are generally vegetable feeders, although no hard and fast rule can be made.

Round the mouth are usually thickened lips which are extensile and act sucker-like, and so retain a hold of the food substance. Inside these lips, within the muscular throat, lies the tongue or lingual-ribbon which rasps and triturates the food, and it is this wonderful organ which I have referred to as the file of the snail.

The jaws of a snail are not set with teeth like our own; in fact, they have toothless jaws, although these are often horny and serve to bite the food in the first instance. The teeth proper are often extremely minute, and arranged symmetrically along the surface of the tongue or lingual-ribbon, and serve to tear and scratch rather than bite the food as it passes over the tongue. Hence, when a snail rubs its tongue or file against a juicy lettuce leaf, the familiar large holes or perforations, with which every gardener is only too familiar, quickly appear.

Now, vegetable-feeding snails usually develop a large number of teeth; for example, the common garden snail possesses 135 rows of teeth, the individuals of which give a total number of about 15,000, and are arranged at about 400,000 to the square inch; and this is only a small number, comparatively speaking, for a foreign relation of the garden snail is recorded as possessing a set of about 40,000. Added to this extraordinary dental display is the remarkable feature that as the teeth in the front row wear and fall away, the next in succession take their place, and from special cells at the back of the mouth new teeth are being continually formed to keep up the supply.

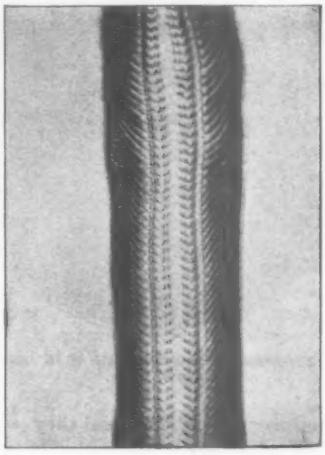


FIG. 4.—A BEAUTIFUL FORM OF SNAIL FILE OR TONGUE.

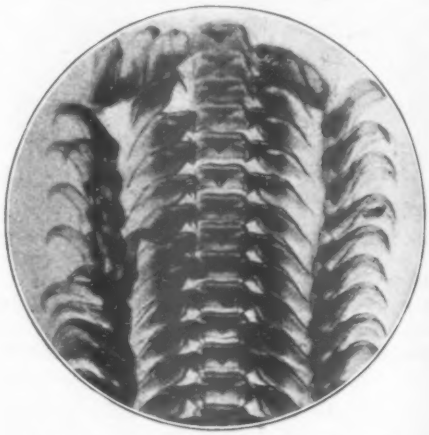


FIG. 5.—THE TEETH OF A FRESH-WATER SNAIL.

In our illustration, Fig. 1, is shown a portion of the lingual-ribbon of a snail, showing how the teeth are arranged in rows from side to side along the whole length of the tongue.

Slugs, too, possess similar extraordinary dental arrangements, and in Fig. 2 is shown, for comparison, a portion of the palate or tongue of a common garden slug that possesses nearly 29,000 teeth.

All snails and slugs are not provided with these small and similarly formed teeth, some species having a central row or several rows of a particular pattern, with lateral forms of other design; such examples are illustrated in Figs. 3 and 4. But all alike serve the same purpose of rasping down the food substance, whatever it may be, and it is with these weapons that our troublesome garden slugs and snails so rapidly mutilate and cut down



FIG. 6.—ANOTHER DENTAL ARRANGEMENT FROM A FRESH-WATER SNAIL.

our choice plants; trees, walls and fences, being climbed by them expressly for this purpose.

Neither is it terrestrial plants alone that suffer such depredation; aquatic vegetation is equally subjected to the ravages of molluscs, which, as everyone knows, abound in ponds, lakes, and rivers. A palate or tongue of a fresh-water species is shown in Fig. 5, which, like the two former examples, shows several beautiful forms of teeth, the capabilities of which, in the presence of tender green water plants, will speak for themselves. A further curious dental arrangement from another fresh-water species is shown in the next illustration, Fig. 6, which does not perhaps appear quite so dangerous, but which in use is just as efficient.

Leaving land and fresh-water molluscs, we may consider some marine forms, and to take a familiar example we choose the common periwinkle. The tongue or file of this familiar mollusc is narrow and of extraordinary length, and contains probably between five and six hundred rows of teeth. Owing to the tongue being several times the length of the whole animal, it has to keep it coiled up watch-spring fashion at the back of the

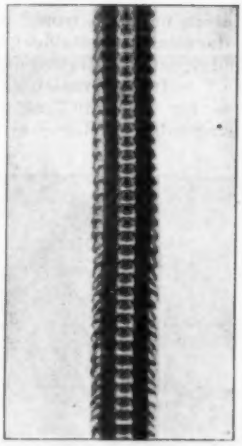


FIG. 7.—A PORTION OF THE FILE OR TONGUE OF THE PERIWINKLE.

throat, some twenty or thirty rows of its teeth serving all its immediate needs, while the remainder are held in reserve. A portion of its two and a half inches, or thereabouts, of tongue is illustrated in Fig. 7.

The common limpet offers another interesting form of palate, with its alternate rows of central and lateral hooked teeth, which number nearly 2,000 in all—a portion of which is illustrated in Fig. 8. It feeds on seaweed and throws forward its loosely coiled tongue like a scythe to mow it down.

Another marine form from the chiton is shown in Fig. 9. The chiton is familiar on account of its curious possession of a shell built up of separate plates and joined together like pieces of plate armour.



FIG. 8.—THE SCRAPING TEETH OF THE LIMPET.

The vegetarian molluscs would more or less completely devastate vegetable growth, both terrestrial and aquatic, if allowed uninterrupted increase; but nature invariably provides a check-balance for this kind of depredation, and these vegetable feeders have numerous



FIG. 9.—PART OF THE PALATE OR TONGUE OF THE CHITON.

enemies to contend with, and in their turn frequently become the food of other carnivorous animals. Amongst their most dangerous and troublesome enemies are members of their own shelly tribes, great numbers of which live more or less entirely at the expense of other molluscs.

As an example we may take the familiar whelk, whose tongue or file, of irresistible serrated teeth, can penetrate the strongest and thickest shells. In vain do its victims retire to the deepest recesses of their shells, for instinct directs the invader, and a circular hole is neatly and quickly drilled through the shell, as readily as a carpenter works through a deal board. Any sea-shore will provide numbers of these perforated shells, each of which denotes a past banquet of a whelk or some other carnivorous mollusc.

In the last illustration, Fig. 10, is shown a portion of the shell-rasp of the whelk, which usually carries about 100 rows of teeth, three of which constitute a row, and each tooth is again serrated in such a manner as to become a miniature row of teeth in itself, as the illustration shows.

Apart from the fact of these file-like tongues providing such beautiful and interesting objects for microscopic investigation, the study of these is itself of considerable value to the zoologist as a means of identifying not only the various families and genera but even the species. So permanently characteristic are the various dental arrangements of

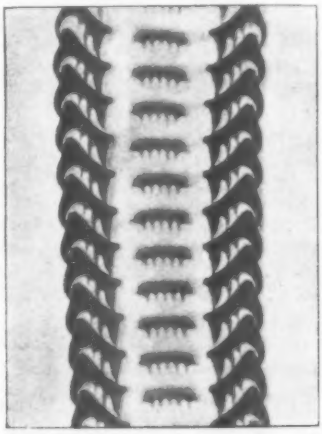


FIG. 10.—THE SHELL-BORING RASP OF THE WHELK.

the different molluscs, that by these alone a basis of classification is formed, so that the expert would be able to identify an unknown species by the microscopical examination of the tongue or palate.

And so we see that the Creator has provided even slugs and snails with complex weapons to fulfil specific functions in their life economy, and these alike show the same infinite care and perfection that is bestowed on His higher creations, revealing combined symmetrical beauty, strength, and usefulness.



A Bird of Passage

A Complete Story by Violet Guttenberg, Author of "Neither Jew nor Greek."



"JUST a year to-day since our little Roy left us," Miss Joanna remarked with a sigh. "I wonder how he is getting on at school?"

"As well as possible, let us hope," returned her sister with an attempt at cheerfulness. "There is no reason why we should entertain any fear."

They were sitting at tea in the little cottage parlour—Miss Matilda Thorpe and her younger sister, Miss Joanna. The short French windows which led into the garden were wide open, and admitted the fragrant breeze which came from the hills. Miss Joanna—a small woman with faded brown hair and tender blue eyes—gazed pensively out at the landscape, with her thoughts far from the verdant meadowland. She was so absurdly fond of Roy Burton, the boy who had been left in the care of her sister and herself during his parents' tour in the East, and he had won such an important place in her heart that she had found it very hard to have to give him up. She forgot his selfwilled waywardness and the many occasions on which she had had to scold him, and remembered only that he had brought life into a dull household. For Miss Joanna secretly pined for more companionship than her sister was able to give her, and felt more lonely than she would have cared to own.

"Do you know, Matilda," she said timidly as she pushed her tea away, "I have often thought it would be nice if we could find some little orphan child to adopt. It makes life so much more interesting when there is a little one about the place. I feel sometimes that we are allowing ourselves to grow old sooner than we need, simply from want of contact with the brightness of youth. Don't you think it makes one's heart grow young again to hear the merry ripple of a child's laugh, and to see the sparkle in a child's eyes?"

"Yes, and it makes one's furniture look old when it has to endure the spoliation of a child's knife." Miss Thorpe always took the more practical view. "Roy was a good lad, I suppose—as boys go—but he nearly ruined the drawing-room suite, as you know; and he made my heart jump into my mouth at least four times a day. Children are all very well, Joanna, but they are an expensive hobby to pursue, I think."

Joanna sighed.

"How would you come across the little orphan you desire?" her sister continued somewhat severely. "If you were to advertise, we should be inundated with replies; and no orphanage would contain the kind of child suitable to our needs."

Joanna's face lit up with hope. "We might ask our solicitor in London to obtain us one," she replied eagerly. "We should not find our task so difficult."

Miss Matilda shook her head. She did not think the result would be satisfactory, and was unwilling to counsel the idea. Miss Joanna, her ardour damped, rose from the table and went upstairs. Involuntarily her steps turned towards that which had been Roy's room.

The faint perfume of lavender greeted her as she opened the door. It was a pretty room, with a little white bed in the corner, and a large rocking-horse near by. The walls were adorned with illuminated texts and nursery-tale pictures, and there was

a number of story-books on the shelf. It seemed a great pity to Miss Joanna that it should have remained for so long without an occupant: she half wondered that her sister had not dismantled it long ago. She set the horse rocking and tried to imagine Roy's face when he used to clamber on to its back; she would have given almost anything to have had him back again.

The days went on, and, as her sister seemed to have forgotten the matter, Miss Joanna was too timid to refer to it again. But the longing for a childish companion remained, and grew more keen as time passed, until one afternoon something happened which threw her into a state of excitement.

They were having tea in the little parlour with the windows open as usual. The best silver tea-pot, with its quaint design, bore evidence to the fact that a visitor was either expected or had been. Such was indeed the case, the Vicar having just taken his departure, and the sisters were lamenting the briefness of his visit while at the same time they discussed his words.

They had just arrived at the end of their remarks when Miss Joanna, suddenly looking up, espied a little figure just outside the windows. Without saying anything, she rubbed her eyes to make sure that it was not an illusion, and looked again. This time there was no possibility of doubt, for there, sure enough, was the figure of a boy. Leaning sideways against the wall with his cap well over his forehead, she could scarcely see his face, but there was an air of dejection in his attitude which went straight to her heart.

Miss Matilda noticed her expression of astonishment and followed the direction of her glance. "A beggar boy!" she exclaimed in a tone of disapproval. "We must let him know that he is trespassing here."

Miss Joanna rose from her seat in a flutter. "How do you know that he is a beggar?" she asked with a slight touch of indignation. "He has not attempted to ask alms. Let me go and see."

She opened the windows to their full extent, and, stepping outside, gently touched the boy on the shoulder. He turned round with a start, and looked up at her with a glance of half-frightened appeal. Then he doffed his cap, and waited for her to speak.

The cast of his features showed that he was not an English boy. A sallow complexion, slightly aquiline nose and somewhat coarse mouth, were redeemed by the splendour of his eyes, which were large, dark and luminous. Although apparently of about eleven years of age, the expression of intelligence on his countenance might have done credit to a much older boy. His eyes fell under the scrutiny of Miss Joanna's glance; and, fidgeting uneasily with his cap, he made as though he would run away.

"Do not be afraid," said the little woman kindly. "Where did you come from, and how did you get here?"

Regaining confidence he looked up at her again. "I've come from 'The Oak and Acorn,'" he said in perfect English. "My grandfather is not well, and they have promised to let us stay there to-night. I don't know why I came in here. I saw the pretty flowers in the garden, and you having tea; and—and—I liked to watch."

"Have *you* had tea?" inquired Miss Joanna impetuously, with a tentative glance at the erect figure of her sister. "Would—would you like to have some now?"

The boy heaved a deep sigh, and looked longingly at the beautifully-spread tea-table. With a sudden access of courage, Miss Joanna drew him into the room, and made him sit down. Fortunately Miss Matilda offered no objection; she had noticed that his face and hands were clean.

Miss Joanna rang for hot water, and officiated at the tea-table with flushed cheeks. She placed a cup of tea and a plate of buttered scones before the boy, and then sat down opposite. She did not wish to ask him any questions until he was refreshed. The boy glanced around with hesitation, then, rising from his seat, fetched his cap and placed it on his head. The sisters looked at him with surprise wondering what he was going to do, and their surprise but increased when, returning to the table, he murmured some words in a language they did not understand. Of course, they deduced that he was saying a grace of some kind, but that he should deliberately cover his head seemed curious. At last Miss Matilda arrived at the correct conclusion.

"The boy is a Jew," she said in an undertone. "He said his prayer in Hebrew just now."

"A Jew!" repeated her sister with almost like awe. "How interesting!"

She had, strange to say, never met a Jew in her life. She had always pictured either a man with a patriarchal beard, with garments whose borders were enlarged, and phylacteries—such as flourished in the time of our Lord — or else a money-lender with a hooked nose, who sat in his den all day and scooped in money. She knew there were some Jews in the little market town some five miles away, but she had never been brought into contact with them and had never noticed them. She glanced at the boy with an eager light in her eyes. He was a very ordinary boy, with nothing very striking about his manner



"'Where did you come from, and how did you get here?'"—*p.* 876.

or his clothes, but Miss Joanna immediately invested him with a halo of romance because he was a Jew.

"Tell me something about yourself, dear," she urged when he had finished his tea, and had again said a Hebrew grace. "What is your name, and where do you live?"

"My name is Joseph Birnbaum," he replied promptly, "and I live—oh, I am travelling at present."

"Travelling?" repeated Miss Matilda, amused at the boy's old-fashioned manner. "Where to?"

The child placed his hand on his head. "Jerusalem," he answered with gravity. "Grandfather says it's a long way away, but we shall soon arrive there if we can get money for the journey. Grandfather is going to London to ask Lord Rothschild to give us the money. Do you think he will?"

"I do not know. Probably he will if yours is a deserving case. Where do your mother and father live, Joseph?"

He shook his head. "God rest their souls!" was his curious reply. "They are both dead."

"Then who brought you up and sent you to school?"

"Grandfather. I used to go to a school for little boys in B——, but grandfather has taught me nearly always. He speaks ever so many languages, and knows more *Mishna* and *Gemara* than anyone in England."

"And why do you want to go to Jerusalem?"

"Because we have no more relations left here, and we must not go back to Russia because our people are illtreated there. Grandfather says we cannot sing the Lord's song in a strange land. It isn't strange to me, though; you know, I was born in England."

"I should like to see your grandfather," remarked Miss Joanna, much interested. "Will he be here long?"

"No, we must move on as soon as he is better. We did not intend to stay here at all."

"You ought to go back and stay with your grandfather if he is ill," said Miss Matilda with a return of her usual severity. "Did he send you out?"

"Yes, he told me to go for a walk because my head ached." The boy rose from his seat and held out his hand. "I will go back now. Good-bye, and thank you very much for asking me to tea."

Miss Joanna shook hands, and watched him depart with reluctance. There was something particularly attractive about his little personality, and he was so well-behaved that she was quite charmed. In spite of the shabbiness of his clothes, and the lack of a home, he was evidently not an ordinary vagrant, and his words showed that he was receiving a superior education. She discussed him with her sister all the evening, but did not express the wish which was uppermost in her mind. Before she went to bed, however, she paid another visit to Roy's bedroom. She could not help wondering how it would answer if they could manage to have the little Jewish boy there.

"He would never leave his grandfather," she said to herself with a sigh. But she wished she had given him her name and address, nevertheless.

Five days later a wave of excitement passed over the village. The strange man staying at the "Oak and Acorn" had died suddenly in the night, and as there was no address on any of his belongings, and his little grandson knew of no kith or kin, the landlord of the inn was in an awkward predicament. All that was known of the man was that he was a wandering Jew; and notes to the value of twenty pounds were found amongst his goods and chattels.

The news set Miss Joanna's heart beating fast. She ran upstairs to inform her sister, and her face, as she related the story, was quite white. She was certain that Providence had put the boy in their path, and that it was their duty to provide him with a home. The twenty pounds would probably be absorbed by the landord for lodging and funeral expenses. Could they leave the little lad destitute, and with no one in the world to look after him?

Miss Matilda desired her to dry her tears. "We must not be rash," she said, "but we will see what can be done. I will put on my bonnet and go round to consult the Vicar. It makes it somewhat awkward that the boy is a Jew."

"We can bring him up as a Christian," urged Miss Joanna, wiping her eyes. "Do see to the matter before it is too late, Matilda; I am sure he will bring us a blessing if he comes."

She hastened to fetch her sister's bonnet and cloak, and wished her success with a flutter at her heart. Then she went up into what she already called "Joseph's room" and opened the windows wide, and re-made the bed. Life seemed suddenly to have been invested with a new interest; she felt young and buoyant once more. She sang little snatches of song as she busied herself with her preparations, and the colour returned to her usually pale cheeks. She was so certain that her pleasurable anticipation would not be capped by disappointment that she did not feel the least fear when her sister returned. She ran down to meet her, the sparkle still in her eyes. There was a strange, new elasticity in her step.

"Well?" she interrogated cheerfully. "What news?"

Miss Matilda sank on to a chair.

"Your wish has been granted," she said amicably. "I have arranged for the boy to come to us until someone claims him, but he absolutely refuses to leave the inn until the eighth day after his grandfather's death, and the landlord has promised to keep him until then. He says he has to 'sit *shiva*'—whatever that may mean. The Vicar thinks it is a Jewish custom or something connected with mourning. The old man's funeral will take place in the little Jewish burial ground at B——"

"Then Joseph will come to us in a week's time?" returned Miss Joanna with satisfaction. "It is a pity he could not come at once. Still I am very glad that he is coming at all."

The week seemed to drag itself out into three months, but the long-looked-for day dawned at last. Miss Joanna was up with the birds, and spent more time than usual over her matinal devotions. Surely no woman could make a more tender godmother than she would to the orphan boy of a persecuted race. All her prayers were directed for his welfare, and in training him in the right way she would find her own happiness. She put on her jacket directly after breakfast, and went to the "Oak and Acorn" to fetch him. The poor little fellow felt his grandfather's death keenly, and looked pale and worn; but he returned Miss Joanna's kiss with evident sincerity, and seemed very glad to see her again.

He was delighted with his little bedroom, and soon made himself at home. He immediately asked which was the east wall, and hung up the *Mizrach** there so that he could turn towards Jerusalem when he prayed. He was so deeply imbued with the Jewish ceremonial and Talmudic lore that he instinctively clung to the faith of his forefathers; but as time went on he naturally imbibed the views of the Misses Thorpe, and his Judaism began gradually to fade away.

He received his education from the tutor of the Vicar's boys, and proved himself an intelligent pupil. Miss Joanna was as proud of his mental powers as she was of his sweet and tractable disposition, and continually blessed the day on which he had been brought to their door. He knew when to be merry and when to be serious, and although his high spirits sometimes got him into scrapes of various kinds, he was always careful not to do anything which was likely to hurt the feelings of his benefactress. He made Miss Joanna his confidante, and considered her "a jolly good sort." He liked her much better than the more severe Miss Matilda, and did not hesitate to tell her so.

But even Miss Joanna did not quite understand the boy. There were hidden depths in his nature which she was unable to probe. Sometimes—and especially on a Friday night—his thoughts reverted to the old time when he had lived as a Jew among Jews. He remembered his grandfather with his noble Jewish ideals and his watchword "Jerusalem! *Jerusalem!*" Even now the word set all his pulses tingling, and made him start as though in obedience to a call. Vague hopes and longings began to form at the back of his mind, longings which he could not bring himself to confess to a living soul. One day he came back from B—— with an air of excitement in his manner.

"Miss Joanna," he said, scarcely able to restrain himself, "I have been for a walk with a Jew!"

The little woman looked up from her needlework with a smile. "Yes, dear?" she replied affectionately. "How did you come across him?"

"He was reading in the library and I passed him a magazine; and somehow—we spoke. Then we seemed to know instinctively that we were both Jews, and he asked me to go for a walk. His name is Mr. Max Landor, and he is staying at the Queen's Hotel. He has asked me to dine with him there on Sunday if you have no objection. He is going to the next Zionist Congress at Basle: we had such an interesting talk on the subject. He is a champion cricketer too, and altogether the jolliest fellow I have met for a long time."

His words came quickly, and his face was lit up with animation. Miss Joanna sighed, although she scarcely knew why. Joseph's conversation for days after was full of Mr. Max Landor: and when the important Sunday arrived he went to the Queen's Hotel directly after the morning service, parting from the Misses Thorpe at the church door.

"Dear lad!" observed Miss Joanna as she watched him disappear down the dusty country lane. "I wish we were acquainted with this Mr. Landor. I trust he will influence him for nothing but good."

"You are too much inclined to make a molly-coddle of the boy," returned her sister reprovingly. "It will not hurt him to meet a few more people."

Miss Joanna accepted the rebuke with meekness and said no more; but the day seemed terribly slow in passing, and dinner was a dreary affair. When the bells rang at last for evensong she could not decide whether to accompany her sister to church or to await Joseph's return. After

* A sacred picture placed on the east wall to indicate the direction of Jerusalem.

a moment's consideration, however, she thought she ought not to be absent from church, especially as Joseph knew how to manipulate the latch, and could get into the cottage without difficulty. So she put on her bonnet, and went, and was glad that she had not yielded to the temptation to stay away.

Poor Miss Joanna! A shock awaited her from which it took her many a day to recover. Expecting to find Joseph in the cottage on her return, she refused the invitation to supper given by a friend after church, and, taking leave of her sister, hastened homewards. To her disappointment Joseph was not there, in spite of the promise he had given her to be home in good time. With her heart full of misgivings the anxious little woman went upstairs to take off her things, and almost unconsciously turned into Joseph's room. To her horror and amazement she discovered that the room had been stripped of all the lad's belongings, and that the *Mizrach* had disappeared from the wall. With a low cry she sank on to the little bed, overcome with dismay. What had happened to the boy, and where had he gone? Immediately her thoughts flew to Joseph's new acquaintance, and she wished with all her heart he had never come across the man. Rousing herself sufficiently to gaze round the room, she discovered a note on the oak chest addressed to herself. With trembling fingers she tore at the envelope: here she knew was the clue to the mystery.

"MY DEAR MISS JOANNA,—I am afraid that you and Miss Matilda will think me a very ungrateful and wicked boy for leaving you in this manner, but I trust that you will believe that such is not the case. Mr. Landor has offered to take me with him to the Basle Congress, and afterwards on a tour to the Holy Land, and as my grandfather's dream of Jerusalem has also become mine something within me compels me to accept his offer. We intend starting for London to-night—almost at once—and as I know you will be grieved at my going, I could not bring myself to say a formal farewell. I shall never forget the lessons you have taught me, and I shall try to be a true Christian by being also a true Jew. God bless you for all the kindness and love you have lavished upon me; and believe me, your ever grateful godchild, "JOSEPH."

Miss Joanna remained for a long time inert, with the letter in her hand, whilst the tears welled up slowly in her eyes. The shadows gathered in the little room, and night fell; but she was too much absorbed in her thoughts to note external things. Presently, however, the shrill whistle in the distance of the London train, as it snorted and puffed through the meadows and broke the peace of the calm Sabbath night, recalled her to herself; and sinking on to her knees by the bed she sent up a fervent prayer to Heaven to guide the boy on his journey through the world. Then she rose calmed and strengthened, and steeled herself to bear the inevitable remarks of her sister.

"I hope this will give you a lesson," Miss Matilda said when she had read the letter. "We ought never to have taken the boy in. He evidently did not appreciate our charity."

But Miss Joanna knew better. "'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem: let my right hand forget her cunning,'" she quoted with a distant look in her blue eyes. "Joseph could not gainsay the promptings of his heart: he was a Jew before he was a Christian. And some day he will come back; I know he will!"

And he did.



UP THE LADDER.

By D. L. Woolmer.

IT was a memorable night when a homeless wayfarer laid his head on a pillow of stones, and had a dream which changed the course of his whole life. How often since that time has the history of Jacob repeated itself! The same cold earth is too frequently, not only the bed, but also the grave and destruction of the erring and outcast. But to thousands it becomes the resting place for the foot of the ladder on which they may struggle upwards to God Himself. From a vision of the opened way to Heaven, they awake to lay hold of a promise, not only of being blessed, but of becoming a blessing. Strong climbers reach down from the higher rungs to help the weaker, who but for the timely aid of a right hand, might sink to—who knows what depths? A clear head, a steady foothold, and an honest courage enable some who have reached heights more worthy of effort than any attained by an Alpine tourist, to look back to the foot, and for the encouragement of toilers, to point to their first step upwards.



FRANK AS DR. BARNARDO FIRST SAW HIM. HE IS ABOUT TO BE CALLED TO THE BAR IN CANADA.
(By permission of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.)

"My education began in the Long Alley Ragged School," says the Honorary Superintendent of the Hoxton Market Christian Mission and Ragged School. He regards with gratitude both the humble educational establishment, long ago absorbed by the School Board, and the humble old teacher, long entered into rest. One lesson at least that patient master effectually instilled: the way of transgressors must be hard, for judgment inevitably follows sin. His pupil, little John Burtt, belonged to a set who could hardly be called ragged, who attended this school because no other was within reach. No other, at any rate, was within the means of his parents now that the once well-to-do harness maker had failed in business through illness and affliction. His brave wife, who stitched and bound carriage rugs, and toiled to keep the wolf from the door, early taught her eight children the delight of honest earnings. She paid them one farthing for every score of needles that they threaded for her. Another lesson, independently of herself, was given to little John through her care for their health.

One night she prepared a basin of brimstone and treacle for the ailing. Unaccountable as it may be to mature taste, that homely remedy was a coveted delicacy to her firstborn. The temptation to help himself surreptitiously awoke him betimes. He crept noiselessly across the floor and entered into the enjoyment of the unlawful nectar. What was it drove him back to bed with sickening horror before his thirst was satisfied? A mouse appeared at the bottom of the basin. Death had overtaken the small furry robber when in the act of indulging his greed: what judgment might come upon a boy who stole from so good a mother? A clap like thunder resounded, and seemed to answer "Destruction!" and the house trembled. Was this the voice of Heaven speaking to an evil world? Though he afterwards learnt that the shock and vibration were due to a great explosion of gunpowder works at Erith, the event

had a life-long effect on his awakened conscience. It brought home his teacher's warning and bade him follow the familiar direction to "turn to the right and keep straight on."

All this, and much more besides, Mr. John Burtt told me in his workshop. He was surrounded by leather and the implements for converting it into harness; but part of the floor was a receptacle for old foot-gear, ready for patching and mending by the Mission cobbler, that it might be sold cheap to needy clients. Under the same roof and on the ground floor is the hall devoted to a Mission which embraces all the organisations that develop with the healthy growth of years. That hall was packed beyond its seating capacity with the members of a Mothers' Meeting. A woman with curly white hair stood on the platform and told the story of Jacob, and appealed persuasively to her fellow working women to turn to the God of Israel. It afterwards transpired that the speaker, whose face recommended temperance with a force as great as her words, was once herself both a slave of drink and an instructor in the art of picking pockets.

"Shoreditch is a Paradise compared with what it used to be within my recollection," said Mr. Burtt cheerfully, recalling the old days of lawlessness and highway robbery, and he mentioned the work, past and present, of churches, and what they had accomplished. As for the Long Alley Ragged School, how many of its children may rise up to call their *alma mater* blessed it is impossible to say. One struggling mother, whose eight little ones made there the first steps in religious education, has lived to see two sons the Honorary Superintendents of this Mission, a third an ordained clergyman of the Church of England, and a fourth in a good position in Australia.

Time would fail to tell of all the other scholars of the past who have become the teachers of the present generation. One who is on the Councils both of the County and the Ragged School Union has for fifty years superintended a Sunday School. The Mayor of one of London's most important boroughs and a Member of the London School Board are amongst officers of the State whose early trials have prepared them to enter into the difficulties of the poor. They have learnt, too, in Ragged Schools that the fear of the Lord must be the beginning of wisdom and knowledge, if book learning is to build up and benefit character.

No social depth, though it may be as black as a coal mine, is too deep to be sounded by a ladder held by hands of love. No gutter is too slippery to support one that is stayed up by Heaven itself. Angels use it to bring blessings to poor little outcasts. Even the curse of hereditary failings, when trodden under foot, may become a stepping stone to higher levels of humility and dependence on God alone.

When waifs are rescued from utter destitution and demoralising surroundings, it is a triumph over melancholy prognostications if they develop into respectable citizens. Yet this result is the rule and not the exception. The late Mrs. Meredith, founder of the Prison Gate Mission, could point to the after careers of little girls taken from an actually criminal environment, and show that not more than six per cent. had turned out failures. In the face of records brought up to date of former pupils of Dr. Barnardo's institutions, the 7,000 boys and girls at present maintained by them assume the character of an undeveloped mine, full of possibilities of wealth. Some lads whose childhood has been as unpromising as that of any now in the Homes, and who have passed through the same training, have risen to positions that might be envied by many men whose advantages have been of an enviable description. It is no doubt exceptional for waifs of the past who are still in correspondence with the institutions to adorn the Government, and the learned professions of religion, law and medicine. Yet some have reached this social platform. An old boy is a member of the House of Representatives in Australia, and took an active part in welcoming the Prince of Wales in his late tour round the world. Another is the present minister of a prominent Baptist Church in New York, and seems to attract large congregations. Who could have supposed that the Irish lad, who up to the time he was admitted had been always "on the wander" and was already

aged sixteen, should turn out one of the most satisfactory of emigrants? Was this due to his parents' early influence? He owed little to them! He had managed to keep body and soul together by the sale of old books and tracts. The whereabout of his mother, described as a "crochet woman" living in the direst poverty, was unknown. It is a matter of conjecture what might not have happened if his energy of character and natural gift of eloquence had run wild or been enlisted into the service of evil. Another young emigrant, remembered in the school as Frank, expects shortly to be called to the Bar. He began life in the new country as a page. Good conduct and smartness brought him the rich reward of adoption into his master's family. He is now known in Canada as the son of Mr. Dash, K.C., M.P. The sum of £23, the cost of his training, outfit and emigration, has been nearly all cheerfully repaid. Could any means of building up the great Empire be less costly to the home country? It is equally satisfactory to hear of another lad who has steadily surmounted the disadvantages in his upward course, and is now a doctor in Nebraska. He has every prospect of professional success, and is reported to deserve it on account of his energy and determination to gain wider knowledge in the art of healing.

All four quarters of the globe have been invaded by youths springing from lowly places of Great Britain, and bearing a banner with the strange device "Excelsior." But the enterprises of these aspiring emigrants have a more encouraging termination than that of Longfellow's hero. The conclusion of their stories has, indeed, yet to be written. This is the way one of them comes to be in the islands of the far Pacific, where cannibalism and barbarism still survive. Australia has a Mission in New Guinea, and in 1883 it required men for an arduous pioneering expedition. Mr. A. J. Andrews, a volunteer whose services were accepted, was once a boy in The Children's Home, Bonner Road, which was started thirty-three years ago for children whose only qualification for admission was their destitution. Mr. Andrews has experienced and survived horrors of heathenism. In an island of the Kerrawina group, he witnessed the ghastly ceremonies of the witch doctor, beyond the dreams or night-



LONDON ORPHAN ASYLUM CHAPEL.
(Erected, at a cost of £5,000, by a former pupil.)

mares of a Christian, and, with a number of natives who were too favourable to the missionaries, fell under the tyrant's ban. Of this number, several, including the chief who helped the white men to erect a house, died within a few days; for to be marked down by the evil eye of the offended medicine man means becoming the victim of a secret poison.

Mr. Andrews escaped, and, undaunted by past perils, he penetrated still deeper darkness in the island of New Britain. On his return to the coast after his first exploratory visit, he heard that all the men who had acted as his guides amongst the degraded Baing tribe had been killed and eaten. But the cruelties and the club law, the only form of law that prevails in this district, only increased his ardour to return and establish a mission there. Perhaps nothing less than early experiences of enduring hardness could fit a man for such an enterprise.

Mr. Andrews is not the only one of Dr. Stephenson's old boys who has become a foreign missionary. Since the Homes were founded, they have sheltered nearly 5,000 children. All are taught a trade, but numbers have entered upon intellectual or religious work. The greater number who have been helped to a college training of any kind have been careful to repay the cost. Every year the lists of subscriptions from pupils of the past and of those who give valuable personal service grow steadily. The Governor of the Canadian Home, the Headmaster of the Day School, the Headmistress of the Infants' School, and several members of the Order of Deaconesses which supplies the Sisters in charge of the Homes, were once themselves inmates. Other girls of the past have qualified as nurses, and one of them has gone to South Africa to render help in the establishment of the Marsh Memorial Home, Rondebosch, still retaining her position as one of the "Sisters of the Children."

A still older institution than Dr. Stephenson's Homes, the National Refuges for Destitute Children, was founded in 1843, and has extended and multiplied its first efforts into nine centres. These include the training ships *Arethusa* and *Chichester*, Technical and Farm Schools, and girls' Training Homes for domestic service. The Society's London headquarters are at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue. Some of the children are destitute simply through the death or misfortune of good parents; but the records of the Society show how many little feet are dragged aching and bleeding down the road to poverty. At the same time, letters from old scholars plainly reveal these same feet strengthened to climb upwards, and prove that young hearts are not hopelessly broken by ill-usage, but beat warmly with affectionate gratitude. One old boy, now a captain, encloses £5 to the general fund; a second sends the gratifying intelligence that he is promoted to be an "Instructor boy" in the Royal Navy; but he still looks back on the days in the *Chichester* as the happiest in his life. Another sailor sends a photographic group of shipmates who were all once, like himself, on one of these training ships, and are a credit to them. One of them is said to be the best leadsman in the Fleet, and several were in the famous *Terrible* during the war in South Africa. Over 16,500 boys and girls have been trained by this Society for useful service.

Old boys and girls are not content with being regular subscribers. In 1900 a generous friend offered £100 to the Society if old pupils would raise a similar amount. They responded promptly and cheerfully by sending in £105. One of the number, the Chief Gunnery Instructor at Leith, wrote when enclosing his donation: "Although I am an old *Chichester* boy, I have some fond remembrance of being taken from the *Chichester* to the *Arethusa* to requalify in seamanship when I was competing for the Rob-Roy Prize . . . . I came out first for the Rob-Roy, and I may say that I have the medal yet and am writing on the same desk at the present time."

The spirit of heroism seems to possess a letter written from the *Terrible* during the late war by an *Arethusa* boy to his mother. He had just been ordered to put on the ambulance uniform and leave the ship to go into the thick of the battle. He felt proud, he said, and would not change places with anybody. "Do not fret if I fall," he tells her; "console yourself with the thought that I shall do my duty." This lad escaped the bullets of a fierce and deadly battle in which his companion stretcher-bearer fell, and in a month was able to write again from his ship.

Seven hundred boys from these Refuges are known, in Canadian parlance, to be "rustling" well in the great Dominion. This use of the verb to rustle may be explained by an illustration. One of the rustlers sent home photographs of his own flourishing farm in Ontario. There he stands with his wife, child, maid-

servant, and parents-in-law. He asks for a boy to be sent out to him from his old school at Twickenham, to which he contributes a few dollars from time to time. He is able to supply his old Sunday school teacher, who owns several shops or stores at Twickenham, with 200 barrels of apples, one season's yield, from his small orchard. He also looks after



A SISTER OF THE CHILDREN.
(A former pupil of the Children's Home, now a nurse in South Africa.)

the lads whom the Society sends out to Canada.

Men have naturally more money to spare than women; but old girls are not behindhand in gratitude and an honest desire to acknowledge their obligation. A letter dated from her first situation, from one who was trained at Sudbury Hall, encloses money to the Headmistress of this School. "I had my wages on Saturday, which were 11s. 8d., so I am sending 8s. 6d. out of it towards my outfit, and I will send more next time," this young servant writes. "I am trying to be a good girl and give credit to you who taught me so much. . . . I am longing for visiting day to come, when I shall be able to see your dear face once again. I am always thinking of you."

It is a grand thing to show the world that God can lift up the beggar and make him inherit the throne of glory. It is an equally fine action to place a ladder on a higher platform for orphans whose parents have been able to leave them the inheritance of a good name, native worth, and traditions to live up to. Experience shows that charity spent in relieving the troubles of the respectable middle class pays well. Mediocrity and respectability are apt to be overlooked as dull. No sensational crimes cast a lurid glare on the orphans; no deep horror of darkness causes a thrill of heroic determination to rush to the rescue. "Happy the nation whose annals are dull," wrote Montesquieu; and happy are the orphans whose parents have never shirked the drudgery of commonplace duty, more especially if the same disposition is inbred and inborn in their children. They are liable to be passed over, for a sense of dignity stifles the complaints, though the pinch of want and the pangs of hunger are as real and keen as in ranks where no attempt is made to conceal them. If the troubles of middle class orphans are real, so also are the gratitude for benefits received and the good use to which they are turned.

It is remarkable that great things are achieved in the dawn of a new century. Good Queen Anne ascended her throne in 1702, and to this year some of our noblest institutions date their birth. One of them began as a society for clothing and educating twelve boys, the sons of parents reduced to a necessitous condition. For this purpose a school house was provided in the parish of St. Anne's and St. Agnes, Aldersgate, hence it acquired the name of St. Anne's Society. Under the patronage of two lady saints and a queen, it was fitting that girls should have some share in the benefits, but they had to wait until 1790. Now on the breezy uplands of

Surrey the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's, Redhill, maintains 200 boys and 200 girls, and gives them an education that will entitle them to grace and maintain themselves in the position of their parents, who have all belonged to professional or commercial classes. More is expected of such children when they leave school, and the expectation is not in vain. Many enter the professions, some work their way to the Universities, others hold good positions in the Civil Service and in commercial life. In the late war a former pupil won his commission.

The largest number of well known orphanages in England came into existence in the last century. Dr. Andrew Reed grasped the fact that real charity should be permanent, and should help the helpless to help themselves. He was the founder of five great institutions for children. In 1813, when he was twenty-six years of age, he issued an appeal which resulted in the London Orphan Asylum now at Watford. It has sheltered altogether about 7,000 fatherless children. A little *protégé* of William Wilberforce, Richard P. Hookham, aged seven, was the first to be taken under the wing of this charity. The blessing of long life has been granted to him, for he still lives. In 1899, on his ninetieth birthday and in the same year that he celebrated his golden wedding, Mr. Richard Hookham added 100 guineas to what he described as his yearly instalment of his debt to the London Orphan Asylum. He had been then a subscriber and benefactor for fifty years.

A lady who has been for years an annual subscriber of 100 guineas was at one time a pupil. But her liberality does not stop short at an annual subscription. One of her gifts is the beautiful school chapel which she erected at a cost of £5,000.

Ex-scholars have formed themselves into a club to help the present generation of fatherless children. They contribute to their support and happiness in school, and year by year, as young girls and lads are sent out into the world, they are given a start in life by a sympathising and successful friend, who knows from experience that the next step upwards is well-nigh impossible without the help of a strong right hand. The Board of Management now includes three ex-scholars, two occupying



(Photo supplied by the National Refuges.)

A SETTLER'S HOME IN CANADA.

(*The settler was a boy in the National Refuges' School at Twickenham.*)

honourable and prominent positions in commerce, the third a dignitary in the Church.

The institution, eventually called Reedham after its founder, and now settled at Purley, Surrey, has within its walls 300 fatherless children, from three months old and upwards, and chiefly belonging to the respectable lower middle class. As they go out into the world, it becomes apparent that the hearts that beat under the uninteresting waistcoats of Bank clerks and warehousemen are as warm and true as those under the uniform of soldiers and sailors. It is indeed the boast of Reedham that its children have turned out, almost without exception, a credit to themselves and to their benefactors, and that by degrees many of them are taking their places as supporters of the charity. In 1894, when the school kept its jubilee, as a surprise to the Managers, and entirely on their own initiative, they collected a sum of £200. One old boy has set an example of systematic giving. After leaving the school and becoming a lawn tennis bat-maker, he became a subscriber. He married, and his wife also became a subscriber. As a thank-offering for their first-born, they made him a life subscriber. Ten more children, as each came into the world, brought a similar benefit to Reedham. One has lately come of age and has become a subscriber on his own account.

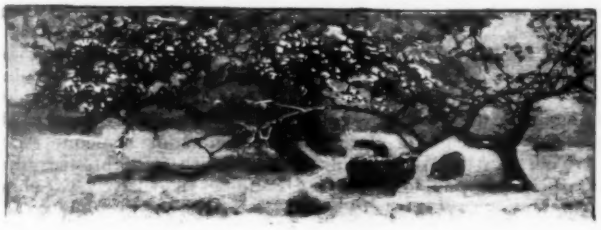
If any question arises whether institutions for orphans justify their existence, the best answer is found in the after careers of those who pass through them. The seven quoted are only specimens of the many that have been a blessing to the age. To despair of none, to give every child his chance, are maxims that have come into force and favour. The welfare of the world must be affected by their being carried into practice.

When Phillips Brooks was present at the dedication of the new buildings of the Boston Latin School, he spoke of the old building which he had left thirty years before with tenderness, as though its feelings might be hurt at having been superseded. He said on that occasion: "When the Duke of Wellington came back to Eton after his glorious career, as he was walking through the old quadrangle he looked around and said: 'Here is where I learned the lessons that made it possible for me to conquer at Waterloo.' It was not what he read there in books, not what he learned there by writing Greek verses or by scanning the lines of Virgil and Horace, that helped him win his great battle; but there he had learnt to be faithful to present duty, to be strong, to be diligent, to be patient, and that was why he was able to say that it was what he learned at Eton that made it possible for him to conquer at Waterloo. And the same thing made it possible for the Latin and High School boys to help win the victory which came at Gettysburg, and under the very walls of Richmond. . . . It was not simply the lessons that they had learnt out of books; it was the grand imprint of character which had been given to them here."

The Duke of Wellington and Phillips Brooks are examples of men who reached the top of the ladder and looked back gratefully to the first rungs. Faithfulness to present duty, strength, diligence, patience, lead up to that righteousness which exalts a nation. For the sake of

> "The future in the distance,
> And the good we hope to do,"

it is well worth while to raise young feet out of miry and slippery places and set them firmly in the first steps of an ascending scale.



My Friend the Clarionet

by Harry Davies

A Complete Story.



N the corner of Salmon's Lane, hard by the stately church of Limehouse, I heard, in a lull of the roar and rattle caused by the heavy traffic, the solitary tootling of a clarionet. Now, there is something dreary to me about a clarionet's tootle at any time, especially in such a slow movement as "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot." But on a wet day, when a fine rain is floating down the streets like wreaths of mist, rendering umbrellas useless, shortening tempers, making the pavements greasy, casting a damp gloom upon the dreary perspective—on such a day the notes of a clarionet wailing from a street corner in that melancholy, disjointed way are doubly depressing.

I looked round from under my umbrella, and saw that the player was a little, old man with a white beard of most benevolent proportions. He was standing with his back to a grimy newspaper shop, at an angle wherein he was slightly protected against the drift of the silent rain. Just as I set eyes on him the rumble of the traffic set in again, and the melancholy notes were completely drowned. Yet he went on playing as industriously as ever, looking fixedly at the piece of music which, by a home-made device of cross wires, he had fixed on his instrument, and "throwing his shoulders into it" with the most intense earnestness.

Not a soul seemed to listen to him save myself. The stream of passers-by went on without so much as looking at him. The traffic had now again grown to a regular fusillade, and not a single note of the clarionet could be heard. Yet he went on, his eyes fixed on the music, his head and foot moving energetically in time and rhythm with the tune, his shoulders heaving as he hurried to take his breath.

Something about the man interested me. I think it must have been his sheer earnestness. He was playing as though the fate of nations depended on him; as though the failure of one single note of that tune would result in unspeakable calamity to the world at large. I could not resist the impulse to approach him. As I did so, the traffic again lulled, and the notes once more tootled upon the air, inexpressibly dreary, flat, and depressing, but more than atoned for by the absolute earnestness of the player.

I stood on the pavement a few yards away and watched him. He wore a pair of large, goggle-eyed spectacles, which had been mended again and again in their rusty framework by cotton or wire. On his head was a small round felt hat, faded and frayed. A long overcoat, once black, but now a murky green, hung loosely about his spare figure. Its folds were so extensive, and its length was so ludicrous (for it almost touched his heels), and it drooped so limply about his shoulders, and hitched up so high about the nape of his neck, and proved so embarrassing to the movement of his hands in its extraordinary length of sleeve, that it could not have proclaimed more plainly, even if it had a voice, that it had once belonged to someone else. Yet the marks of care which it bore, the trimming of black braid, incongruous but neat, round the frayed edges, the patches of still more startling dark blue serge with which its rents were repaired, were equally eloquent of the fact that the someone else could not possibly have set a higher value on it than its present owner.

I could see by the sideward movement of his eyes in my direction that he had become conscious of someone listening to him. He forthwith straightened himself, redoubled his efforts (if that were possible), and, having finished the tune, plunged into another piece

with the utmost haste, and without so much as changing the music before him. The new air was a sprightlier one, as I discerned by the quicker play of his head and feet, the while he intently kept time to the music. Between the rattle of the carts I caught a few notes of "The Keel Row." The player's beard wagged as he energetically jerked his head, and ever and anon he turned his eyes on the pavement in my direction, in a furtive, eager kind of way, to assure himself that I was still there. It was a pathetic spectacle—the falling rain; the hurrying crowd; the wet squalor of the side-street with its huckster's stalls, its slimy pavements, its dingy shops; and in the midst of all the white-bearded old man tootling so energetically an appeal that no one heeded.

His anxiety to retain the attention of his stray listener was now getting almost painful. He threw little flourishes and trills into the air—or what I could hear of it. He quavered on notes like a bird. He kept time with his body so vigorously that he was almost dancing on the pavement. And, meanwhile, he was constantly peering sideways behind his spectacles, in that short-sighted way of his, in my direction. But he never once looked me in the face, nor did he once, by sign or gesture, ask for anything.

At last I went up to him.

"Not a very cheering day for this kind of work," I said.

He looked at me over his glasses with a mild pair of eyes, which had a gleam of eagerness in them. His lower lip twitched a little before the reply came.

"No, sir, it ain't a very cheering day," he said simply.

He fingered his instrument in an embarrassed kind of way as I looked at him.

"That your own invention?" I asked, pointing to the music-rest of wire-work which was fixed to the clarionet.

He nodded. "I put that there on to hold the music."

I looked at the score on the paper. It was merely a half-sheet out of a music book, containing a portion of a four-part glee.

"But you haven't the right music!" I exclaimed. "That isn't what 'you have been playing!"

He shifted one foot uneasily, looked down on the pavement, and then leant forward towards me, nervously fingering the clarionet.

"It's like this 'ere, sir," he said in a low voice, and with an air of deepest mystery. "It gives me something to look at."

"Something to look at?"

"Yes; something to keep my eyes on."

He was blinking at me solemnly with those mild eyes of his, in a half anxious, half bashful kind of way.

"I—I—don't quite understand."

His lower lip twitched again. It was evidently a nervous agitation or hesitancy, very nearly approaching to a stammer, for at times the quivering would last for quite half-a-dozen seconds ere the words would come.

"It's becos I don't like lookin' at people when I'm a-playin'," he said at length.

I stared at him in amazement. He saw my surprise, and again the lip began to tremble.

"It's becos I don't like to seem to be lookin' at people for money," he said, with a painful effort.

I could hardly believe my own ears. A London street musician who was diffident about "lookin' at people for money"! The thing was almost incredible. And yet the man was quite honest. Trembling lip, eager wistful eyes, and nervous fingers wandering over the clarionet, all alike testified to his genuineness. The spectacle was not only a strange one—it was inexpressibly sad. What chance was there, in the fierce fight of street existence, for this nervous, diffident, broken old man, who did not like to "look at people for money"?

His restlessness, as shown in his frequent changes of position, combined with his twitching lips, pointed to some serious disorder or weakness. Like as not he had been battered so hard in the struggle of life that all nerve had gone out of him.

"Have you had an illness recently?" I asked.

He put his hand to the back of his head, and again the twitching of the lip as he endeavoured to answer.

"I get it here sometimes—bad," he said confidentially, "but I haven't had any illness as you may say, excep' when I was paralysed down the leg—but I got the better of that."

"What caused the paralysis to come on?"

A sudden look of anxiety came over his face. "I don't know," he said helplessly.

"What did you do when you were paralysed? You couldn't come out and play."

His eyes brightened. In his eagerness to reply his lip twitched more than ever.

"My wife," he said, "she kep' things together a-doin' of umberella bands."

"Doing umbrella bands! What may that be?"

"A-sewin' of the bands as goes round umberellas. There it is on yours, sir. Well, for sewin' them they gets paid sixpence for a hundred and forty-four."

"And your wife kept the home going on her earnings? She must have worked very hard."

"She did that, sir!"

He turned his head away, and looked up the street, and again there came into his face a worn and anxious expression.

I made a movement—it was now raining harder than ever, and although my friend was sheltered where he stood, I was in the full drift of the drizzle which came sweeping round the corner. He saw the action, and his eyes came back to me with an expression of anxious and eager wistfulness.

I put my hand in my pocket, and his eyes dropped. The little coin I placed in his palm called forth into his face an expression of gratitude and delight quite out of keeping with its value. Alas, the earnings of the clarionet must be barren indeed!

Often after that I heard the melancholy tootle, tootle, at the corner of Salmon's Lane, and rarely did I pass without stopping for a chat with my old friend. Never once did I see him but he was playing with the same intense earnestness, and never once did I know anyone to listen to him or give him a single copper. Yet he never seemed to relax in his efforts, and come rain or shine, sun or storm, he was generally to be found at his corner, playing away vigorously with heaving shoulders and tapping foot to the heedless passers-by. He seemed to be ever on the verge of expectancy. His whole attitude (in strange contradistinction to the listlessness of his general manner) was that of one who was saying within himself: "Somebody will listen to me in a minute." So has many a man piped his life and strength away, and the world has not danced. But it is not many a man who, in the face of failure and hopelessness and old age, has continued to pipe on with the same ardour.

My interest in my tootling friend ere long grew to be considerable, and one day, early in March, I asked his permission to visit him in his own abode. He put his hand to the back of his head, and looked up the street in that anxious, preoccupied way which was growing upon him of late. I knew he had not grasped the meaning of my proposal, and I repeated it. His eyes brightened. He had a poor place, he explained—only one back room at No. 3, Anchor Court—but his wife and he would be very glad to see me at any time I cared to call. Two days later I sallied forth with that object in view.

Anchor Court scowls at you through a dark, narrow archway, leading out of a squalid street in the precincts of Salmon's Lane. The archway guards it jealously in a morose, secretive kind of way, admitting only one person at a time along its dank, narrow passage. A paving-stone near the entrance, sunken at the inner end and tilting up at the outer, lends malicious aid by attempting to trip you up at the commencement of your exploration. Further along in the shadow, as often as not, a crawling juvenile, aboriginal of the court, will suddenly intercept your path, as if with malign intent upon your equilibrium. Having safely avoided this fresh trap, you come to a narrow alley, some four feet wide, some thirteen yards in length, and "blind at the end"—to use the vernacular. In other words, it is a *cul-de-sac*, on the left side three crazy, tumbledown houses of two storeys, on the right a high blank wall, over which is the yard of a wholesale rag-and-bone merchant, and at the end another blank wall.

In my first essay at penetrating the mysteries of Anchor Court the crawling juvenile spared me his little pleasantry by being somewhere else, but I nearly came to grief over the paving-stone—a fact which afforded intense gratification to a group of young urchins who were loafing near the entrance, and had watched my advent to the street with the liveliest interest.

"Don' break up the 'appy 'ome for us, guv'nor!"

"You'll knock a dent in the floor if you ain't careful!"

"G'arn! Cawn't yer see 'e's only practisin' a step dance? Leave 'im alone, cawn't yer!"

These were the sallies which followed me as I picked my way among the pools of water in the alley. The step of No. 3 was broken, and wobbled under my feet. The rickety staircase, which led from the narrow, grimy passage, laid traps for me at every step—here in a worn edge, there in a loose board which playfully tripped up as I stepped on it, further on in a large hole through which my foot might have disappeared altogether. I was so intent on negotiating these difficulties that I nearly stepped upon something having the appearance of a bundle on the top step.

"Nah then, stoopid!"

I profusely apologised to the bundle, from the depths of which the voice had come, and gradually, in the semi-light, I made out a wizen-faced girl nursing a baby.

After a few sarcastic observations anent my appearance, my defective vision, and my cumbersome methods of mounting stairs, the nurse condescended to tell me where the back room on the first floor was to be found.

"Along the pessidge, there—an' mind the 'ole in the floor," she said curtly.

I had come by appointment, and I therefore found my friend the clarionet and his wife awaiting me. As for him, I had never hitherto seen him without his hat, and he looked strange to me (but more benevolent than ever) with his bald crown and fringe of white hair. As for his wife, she was a small white-haired woman, with a wan, furrowed

face. Hers was not a face to catch the eye, but one that would be passed by, absolutely unnoticed, in the street. But how often it is that faces which, at the first glance, seem hopelessly plain and uninteresting, reveal to you, if you look again, some quality which renders them positively charming. It was so, to my surprise, with the tootler's wife. At first I only saw a very plain, worn-looking, ill-clad little woman, upon whose every lineament was the mark of suffering and stress and hard tussling with the world; but she smiled—and immediately her face was transformed. What subtle magic is it that so often throws such unspeakable charm into a mere smile? My friend's wife was one of those people who smile with their eyes as well as their mouth—and that is, I think, the kindliest, sweetest kind of smile that can illumine a face. It was all the more effective in this sad-looking little woman by reason of its very contrast with her face in repose. It was like the sunlight suddenly passing over a dull landscape. As soon as it was gone, one wanted to see it again. I caught myself watching for that smile, and I noticed it oftenest came when her eyes lighted on her husband.

Think not, sirs, that there is no music of heart, no romance of life among the poor. I found them here, in this wretched back room in Limehouse. Here, in the midst of the grime and the squalor of life, I found a pair of lovers, to the full as tender and true as ever were caught up by the ecstasy of pure passion. And the sight was all the sweeter because they were white-haired lovers. One glance at them gave me to understand why his listless eyes lit up when the conversation turned to his wife. Let no one speak to me of the decadence of Love, and all that shallow cynicism. Here, where life was at its darkest, I found Love burning at its brightest.

"I wanted to come and see you," I said. "I have known your husband quite a time. We are what we may call street acquaintances."

She smiled. "Jack has told me about you," she said.

Her voice was pleasant, and she spoke as one who was not wholly uneducated. But not less startling was it to me to hear her call her husband "Jack." It sounded to me ears a strangely unsuitable name. With his benevolent face and quaint appearance he was the very reverse of one's conception of a "Jack."

"It's a poor place to ask you to," she went on, smiling again; "but what's the good to be ashamed of bein' seen as one really is?"

She gave a quick look at her husband, half anxious, half pleading, as though she wanted him to join in the conversation.

"Not but what it's all we want," she went on hurriedly, and again her eyes sought his. "You see, we are only ourselves, and we shouldn't know what to do with more than one room. Should we, Jack?"

"Those are rich who have all they want," I said.

"That's just what I am always saying," she went on eagerly. "What more do we want in the world? Here we have a shelter over our heads, we manage to push along—which some people can't do—and we've got each other. Now what more *do* we want? What do you say, Jack?"

"Ay, what more do we want?" he echoed. But his manner was very listless, and he passed his hand over his forehead.

"Yes, what more do you want?" I chimed in. "That is a very sensible way of looking at things." I was rewarded with a rare smile for my support.

"There's the sewing work as I do," she went on. "There's Jack's earnings with his clarionet. There's the parish relief which we get. It's all small amounts, but it helps. And there's the summer coming. I shall be able to do more in the summer. Oh, we shall rub along, never fear!"

My friend suddenly rose from his chair and straightened himself. His lip quivered.

"Yes; there's the summer coming," he echoed, looking at his wife as if for inspiration. "And in the summer I shall do better—and we shall both be better in health."

"Yes," she said, pursing up her mouth as if in derision of any mad supposition to the contrary; "we shan't know ourselves when the summer comes, never fear!"

Her husband, evidently greatly comforted by the thought, began to pace to and fro with a new energy, and she watched him meanwhile with a smile of delight that was good to see.

"You see, sir," she said, "we haven't always been poor. Not that we are as badly off as some now—but at one time we was in much better circumstances than this. Jack had a little shop of his own in the newspaper line, and I used to help him, and we was doing very comfortably, having no children and no great calls upon us, when Jack was let in for a big loss by a relative who had worked on his kindness of heart and had got him to sign a bill for him. We lost the shop and everything we had, and Jack had to look for work. He got it at last, but then he fell ill with paralysis—the worry and trouble he had gone through did that—and so he was thrown out again. After getting well, he tried hard to obtain something to do, but his age and weakness were against him, and at last he had to take to playing in the street. He was always fond of his clarionet."

"It was through the clarionet we became acquainted," I remarked.

"He has got a few supporters of his music," she said with dignity, "but not as many as he could wish. Still, we have rubbed along wonderfully well, considering everything. Now, Jack, give the gentleman one or two tunes, just by way of compliment for having come to see us."

She looked at me pleadingly.

"Do!" I said to him. "Give us 'The Keel Row,' with all those little trills in it."

"There, Jack!" she said delightedly. "You see he has noticed your playing!"

He smiled with pleasure, and went over to fetch his clarionet with a more cheerful air than I had yet seen him display.

That was only the first of many visits to the tootler and his wife—visits which to me were thoroughly enjoyable, for I confess I became greatly interested in this quaint old couple. They were both always the same—he dull and listless and broken in spirit, with occasional flashes of interest in things; she ever bright and hopeful and pathetically anxious to cheer him. But oftentimes, in spite of all her smiles, I caught the momentary contraction of the face, the passing look in the eyes, which betrayed either pain of body or anxiety of mind. On some days in the winter, indeed, she was obliged to own herself utterly defeated as far as her own health was concerned, and to lie in the shaky old chair, a frankly confessed invalid. Yet she was never vanquished in spirit, and however ill she might be, their room was always the pink of neatness and cleanliness.

As the winter waxed colder it became borne in upon me that things were getting worse with them, that they were not having enough to eat, that oftentimes they sat without fire in their room. Their faces became pinched and haggard-looking, and one day I noticed that the old-fashioned chest of drawers which formed one of the few articles in the room had disappeared from its accustomed place.

Yet they never once made known their trouble, never once begged of me; nor was the wonderful little woman ever other than bright and cheerful when I called to see them. A few days later a looking-glass that had stood on the chest of drawers was also gone from the room. My heart ached for them, but the utmost I could do at the time was to secure them temporary relief in the form of a little sewing work for her, or an odd job for him. It was, alas! only one case out of many. What was before them but the workhouse? Yet I knew the thought of that would be like a hot iron to their sore hearts, and I could not bring myself to mention it.

Towards the end of January I was called away from London, and it was well on in February ere I saw the metropolis again. The day after my return, in the course of my usual round, I passed the end of Salmon's Lane. I had felt considerable uneasiness of mind concerning the tootler and his wife (although it relieved me somewhat to think that I had been able to get him a small job of work before leaving town), and I looked for him with interest not unmixed with apprehension. He was not at his accustomed place, nor was he there when I returned that way, two hours later. An inquiry at the newspaper shop elicited the fact that he had not been there for two days. I was thoroughly alarmed now, and as soon as I could manage it, I took my way to Anchor Court.

The wintry daylight was fast waning as I turned into the squalid little street which was my destination. There is a rickety gas-lamp at the end of the passage, and it was under the dim light of this that I ran against someone who was coming out of the alley. One glance told me that it was the tootler. He did not look at me, and would have passed on, had I not called him by name. He stood and confronted me beneath the pale glimmer. His face was drawn and haggard. His lips were working, but not a sound came from them.

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked sharply.

A full minute seemed to pass ere any reply came. I waited impatiently while the lips worked convulsively in the effort to speak, my heart meanwhile full of forebodings. At last the words came in a hoarse whisper:

"She's gone away."

No words can picture the sheer desolation of the face that looked into mine.

"Gone away!" I echoed. "Gone away—where? Speak, man!"

Again the agony of the twitching lips, and I had to wait.

"Gone away to the Infirmary. She was took ill yesterday an' they fetched her away."

"Oh, but you must not take it to heart so," I said. "If she is ill, the Infirmary is the very best place she can go to. You want to keep her, don't you? How do you expect to keep her if she does not have proper medical attention?"

He looked at me piteously.

"She is sore ill," he said at last. And then he laid his arm against the wall, and broke into a fit of sobbing.

I led him through the alley and up the staircase to the back room. There I lit the lamp, and pulled down the blind. The place seemed intolerably empty and desolate.

XUM



"Playing as though the fate of nations depended on him."—*p.* 888.

There was no coal, and so we sent out for some. We soon had a fire lit and sat down by it to talk. The tootler's fit of passionate grief was over, save for a long-drawn sob which shook his whole frame at intervals.

It was a relief to him to unburden his pent-up heart, and he talked more freely in his nervous disjointed way than ever I had known him do before. But there was only one subject of conversation. Whom was there for him in the wide world to talk about save the one woman who had been the light and sweetness, the balm in Gilead, to his dreary life? Twice again he broke down utterly: once when he said—

"Whenever I have come in without earnin' a penny she has always took hold of the collar of my coat with her two hands and has pulled me towards her for a kiss, and has said, 'Don't fret about it, Jack! What do anything matter if we've got each other?'"

And again when he said—

"I'm afraid as if we went into the workhouse they'd separate us! I couldn't bear it. It 'd be like a limb of me gone!"

I rejoice to say that the dreaded calamity did not fall. For days it hung suspended over the head of my friend like a threatening cloud, and during that dark time, from the small hours of the morning until the night, he was either sitting in the ward where lay his love and life, watching with convulsively clasped hands the wasted face, or was haunting the street outside the grim building, his eyes fixed on a certain window. At the Infirmary he won the compassion and sympathy of all by the depth of his suffering; by his gratitude for being allowed to stay in the ward; by the timid way in which he stole in and out, anxious to propitiate all who had his beloved one in their charge. He was affectionately spoken of by the nursing staff as the "old man lover," and I do not think there was one among them but felt a personal joy when they were able to restore his wife to him.

In a certain restful spot, where an old-fashioned quadrangle of quaint-looking, one-storeyed cottages stands back from the main road, almost hidden by a wealth of trees, and approached by winding walks which meander pleasantly amidst the well-kept sward—in this quiet spot, whereto the boom and traffic of the main road come only as a subdued hum, you may see on a summer's day sundry aged couples sitting in the cool alcoves, or strolling in the shade of the trees, or making their way, be it the hour for service, to the small chapel in the far corner of the quadrangle. And if you went to a certain cottage in that quadrangle—the one at the end of the avenue of lime-trees—you would find in the white-haired couple occupying it no other than my tootler and his wife. Yet you would hardly recognise them. Rest and good food and freedom from worry have worked a wonderful change in them. The tootler (but he tootles no longer, save for the pleasure of his wife and friends) has grown almost stout. His eye is bright, his step firm, he has lost that convulsive trembling of the lip which used to precede his utterances; and the demon of paralysis, which was again threatening him daily and hourly, has apparently been banished for ever. His wife looks ten years younger. There is a tinge of colour in her cheeks, her face is softer and rounder than of yore, her smile is brighter and sweeter than ever. Great happiness dwells in her eyes. I declare she is almost comely.



(Photo: E. W. Savory, Ltd., Bristol.)

ON HOLDING ONE'S TONGUE.

A Sermon to Children by the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, D.D.

"Hold thy tongue."—AMOS vi. 10.



I WONDER how many of you knew that this text was in the Bible? Not many of you, I think; and, perhaps, not so very many of the older people either. I have read many sermons to children, but never one on this text. I am surprised at that, for I think it is a very good text and one very suitable for children.

I am sure you often hear the words.

When you are making somewhat of a noise I daresay you have heard your father or mother say, "Tommy, hold your tongue." "Hold your tongue, Jessie; little boys and girls should be seen and not heard." Perhaps when you have been having a war of words with a companion, you yourself have called out when your patience got exhausted, "Hold your tongue." And it is really the way in which your teachers often begin your Sunday schools, for like many other phrases this one can be spelt in much fewer letters—in one word, in fact. The Hebrew word for "Hold thy tongue" is just our English word "Hush." And that is what your teachers say when they want you to be quiet; and call out "Silence!" and you hear the bell sound on the superintendent's desk and listen to him calling out "Attention."

Well, this text of ours deals with a very small but very important part of the body. You are not very long in the world when your parents wonder when you are going to begin to use it. No doubt they know very well that you can make a noise. You have all heard the baby cry very soon after it was born. But they wonder when you are going to begin to speak; and perhaps if they knew how much you were going to speak before long, they would not be so very anxious for you to begin! But their anxiety about your beginning to talk shows you what an important part of the body the tongue is. To be dumb is a dreadful affliction.

The tongue is important in another sense, too. For when you get a little older and, perhaps, are not very well, your mother sends for the doctor, and when he comes perhaps almost the very first words he says to you are, "Let me see your tongue. Put out your tongue." And out you push it, and by seeing what it looks like, the doctor knows whether you are in good health or not; and he knows, too, what kind of medicines to give you. A clean tongue is a sign of health, and the state of your tongue in a moral as well as a physical sense is not only important to the doctor but to everyone. For, if you make good use of your tongue, you will likely be a good boy or girl; if you make a bad use of it, you cannot be called good. With your tongue you can do a lot of good, but you can also do a lot of harm.

Let me show you how much harm not holding your tongue may do, by telling you what it has been compared to by some of the Apostles.

Have you ever heard the shrill, shrieking whistle of the fire brigade? Have you seen the fastly galloping horses and the cars, with the splendid fellows in their helmets, coming tearing along the streets summoned by the bell that has rung out in their station? And have you ever followed them up? Have you seen the sky lit up with red and lurid light and seen great clouds of black smoke rising in the air and sparks, perhaps flames of fire, dancing and leaping; and when you come near to where the fire is, have you felt the terrible heat and seen how dreadful the fire is? The streams of drenching water cannot subdue it. Have you heard that there are some people—perhaps some boys and girls like yourselves, perhaps a little helpless baby—in the house? Have you heard that sometimes people would take wild leaps to escape from a terrible death, or how old or sick people or infants have to be thrown out of windows and caught in blankets? Have you heard that sometimes people are roasted to death by a fire or suffocated by the smoke? You read about that dreadful fire at Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, did you not? Ah! a fire is a terrible thing. How it impresses you! How you talk about it! And yet it may have been caused quite simply—perhaps by one like yourself playing with lucifer matches. Just think of that—those tiny things of which you get hundreds for one penny; or it may have been caused by a squib or a cracker, which you were "letting off" on the King's birthday.

Well, when you think what mischief a small thing like that may do—how it may kindle a great big blaze, a terrible fire in which people are burnt to death—oh! I pray

you to remember that each of you has something which may do as much harm as a fire. Remember what the Apostle says: "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth, and the tongue is a fire"; and as you call this to mind, remember that there are occasions when you ought to obey the command of the text and "Hold your tongue."

Again, have you ever been at the Zoological Gardens? Of course you have, and you have seen some of those great big snakes wriggling about and raising up their necks and darting out fangs from their mouths; and you have started back from their cage. Why? Because you have been told that if you are touched by that little tongue you will get poison into your veins and you will die. Well, then, remember that the Bible says your tongue is full of deadly poison, like a serpent's. Surely, when you think of this, you will resolve that there are many occasions on which you must hold your tongue. And, indeed, it is worse. For you have seen snakes—you have seen men playing with those great serpents—winding them around their necks and even putting their heads into their mouths; you have seen a woman go into a tiger's cage; you have seen her put her head into a lion's mouth, and you may have shuddered in case the huge creature would snap it off. If you have seen this you know how true it is what the Apostle says: "Every kind of beasts and of birds and of serpents and of things in the sea is tamed and hath been tamed of mankind, but the tongue no man can tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."

Well, when you think of this, try to tame your tongue; remember the text, "Hold thy tongue." If you don't, you will be sure to cause trouble; and, what is perhaps more to the point from your view of it, you will get into trouble. Remember this good advice:

> "If you your lips would keep from slips,
> Five things observe with care:
> Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
> And how, and when, and where."

Beware, then, of your words.

Now, from what kind of words should you hold your tongue?

(1) From *cross* words. Have you ever awakened in the morning feeling out of sorts, not very well, easily put out, irritated—"on edge," as we say? Have you even spoken sharply, crossly, to your mother, or father, brother or sister? Has your mother ever said to you, "Surely Tommie (or Jessie) you have risen on your wrong side this morning." If she so speaks, be sure there is some reason for her doing so. You have been cross, and you have spoken cross words. Well, remember you are never safe, that at any moment you may be led to say cross words; and I beseech you to pray God that you may hold your tongue from cross words, for which you will be sorry afterwards; and when you grow up and think of your father and mother, or perhaps see them lying dead, how vexed you will be for all the cross words you spoke to them! If for this reason alone, "Hold thy tongue" from cross words.

(2) From *false* words. Then, have you ever done anything wrong, and when you have been asked whether you did it or not, you have told an untruth, a falsehood, and said words that were not true? Well, remember that, though you are not found out all at once, it is more than likely that you will be found out one day, and that, although your fault may never be discovered, you may be sure God knows. Remember that to screen yourself you may have to go on telling lies, and get yourself into terrible trouble, and perhaps hurt others as well. Be sure, then, to hold your tongue from false words. You can never blot out a lie. You never can stop it on its onward course, and the more people hear it and repeat it, the bigger it gets. It is like the snowball you make in winter. The more it is rolled about the larger it gets. And in any case it will remain on your conscience. A Sunday school teacher once asked a boy if he would tell a lie for a penny. "No, ma'am," he said. "For a shilling?" "No, ma'am," was the answer. "For a pound?" He was staggered. It was a big sum. It would buy a lot of things, and perhaps he was saving up to buy a bicycle. While he was debating the point in his mind another boy called out, "No, ma'am." "Why not?" asked the teacher. "Because," he replied, "when the pound is gone and all the things got with it are gone too, the lie is there all the same." "It is a shame to tell Dr. Arnold (the great Rugby Head) a lie," said a boy, "for he always believes you." Also remember, if you get into the habit of speaking false words, you will never be believed when you speak the truth. Remember, false words may ruin you and ruin others, and "Hold thy tongue."

(3) *Bad* words. Then there are bad words, swearing words, words taking God's name in vain, and nasty, filthy—we must not insult the animals by saying "beastly" words: that is an expression we should never use; the poor beasts would never use such words if they could speak, nor be guilty of habits we accuse them of when we speak of "beastly" words and habits. But there are low words I sometimes hear on the lips of children; it is to be hoped they don't know all the words mean when they use them. I was in what we call in Scotland a "sweety shop" the other day. It was near a school,

and the people who kept the shop told me that the language they heard boys and even girls use when they came into the shop, and when they were looking in at the windows, was something terrible. Now it is dreadful to think that all the good education we now get does not teach us better and make us give up using blasphemous and filthy words. They are very offensive. They do no good. They always mean this, that the boy or girl using them is not likely to become a gentleman or a gentlewoman—a lady. Hold your tongue, then, when you are tempted to take God's name in vain or to use bad language. There was once a good old man speaking to another who was always bringing the devil's name into his talk, and then he began to bring in God's name. "Stop, sir," said the old man; "I said nothing when you only used freedom with the name of your own master, but I insist upon it that you shall use no freedom with the name of my Master." "What does Satan pay you for swearing?" asked one man of another. "He doesn't pay me anything," was the answer. "Well, you work cheap to lay aside the character of a gentleman; to inflict so much pain upon your friends and civil people; to suffer for it, and then to risk your own precious soul, *and for nothing*. You certainly do work cheap, very cheap indeed." Hold your tongue, then, when tempted to say bad words. They blacken your character. You might far better go about with a smudge on your face or your nose than to go about with bad black words on your tongue. Tell others this next time you hear nasty words, tell those who use them to hold their tongues.

"Do you know, little maid, when you open your mouth,
That away to the east, to the west, north, and south,
On the wings of the wind, just like bees and the birds,
Fly the tones of your voice and the sound of your words?
Do you know, little maid, that your mouth is the door,
That the words you will say and all you have said before
Are imprisoned within: some are sweet, pleasant words,
Which when they get out, will sing just like the birds;
There are others so cross that they no one can please,
And when they get out they will sting just like bees.
Watch them close, little maid, when cross words stir about,
Shut the door right up tight and don't let them get out.

(4) *Slanderous* words. Then, again, when you can't speak good of people, don't speak evil; hold your tongue. Remember, the devil is the father of the slanderer even more than of the swearer. In a certain family there was an account book kept, which had its name printed on it—"The Slander Book." Inside there was a register kept of the fines inflicted upon the different members of the family every time they were guilty of speaking evil of others. And there was a lot of money in the box in which the fines were put. If we had it all, if we kept such a box, and brought all the money in it to church, we should have a big collection for the next Sunday school excursion. Only I don't think we should like to take the money got in that way, unless, indeed, it helped to check the habit of those people who always leave slime behind them like the trail of the serpent when they speak; who are always running people down, talking against them behind their backs, saying or suggesting unkind and untrue or only half-true things about them. And it is often the best people who suffer most in this way. As Lord Bacon said, "We generally find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at." Hold your tongue, then, from evil words about people. Remember what Mr Cheyne said to a young convert who was lamenting that he could not speak for Christ. "Then, perhaps," said he, "you can sometimes be silent for Him." Hold your tongue, then, for the sake of Christ, Who, when His enemies spoke against Him and put Him to shame and suffering, and finally to death, held His peace, and, when He was reviled, reviled not again, and Who, on the cross, prayed for those who by their words and their deeds nailed Him thereon.

(5) *Complaining* words. Finally, let us all, old as well as young, hold our tongues not only when others speak evil of us and we may have to suffer unjustly, but let us also hold our tongues from too much fretting and complaining when we are sent illness or affliction; let us not murmur too much or repine under God's dealing with us. Let us rather try to learn lessons from all that He sends us and be silent and submissive under His chastening hand. How many, though suffering and sorrowing much, have kept their mouths as with a bridle and have obeyed the text, "Hold thy tongue," because by doing otherwise they would only hurt and vex others and make them grieve. There is no suffering and no sorrow under which we cannot follow the example of the psalmist, and say, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it." If you can do good, be of any use or teach a lesson, *speak!* If you cannot be or do this in life and even at the hour of death, be silent: "*Hold thy tongue.*"

Pray God that in all these ways you may be enabled to hold your tongue. Pray God that His Holy Spirit may come into your hearts and rest on your lips, and then you will always keep from all that is wrong: "Hold thy tongue."



A FLAME OF FIRE

Being the History of the Adventures of Three Englishmen in Spain at the time of the Great Armada. Written by Rupert Hamstead, second son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, situated near Barnet in the County of Hertford, and now first set before the public by

JOSEPH HOCKING,

Author of "Lest We Forget," "The Purple Robe," "All Men Are Liars," "Mistress Nancy Molesworth," Etc. Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—XXIV.

In the year 1587, the year before the coming of the Great Armada to English shores, Rupert Hamstead, son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, near Barnet town, having returned wounded from the wars, and having spent some time at his father's house, hears, through John Trenoweth, of Cornwall, that an old friend of his mother's is in the power of the Inquisitors of Spain. Being also desirous of finding out the Spanish plots concerning England, he determines to go to Spain with Mawgan Killigrew, of Cornwall, and John Trenoweth, in order to rescue the unfortunate lady, and to discover Spanish secrets. He therefore starts for Cornwall with John Trenoweth, and on his journey falls into the hands of Jesuit spies. Rupert Hamstead and John Trenoweth are accused by their fellow-travellers as Jesuit spies, but afterwards discover that they themselves are agents of Father Parsons. They at length reach Cornwall, where they are met by Mawgan Killigrew. Here they also come into contact with two Spaniards, whose behaviour is so suspicious that they decide to start for Spain secretly and without delay. The Englishmen leave England, and on first seeing the Spanish hills enter into a solemn covenant concerning their mission. They afterwards fall in with some Spanish gipsies, the young queen of whom greatly impresses Killigrew. She afterwards rescues them from Spanish officials, and gives them directions how to reach Toledo. With some little difficulty they enter the city. Here they hear the Archbishop's sermon, in which it is announced that heretics are to be punished by death. Here also Rupert Hamstead sees Isabella de Valencia, and presently all three take part in a terrible scene at the Circo Romano. John Trenoweth recognises his sweetheart, and endeavours to rescue her from her enemies. His two companions go to his assistance, with the result that all three are made prisoners. In the dungeon they are visited by Señor Toledo, an old enemy and rival of Rupert Hamstead's father. After seeing the great English Jesuit, Father Parsons, the three Englishmen are at length brought to the renowned church, El Cristo de la Vega, to be examined as to their heresy. Here is a figure of the Christ, whose arm had once been raised to attest the innocence of a Jew. Since then, at all examinations of heretics, this figure had been appealed to, and the lifting of the arm attested the prisoners' innocence. When the Englishmen had been examined, and were about to be condemned to death, the arm, to the great consternation of all present, was raised. After the scene in El Cristo de la Vega, the priests, believing a miracle had taken place, determined to inform the King, and to treat the three Englishmen kindly. During the following days they visited the house of Señor Toledo, where Hamstead realises that he loves the Señorita de Valencia; he also meets Señor Toledo's son, who is a suitor for the señorita's hand. Meanwhile the King sends word from the Escurial that he desires the English prisoners to be brought to him, whereupon Rupert Hamstead determines to prevail upon the señorita to effect their escape. After this Rupert Hamstead tells the señorita that she will one day love him, and commands her to see to it that the weapons of himself and companions are restored to him. The next day they start for the Escurial, and on the way they endeavour to escape. Through the aid of the gipsies, Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth succeed in escaping and taking the Señora de Valencia, and her English serving woman with her, but Rupert Hamstead is taken to the palace of King Philip II.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING.

FOR first of all the apartment was but little bigger than a peasant's kitchen, neither was there aught in it that suggested the dwelling place of a king. Placed against one of the walls was a small writing desk, made, as I thought, of oak, but of no more value—nay, nor so much—than that which might belong to a vendor of clothes in London city. No tapestry of any sort covered the floor, neither were there pictures of any value on the walls. This, however, I noticed: there was an aperture which opened into the church, through the which came to me the sound of chanting priests. Their voices were but dim, however, and had, as I thought, a soothing effect upon a man who was much worn and tired.*

* The rooms of Philip II. may still be seen in the Escurial, and closely correspond with the description given.—J. H.

Had not my father described to me how the King looked as a young man, I should scarcely have recognised him now, so haggard and weary did he look. He sat on what seemed to me a chair that could yield him but little comfort, while before him was a kind of stool, on which he rested his right leg. His yellow hair and beard, which were closely cropped, were fast turning grey, while his large blue eyes had a somewhat weak and watery appearance. His lips were thick and sensuous, and, as I thought, twitched continuously, as though he were much wrought upon. His fingers also moved constantly. Seated in this chair, supporting what I afterwards learnt was a gouty foot, on a kind of leather-seated stool, he presented by no means an imposing appearance, and I did not wonder that our gracious Queen did not incline her heart towards him.

In the room also stood three men. One I took to be an ecclesiastic, for he wore the garb of the Church. By the ecclesiastic's side stood a man of fine presence and haughty demeanour, and yet one who, as it seemed to me, lacked both strength and decision of character. The third, standing by the door, was Señor Pablo Toledo.

Although I have taken some time to describe this, it all came to me in the twinkling of an eye. For, a moment after I entered the King's presence, all that dazed feeling which had possessed me for so long passed away, and every power of my being became strong and active.

"Kneel," someone whispered again, and then I stepped forward and knelt by his chair. And this I did, not because I acknowledged him to be my king, but because I had been taught that all kings were appointed by God, and that it was a man's duty, in whatsoever country he might be, to pay homage to the reigning monarch.

"Rise, Señor Hamstead," said the King, in the Spanish tongue, but in a voice that was neither pleasant nor musical. "I have commanded you to my presence because I would see one on whose behalf a miracle hath been wrought," he said presently. "When God speaks, kings must needs listen and wonder."

I bowed low, but said naught, for, in truth, there seemed no need to speak.

"It hath come to me," he went on, "that you are chosen to do the will of God, even as Abraham of olden time was a chosen instrument of God before he understood His will. Doubtless, moreover, this gracious interposition of the saints will soften your heart and lead you to the truth."

Still I was silent, for, although it seemed as though a miracle had been worked on behalf of my companions and myself, I could not say "Amen" to his words.

"Speak I not the truth, Father Sanchez?" continued the King, turning to the ecclesiastic by his side.

"It is spoken as only your Majesty can speak," said the priest, "spoken even as Solomon the wise spoke in Jerusalem. Therefore let the youth forswear his errors, and yield allegiance without delay."

"Aye, that is my will concerning you, Señor Hamstead," said the King, as though he had only need to speak in order to be obeyed.

"As to that, sire," I replied, "I have not yet been instructed as to what errors I must forswear."

"Ah, yes, I remember. You have been fed on error, and taught to despise the commandments of God. But that shall be remedied right quickly. One on whose behalf the saints have worked a miracle must be well taught. Well do I remember the figure of our Lord in El Cristo de la Vega, and never did I think the arm would be again raised. Therefore Father Sanchez himself shall be both your instructor and confessor. This favour I grant you, seeing that such a wondrous thing hath been done for you. Moreover, as a further mark of my favour, I will order that special prayers shall be said for your speedy conversion."

"Kneel again, and give thanks to his Majesty," said the priest, and this I did—not that I believed aught in what he said, but because it is a man's duty to render thanks when a king grants what he believes to be a favour.

"And now we will turn to other matters," said the King. "For a long time I have waited for a special sign from heaven, and thrice have the saints appeared to me in a dream, telling me that such a sign would be given. For this reason my anger will not fall so heavily upon Señor Pablo Toledo for allowing your companions to escape. For, according to my dreams, not three, but one, was to do that which I desired. And why should you out of the three have been brought thither but that you are the instrument chosen to do my will?"

At this I could not help wondering much, for at that time I did not know how fervently the King believed in dreams, and omens, and signs of all sorts. I learnt afterwards, however, that he constantly prayed concerning these things, and that, even against the judgment of his confessor and statesmen, he was guided by them. I afterwards learnt, moreover, that it was because of a vision which he believed came from heaven that he selected the Duke of Medina Sidonia as the commander of the great Armada

which was to conquer England. For not only had he dreamed that the Duke of Medina would lead his forces to a complete victory, but a pious hermit had also told him that this same man would cause Spain to be victorious. The Princess of the Annunciato, Maria de la Visitacion, had also made known to him that she had seen two angels smiting Drake and his unbelieving comrades, while the Duke was to have glory both in this world and in the next.

It was owing to this trait in his character therefore that I had been brought before him, and through this also that he received me with such special kindness. I moreover learned that in one of his dreams it was told him that a converted heretic should be one of the instruments which God had given him to accomplish his desires, and he had fastened upon me as the fulfilment of his dreams.

"I therefore regard your conversion as accomplished," he went on. "For not only is it my will, but the saints have spoken, and a miracle hath been wrought. And now I wish you to tell me many things with regard to England. It is true I have had numerous messages, but they have come from my own servants, and thus they have seen matters through the eyes of desire. But you have seen them through the eyes of a heretic. You have, up to now, looked upon me as the enemy of your country."

After this he asked me many questions concerning the strength and feeling of the Catholics in England, which I answered as truthfully as I was able.

"Know they the number of ships and the number of men I have commanded to go?" he asked.

"I think not, sire," I replied.

Then he told me of the vast array of ships which was being prepared, and of the mighty host of men that was to sail in them, and as he spoke my heart sank within me; for how, I asked myself, could we meet such a foe? Moreover, my heart was more than ever filled with longing to fly back and tell her Majesty of that which was being done.

"Think you that the English can resist such a power?" he asked presently.

"Our vessels are few and small compared with those of which you speak," I made answer. "But then every man of us hath been told to die fighting. The great Admiral Drake hath no master on the seas, while the men that he, and Sir Richard Grenville, and Raleigh, and others have gathered around them do not know what it is to be beaten."

"But know they not that I fight the battles of the Lord?"

I shook my head.

"But they will know, and that right soon. Think you that I would undertake this mission were I not called of God? Some there be who say that I would conquer England for political purposes, and for political purposes only; but they do not know—they do not know. I do this for the glory of God. The Almighty hath raised me up that I may lead the children of Spain, the chosen people of God, to go to England and to destroy the Amalekites, and the Jebusites, those children of Belial who have destroyed God's altars and lifted the puny arm of rebellion against His Church. He hath raised me up, I say, to conquer them, and, if they will not be converted, to destroy them. Understand they this?"

"I think not," I replied.

"Aye, but they should know it. The Holy Father hath again and again made known his will to this stubborn and stiff-necked people, but they will not hearken, they will not consider, and now the time of the coming of the Lord is near. You believe this, young man, do you not?"

But I did not reply, whereupon he started up from his seat, and limped around the room, and continued almost passionately:

"They trust in the arm of flesh, but that arm will not deliver them. The great Armada I have prepared, invincible though it is, I would not trust in, save for the visions I have received, the messages which have been delivered, and the prayers which have been offered. Tut! What can they do? They oppose the Moses, the Joshua of God, they defy His chosen people. Think you, think you!"—and he seemed carried away with his passion—"can the Lord turn a deaf ear to us, when we do His will? For more than a year, from all parts of Catholic Europe, the prayers of the faithful have ascended, that God will arise and make His power known. Every day masses are being said on more than fifty thousand altars. Every night untold thousands of pious monks are bruising their knees on chapel pavements, while an innumerable army of holy women who have forsaken the world plead with God to give victory to our arms. From all parts of the world the faithful come. From Italy, from France, from Germany, from Ireland—aye, even from England itself they come—all ready and waiting to destroy that child of sin, that she-wolf, who hath usurped the throne of the chosen of God. Will God fail us? Nay, by vision, by dream, by prophecy, and by the messages of holy men from the wide world over, I am told of victory!"

"But the Duke of Sidonia hath not fared well at the hands of Drake in the past," I could not help saying, for I remembered what had happened to him at Cadiz.

"Aye, and were not the children of Israel smitten at Ai? When there was an Achan in the camp, did the work of the Lord prosper? But what then? The evil was purged away, and God's people were triumphant. Aye, deny me not, Sidonia," and he turned to the man who stood near Father Sanchez and of whom I have spoken: "thou knowest that I send—aye, and twice seventeen thousand, should the Lord need them. These the Prince of Parma shall command, and shall help you, Sidonia, to march to victory. Nobles have I from every land, youths of daring and dash who are ready to fight with the Devil himself in the cause of Spain and the Holy Church. Can the children of evil and unbelief meet us? Can they withstand us?

"Nay, in a year from now, Señor Hamstead, the altars of the Church shall be restored, the sacred images and relics returned to



"I stepped forward and knelt by his chair."—*p.* 899.

the Lord hath chosen thee! Even thy seeming failures I regard as harbingers of thy victory, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Think of it, think of it," and now I am sure he forgot that I was there—aye, forgot everything, save the vision of his hopes. "One hundred and thirty great ships, the like of which was never seen in English waters. Great galleons from a thousand to thirteen hundred tons bearing power, galeasses rowed by innumerable slaves, and bearing many guns. Nine thousand seamen have I—aye, more than nine thousand—who have served in every part of the world. Seventeen thousand picked soldiers also will the places from which they have been taken, from every church shall the true ministers of God sing masses, and incense shall arise everywhere. As for the unbelievers—ah, well, either they shall conform or they shall die. Die! I say. Even as we have burnt out heresy in Spain so will we burn it out in England. The faith of every man, woman, and child shall be inquired into, and they who will not believe!—ah, well, every vessel shall be laden with the instruments we have found efficacious elsewhere—then shall belief reign everywhere, and my name shall be handed down to all generations as he, the chosen servant

of God, who destroyed the enemies of His Church!"

As he spoke his eyes lost their weak and watery appearance, his thick, sensuous lips were parted and eager, and his somewhat sullen and heavy appearance was lightened up with enthusiasm.

"And thou, Señor Ruperto Hamstead, shalt have a share in this," he continued. "The saints have made known their will, heretic as thou hast been. Enemy of my people as thou hast been, thou shalt be one of the instruments in this great consummation. I know not how, I may never know how. But what of that? It is the will of Heaven, else why hath Heaven spoken? Therefore, as I said, thou shalt stay near me. While I am in this palace thou also shalt reside here. Señor Sanchez shall instruct thee, and prayers for thy conversion shall be offered at once. Until that time when thou shalt renounce all thy errors, thou must not leave the palace gates; nevertheless, thou shalt be at liberty within them. And more, knowing as I do the power of woman to persuade, thou shalt meet with the women of my Court. And now I would be alone. Señor Capitan Toledo, spare no endeavours to bring the two heretic English women hither that I may see them. The widow of Don Fernandio Basilio de Valencia must not die a heretic, while the soul of her waiting woman must also be saved. As for the two Englishmen, let them be taken and dealt with as English heretics should be dealt with."

Then he dimissed us, and thus I, with Pablo Toledo, left the King's presence.

"I grieve much," said Pablo to me when we got away from the King.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I may not fight you," he replied. "But wait; the King's hand may soon be taken from you, and then I may honour you with my sword."

"That time cannot be too soon for me," I said.

"Until that time I would give you warning," he said, and I noticed that his voice was hoarse with passion. "See that you speak not to the woman to whom I have given my love. To the other women thou mayst speak even as the King hath said; but to her, it is my will that you be silent."

At this I laughed, for he spoke as though he himself might be King of Spain. Moreover, I rejoiced, because his words told me that she was to be at the Escurial, and I should have opportunity of again feasting my eyes upon her, much as I doubted the wisdom of allowing the thought of her to come into my mind.

"You laugh, Señor Hamstead," he said, fiercely. "You laugh, because for the moment the King hath smiled on you, and because he hath rebuked me for my misfortunes. But remember this: the wills of kings change, and it would take but little to turn him against you, and then I can work my will on you. But ah! Why should I fear? She hates you as she hates all English heretics, and she, the child of the Don of Valencia, cannot but love the son of Ferdinand Toledo. Nevertheless, I tell you to beware, Señor Hamstead."

That night I slept warm and soundly in an apartment which had been allotted to me, for not only was the place clean and wholesome, but a doctor had dressed my wounds, and so skilful was he that from that day they caused me no trouble whatsoever. When I awoke next morning, moreover, I saw that the room was pleasantly situated. Looking out of the window, I could see a vast sweep of country, even to the hills which surround Madrid. Although the autumn was much advanced, moreover, the sun shone warm and clear, while in the King's garden, which I could see, were many gaily coloured flowers. This I noted while I thought much of my situation. For truly I had many things to contemplate. I remembered that Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth were being eagerly searched for, while the King had commanded that the two English women should be brought before him without delay. And thus, while I had great hopes that by the aid of the gipsies they might escape the King's anger, I feared greatly for them. My own position, moreover, was one to fill me with grave apprehension. I reflected that Señor Sanchez was told to instruct me in the belief of the Spaniards, while the King expected my speedy conversion. I wondered much how I could match my wits with those of the priest; how, in short, I could maintain my integrity, and yet not anger the King.

Then, too, my mind was filled with many forebodings concerning Isabella de Valencia, for, struggle as I would, I loved her with a passionate, unreasoning love. Believing her cruel and undutiful to her mother, having much assurance that she was but the spy and the tool of the Jesuits, I still loved her. It was true I was angry with her, and reflected on the many sayings with which I should taunt her when we met, nevertheless I felt as though I would willingly fall at her feet and be her slave.

Added to all this, I longed to go back with all speed to England, to tell her Gracious Majesty what I had discovered concerning the

King's preparations, and I bethought me of plans how I might escape, and that right soon, and be the messenger of such important news. But these plans came to naught, as will presently be seen.

That morning brave apparel was brought to me, as well as good food, and before the day was over I discovered that the King's will concerning me was made known, for while I was not allowed outside the palace domains, and while I was forbidden to carry arms, I was yet treated with much courtesy; neither had I any matter of which I could in aught complain. That day, moreover, Señor Sanchez found no time to instruct me in things religious, so that I was able to wander around the Escurial and view it from all sides, which I did, much to my wonder and admiration.

During that day I saw naught of the Señorita de Valencia, neither did she appear to me on the next, so that I began to wonder much how she fared. I feared lest Pablo Toledo might have used means to keep her from coming to the palace, or that she had in some way fallen under the King's displeasure. And this filled my mind all the more because never since the night of my arrival had I seen Pablo Toledo, which led me, after much thought, to ask one of the guards whether he was still in the palace.

"He hath gone to Madrid, Excellency," said the soldier.

"On any special mission?" I asked.

"That I know not," he replied; "but I have been told he hath gone on the King's command."

And this was all that he could tell me; but it made my heart much lighter, and, as I found my way to the gardens, I felt like singing aloud. I had gone but a few steps among the trees, however, when all thought of song left me; for in the near distance, talking with two other Spanish dames, I saw Isabella de Valencia, who, as she heard my footsteps, lifted her eyes to mine.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LOVE THAT INSPIRED ANGER.

NOW, strange as it may seem, no sooner did I see her than my love made me desire to be harsh and cruel towards her. My heart, even while it became like a flame of fire, so full was I of love for her, was also full of bitterness and wrath. Angry words rose to my lips and biting taunts filled my mind. How to explain this I know not, for never had I seen her look so fair and so gentle. Moreover, as she stood by the Spanish dames, she revealed, more clearly than ever before, the fact of her English blood. Her black hair and eyes did not destroy the suggestion that her features were not altogether Spanish. Her clear and rosy skin, moreover, was not born of Spain, but of the green fields and sweet flowers of my native land. In truth, as she stood talking with them, she seemed almost alien to them. She stood at least four inches taller than they, her movements were far more graceful, while there was that about her finely moulded form which made me think of my dear mother.

Only for a moment did she look at me, for, once having caught sight of me, she turned again to her companions. This caused me to keep away from them, but, although I wandered into another part of the garden, it was not long before I found myself near them again.

I think the Spanish maidens knew who I was, and that they had heard of the King's will concerning me, for no sooner did they see me draw near a second time than they began to speak aloud concerning England and of the people who lived there.

"What will become of the English lords?" said one. "Aye, I will tell you. They will be brought over to Spain as servants—that is, those of them who will give up their errors and embrace the Church. But what then? Better be a servant in Spain than a lord in England," and then they looked towards me and laughed.

I spoke no word, although they angered me much, especially as I saw they intended me to understand that they scorned my country.

"They will not be fit for house servants," said another, "for a house servant needs intelligence, neither can they fight. Therefore, they will have to work with *los mulos* in the fields. As for the women, ah! what will become of the women!"

"What do our *caballeros* with the heathen women in Mexico?"

"Oh, they make them slaves!"

"Then we will have them brought to Spain as slaves," and they laughed again.

They were young women, and fair to look upon; moreover, being for the moment free from restraint, I judged that they were glad of an opportunity to get a little amusement. This emboldened me to draw still nearer to them; but I do not think I should have spoken had not Isabella de Valencia, by a slight movement of the head, beckoned me to her side.

"Here is an English *caballero*," she said to the Spanish maidens as I came up; "had you not better question him?"

At this they seemed for a moment confused; but one bolder than the other made a mock

courtesy. "What do you eat in England, señor?" she asked.

"Not snails," I replied.

"No?" she said, mockingly.

"Neither snails nor frogs," I went on. "You see, the English are bred to dainty fare."

"And what do you drink?"



"Made a mock courtesy."

"That which makes us strong," I made answer. "So strong that, not many days ago, three English prisoners laughed at ten Spanish soldiers. They not only escaped themselves, but took away two women. Three of the Spanish soldiers also were placed *hors de combat*, but, what would you? Snails, frogs, and vinegar be but poor fare. So I do not blame the Spaniards for being soft of heart and weak of limb."

Even as I spoke I expected that they would have turned the laugh on me by telling me that, while others escaped, I myself had been taken prisoner. But the Spanish maidens be not quick-witted like those of England, and all they did was to look at me angrily.

"As for our English maidens," I went on, "they be so fair and comely—moreover, they be so witty and gay—that, should any Spaniard have the good luck to land on our shores, he would eat his heart out for their love. I fear too he would die of love, for an English maid scorns all but brave men."

"It is well known that the English be boasters," said one of them angrily.

"Scarcely," I replied. "Not having lived in Spain, they have never learnt the way. You see, the Spaniards were beaten so easily and so quickly at Cadiz some months ago that our men had no time to learn Spanish manners."

I should not have said these things had not my heart been filled with rage, for not only did the mere sight of Isabella de Valencia arouse me to anger, but she had laughed at her companions' merriment. As I saw their black looks, moreover, I somewhat feared the result, for I knew the Spaniard's pride, and that he would never forgive anyone who doubted his courage. However, I had no time to try to make peace, for I heard the sound of other voices, which caused them to move away, but not before Isabella de Valencia had said, in a low tone in English, "The great sycamore tree."

Then they all went away together, leaving me

but ill pleased with myself, for although I had not failed to return with interest the words the Spanish maidens had spoken, I had not returned them with skill. In truth, my fighting was with the broadsword and not with the rapier.

I bore in mind the words the Señorita de Valencia had spoken, however, and looked eagerly round for the great sycamore tree, the which I had no trouble in finding, for it stood at least ten feet higher than any trees in the King's gardens. Here I waited some time, but no one came; and this angered me much, for I felt that I was befooled, so I stalked away in high dudgeon, but had not gone far before I saw a soldier who had evidently been watching me.

He saluted me, however, when he saw that I had noted him, but in no further way did he pay heed to my presence. I accordingly went back to the palace courtyard again, where I was met by Father Sanchez, who took the opportunity of instructing me in his religion. I did not understand much that he said, and this was doubtless because my thoughts were rather devoted to what the señorita had said than to any niceties of theology. So dull was I indeed that the father presently got tired of talking with me, whereupon I again made my way to the sycamore tree, where I looked eagerly around me. All around grew huge evergreens, between which I soon discovered that a path threaded its way, and ere long I came to a spot so completely sheltered that a man might be ten yards away, and yet not have the ghost of an idea that I was near.

The sun was now sinking behind the mountains that lay westward, while a great quietness fell upon the scene. Away at the great palace was a slight hum of voices, but all around me was silence.

"She would speak with me here," I thought, and although I knew not how she could reach me without observation, I had strong hopes that she would come. More than once did I creep back to the sycamore tree, and gaze carefully around in order that I might discover whether I was watched; but, on seeing no one, I again crept back to the little arbour, where I was completely hidden. By-and-by I grew utterly forgetful of my surroundings, for my thoughts flew back to the day when John Trenoweth came to me at Hamstead Manor, and of the time when my mother bade me God speed, and told me to fight in Christ's name and in Christ's strength. After that I pondered long on the experiences through which I had passed since that day, and presently set to wondering how Mawgan Killigrew fared, and whether he and John Trenoweth had taken the two Englishwomen to a place of safety. I know, too, that I had just completed a plan whereby I could escape from the Escurial, taking Isabella de Valencia with me, when I heard a slight noise near me, and, on starting up and opening my eyes, I saw her of whom I had been thinking standing before me. Even then the anger which she had caused to come into my heart again arose within me.

"I have obeyed your behest, señorita," I said. "I have come to the great sycamore tree."

"Have you heard aught of your companions—and the others?" she asked.

"No," I replied, "but I do not fear."

"You do not know, then, that Father Parsons hath arrived at the palace?"

"No."

"But he hath; also Señor Toledo."

"Pablo Toledo?"

"No, the señor, his father—and the young priest with whom you spoke in the chapel the night before you left Toledo. Many others have also come."

I thought she spoke like one in fear, for she gazed around like one who apprehended danger.

"And the Señor Capitan Pablo, when returns he?" I asked.

"Two days hence," she replied.

"Then should the señorita be happy," I said. "Her mother, thanks to three heretic prisoners, is now out of the Inquisitor's power, so she will be free to receive the court of the gallant capitan, as well as receive the consolations of her father confessor."

This I said bitterly, not able to repress the rage in my heart.

"And you, señor, what will you do?" she asked.

"That can be of no interest to the señorita," I replied.

"Have you received instruction from Father Sanchez?" she asked. "Doth your heart lean towards the truth?"

"Doth the man who hath lived in his father's house incline to reside in a peasant's hovel?" I asked.

She looked up at me, her eyes ablaze, and then I realised how she hated heretics.

"Aye, be angry," I said, "for surely it is justified. Your mother hath been snatched from the Inquisitors, and, by the mercy of God, I believe they will never have her in their power again. This must be sore grief to you."

"Oh, how I hate you!" she cried, repeating the words she had used in the little sacristy some nights before.

"Aye, you hate me," I replied, "for I bade you help me to deliver your mother from her

tormentors. I bade you cause our swords to be restored, and, though you ill liked it, you had to do it. Aye, you had to obey me, little as it pleased you," and I laughed cruelly.

"Oh, you will suffer for this," she made answer. "Remember, Father Parsons is not dead, and the man whom your father conquered years ago never forgives. Never! never! Even now they are with the King, and although the King smiles one day, he is angry the next."

"And what then, mistress? What if the King is angry?"

"Only this. You would not be the first English heretic, nor the second, whom the King hath commanded to be tortured and burnt. Place not too much confidence in his faith in dreams and visions. Moreover, he is quick to change his mind."

"Let him change his mind," I replied. "When it suits me, I can escape from this place as easily as a bird can fly out of an open cage."

This I said with a boastfulness that I little felt, for truly my heart was heavy in spite of my pretended confidence.

"You escape!" she replied scornfully. "You escape! You have neither the wit nor the courage. Now that Master Mawgan Killigrew is not with you, you be as helpless as a child."

"Helpless as a child, am I?" I cried, and then, like a fool, I blurted out the plan of which I had been thinking when she came to me, although I did not tell her that I had also planned for her to go with me.

"*Gracias!*" she said mockingly, when I had spoken, "for now I can go to Señor Toledo and tell him what you have said. Now I can even go to the King, and tell him that, instead of yielding to the truth, you be scheming to go back to England and tell what you know of his plans."

"But you will not, Mistress Isabella," I said.

"No; and why not, wise sir?"

"Because you dare not, because it is not the will of God that you should," and even as was the case when we were together in the sacristy I lost control of myself again, and went on wildly. In truth, I spoke more like a madman than one who had in times past boasted of being able to keep a cool head in times of much excitement.

"You dare not," I said, "because, although you hate me now, the time will come when you will love me, even as I love you. Because of that, you dare not disobey my will now. Because of that, you dare do naught that may place me in danger. Oh! yes, I know that you think I express my love strangely, as indeed I do, for I be mad with myself for caring aught for you. But what of that? I do love you, angry as I am for doing so, I do love you, and shall love you till I die. Because of that, I will break Pablo Toledo as a man may break a rotten stick. Because of that, your heart shall grow warmer and warmer towards me. Aye, and as God lives, you shall be my wife, even although I know I shall despise both you and myself when I lead you to the altar!"

"The Señorita Medina spoke wisely when she said that the English were boasters," she made answer, "and that they say what they can never accomplish. Know you not that in a week from to-day I shall be the wife of Pablo Toledo. That Señor Toledo hath made known this wish to the King, and that the King hath made known his will to me?"

"This shall not be!" I cried.

"It must be, it must be!" she said feverishly.

"No," I answered weakly. "What about your vow to go into religion?"

"The King hath willed otherwise," she answered. "Now, what can you do, Master Boaster?"

For a minute I neither spoke nor moved

"This," I said presently. "I will defy the King's will and the counsels of Father Parsons; while the plans of the wily fox whom my father conquered long ago will come to naught."

"Oh, you fool, you fool, how I hate you!" she said, looking into my face.

"And why a fool, mistress?"

"Because you will not open your eyes: because a child of five years old could teach you wisdom."

"Nevertheless, you will refuse to wed Pablo Toledo," I said, "and when I tell you, you will be ready to escape with me, and ride with me to find your mother. One thing more you will do. You will obtain my father's sword which is now in the possession of Señor Pablo Toledo, and you will return it to me."

This I said, not because I believed a word in it, but because the words seemed dragged from me against my will, and because I felt a savage delight in saying words to her which I felt sure angered her more and more. But she laughed in my face like one in great good humour, yet not without scorn.

"You are beginning to love me," I continued presently.

"Beginning to love you!" she cried. "I could love Judas Iscariot sooner! What, love a heretic Englishman; love a heavy-witted country clown! Love a callow ploughboy who struts about as a *caballero!* I should be angry with you if one could be angry with a heretic who will soon be committed to the flames."

"Then why did you ask me to come here?" I asked.

"Because I thought you might have had news about my mother. Heretic as she is, hard-hearted to the truth as she is, English as she is, she is still my mother. I know I ought to have driven her out of my heart, even as I have been commanded to hate her, and I know I commit sin by not doing so; but the Holy Mother may forgive me."

"Who commanded you to hate her?"

"Our Lord commanded me," she cried. "Did He not say, 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me?'"

At this I felt more angry than ever at caring aught for her, yet could I not help myself. Even as she spoke the words which should make me despise her, I longed to take her to my heart and heap caresses upon her.

"Aye," I said scornfully, "yours is a noble creed, and what you call your church hath instilled its poison into your heart with due effect. Nevertheless, mistress, it will be as I say. You cannot escape me, for I am your master!"

"Master!" and again she laughed.

"Aye, master! You have obeyed me once, and you will obey me again. And now you may go back to your friends, seeing I have told you what you desired to know; but bear in mind all I have said. You will be in readiness to escape with me when I give you the signal, and you will find means to restore to me my father's sword. Adios, Señorita Doña Isabella de Valencia," and I made a mocking obeisance.

"Oh, you *tonto!*" she cried passionately and contemptuously, "how I despise you, how I hate you! Had you not desired to be kind to my mother, I would even now ——"

"But you will do nothing to harm me," I interrupted, "nothing; and you will obey me, mistress; remember that—you will obey me; for although I despise you, I love you. See!" —and I looked straight into her eyes—"I love you, love you!"

With that I walked away and left her alone, my heart filled with anger, not only with her but with myself, for having spoken so foolishly and for having used words that would drive her from me rather than win her to my side.

That same night Father Sanchez came to me again, in order to teach me what he called the truths of the Holy Church, and to point out the errors of the Reformed faith. This time I listened with much attention, and moreover asked him many questions. In truth, so much did I please him by the great heed which I gave to his words, that he spoke to me with much kindness and cheerfulness.

"You will soon see the truth, my son," he said, "and in this you will be wise. His Majesty is anxious that you be converted with all speed, so delay not to give up your errors and conform."

"What you say hath great interest to me, padre," I said, "but I crave for time. We English be a stubborn race, and yield not until the last doubt is removed. Nevertheless I crave to thank the King for having given me such a wise instructor. One who is at the same time strong and gentle, wise yet loving."

"Aye, time you shall have, my son," he answered, much pleased at my words; "nevertheless delay not to conform. The King hath great plans concerning you, so make good haste to renounce your errors. In this you will not only please His Majesty, but find great grace in the eyes of Heaven."

In spite of his kind words, however, I was during the next three days closely watched, so closely that I could not put my foot outside the palace yard, neither did any man speak a comforting word to me. This made me fear that a storm was brewing, and when presently I was taken from the bright and airy room which had been given me, and placed in what might be called a dungeon, I felt sure that Isabella de Valencia had not only taken upon herself to laugh at my commands, but that she had made known to those in authority my plans for escaping from the King's palace.

Nevertheless, I did not give up hope, for not only was I provided with wholesome food and drink, but Father Sanchez still came daily to give me instruction in his faith.

On the second day of my change of abode Father Sanchez wore a dark look, concerning which I questioned him closely.

"I may tell you nothing save this," he replied. "You be suspected of worse things than being a heretic, so conform quickly, my son, conform quickly. I tell you this: when two devils abide in a place five days we have all need to say our prayers often."

"Two devils?" I queried.

"Aye, and one wears a priest's garb. Therefore, when you be openly questioned to-morrow renounce your errors bravely, else the Holy Father himself may not save you."

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW WE JOURNEYED TO SEVILLE.

CONCERNING this, as may be well imagined, I thought long and much, but to one conclusion only could I come. I believed that Father Parsons had questioned Isabella de Valencia, and that she had made known to him what I had told her; perhaps, too, she had confessed to him that she had used means whereby we were armed on the day

we travelled from Toledo to Madrid. This led me to fear, not for myself so much, as for her, for I imagined that this would place her in the power of Pablo Toledo and his father, and cause her to be obedient to their wills, even although her heart revolted against them. For I could not help believing that Father Parsons and Señor Ferdinand Toledo were the men to whom Father Sanchez applied such an ill-omened title. As far as I could make out they had been in the palace five days, although I had not spoken to them nor seen them.

I wondered much as to what Father Sanchez meant by saying that I should be openly questioned the next day, and I could not help thinking I should have to appear before some tribunal. And in this I found I had conjectured rightly, for the next morning a warder came to me after I had partaken of food and bade me to follow him to the King's throne-room. When I entered this compartment I realised that something of great importance was afoot, for not only was Father Parsons there, together with Señor Toledo and some nobles, but the King was also there looking, as I thought, stern and angry. I had barely time to note this when my heart gave a great leap, for standing close to Señor Toledo was Mistress Isabella de Valencia, in whose eyes was a look I could not understand. Not far from her was Pablo Toledo, who, as I thought, gazed towards me with a look of savage triumph, while in another part of the room was the young priest who had been with me in the little chapel that night before we left Toledo. I do not know why, but until I saw him I felt calm and brave, but when his eyes met mine, my heart became cold and heavy. For never had I seen such a look upon a man's face. He was as pale as that of a corpse, while every feature told me that he was held fast by a great terror. Had he been told at that moment that he was to be condemned to eternal torment he could not have been filled with a greater terror. His eyeballs seemed starting from their sockets, his bloodless lips kept twitching as though he had lost control over them, while his thin, fleshless hands kept clasping and unclasping themselves. He breathed with difficulty too; even from where I stood I could hear him gasping like a man in the last throes of death.

I saw moreover that Father Parsons noted this, even as I did, and I watched a smile of cruel triumph which crept over his face.

"What doth all this portend?" I asked myself. "Why this look on Pablo Toledo's face? Why is that young priest so terrified, and why should Isabella de Valencia be here?" and I waited, wondering what charges would be made, and against whom they would come.

Presently Father Parsons arose, and gazed around upon us calmly. For a moment he spoke not, and so much of the appearance of a death's head had he, that, but for the gleaming of his eyes, he would have looked like a dead man. As I think I have before said, his skin was so like parchment that one would not have been surprised to hear it crackle when he opened his mouth to speak.

He only uttered one word, and then started as though a scorpion had stung him, for at that moment there was a noise at one of the doors, and a messenger rushed in with hot haste.

"For the King!" he cried, almost breathlessly, coming up to his Majesty and kneeling before him. At the same moment he placed a packet in Philip's hand, and then moved two steps backward.

The King broke the packet hastily and read.

"When left you Seville?" he asked.

"But forty-eight hours ago," the messenger replied. "Neither rest nor sleep have I known. Day and night have I travelled, and six horses have I ridden."

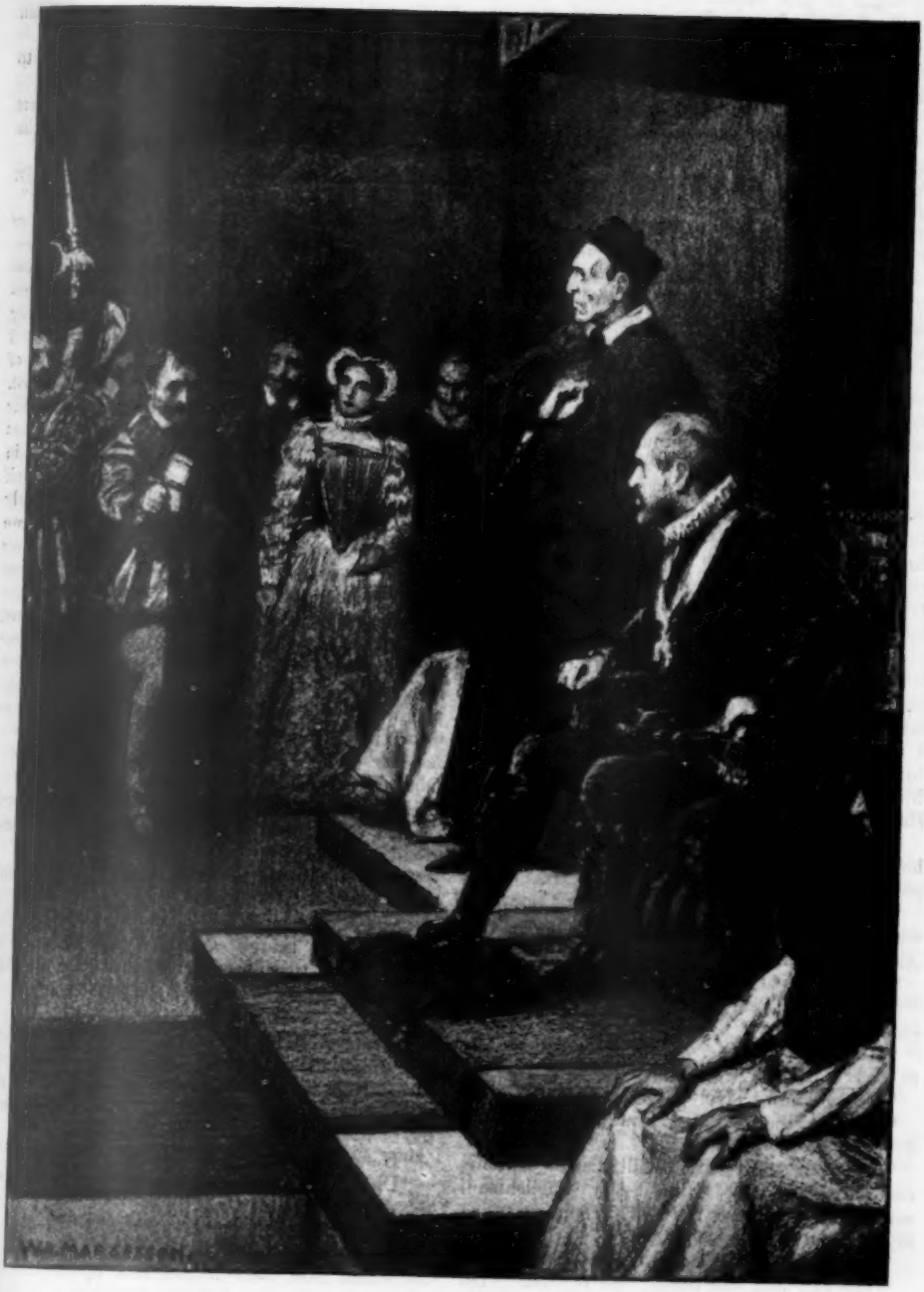
"My lords and holy fathers," said Philip, "I must go to Seville with all speed. Not a moment must be lost in making preparations, and in a few hours we must be on horseback. But this matter shall be sifted to the very bottom, and the truth made known. Therefore, let those who are accused of the things laid to their charge be brought also to Seville, and when I have arrived there, and have attended to the matters which are here laid before me, I will see that justice is done."

This said, he rose to his feet, and prepared to leave the apartment. But although the message seemed of great importance he moved not quickly, neither, indeed, had he spoken quickly. On the night I had been brought before him, and he had talked of what had taken place in the Church of El Cristo de la Vega, and of the great Armada that he had prepared to send, his eyes had gleamed with passion, and he spoke like a man much moved, but now he seemed almost indifferent, and even yawned as he limped towards the door. I afterwards learned that he boasted of never being excited save concerning religious matters, believing himself too great a king to show either eagerness or haste.

When he had left the room a great silence fell upon the assembly, broken only by a stifled cry from the young priest of whom I have spoken.

"Thanks, Holy Mother!" I heard him repeat again and again under his breath, as though a great burden had been lifted from his heart.

After this I was conducted back to my prison again, but I did not stay long, for before the



"'For the King!'"

sun began to sink behind the mountains I, with many others, began our journey southward.

Of this journey it is not necessary that I should say much, for but few things happened during the time we travelled to Seville, which are of importance in this history. Of the King's cavalcade I saw nothing, neither do I know how he fared on his journey, for we travelled not with him. Not that I was treated as a prisoner during the journey. Rather much kindness was shown me by Father Sanchez, who from time to time continued to instruct me concerning the things in which I was expected to believe. Still, I was closely watched, and, even had I wished, no opportunity was given me of escape.

In spite of the fact that Pablo Toledo had fared so badly when we were placed in his charge, he was commissioned to command the expedition, but this time a much larger number of soldiers were placed under him. This was perhaps owing to the fact that we had to go through a very wild and lawless country, where outlaws and robbers abounded. Moreover, a large number of Spanish dames accompanied us, among whom was the Señorita de Valencia. During the greater part of the journey I rode much alone, neither did any man speak to me, save Padre Sanchez and the young priest of whom I have so often spoken, and who, as I discovered, was called Iago Alicante. This young man regarded me with peculiar interest. Often I caught him looking at me with, as it seemed to me, terror in his eyes, and yet, when I asked him if he had aught to say to me, he would shake his head mournfully.

When we had passed through Ciudad Real, however, he became more communicative, and seemed desirous of my confidence.

"Know you of what you will be accused when you are brought before the King in the Alcazar at Seville?" he asked.

"No," I replied; "I know nothing."

"Hath not Padre Sanchez given you any idea?"

"No, none at all. Know you, Señor Alicante?"

"Yes, I know! Holy Mother, I know."

"Tell me, then, so that I may know how to defend myself."

"Tell you! tell you! Shall a man sign his own death warrant! But, Señor Englishman, would you save many lives? Would you save my life and the life of others?"

"If I can, and if I ought," I made answer.

"You can, and you ought," he replied. "Oh *santo Dios*, how can I ask him!"

"Ask me what, Father Alicante?"

"Call me not Father, nay, nay, call me not that! Call me Señor Alicante, call me Iago, and I will call you Ruperto. Let me speak as man to man."

"Very well, Señor Iago, what can I do to save your life and the lives of others."

"Speak not loudly. But doth your heart yield to the truth? Will you conform to the faith?"

"I need more instruction," I said, warily. "My mind is not yet clear on many matters."

"Conform! Conform! oh, conform, Señor Ruperto. It is not for you nor me to understand. We cannot, we cannot. Even to me there are things which be far from plain. Concerning them I have thought and prayed, only to be plunged in deeper darkness. Why should I need proof that San Pedro was Bishop of Rome? Why should I, I ask? What if St. Paul was in Rome many years, and yet never once in his epistles mentioned the fact? What if there is no proof that San Pedro was ever in Rome at all? What if St. Paul was himself ordained by a layman? What if in the early churches they knew nothing about saints as we understand it, and what if they elected their own overseers and deacons without regarding them as having priestly powers? What if there have been rival popes reigning at the same time, each ordaining prelates, so that if only one could be the true pope thousands of ordinations must have been false? What if many of the popes were vile men? What have I or you to do with it? I have thought it all out. It is for me, for you to obey. That is all, that is all! Obey, Señor Ruperto!"

He spoke to himself rather than to me, and seemed, as it appeared to me, to be just thinking aloud.

"That is the first thing; conform, Señor, conform!"

"And the other thing!"

"The other thing! Oh, Holy Mother, help me! It is this, brother Ruperto. Persuade the señorita to wed Pablo Toledo."

"Why?"

"I cannot tell you. I cannot, cannot! But you must. If you will do this, and if you succeed, then—God help me, but my life and yours will be saved—aye, and hers too, hers too!"

"Hers! What do you mean?"

"Did you not know? Her life hangs on this!"

"On what?"

"On her marriage with Pablo Toledo. Oh, the chain hath been forged link by link. Ah, you do not know the Señor Ferdinand Toledo, Pablo's father. You do not know that wily English Jesuit, Father Parsons. They have eyes

that see everywhere, and they have been watching, watching, planning, planning! And it is all complete. And now your life, my life, aye, her life, all hang on a thread. You can do much, Brother Ruperto, much, much! First conform, and promise to obey!"

"Obey whom?"

"Father Parsons and Señor Ferdinand Toledo. Then persuade the señorita."

"Then she is not willing to wed Pablo Toledo?" I said, my heart beating fast with a great joy.

"Willing! The saints be praised, no. But it must be! Holy mother, I see no other way. And after all, why should I trouble? I am a priest of the Church, and should think only of the Church's will and the Church's glory. Oh, if only—only—but what of that? What if I was once a soldier and came of a noble family? What though my father, Don Carlos Alicante, is among the greatest nobles in Valencia? I have followed my own course and taken my vows. But you will do these two things, Brother Ruperto, you will do them?"

At this I held my tongue, for my mind was so filled with conflicting thoughts, that I dared not speak.

"Do you refuse?" he asked eagerly. "Will you not promise?"

"No, I'll not promise!"

"Ah!" he cried eagerly, "you will not promise. But you will tell Pablo Toledo that I have pleaded with you, you will tell him that?"

"Aye, I will tell him that."

Then he gave a cry; but whether it was of relief or pain, I know not.

That same night we camped not far from the city of Cordova, on a broad, open plain. Even at night when the tents were pitched, we could see in the light of the waning moon a broad track of land, so wide and featureless that it appeared like a vast sea. Only a few olive trees were visible, and not a house was in sight. Indeed, I may here say that from Ciudad Real to Cordova is a great stretch of the most uninteresting country I have ever passed through. Throughout the summer the sun had shone fiercely upon the land, until it had become dry and parched, and the winter rains not yet having begun to fall, it reminded one more of a desert than of a land which I had believed to be fertile beyond words. And here let me say for fear of misleading anyone concerning the condition of the country that Spain is a land not only of varied climates, but of varied appearance. For while it is as a whole a sad, melancholy country, there are yet tracts of land which are of great richness. Especially is this true of Valencia and of the region around Seville; nevertheless, as far as I saw it, what beauty it has is suggestive of our English autumn time and not of our English spring time.

But concerning this I must not speak, for I have much to tell concerning my experiences, and the appearance and condition of the country have but little to do with the events, which from this time came thick and fast.

On the night following my conversation with Father Iago Alicante, as we camped a few miles north of Cordova, my mind was naturally much occupied with what he had said. I was alone in my tent, which I had noticed was on the outside ring of the encampment. As I sat and thought, the silence of the night became more and more profound. Apparently, all save the guards had fallen asleep, for no voice could I hear, save that of some wild animals, which gave forth from time to time strange piercing cries. Presently I looked out, and saw that the waning moon had set, and that the night had become dark. Then I laid down and tried to sleep; but no sleep would come to me, so full was my mind, not only of the events I have set down, but of what might happen in the near future. How long I lay I know not; but presently I was startled by hearing the sound of whispering voices close beside me. Whether I shall be accused of doing that which a man of honour and an English gentleman may not do, I know not, but I listened attentively, especially as I was sure they were the voices of Pablo Toledo and Iago Alicante.

"It is late, and she will be asleep," said the young priest. "To wake her would be to make her cry for help."

"I care not," replied Pablo Toledo. "Have I not arranged the guards so that we may converse together undisturbed? After to-night I shall not be able to speak to her alone. Besides, it is not for you to create difficulties, but to obey me, Master Priest."

"Ah, God be merciful!" said the young priest fearfully.

"He may be, but the King will not be if I tell him. Do you awake her then. The voice of her confessor will not frighten her. Ah! confessor!" and I heard him laugh scornfully.

"Be merciful, Señor Capitan. I did my best with the young Englishman. I pleaded with him, I told him that his life, my life, her life, depended on his submission."

"Tah! *You* pleaded! *Madre de Dios*, do you not know that he loves her as you do?"

"Silence! I say."

"As *you* do, Master Alicante. Deny it not. You be but a poor priest, to fall in love with one of your penitents. Nevertheless, you do."

"But no word have I spoken to her. *Testigo Dios*, I have never by sign or word——"

"You lie, Master Priest, you lie! How else doth she know that you love her? How else would she persuade you to return their swords and——"

"Silence, I will awake her. Señorita, señorita!"

I heard her voice in reply, and it sent my blood tingling wildly through my veins. What did it all mean? I asked myself again and again.

For sometimes I heard only low whispering voices. Sometimes they seemed angry, at others pleading and tearful, but not one word did I understand. Presently there was a silence, only to be followed by the sound of my own name.

"Señor Ruperto Hamstead." It was the young priest who spoke.

"Yes, what do you wish?"

"Come hither," he replied.

With little ado I crept out into the night, and by the light of the stars I saw Isabella de Valencia standing by the side of Pablo Toledo.

"Señor Hamstead," said Pablo Toledo to me, "some days ago you said you desired much to meet me, sword to sword."

"Aye," I replied.

"Then must you obey me now. Think not to escape, for though my soldiers have orders to hear nothing save what I command them, yet did you seek to escape——"

"I would not escape, even though it were easy to do so," I replied gravely.

"No?" and he looked at me questioningly. "Methinks you have changed your desires, señor?"

"Yes," I replied.

"And why, señor?"

"That I can tell you when there is need. But not now."

"You will not seek to escape them?"

"No, I will not."

"Then follow us to yonder secluded spot. There is that to be said which none but ourselves must hear."

I followed, and presently I stood beneath one of the very few olive trees which grew near. Here we waited a few minutes before he spoke; evidently he was listening, and watching to assure himself that we were alone.

"Señor Ruperto Hamstead," he said presently, "I have decided to give you a chance of saving your life."

I waited in silence.

"You know," he went on, "that I have willed to make the señorita my wife," and he bowed towards her. "To this end not only hath my father given his consent, but also the King. But she hath pleaded with the King, so that—well, I am forced to use strong means."

"Well, señor?" I made answer, and then waited for him to continue.

"Well, strange as it may appear that an English clown should have aught to do with a Spanish nobleman's love, yet so it is. The señorita's decision now depends on you."

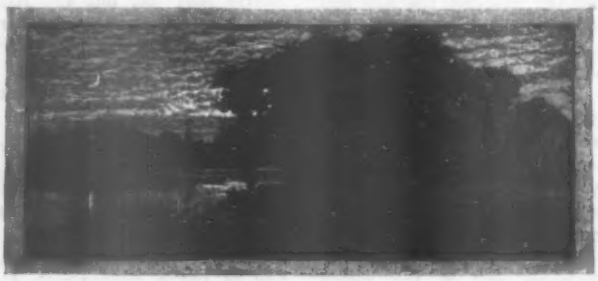
"On me, señor. Explain."

"Yes, I will explain. Señor Hamstead, if the noble Doña de Valencia becomes my wife, you will live; if she doth not, well, you will die. That I swear by the Holy Cross and the sacred Mass. Aye, and you will die such a death that even the souls of the infidel Moors who now burn in hell may pity you. That also I swear. But the señorita's answer depends on yours. If you wish to save your life, then will she become my wife."

"Even yet I do not understand," I answered. "Will you explain more fully, and will the señorita also tell me her will?"

At this Señor Pablo Toledo drew himself up proudly, as though he were preparing to give commands, but neither my eyes nor those of the young priest rested on him; they were fixed steadily on the face of the young girl, which we could plainly see by the light of the stars.

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN.]

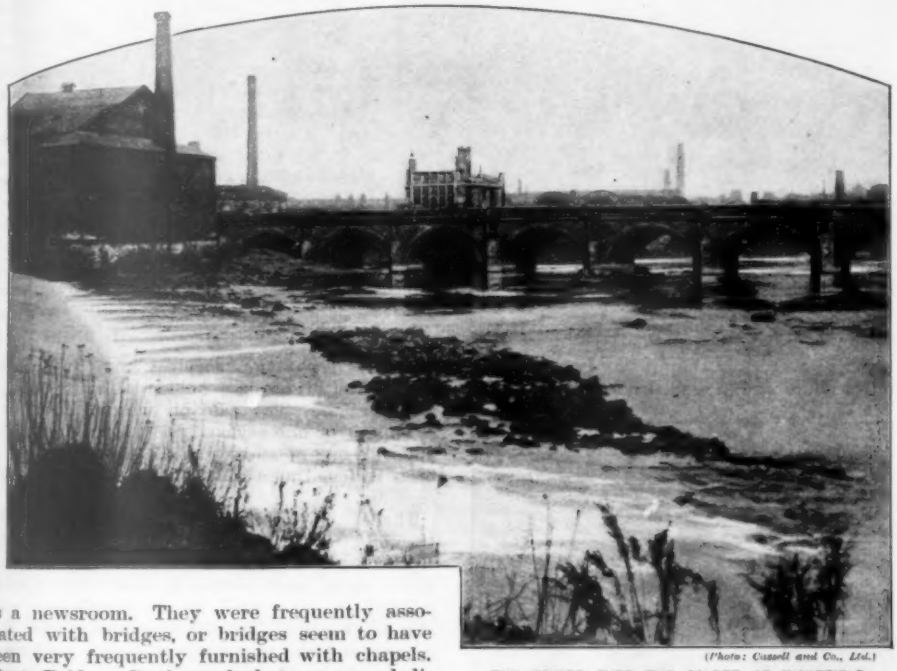


WAYSIDE BRIDGE CHAPELS.

By Sarah Wilson.

FOR many years our wayside chapels were left in disregard. Many fell into disrepair in the course of time, and were taken down; and the few that remained were made use of for other purposes. Some were let as tenements (one on the old Tyne Bridge was so let in 1616); some were used as warerooms; one as a newsroom. They were frequently associated with bridges, or bridges seem to have been very frequently furnished with chapels. Elvet Bridge, Durham, had two, one dedicated to St. James and the other to St. Andrew. Trent Bridge, Nottingham, had one (concerning which Thoresby, the antiquary, has left on record that he saw a piece of the ancient chapel arch). There was another at the end of old Rochester Bridge. Old London Bridge had a handsome chapel with a crypt under it. Exeter Bridge also had a chapel as well as shops upon it. There was one under the southernmost arch of Catterick Bridge.

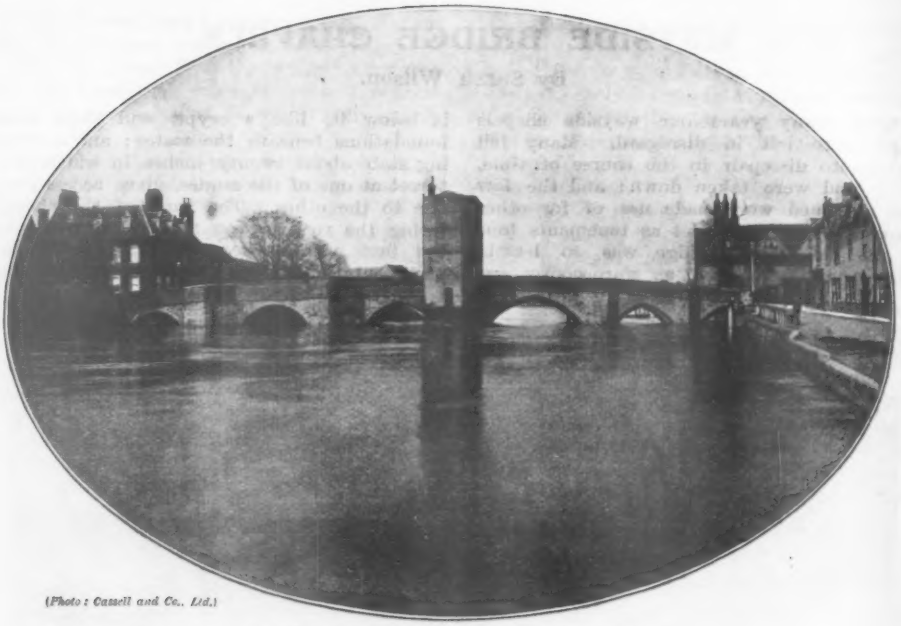
The wayside chapel on the bridge over the Calder at Wakefield comes first to mind of those we now possess. This is thrown out on the east side of the bridge. It has two storeys about forty feet long and seventeen feet wide, whereof one is on a level with the roadway across the bridge, and the other is below it, like a crypt, and rises from foundations beneath the water; and a winding stair about twenty inches in width, in a turret at one of the angles, gives access from one to the other. The front of the chapel, facing the roadway on the bridge, was from the first richly decorated with sculptured ornamentation, which, however, had become



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE BRIDGE OVER THE CALDER AT WAKEFIELD.

so weatherworn and in other ways dilapidated that a few years ago it was considered advisable to remove it and replace it with new work. The old fragments were not destroyed, but set up carefully in neighbouring grounds. This front consisted of an arcade of five canopied arches, above which ran a series of minutely sculptured scriptural subjects, and the whole was finished with a battlemented parapet. We may see it must have presented an appearance commensurate with the high purpose assigned to it by tradition. This was that it was erected by Edward IV. in honour of the memory of his father, the Duke of York, who was killed in the battle of Wakefield. Defoe mentions it was used as a warehouse when



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

CHAPEL ON THE BRIDGE AT ST. IVES, HUNTINGDON.

he saw it; and after that it has been a newsroom, a shop, and a guardroom successively.



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

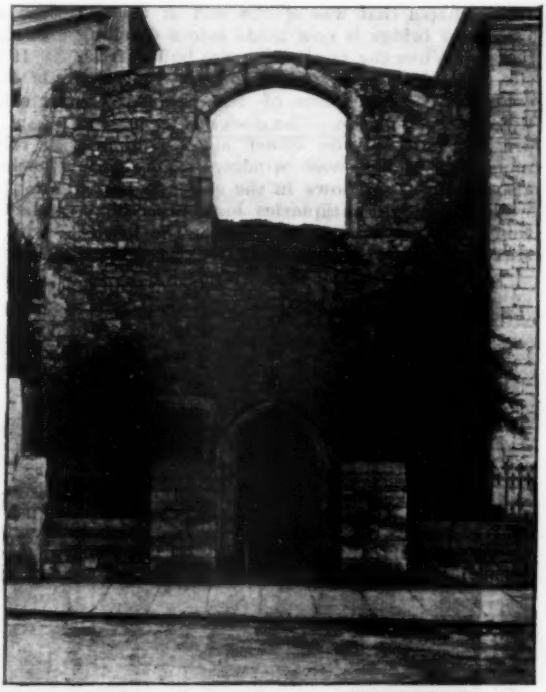
CHAPEL ON THE BRIDGE AT BRADFORD-ON-AVON.

Since its reparation services have been held in it. The bridge is a noble structure of nine wide arches. The side on which the chapel is built is of one style of architecture and the opposite one of another, owing to its having been widened at a much later date than its erection.

There is another wayside chapel still standing in the middle of a bridge at Rotherham. This is now used as a tobacconist's shop, and before it was thus appropriated it was used as an almshouse and also as a gaol. Though the chant and the prayer, and the searchings of heart, no longer ascend from it, the eye and the mind can fill in many a picturesque detail by its aid. It rises from the bed of the river through the water, quadrangular, strong, and compact, and is about thirty-two feet long by fifteen feet wide. The tracery has disappeared from the windows, but it is still surmounted by a battlemented parapet with pinnacles at intervals along its length. It tells of the days when people set out on their journeys leisurely and prayerfully, and made but short stages; and when the poor of a place looked to the charity of travellers as one of the sources of their income. As late as the day of Samuel Pepys we may read it was customary for wayfarers to leave small sums for the poor in every place they put up at.

We may see a third example in good preservation at St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire.

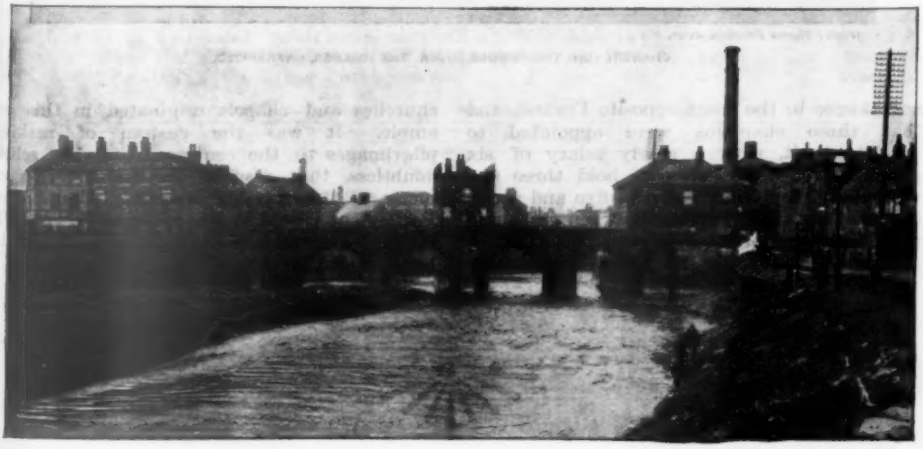
The placid Ouse is spanned at this point by six arches, four of which are pointed and two semicircular. In the centre of this bridge rises a strong and tall tower, whereof the foundations, like those of the angular buttresses between the arches, are in the river-bed. It is, however, no longer a chapel, but, with some additional accommodation superimposed upon its original height, has been converted into a dwelling. It is in other respects in excellent case, looking down upon the water and out upon the peaceful country serenely and securely; and it is a delightful legacy from those into whose labours we have entered.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

OLD BRIDGE CHAPEL OF ALL SOULS', ROCHESTER.

There is a fourth wayside chapel midway on the south-eastern side of a bridge at Bradford-on-Avon. This is also interesting, though not so large, nor so richly ornamented as some of the others. It is of a square form, with a four-sided pyramidal roof, which rises with slightly curved outlines to the junction on the apex of which there is a vane with a gudgeon for a terminal. It has been used as a lock-up after it ceased to be a chapel, and in that capacity was called the Blind House. The town stocks were at one time at the end of the bridge, so it was conveniently situated for the detention of delinquents awaiting their term of public scrutiny in them. It is now sometimes called "The Bradford Gudgeon," in allusion to the fish on the vane. Aubrey, the antiquary, wrote of the bridge that it was strong and handsome. Like that over the Calder before mentioned, it has been considerably widened since its erection. This improvement was made in Stuart times.

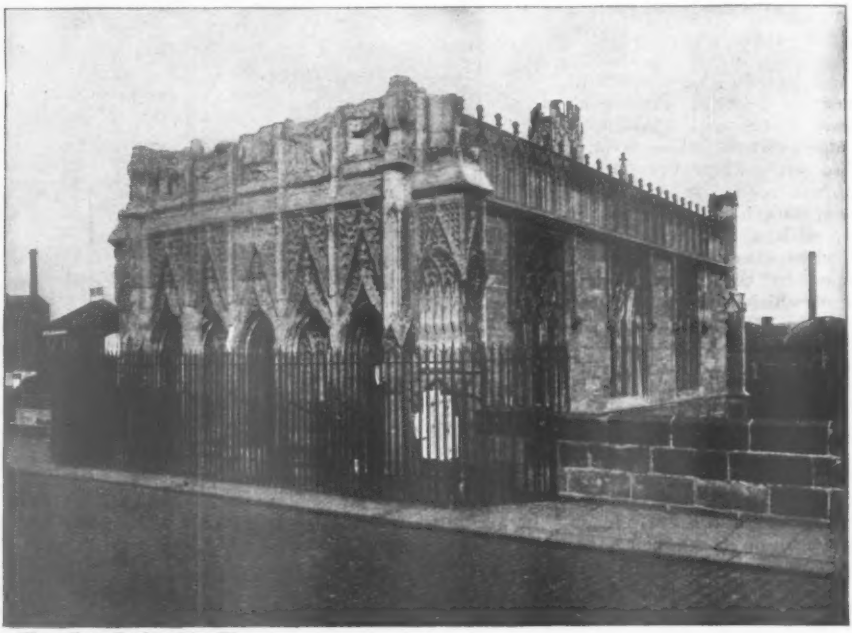


(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE BRIDGE AT ROTHERHAM, SHOWING THE CHAPEL.

The chapel that was at the end of the old Rochester bridge is now made into a dwelling house. When the new bridge was built a fresh site was chosen for it, which has thus disconnected the remains of the chapel from their old association. The doorway is in good preservation, and on either side of it are mouldings of the west windows. There are also traces of windows in the east and south walls. Kentish antiquaries have ascertained that it was especially designed for the use of travellers (it was on the road to Canterbury, and thence to the coast opposite France), and that three chaplains were appointed to officiate in it, with a yearly salary of six pounds each. They were to hold three services daily, beginning between five and six in the morning, with another between eight and nine, and the last between eleven and twelve, so that all wayfarers should have ample opportunities of being present. It was called All Souls' or "Alle-solven."

It may be recalled that the word "chapel" is derived from the cape or cloak that St. Martin so generously divided with the beggar. A portion of this garment was considered a relic, and preserved in an oratory. French authorities tell us the cape was carried on to the battlefield on occasions, where it was placed in a tent, called "chapelle à capa," with clerics to guard it called "chaplains." It is said that the old custom of placing relics in churches and chapels originated in this example. It was the custom of making pilgrimages to the centres containing relics, doubtless, that resulted in the erection of many of the wayside chapels. The Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Edward VI. for the suppression of chantries is considered to have caused the disuse of them for services.



(Photo: Chester Vaughan, Acton, W.)

CHANTRY ON THE BRIDGE OVER THE CALDER, WAKEFIELD.

By Grace Alone.

(Ephesians ii. 5.)

A very popular Solo at Dr. Torrey's Mission Services. Reprinted from "Alexander's Revival Hymns," by special permission of Mr. Chas. Alexander, the owner of the Copyright arrangement.

Ida Scott Taylor. J. Howard Entwisle, arr.

Solo or Duet.



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Scripture Illustrations & Anecdotes

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

JULY 19TH.—Samuel's Farewell Address.

Passage for reading—1 *Samuel xii.* 13–25.

POINTS. 1. The service of God brings blessing.

2. Rebellion against God brings ruin.

3. God will not forsake His people.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Goodness True Manliness.** There is nothing, believe me, really brave, really noble, really courageous, really manly, really womanly, on earth, unless it is also *good*. To be good, and to do good, that alone is manly. There are two Latin words for man. The one—*homo*—means merely a man as an animal distinguished from a dog or a horse. But the other word—*vir*—means a man in the best and truest sense; and that gives us our word "*virtue*." Never forget virtue and manliness are one. A virtuous man is one who behaves as a true man should behave. And goodness really means godlikeness or godliness, so that a good man is one who is like God.

Sin a Delusion. Look at this picture painted by Hogarth. Here is a man in a damp, dark cell, seated on a heap of straw, and chained like a wild beast to the wall. He smiles, sings, and laughs; his bare cell is a palace; these rough keepers are courtiers, and he himself a monarch, the happiest of mortals, an object of envy to crowned kings. What a strange delusion! Yet is not that man more beside himself who, with a soul formed for the purest enjoyments, delights in the lowest pleasures; or who, content with this poor world, rejects the offer of heaven; or, in love with sin, hugs its chains; lying under the wrath of God, sings in his merriness and dances on the thin crust that, ever and anon breaking beneath the feet of others, is all that separates him from an abyss of fire?—for the wages of sin is death.

God's Care for Us. A crew of explorers penetrate far within the Arctic circle in search of other expeditions that have gone before them, but have never returned. Failing to find the missing men, and yet unwilling to abandon hope, they leave supplies of food, carefully covered with stones, on some prominent headlands, with the necessary intimations graven for safety on plates of brass. If the original adventurers survive, and on their homeward journey, faint, yet pursuing, fall in with these treasures, at once hidden and revealed, the food, when found, will seem to those famished men the smaller blessing. The proof which the food supplies that their country cares for them is sweeter than the food. So the proof that God cares for us, even when we have erred and strayed from the right way, is placed beyond a doubt; the "unspeakable gift" of His Son to seek and save those who are lost tells in plainest words of God's care and love for us if only we will turn back to Him.

JULY 26TH.—Saul Rejected as King.

Passage for reading—1 *Samuel xv.* 13–29.

POINTS. 1. A cowardly excuse.
2. A tardy confession.
3. A severe punishment.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Easily Made Excuses.** People often show great cleverness in making excuses for neglecting God's commands. A woman was explaining why her husband did not attend public worship on the Lord's Day. "You see, poor working folks are so wearied out with the week's work that they are glad to rest a day in the house when Sunday comes." An unopened letter was lying on the table, which she asked me to read to her, believing it came from her sick mother. It was a notice to her husband that the football team, of which he was captain, was to play a match on Saturday at three o'clock, and that he must be sure to be in good time. And this was the man for whom my pity was asked, as being so worn out with his work that he could hardly creep into the church! Another woman admitted that she never read her Bible, but pleaded that she was too busy and had too many cares. My eye caught sight of a great bundle of paper books above the clock. She confessed that they were novels on which she spent fourpence-halfpenny every Saturday, and read them on Sunday. When an excuse is wanted the smallest thing will suffice for one.

A Poor Repentance. In a village near Derby a man lay apparently dying. His minister visited him, and earnestly besought him to be reconciled to a neighbour against whom it was well known that he cherished a long-standing feeling of enmity. At last the man consented, and the neighbour was sent for. After a short conversation they shook hands in token of friendship. But as the neighbour turned to depart the sick

man exclaimed, "But you must remember this stands for nothing if I get better again."

Temptation and Punishment. Victor Hugo in one of his books says that on the coast of Brittany there are long stretches of sand, which are left bare when the tide goes out, and which the fishermen, passing from headland to headland, have often to cross. To a stranger who does not know them all seems safe and solid; he feels the sand quite firm at first; he walks on and on until he begins to find that his feet do not lift quite so freely, they seem to stick to the sand; then he notices that it is getting damp; he goes on more quickly, and suddenly sinks an inch—two inches—four inches; he takes a more decided step, and sinks to the knee; then it flashes upon him that he is in a quicksand, and his wild gesticulations only make him flounder the more and sink the deeper. He looks wildly around; the sky is calm and blue above him, the shore is far off, and he sees all the red-tiled houses nestling side by side, while he is sinking—sinking—sinking. And unless someone in the village sees him, who knows all the fatal quicksands, and can come to his rescue, he is lost. Even so Saul the king went floundering on and on in sin till at last he, the chosen of God, was lost.

AUGUST 2ND.—Samuel Anoints David.

Passage for reading—1 *Samuel xvi.* 4—13.

POINTS. 1. A family sacrifice.
2. Man regards outward appearance.
3. God regards the heart.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Love of Family Prayer.** Arrived at the inn, my father, as he was unbuckling his knapsack, said to the mistress of the house that after supper he should have evening worship with us, and that she would be welcome if she liked to be present at it with the people. "We don't want that sort of thing here," said the woman, and added some expression of impatience. Thereupon my father took up his bag and stick and said to me, "Do you feel equal to another hour's walking, my boy?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he added, to the astonishment of the hostess, who was preparing to detain us, "Come along, my lads. I will not pass a night under a roof where prayer is made light of and the fear of God unknown." *(Life of Cæsar Malan, by one of his sons.)*

Outward and Inward Appearances. Mr. Moody the American evangelist, applied when a young man for admission to a New England church, but was kept waiting for a year because he did not know enough of the doctrines. In less than a year after his admission he had begun in his adopted city a work for Christ, of which the influence is world-wide. The God Who passed by the seven manly sons of Jesse, and chose for royal honours the ruddy-faced boy brought in haste from the sheepfold, puzzles us, as He did David's father, by His singular method of selection. He leaves Erasmus in his scholarship and calls the singer-boy of Mansfeld to liberate Europe. He raises up a plough-boy to be the greatest archbishop of modern times. What was once said by a famous divine of a celebrated revival preacher may be said of nearly all the men that God honours: "I do not doubt that God blesses His work, but I cannot see why." And His schooling of His servants is as singular as His selection. The most effectual Temperance lecturer of England or America was picked from the gutter. The great reformer of the Church was educated as a monk. The emancipator of America was born in a slave State. The greatest educator at the present time of the emancipated slaves (Washington Booker) was born a slave. St. Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel. Moses was brought up in a king's palace; and David's sweet psalmody gained him admission to the court where he afterwards reigned as king. Truly

> "God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform."

AUGUST 9TH.—David and Goliath.

Passage for reading—1 *Samuel xvii.* 38—49.

POINTS. 1. A champion for God's people.
2. A proud and boasting enemy.
3. A successful issue.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Stand to be Made for Christ.** It is said that at the battle of the Alma, when one of the regiments was being beaten back by the Russians, the ensign in front stood his ground as the troops retreated. The captain shouted to him to bring back his colours; but the reply of the ensign was, "*Bring up the men to the colours.*" The dignity of Christ's ministry must never be lowered to suit our littleness. The men must come up to the colours.

A Terrible Enemy. There are other enemies besides those against whom the Israelites fought. Sin is a terrible enemy, and one of the worst sins is drunkenness. Gough, the great Temperance orator, once said in a speech, "While I was in San Francisco a number of young men came to me up the back stairs after dark and revealed awful histories. One man lay on the carpet at my feet exclaiming, "Send me home. For the love of God, get me out of here! I will go in a goods or cattle train—anything to get out of here." It was the cry all round. "Drink is my enemy"—"Drink is my curse." Everywhere the cry resounds, "Drink is my curse." *(J. B. Gough.)*

Victory Easy in God's Name. Germanicus, when he came over from France, prevailed against a mighty army of Picts and Scots. The Britons whom he was leading pronounced as with one voice the word "Hallelujah," which, echoing and redoubling from the acclamations of the people among the mountains where the enemy had encamped, frightened them and won the victory.

LEFT BEHIND.

A True Story by Edith E. Cuthell, Author of "Only a Guard-room Dog," Etc.

CÆSAR was the handsomest cat in all Tyburnia Square. If you could have seen him as he sat in front of the dining-room fire, affectionately licking his long silky coat, or watched him standing proudly on the garden wall, his bushy tail waving in the wind. Cæsar was a Persian, with blue-black fur, and great ruff, and little curls in his small ears, the mark of his aristocratic breeding.

He was a most important person in the house. He had a basket of his own, with an eider-down pillow in it. But if he chose to appropriate the most comfortable chair, no one dreamt of turning him off. All they ever did was to say to him apologetically: "I beg your pardon, Cæsar, but I want that chair. You can come and sit on my lap."

Then Cæsar would just open a corner of an eye, and allow himself to be tenderly removed—a great ball of fur—to purr himself off to sleep again in the intruder's lap.

Cæsar was always fed at the dining-room meals, and many a little ragged child would have envied him his plateful. He was exceedingly dainty, moreover, and if he did not get what he wanted, or was not being attended to, he would pat, and paw, and worry, spring on to people's shoulders, and even on to the table.

All the visitors to the house admired Cæsar immensely. He would respond by rubbing himself against their legs in a calm and stately manner. He had a knack of getting doors opened for him by standing on his hind legs and fidgeting the handle with a paw, till someone left off whatever they were doing and came and opened to him.

But among the other cat inhabitants of the square Cæsar cannot be said to have been popular. Though he had never known what it was to be hungry in his life, he went greedily stalking the sparrows, which other less favoured cats considered their lawful prey. Then that time when Number Twenty-three stood empty so long, and became a perfect preserve for mice, Cæsar got in through the broken window and hunted like all the rest—in the most greedy manner, the other cats said.

One winter's morning Cæsar was condescending to assist at the schoolroom breakfast.

"I know you'll be off directly the gong rings for dining-room breakfast," said Lucy, as he partook of a little of her bread-and-milk.

"May I give him this chicken bone, Miss Smith?" asked Hugh.

Miss Smith could not resist Cæsar's graceful begging.

"You may, but out of window, Hugh."

In another minute Cæsar might have been seen passing the time with the bone in the back garden, till the gong rang.

"Miaow! Miaow!" came from the top of the garden wall. It was a very thin yellow kitten with matted fur, with whom life evidently went very hard indeed. She jumped down and approached Cæsar stealthily, crying all the time.

Cæsar, his mouth full of white meat, looked up with great round eyes, his back arching and his tail waving angrily.

"Psst! Psst!" hissed Cæsar. The kitten should have taken the warning. But she was *very* hungry and made one more attempt to soften his heart.

"Do give me just a mouthful!" was what her miauling meant, and she came close.

Cæsar dropped the bone, and, with an angry hiss, made a great spring at her. But the kitten, used from earliest infancy to taking care of herself, promptly vanished over the wall.

"Boom—oom—oom!" rang the gong. There was always fish for dining-room breakfast. Cæsar remembered that, and, hurriedly burying the bone under the laurel bush, was soon scratching at the dining-room door.

But there seemed a commotion in the house as he passed through the hall. It was full of boxes, and people ran to and fro. Cæsar actually got trodden on by mistake—such an indignity! But at lunch his mistress gave him such a nice meal.

"Poor Cæsar!" she cried. "I'm afraid you'll miss us dreadfully!"

But Cæsar composed himself to sleep in the large arm-chair, and did not even notice her drive off in the cab.

The next day no dining-room breakfast. Cæsar had to resign himself to the schoolroom society. At bedtime he looked in vain in his mistress's empty bedroom for his basket. It had been removed to the kitchen, where he passed an unusually exciting night among the mice and blackbeetles.

Next day worse happened. More boxes, more cabs, and at last such farewells, even

with tears. Cæsar thought at one time he must have been throttled with hugs. But they all departed, and a strange silence fell over the deserted house, broken only by the servants tidying up.

Obliged to live altogether in the kitchen, and to eat from a cracked plate! Was ever such treatment? But Cook was very kind, and even bought special food for him.

A peculiar call sounded down the area.

"Cat's meat, oh! Cat's meat, oh!"

Cook would hurry out, and a man in a fur cap and red comforter would give her a plateful of food on purpose for Cæsar. But he missed the dining-room fish. He missed other things, too—the children, his mistress's petting, the soft chairs and warm carpets. He wandered about the house looking for Lucy and Hugh, but in vain. Once in his search he got locked up in an empty room, and it was a long, long time before Cook heard his crying and scratching. That it should have come to this with Cæsar, who had never had to ask twice for anything!

Next Cook went away, too, and cross old Mrs. Pipkins, the charwoman, came to take charge of the house. Now Mrs. Pipkins hated Cæsar and Cæsar hated Mrs. Pipkins. In the good old days of plenty, when Mrs. Pipkins came to help Cook, Cæsar had often insisted on eating up some dainty remains of food which that lady considered her lawful perquisites. So there was no love lost between them, and then the very first thing that Mrs. Pipkins did was to appropriate Cæsar's own eider-down pillow for her arm-chair. In vain Cæsar miauled and shivered. She only beat him off if he ventured to sit on it.

Things grew worse and worse. The cat's-meat man ceased to call. His familiar note, so dear to all the cats in the square, was no longer heard down the area, for the very good reason that Mrs. Pipkins spent on drink all the money that was allowed her for Cæsar's keep.

How he lived in those days Cæsar never knew. There was never much left over from Mrs. Pipkins' repasts, and he was often very, very hungry. In desperation he had to bestir himself and mouse and hunt the birds. When Cæsar came for his nightly prowl in the square garden, all the cats noticed how thin and gaunt he was growing. His fur had lost its beauty; there was no one to brush and



"How were the mighty fallen!"—*p.* 922.

comb him now. He often felt very weak and ill, too. The great Tom at the corner house, for whom Cæsar had always had such a contempt, found he could swear at him with impunity, Cæsar was too weak to fight him, and slunk off at his approach. How were the mighty fallen!

At last matters reached a climax. One wet, snowy night, when pavement and garden, roof and sill, were squashy with half-frozen snow, Mrs. Pipkins proceeded to fry herself a nice slice of fat bacon for supper. Cæsar, desperately hungry, for he had eaten nothing all day—the very birds were hiding from the cold—sat wet and shivering, watching her out of the corner of his eye. When she left the room, he seized his opportunity. He, a well-brought-up cat, was driven to stealing!

When Mrs. Pipkins re-entered, the plate whereon had reposed her hot bacon was empty, and Cæsar was gobbling something under the table. The next thing he knew was that he, on whom no unkind hand had ever been laid, received a blow which he thought would have broken every bone in his body, and found himself roughly seized and violently flung out into the snow and slush in the back garden!

When he had a little recovered, he dragged himself under the laurel-bush, where in happier days he had kept his larder, and, half-numb with cold and pain, gave himself up to die. He still lay there when morning dawned, and a shabby sandy cat came stepping daintily across the garden. Ill as he was, Cæsar recognised her. She was the yellow kitten who had begged for his chicken bone. She looked bigger and better fed now, but she would never be a pretty cat. Early privation had set its mark on her. Some cruel boys had cut off the tip of her tail, one of her ears had been slit by a blow, her fur was poor and thin, and her colour hideous.

But "handsome is as handsome does," remarked the lady who had taken empty Number Twenty-three not long before, and on whom the sandy cat, uninvited, had quartered herself. She was an excellent mouser; dire necessity had made her an adept at the chase. Number Twenty-three was overrun with mice, and its mistress said she could not do without the sandy cat. But prosperity had not spoilt her naturally kind heart. She sat down in the snow and licked poor Cæsar all over; it warmed his bruised, numbed body and brought a little comfort to his despairing soul. He opened his glassy eyes and purred a weak thanks. The sandy cat then trotted off.

Her mistress was just sitting down to breakfast, and offered her a meal she had prepared for her. But to her surprise the cat would not touch it.

"That *is* a good cat," the lady said to herself. "She just *lives* on mice! See, she won't touch anything now!"

A little later poor Cæsar, lying half-torpid in the snow, was aroused by a nice smell under his very nose. He opened his eyes, and there lay a delicious piece of meat, and the sandy cat was standing looking at him. He ate and felt better. But when he tried to move he found himself in dreadful pain. But it was impossible to lie there any longer. It was freezing hard. Hurt and weak as he was, he would be frozen to death. So he just managed to crawl into a corner of the coal-hole, where he lay trembling every time Mrs. Pipkins came near. There the sandy cat found him when she came round with a fat mouse she had just killed. This went on for some days. Night and morning his kind little friend brought poor Cæsar some sort of food or other. But for her, he would have starved to death. He dared not attempt to go back into the house to Mrs. Pipkins, and indeed he was wise not to do so.

One day, however, feeling a little stronger and better, and very hungry, he ventured to leave his hiding-place and slink down the street, in mortal terror of meeting Mrs. Pipkins. The door of Number Twenty-three stood ajar, and Cæsar, plucking up courage, stole in. How nice it was—like the happy old days—a well-warmed hall, a nice smell coming up from the kitchen. Poor Cæsar, thin and lank and lame, crept into the dining-room, where the sandy cat's kind mistress sat reading.

Imagine that young person's intense astonishment, on coming in a little later, to find a strange cat—Cæsar—eating bread-and-milk on *her* hearthrug, out of *her* plate, and tended by *her* mistress! The sandy cat's jealous rage knew no bounds. As long as Cæsar was homeless and friendless she had had pity on him. But now that he was an interloper, taking her place, she would not put up with it. With a growl and a hiss and a spit, she sprang at him with extended claws, boxed his ears, scratched him, and drove him out of the room, across the hall, and out of the front door, Cæsar too weak to offer any resistance.

Exhausted with fright and hunger, he crept down the street and laid himself down on the first doorstep he came to—to die.

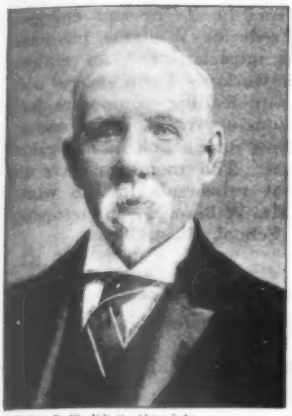
But at that moment a cab drove up and a lady stepped out and came up the steps.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, nearly treading on poor Cæsar, "here's a sick cat. Why—"

And the next moment Cæsar found himself in his very own mistress's arms!

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.



(Photo: R. W. Elliott, Aldershot.)

MR. GEORGE NELSON, POLICE COURT MISSIONARY.

A VETERAN WORKER.

FOR seven-and-twenty years, with a very short interval when he was called away to other duties, Mr. George Nelson has represented the Church of England Temperance Society in the Metropolitan police courts. Long before the organisation of what is now known as the Police Court Mission, Mr. Nelson began his work in the Lambeth and Southwark courts in 1876. From that time to the present he has moved about from court to court, and he has now been stationed for some time at Marlborough Street, a court so widely known for the number of cases of universal interest dealt with by its magistrate. When Mr. Nelson commenced his work on the 1st of August, 1876, it was purely experimental. The magistrates gave him permission to visit the cells and to speak individually to drunkards, both charged and convicted. It was soon found by experience that there was a real work to be done, and, after carefully watching Mr. Nelson's beneficent labours for some time, the late Mr. George Chance, who presided over Lambeth Police Court for many years, voluntarily offered an annual subscription to the C.E.T.S., and in sending a donation of £5 from the Poor Box took the opportunity of "bearing testimony to the very admirable manner in which Mr. Nelson performs his duties at this court. I believe his services to be very valuable." To-day the society has its accredited missionaries in all the Metropolitan police courts, and the movement has spread throughout the country, so that in nearly all our large cities and towns definite Temperance work is carried on in the police courts, under the direct sanction, and, in most cases, with the cordial encouragement, of the presiding magistrates. Mr. Nelson enjoyed the confidence of the late Canon Ellison, the founder of the C.E.T.S., in a marked degree, and in the early days of his Temperance work profited much by the wise counsels and sympathetic support of the venerated Canon. We glean from one of the official publications of the C.E.T.S. the following summary of Mr. Nelson's work for the year 1902:—"Visits to and *re* cases, 902; visits to missionary, 504; pledges taken, 88; persons helped with clothing, tools, stock, rent, food, furniture, etc., 529; situations found for men, 11; lads, 12; women, 9; loss of employment averted, 3; women and girls provided with homes, 40; men and lads placed in homes or sent to sea, 57; persons restored to friends, 81; persons met at prisons, 1; sent to convalescent home, 33; letters written, 599; hospital letters supplied, 200; money expended, £100 3s. 3½d." Such figures tell their own story of the thoroughness and actuality of this important phase of Temperance effort. Mr. Nelson is a capable and effective speaker, and until within recent years has rendered great service as an open-air speaker. He carries his years very lightly, and has the promise of much good work still before him.

"SAVE THE BOYS."

Of the many departments of the C.E.T.S. in London diocese none is more likely to touch the hearts of the benevolent than the practical attempt to give the poor lads a chance for a fresh start in life. The Boys' Home, Padcroft, Yiewsley, is supplying a want which has been felt for some years. First offenders, instead of being committed to prison, are handed over by the magistrates to this



"PADCROFT" C.E.T.S. BOYS' SHELTER HOME.

Home. The last report shows that one hundred and sixteen lads were admitted to the Home during the six months ended December 31, 1902. Of these sixty-two were placed in situations, two returned to their parents' homes, fifteen absconded, and thirty-seven remained in the Home. All kinds of useful employments are taught, and the moral tone of the lads is steadily built up and developed. The manager and matron, Mr. and Mrs. J. Clements, are much to be congratulated upon their humane and successful attempt to deal with London lads who have "gone wrong." The Rev. J. H. A. Law, 4, The Sanctuary, Westminster, S.W., will supply full particulars to any friends interested in the work, or arrange for them to pay a personal visit to Padcroft. Most of the boys placed out in situations are doing very well, and it is highly gratifying to be assured that many of them have shown their thankfulness for their fresh start in life by sending small contributions to the Home in which they were sheltered and humanised.

MUSIC AS AN AID TO TEMPERANCE WORK.

Temperance reformers have from the first beginnings of the crusade made considerable use of music in their propaganda, but there is undoubtedly much room for advancement, both in the wider application of the art and in the improvement of the selections of words and music chosen for Temperance purposes. Few men have done better service in this direction than the late James A. Birch. It is no exaggeration to say that his labours elevated the whole tone of Temperance music throughout the country. As the founder and conductor of the National Temperance Choral Society, Mr. Birch conclusively demonstrated that choirs composed exclusively of abstainers can hold their own in the highest musical circles; and, what is more to the point, the National Temperance Choral Society has made it manifest that there is a large proportion of the general public which can be brought within the range of Temperance teaching by the powerful ministry of cultivated Temperance song. The society, founded by Mr. Birch, has had its ups and downs since his lamented death, and in its present energetic conductor, Mr. Frederick Williams, has found an accomplished musician and an enthusiastic Temperance worker. Upon several occasions some of our leading composers have written compositions expressly for the society, which indicates how firm a hold it has gained in musical circles. The members have the benefit of frequent rehearsals in the winter months, under Mr. Williams's conductorship, at St. Dunstan's School, Fleet Street.



MR. FREDK. WILLIAMS, CONDUCTOR OF THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE CHORAL SOCIETY.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

For variety's sake let a few quotations from the poets be brought in evidence. From Shakespeare alone one could fill pages with striking and apt illustrations. Let these suffice :—

"O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil."—OTHELLO.

"O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!"—OTHELLO.

"Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire."
—TIMON OF ATHENS.

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."—AS YOU LIKE IT.

Take a peep into Milton, and we have an equally emphatic testimony :—

"Whenever fountain or fresh current flowed
Against the Eastern ray, translucent, pure,
With touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirst, and refreshed: nor envied them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes."
—SAMSON AGONISTES.

"O madness, to think use of strongest wines,
And strongest drinks, our chief support of health,
When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare!
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook!"
—SAMSON AGONISTES.

"Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense
More terrible at th' entrance than within.
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear."—PARADISE LOST.



WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

"The Quiver" Waifs' Fund.

IN acknowledging a remittance for another year's support of Rosie Heelis, one of THE QUIVER waifs, the Secretary of Miss Sharman's Orphan Home writes:—"Miss Sharman is very pleased to be able to send you a better account of the dear child, who seems to be growing stronger as she gets older, and to be more able to take her place in school with the other children and to get on with her lessons. We know she can never be strong, and will always require the greatest care on account of all the privations she went through before she was a year old, and also losing both parents of rapid consumption. Still, it is a great pleasure to Miss Sharman and those who have the care of her to see her growing *fairly* strong, and spending a very happy childhood, surrounded by those who love her, and in pure country air, which will give her the best possible chance of getting on." At the same time the Secretary of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, acknowledging a cheque for a further year's maintenance of our second waif, John Harrison, says:—"I am glad to be able to give you a favourable report of the boy, who is located at one of our branch homes in East London. He is a very nice, quiet, well-behaved lad, obedient and truthful, and is making satisfactory progress at school." Further contributions to THE QUIVER Waifs' Fund are needed, and should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, E.C. All contributions will be acknowledged in our pages at the earliest possible date.

In Quieter Tints.

GARISH, as a rule, are the pictures the mental retina brings back from a summer holiday at one of those British watering-places which are "popular," rather than "fashionable," a town whither excursionists, literally in their tens of thousands, flock on each fine first Monday in August. A visitor who recently sought rather the air than the mundane surroundings of such a haunt of pleasure, is able to record a particularly peaceful and pathetic memory. Wandering wearily one evening from the noisier streets, the dusky minstrels upon the beach, and the braying band upon the pier, it was a relief to find oneself in a broad and comparatively sequestered road of comfortable-looking houses. Of one ground floor window the blinds were still up, and the passer-by could see into the lamp-lit room. The occupants were a very old, white-haired couple. She was sitting at the piano playing, he was standing by her side. They were singing together the hymn "Sun of my Soul"—he in a cracked bass, she in a quavering treble. And these were the words, so feeble in their sound, so mighty in the eternal mystery of their meaning, which happened to float out to the touched listener, across the clematis and the roses, and the moonlight:

"Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die."

"Contra Celsum."

"AGAINST Celsus," and his writings, the Fathers of the early Church may well have protested, as they did, with all their might; for that arrogant heretic, among other ignorant blasphemies, dared to ridicule the Christians because they worshipped One Who had been a carpenter. The Book of Snobs can draw its characters even from ecclesiastical controversy. But it is possible that some of us, of later days, do not find the inspiration and encouragement we should from the lowly duties of Him Who "was subject" to Mary and Joseph in the home at Nazareth. The Moravians have enshrined in their Litany a truth which we are in danger of forgetting—that Christ condescended to make Himself one with us, even in our homeliest daily tasks. The Moravian Church prays: "May the precious sweat of Thy labour lighten our toil. May Thy faithfulness in Thy handicraft make us faithful in our share of labour."

A Holiday House.

"OH! how tired those poor girls look. I wish we could get them on to Babbacombe Downs." It was a hot day in June, 1877, and the wish was expressed by one of two ladies who were leaving a large shop in Edgware Road. The thought developed into action. They returned to their home in lovely Devonshire, collected money, took a little house, and filled it with tired girls, who might boat, bathe, refresh and disport themselves as best suited their innocent tastes. This house overflowed; another and another was taken for the same purpose, and now two, such as a house agent might describe as "spacious family residences"—Ferny Bank and Ferny Coombe—stand in the same grounds and accommodate 90 visitors at once. During last year 828 shop assistants, employées in business houses, cashiers, dressmakers, and milliners, Post

Office, telegraph, and other clerks came here for rest and refreshment of body and mind. The fact that a new wing, Ferny Side, had been erected, made it possible to receive a larger number than had ever stayed in the house in any previous year. The idea of a wing is pleasant and protective. Ferny Side may be regarded not only as an addition to the building, but as a tender, motherly shelter spread over tired girls and women who have escaped the whirl of the town. Whatever their age may be, they are glad to be young during a few weeks; for ill-health and weariness know nothing of the joys of independence. The Home is open all the year round. Visitors can remain for a longer period in the winter, as the applications are less numerous. No cases of serious illness, nor persons who require nursing, are eligible, but, through the kindness of local doctors, medical attendance and medicine are given free. Every visitor who can pays 12s. a week; a certain number who cannot afford this sum may obtain a subscriber's recommendation, and share equally in all the advantages for 5s. a week. These advantages include a library, containing 1,500 books, music, lectures, evening entertainments, and other indoor recreations. This all sounds well, but look at the distance of Babbacombe from great centres of business; how are women who must be working for their living to pay their fare? Through application to the founders, the Misses Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe, to whom all communications must be addressed, a railway ticket to Torre Station may be obtained at half the ordinary price from London, Swindon, Reading, Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, and Taunton. A certificate of character from the employer or clergyman is necessary, but the Home is open to all needing change, irrespective of religious creed. The rules are few and simple, and only such as conduce to the comfort of the whole party.



(Photo: Bonnis, Leeds.)

MISS HARPER.

The "Quiver" Heroes' Fund.

WE are glad to be able to give our readers a portrait of Miss Harper, one of the winners of the Silver Medal of the Fund for her share in the gallant attempt to save the lives of some children at Reighton Sands, in North Yorkshire. We asked for the portrait some months ago, but Miss Harper's illness made it impossible for her to have the portrait taken at the time.

The Beetle and its Guest.

WE once lived, writes a contributor, for a month or two in Badenweiler, in the Black Forest. Returning one day from the little stream in which I had permission to fish, I found at the side of the road a large and splendid beetle, which I put into a cardboard box which I had in my pocket. Some hours after I opened the box. To my surprise, I found the beetle dead, and a thin dark worm, eight or ten inches long, by its side. The worm had come out of the beetle, which was nothing but an empty shell, and more or less of the hair-worm's length was still inside. I suppose the excessive dryness of the house air had suspended the animation of the worm, and prevented its full escape from its singular home. The evil germ of the Gordius—for that is the name of the worm—had somehow been lodged in the beetle. It had grown and grown till it occupied the entire body cavity of its host. I happened to find the beetle exactly at the moment when the worm was about to emerge, having turned the whole of the beetle's life and substance into its own vile image. Otherwise I should never have discovered that so beautiful a creature was the prey and habitation of such a guest. His fellow may not discover it, yet a man may be sure that his own sin will find him out. It is not the worst that the seed of sin grows up into sorrow. The worst is that sin grows up and takes the sap out of the soul, and turns all into its own likeness. That ragged man, shabby-genteel, watery-eyed, hoping for half-a-sovereign, or even half-a-crown, as he waits in the outer office of the rich merchant, was once that merchant's schoolfellow. The evil seed of constant pleasure-seeking found lodgment in the poor fellow's breast long ago. And see what he is now. He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man. The unclean man was the nasty-minded boy. There is a covetous man who was keen at all trading in school and not over-scrupulous. And where is the thorough-going worldling who has no room for God in his life at all? The seed of evil taken in long ago, when there was innocence and purity and religious drawing and wishes for better things, has grown and grown and grown till the whole sap has been taken out of the life, and the soul which was made to be the temple of God is the house of sin.

A "Welsh Mrs. Hemans."

LLANGOLLEN in Denbighshire, the centre from which so many tourists start to visit the scenery in the northern part of the Principality, is just now busy with rehearsals and preparations for celebrating the centenary of a woman who in her day was not only universally regarded as an exemplary Christian, but also as an inspired poetess, the "Welsh Mrs. Hemans." Her name

was Ann Griffiths, and she was born at Dolwar Fechan Farm, Llanfihangel, Montgomeryshire, in 1770. During her childhood and youth religious revival was in the air; the Wesleys were in the zenith of their fame; Charles, the younger brother, had married a Welsh woman, and the hymns he wrote with so much facility were wedded to music by her family and friends, and literally flew from village to village and from farm to farm. Ann's mind was deeply influenced by the enthusiastic preachers she heard and associated with; and, being a great lover of nature, she took to wandering on the Berwyn mountains, which overlook the lovely vale of Llangollen, watered by the river Dee, and her soul found expression in poetry that took the form of hymns and spiritual songs. She does not appear to have written them down herself, but dictated them to a servant, who conveyed them to another, and ultimately this passing from one memory to another led to their being copied and set to music, possibly to already existing traditional airs. She married in the bloom of her early womanhood, when about twenty-four, and died a year afterwards, so that her memory is ever young and perennially interesting. The Rev. Rowland Williams, the Archdruid of Wales, will, if health and strength permit, take a prominent part in the celebrations, which will begin with the performance of selected portions of her poems, and the native population is full of excitement. No memoir or biography of Ann Griffiths is known to exist in English, nor is there any English version of her poems that gives any idea of her genius or personality. The late Dr. Parker was fond of her hymns, and has been known to quote them from the pulpit of the City Temple. An obelisk to her memory was erected many years ago at Llanfihangel, but it is hoped now that sufficient funds will be forthcoming to build a national memorial church at Dolaunog.



THE HOME OF ANN GRIFFITHS.

The John Cory Sailors' and Soldiers' Rest.

It is twenty-two years since a lady at Cardiff opened a meeting for coloured seamen in a boarding house. That infant effort in the service of God and man has grown into gigantic proportions; it has, indeed, become one of the largest missions to soldiers and merchant seamen in the world. To meet the increasing demands upon the institute, Mr. John Cory built new premises entirely at his own expense, and on October 6th, 1902, a building of Bath stone, richly decorated, and declared to be an ornament to the town, was opened by Lord Aberdare. The site, free of all financial liability, was at the same time presented to the trustees by Mr. Sidney Robinson. Mrs. John Cory gave all the furniture and undertook, together with Mrs. Sidney Robinson, to continually provide the Floral Hall with palms, plants, and flowers. Numerous shipowners have generously helped to adorn the walls with fine oil paintings, and have united with other friends of soldiers and sailors in showing hospitality in entertaining strangers. The hardy Norsemen have every encouragement to make themselves at home. One feature of the Rest is the Scandinavian Hall. The walls are of half-timber with plaster panels, and the ceiling has heavy timber beams. A Scandinavian missionary is one of the officers, and during 1902 4,766 Scandinavian sailors attended the meetings. Cardiff is visited by more foreign seamen than any other port in the world. The men

are ready to avail themselves of the Rest and Home provided for them; 1,560,000 have made use of the institute since it was first started. It is not surprising to hear that they flocked in greater numbers than ever to the attractive new premises. During the first month of occupation, at the English meetings alone, over 100 sailors and soldiers signed the Temperance pledge, and a large number made profession of a change in character and conduct through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. An island kingdom like our own is dependent, not only for defence, but for existence, on its soldiers and sailors. To build them up in faith and righteousness is to raise and repair the walls of the Empire.

"The Pride of Asia."

IT was just after reading Lord Curzon's magnificent prophecy, in his speech at Calcutta, as to what, under favourable conditions, might be the developments of that city within the next decade, that we came across a letter, written by a clerical companion within two hours of Bishop Heber's sudden death in the spring of 1826. On that Monday morning the saintly young Bishop of Calcutta had returned with his friend from taking a Confirmation, about daybreak, and visiting a native Christian school. The whole of British India was, at that period, one huge diocese, and Heber's last conversation upon earth was concerning the evangelisation of the vast continent committed, in one sense, to his solitary care. He then entered his bath, where he was discovered dead, by the clergyman with whom he had been talking. Amid the imperial glamour of her gorgeous Eastern possession, England will do well not to forget the men and women, of whom Reginald Heber was a pioneer, who have laid down their lives that India might come to the knowledge of the Christ Who is the Saviour of all. Their path of duty has certainly not been the way to earthly ease or glory. It was in 1793 that the East India Company passed the resolution that "the sending of missionaries into our Eastern possessions is the maddest, most extravagant, most unwarrantable project that was ever proposed by an enthusiastic lunatic." Tact and caution are, of course, needed, as men like Heber knew full well, in dealing with immemorial religions and ancient races; but it is not by the spirit of this monstrous "resolution" that Calcutta will fulfil her Viceroy's proud prediction, and become "The Pride of Asia."

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from April 29th, 1903, up to and including May 27th, 1903. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* "Eliza," 10s.; Amy Smith, Fenton, 5s.; "A Working Woman," 5s.; W. H. M., Edinburgh, 5s.; M. L., 5s.; Marie, Liverpool, 2s. 6d.; M. A. B., 2s. 6d.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "Bradford," £5 10s., £2 15s., £1 5s., 10s.; L. R., Newcastle, 5s. The following amounts have been sent direct: "More to Follow," 10s. 6d., 5s. 6d.; "Alpha," 10s.; "Gracedieu," 10s.

For *The Orphan Working School:* "Eliza," 10s.

For *The Children's Country Holidays Fund:* S. D., 5s.

For *The Factory Girls' Holidays Fund:* S. D., 5s.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

97. How did God manifest His displeasure against Israel for asking to have a king over them?

98. What promise did God make to Israel as a nation now that they had chosen a king?

99. Against what sin did Samuel especially warn the people?

100. Why did God reject Saul as king of His people Israel?

101. What excuse did Saul make for not destroying the Amalekites?

102. What does God say is better than burnt offerings and sacrifices?

103. Where in the New Testament do we find the same truth set forth?

104. Where did David live when Samuel anointed him as king?

105. In what way was Samuel directed in his choice of a king to succeed Saul?

106. Quote passage to show how different is God's judgment of a man compared with that of his fellowman?

107. What proof of his courage and strength did David give to King Saul before going forth to fight Goliath?

108. Quote passage which shows the true ground of David's confidence in going to fight the giant?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 826.

85. St. Paul calls the Old Testament writings "the holy Scriptures" (2 Tim. iii. 15).

86. He was to be faithful in preaching the Gospel and ready to endure affliction for the cause of Christ (2 Tim. iv. 2-5).

87. St. Mark, who had formerly left the Apostles St. Paul and St. Barnabas (2 Tim. iv. 11; Acts xv. 38).

88. Against Alexander, the coppersmith, who seems to have followed St. Paul from place to place in order to stir up the people against him (2 Tim. iv. 14, 15; Acts xix. 33).

89. When St. Paul was brought before the judges to be tried he could get no one to help him (2 Tim. iv. 16).

90. Tradition says that she was the daughter of a British king, and married to Pudens, a Roman senator, who was a Christian, and that Claudia was the first to bring the Gospel into Britain (2 Tim. iv. 21).

91. The evil conduct of Samuel's sons and the desire to be like other nations (1 Sam. viii. 5).

92. As judges they were guilty of receiving bribes and thus acting unjustly (1 Sam. viii. 1-3).

93. Because hitherto the Israelites had been under the direct protection and guidance of God as their King; therefore the asking for an earthly king was the rejection of God (1 Sam. viii. 5, 7, 8, 19, 20).

94. The elders of Israel cast lots according to the tribes and families, and Saul was chosen as their king, the choice being directed by God, Who had already appointed Saul to be king (1 Sam. x. 19-21 and x. 1).

95. At Mizpeh, where Samuel judged Israel, though Saul had already been anointed king at Ramah (1 Sam. x. 17 and x. 1).

96. The spirit of God came upon him to give him wisdom, and Samuel wrote in a book directions as to the manner of the kingdom (1 Sam. x. 6, 9, 25, and viii. 11, etc.).

XUM

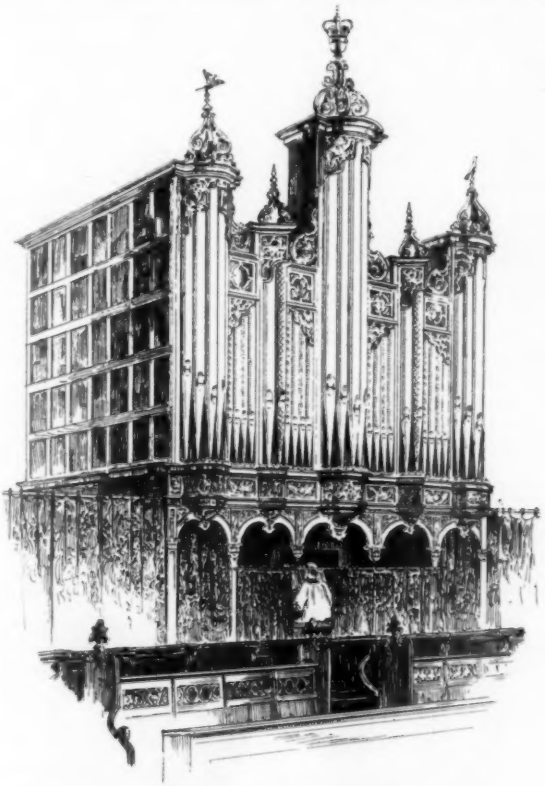


QUEEN MARGARET OF ANJOU AND THE ROBBER.

(From the Painting by J. D. Penrose.)

ABOUT SOME CHURCH ORGANS.

IT is curious to reflect that the "king of instruments" (or the "kist o' whustles," according to one's point of view) is a direct descendant of the Pan's-pipe and the bag-pipes. Yet there is little doubt that the "'ûgâb" attributed to Jubal, and mentioned again in the hundred-and-fiftieth psalm, was neither more nor less than the syrinx or Pan's-pipe which British children associate with the Punch-and-Judy show. The revisers of the Old Testament have indeed translated the word, "pipe"; and it is worthy of remark that in both passages it is used in contrast with "stringed instruments," and may be taken to stand for the other great section of the orchestra which we call "wind," whilst the tabret and the cymbals, so often mentioned, belong to the class of instruments of percussion. Every kind of instrument, therefore—string, wind, percussion—may claim the sanction of the Book of Psalms for its use in Divine service; and, from the organ of St. Paul's to the Salvation Army big drum, "Holiness to the Lord" may and should be the key-note of each.



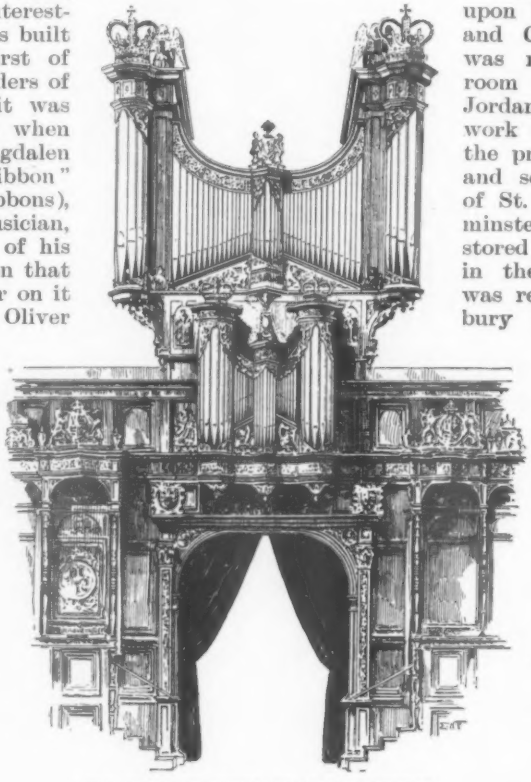
THE ORGAN AT TEWKESBURY.

(From the Painting by J. D. Pearse.)

It is true that there have been and still are "conscientious objectors" to every kind of musical instrument, even to the human voice. Nor will we quarrel with them. The strongest advocate of a "musical service" will admit that the matter of greatest importance is that the heart should be attuned to the worship of God. A great preacher has said that the "closing voluntary" is a device of the Evil One to counteract the effect of the sermon! Let organists remember

that even that accusation may be justified if a reverent spirit does not preside at the organ as well as in the pulpit.

In England, unfortunately, we have no church organs left of earlier date than the Restoration. Some few—notably those of Durham, York, Lincoln, St. Paul's, St. John's and Magdalen Colleges at Oxford, Christ's and King's at Cambridge and Tewkesbury Abbey—survived the reforming zeal of the Puritans; but except for some fragments, such as the case and front pipes of the Magdalen College organ, now at Tewkesbury, they have disappeared piecemeal before the destroying hands of time and the "restorer." The instrument just referred to has had an interesting history. It was built by Harris, the first of several organ builders of that name, and it was still in its place when Evelyn visited Magdalen in 1654: "Mr. Gibbon" (Christopher Gibbons), "that famous musician, giving us a taste of his skill and talents on that instrument." Later on it was annexed by Oliver Cromwell, and carried off to Hampton Court to beguile his scanty leisure; one wonders whether Milton played upon it there—indeed, we have seen it asserted that he did. In 1660 it was reinstated at Magdalen, and in 1737 removed to Tewkesbury. It has since been improved out of existence, saving for the case and front pipes, as has been already mentioned.



THE ORGAN AT KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

The King's College organ still boasts the pre-Restoration case which covered its predecessor, which, by the way, was the first English organ to be fitted with two complete manuals. We have been told that the acoustic properties of King's College Chapel are such that "to kill a pig would be musical"; we will not presume to pass judgment on an organ so superlatively favoured by its surroundings.

The oldest church organ which has come down to our own day in anything like its original condition is that which is now in Barnsbury Street Congregational Chapel, Islington. It was built in 1660 by Bernard Schmidt—"Father Smith," as he is called, to distinguish him from his son—for Westminster Abbey, and its original cost was £120. It was placed above the stalls on the north side of the choir, and was played upon by Blow, Purcell, and Croft. In 1730 it was removed to make room for Shreider and Jordan's organ (whose work is incorporated in the present instrument), and sold to the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster. After being stored for many years in the tower there, it was re-erected in Barnsbury Chapel by Holditch, who added two octaves of pedal pipes outside the ends of the old case, and made some other slight alterations; but except for the additions mentioned, Father Smith's work remains practically intact. There are two manuals, of which the "great" is of five octaves and the "swell" of only three, the lower part of the keyboard being a mere solid block of wood; and there are twelve speaking stops.

In 1682–83 both Father Smith and Renatus Harris, grandson of the Harris before mentioned, built organs for the Temple Church. They were placed, in 1684,

one at the east end and the other at the west end of the church; but it was not until 1687 that anyone was found bold enough to decide which was the better instrument. Then the final choice was made—or more probably the casting vote was given—by the infamous Judge Jeffreys in favour of Smith's organ, and Harris's was removed. One peculiarity of Smith's instrument was that it had two additional half-notes in each octave, the G sharp and E flat being split and A flat and D sharp inserted. Some of Smith's work still remains in the Temple organ, as, indeed, in many others, for both he and Renatus Harris had the good fortune to live just when efforts were being made to replace the many organs destroyed by the Puritans. Both had, in fact, been invited to England, the one from Germany and the other from France, for this express purpose. Consequently their names occur in connection with very many of our cathedrals, churches, and college chapels.



THE OLD ORGAN OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY, NOW IN THE BARNSBURY STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL.

It was Smith who built the organ originally occupying the still existing case in St. Paul's Cathedral, though, save for one or two stops which were retained, the present organ is a modern one. Long and bitter was the controversy between Sir Christopher Wren and Smith as to this organ, the one wishing to put it out of sight, and the other to place it, as was then usual, on the choir screen. Finally Wren had to give way, but he designed a case so small that some of the pipes extended above it, and the figures and ornaments which now crown the case were added for the purpose of hiding these pipe-ends. The case, which is beautifully carved by Grinling Gibbons, has been divided. The portion which faced east, and contained the organist's seat within a projecting gallery at the lower part, now occupies an arch on the north side of the choir; whilst the portion which faced west, and was all on one plane, now occupies the opposite arch on the south side, and modern work has been added to make it match the other half. In our picture, which shows the northern portion, the approach to the organist's seat by way of a curtained door in the side of the case can be well seen. The seat itself is within the little projecting gallery, and, as he sits there, Sir George Martin can, by opening small square doors in the sides, see the whole length of the church from end to end—a very necessary arrangement when State ceremonials and processions are to be provided for.

The present organ, which was built by Willis, is the most powerful, and in some ways the most noteworthy, church organ in England.

It has nve manuals—"choir," "great," "swell," "solo," and "tubas"—of which the uppermost is allotted to the magnificent series of tubas (quite unrivalled anywhere else in the world, and which no brass band could equal for majestic effect), which occupy one of the upper arches of the dome. For the organ not only fills the two cases, but occupies the whole of the space behind the panelling on the

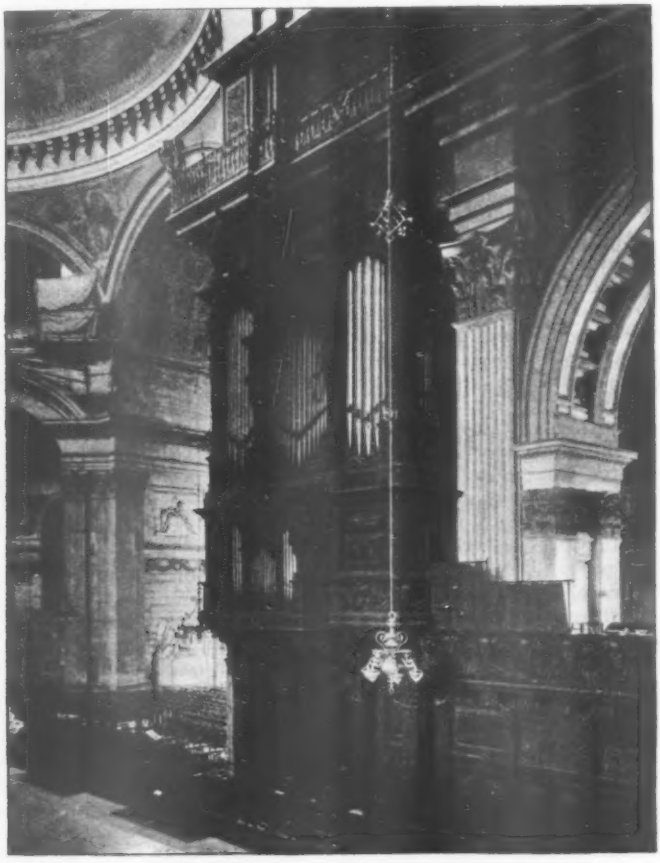
north side of the choir, and spreads away up into the arches of the dome on either side.

Some idea of its resources may be gathered from the fact that it has seventy-six speaking stops, including four open diapasons on the "pedal organ" alone—three of wood and one of metal, each being situated in different parts of the building.

This, as we have said, is the most powerful church organ we have, but it is not the largest. It is far exceeded by that in St. George's, Doncaster, built by Edmund Schulze of Paulinzelle, which contains eighty-seven speaking stops, and an unending wealth of what organists call "flue tone" (pipes of fluty character without reeds). Another organ by Schulze—that in St. Bartholomew's, Armley, near Leeds—is of remarkable beauty from the points of view of both the musician and the architect. It is, in the opinion of many excellent judges, entitled to rank with the best in the world. It has four manuals and fifty-seven speaking stops, with a wonderful variety of character.

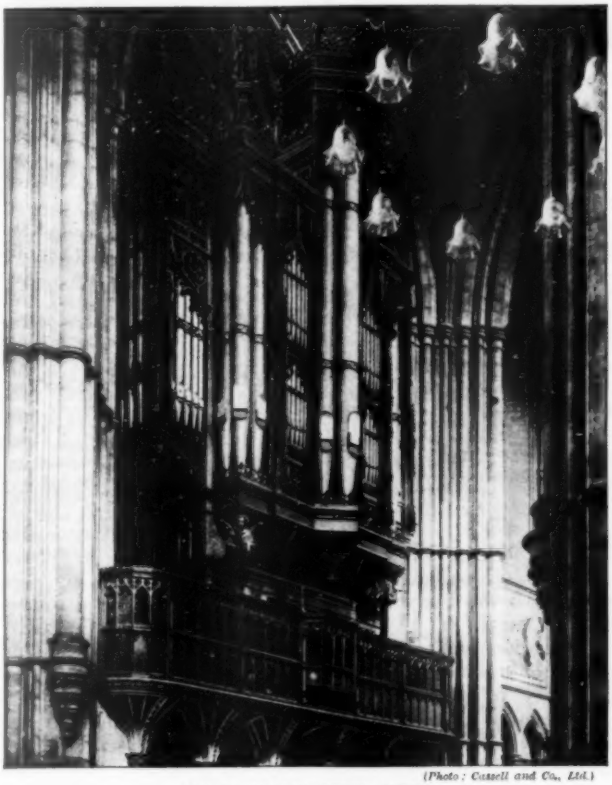
The York Minster organ, originally built by Elliott and Hill in 1829, and remarkable as the first to be fitted with radiating pedals, contains sixty-nine speaking stops and 8,000 pipes. It is now being considerably altered and modernised by Walker.

The first English organ known to have been fitted with pedals of any kind was that of St. James's, Clerkenwell,



THE ORGAN IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

in 1790. The pedals in this case drew down the manual keys. The organ of St. James's, Bermondsey, by J. C. Bishop (1829), had a third keyboard, at the side of the other manuals, which played the pedal organ of three stops, and Handel specially arranged his chorus "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies" for "Chandos Anthems' and composed, among other pieces, the well-known "Harmonious Blacksmith." In the churchyard at Whitchurch is the tomb of William Powell, the blacksmith from whom the great musician is said to have obtained the air, and the stone over his tomb certainly claims the truth of the story, though its authenticity has been doubted.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

ARMLEY CHURCH ORGAN, LEEDS.

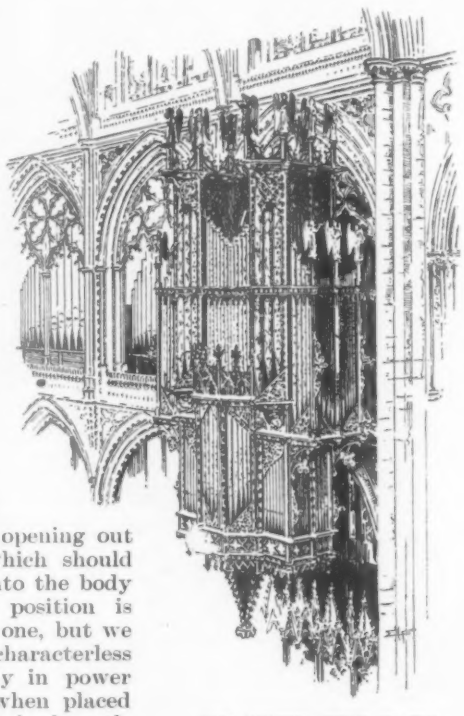
the opening of this organ as a duet for two players on the manuals, with a third part for the pedal organ.

The mention of Handel reminds one that he must often have played upon the organ still in Whitchurch parish church, near Edgware. This church had been rebuilt by the Duke of Chandos as a private chapel for his palace at Canons. Handel was for about three years organist to the Duke, who had at Canons a second organ, which was removed in 1748 to a church at Gosport. It was at Canons that Handel wrote the

The best position for an organ has long been a disputed question. As we have seen, even in Wren's time there were two opinions on the subject. There are still those who advocate the choir screen in preference to any other position, whilst some authorities prefer the west end of the church, with a portion of the organ and the console in the choir. It may be said that the divided organ has most of the practical advantages of the choir

screen position without its objections. Several of the London churches noted for their ornate ritual—St. Alban's, Holborn, and All Saints', Margaret Street, for instance—have adopted this position with marked success. The singing in these churches is in unison, the organ supplying the accompaniment with excellent effect. The organ of St. Alban's Church, by Willis, is a particularly fine one, ranking next in London to that of St. Paul's Cathedral. The lovely organ at Beverley Minster is placed on the choir screen and is also divided, and the console is placed crosswise of the screen, so that the whole of the church can be seen by the organist. Westminster Abbey and Rochester Cathedral also have this crosswise arrangement. In modern Gothic churches the organ is usually placed in a chamber opening out of the choir, and which should also certainly open into the body of the church; the position is perhaps not an ideal one, but we have known a small, characterless organ gain immensely in power and beauty of tone when placed in this position. Much depends on there being plenty of space above and around. No organ can be heard to advantage if its front pipes or its case choke the arches under which it is placed. Indeed, in many instances an organ case is a positive disadvantage; even the Westminster organ has suffered a marked diminution of power and dignity since it was encased. An unusual position for the organ is that adopted at Union Chapel, Islington, where the fine organ by Willis occupies a large bay behind the pulpit, but is entirely hidden by a metal-work screen. There is ample space above to permit of the sound finding its way into the building.

In Canterbury Cathedral the organ is placed in the triforium, the manuals in the choir below; but the experiment cannot be considered very successful. At Ely Cathedral the organ is partly in the triforium and partly in a very lovely and quite unique hanging case designed for it by Sir George Gilbert Scott; it is played from a stone gallery behind the stalls.



THE HANGING ORGAN AT ELY.

Apart from its use in the service of praise, the organ has other functions which must not be overlooked. To both weddings and funerals it lends dignity, though it must be said that the honours in the matter of weddings are very unequally distributed. The organ of St. George's, Hanover Square, boasts an experience in wedding marches which is altogether without parallel. On the other hand, Westminster can claim a monopoly in Coronation Marches, whilst St. Paul's is rapidly establishing a similar monopoly in Thanksgiving Services. But to hear the "Dead March" (*Saul*) on either of the two last-named instruments is an experience almost overwhelming to a sensitive spirit. No one who has known it can doubt the power of the organ to stir the emotions. But praise would seem to be its principal function, as indeed should it not be the principal element in all worship?



A FLAME OF FIRE

Being the History of the Adventures of Three Englishmen in Spain at the time of the Great Armada. Written by Rupert Hamstead, second son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, situated near Barnet in the County of Hertford, and now first set before the public by

JOSEPH HOCKING,

Author of "Lest We Forget," "The Purple Robe," "All Men Are Liars," "Mistress Nancy Molesworth," Etc. Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—XXVII.

In the year 1587, the year before the coming of the Great Armada to English shores, Rupert Hamstead, son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, near Barnet town, having returned wounded from the wars, and having spent some time at his father's house, hears, through John Trenoweth, of Cornwall, that an old friend of his mother's is in the power of the Inquisitors of Spain. Being also desirous of finding out the Spanish plots concerning England, he determines to go to Spain with Mawgan Killigrew, of Cornwall, and John Trenoweth, in order to rescue the unfortunate lady, and to discover Spanish secrets. He therefore starts for Cornwall with John Trenoweth, and on his journey falls into the hands of Jesuit spies. Rupert Hamstead and John Trenoweth are accused by their fellow-travellers as Jesuit spies, but afterwards discover that they themselves are agents of Father Parsons. They at length reach Cornwall, where they are met by Mawgan Killigrew. Here they also come into contact with two Spaniards, whose behaviour is so suspicious that they decide to start for Spain secretly and without delay. The Englishmen leave England, and on first seeing the Spanish hills enter into a solemn covenant concerning their mission. They afterwards fall in with some Spanish gipsies, the young queen of whom greatly impresses Killigrew. She afterwards rescues them from Spanish officials, and gives them directions how to reach Toledo. With some little difficulty they enter the city. Here they hear the Archbishop's sermon, in which it is announced that heretics are to be punished by death. Here also Rupert Hamstead sees Isabella de Valencia, and presently all three take part in a terrible scene at the Circo Romano. John Trenoweth recognises his sweetheart, and endeavours to rescue her from her enemies. His two companions go to his assistance, with the result that all three are made prisoners. In the dungeon they are visited by Señor Toledo, an old enemy and rival of Rupert Hamstead's father. After seeing the great English Jesuit, Father Parsons, the three Englishmen are at length brought to the renowned church, El Cristo de la Vega, to be examined as to their heresy. Here is a figure of the Christ, whose arm had once been raised to attest the innocence of a Jew. Since then, at all examinations of heretics, this figure had been appealed to, and the lifting of the arm attested the prisoners' innocence. When the Englishmen had been examined, and were about to be condemned to death, the arm, to the great consternation of all present, was raised. After the scene in El Cristo de la Vega, the priests, believing a miracle had taken place, determined to inform the King, and to treat the three Englishmen kindly. During the following days they visited the house of Señor Toledo, where Hamstead realises that he loves the Señorita de Valencia; he also meets Señor Toledo's son, who is a suitor for the señorita's hand. Meanwhile the King sends word from the Escurial that he desires the English prisoners to be brought to him, whereupon Rupert Hamstead determines to prevail upon the señorita to effect their escape. After this Rupert tells the señorita that she will one day assuredly love him, and commands her to see to it that the weapons of himself and companions are restored to them. The next day they start for the Escurial, and on the way they endeavour to escape. Through the aid of the gipsies, Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth succeed in escaping and taking the Señora de Valencia, and her English serving woman with her, but Rupert Hamstead is taken to the palace of King Philip II. When within the King's rooms at the Escurial, Philip II. pays especial heed to Rupert's story, because he believes him to be under a special providence. He also describes the Great Armada, and gives commands for Rupert's conversion. Afterwards Rupert again has speech with Isabella, who tells him that Father Parsons is at the Escurial. The next day, when they are all gathered in the presence of the King, a messenger comes from Seville, whereupon the King commands that all must proceed thither, when he will consider the charge brought against the Englishman.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW I WAS BROUGHT BEFORE THE KING A THIRD TIME.

EVEN now the picture comes back to me as I saw it then. Dimly outlined in the near distance was the encampment, the white of the tents revealing themselves in the darkness. All around us was a great stretch of land, which rose and fell like vast waves, dotted only by a few trees. In the distance we could hear the champing of horses and mules, with an occasional low murmur of muleteers. Otherwise the silence of night brooded upon us, for not a breath of wind stirred, and, save for the

occasional frightened scream of bird and beast, it seemed the land of death. And there beneath this olive tree we stood—three men and this half-Spanish, half-English maid. Moonless as it was, the air was so clear that neither was hidden from the other's sight. Pablo Toledo's attitude of self-importance was so apparent that at another time I should have laughed at him as a conceited coxcomb. Iago Alicante, on the other hand, was so overwhelmed with terror that no man could help pitying him. And yet his fear was not for the body. He was a man who could face death as calmly as another, and never by word or action suggest a coward. The agony which filled him and the terror which haunted him were ghostly, and not of the flesh at all, as any man could see. As for Isabella de Valencia, she stood as rigid as a statue.

The light of the stars was not enough to reveal her features clearly, but I saw that she walked steadily and strongly, neither was there a quaver in her voice nor a catch in her breath. And this to me was wonderful. For if Iago Alicante spoke truly, her life was in danger even as ours were, and it was surely no little thing for a young maid tenderly reared to be alone in a dreary place with three men.

"It is this, Señor Hamstead," she said quietly, but her voice was filled with scorn. "Señor Pablo Toledo hath long wished me to wed him, and I, who have not desired a husband, have answered him nay. Still he hath persisted, even to my annoyance and discomfort. Now he saith he hath discovered certain things concerning me—and others—which place me in his power. If he reveals these things to the King, then will the King commit us all to death. But if I will wed him, then will he hold his peace. I shall have the honour to be his wife, Padre Alicante, and you will still have the King's smile. This is worthy of Señor Pablo Toledo. He cannot win a wife, so he will seek to buy her—but what of that? It is his Excellency's will."

Pablo Toledo gnashed his teeth with rage, and I heard him uttering curses under his breath, but he made no reply to what she said.

"Still I do not understand, señorita," I made answer. "He said that I had something to do with all this. What is it, señorita, and what hath my consent to do with the matter?"

She seemed about to reply, but Iago Alicante broke in feverishly—

"Is it not enough that you bade the señorita see to it that your arms were restored? Is it not enough that she caused the guard from Toledo to be lessened by one half? Is it not enough that she aided and abetted in her mother's escape, while I became her willing tool? Have we not in all these things opposed both Church and King? And there is forgiveness in the heart of neither!"

"Aye," cried Pablo Toledo, "and have you not, Master Priest, dared to love this woman? You a priest of God! And will you not, if you die, go to hell unshriven?"

"Still, I do not understand," I said. "If what you say is true, I did only what any man may do. I did but strike a blow for my liberty. I did but use means which any man may use. Why, then, should I fear death? The King must have known this when I was brought before him, and yet he spoke kindly to me, and hath given commands that I may not be treated as a prisoner, but as a guest."

Toledo laughed scornfully. "*Cabeza del nabo*" (head of a turnip), he cried, "are twice two four? Is it cold when it snows? Oh, you fool, you blind fool! But there—you are English, and may not be blamed for your thick skull! It is enough that I have but to open my mouth, and you die. Aye, and the señorita dies, and my lovelorn priest dies. And such a death—what a death! Now, then, the señorita says that you can save your life, if you will. If you bid her close my mouth by marrying me, then will she marry me!"

"And doth she love you?"

"The woman hath not yet been born who could resist loving me," he replied, with a swagger. "It is true she hath been poisoned by her heretic mother, but what then? Doth the sun warm? And can a woman live long with me, and not yield to me?"

Even then I laughed, so like a turkey cock did he behave; nevertheless, the situation was grave enough, as will plainly be seen.

"Is it true what he saith, señorita?" I asked. "Can he speak that to the King which will mean our death?"

"Yes," she replied with effort.

"But, but——"

"I tell you," she interrupted, "that if he speaketh into the King's ear that which he can prove, we shall all die."

"Aye, and burn in hell!" cried the priest. "Burn in hell, Señor Ruperto! Dwell for ever and ever with grinning, howling devils! For unshriven and unforgiven shall we fall into the burning lake, while never more shall a word of hope or comfort reach us."

"Go to, man," I said. "That is in the hands of a merciful God. If we die, we die, and yet——" Then I paused, for the meaning of it all came to me. How could I see Isabella de Valencia condemned to death?

"And you say," I continued, turning to her, "that if I will, you will marry him. That you will do this to save my life?"

"You have been kind to my mother," she said. "You have risked your life for her. To save her you have come to Spain with your friends; to save her you have been placed in this position. Therefore will I do what a daughter may—and ought—from gratitude. I will buy your life—if it is your will!"

"But I will not be bought," I said, for at that moment I felt I would far rather see her die than be wedded to the swaggering mountebank who stood by us. "If you would not wed him, but to save my life, then would I rather my life not be saved. But fear not, señorita. As surely as there is a to-morrow, you shall be set free from this braggart."

"Spoken like a man," said the priest; "but, *Madre de Dios*, you do not know, Señor Ruperto. Death! I fear not that; but the wrath of the Church, the curses of the Church! Help, Mother of God, help!"

"This, then, is your answer!" cried Pablo Toledo. "Wait for the wrath of the Señor Don Capitan Pablo de Toledo! Aye, wait, and tremble! For mercy will I not have. Nay, if there be one device more hellish than another, whereby you shall be tortured—then, by the Mass, you shall suffer it! As for you, señorita, you will not be my wife, eh? Think before you confess to loving this thick-skulled Englishman. Think, I say, for——"

"Stop!" she cried. "Love him—Señor Hamstead? Love him! I hate him, hate him! Do you hear? hate him! Hath he not——But there, I will not speak of these things to one I so much despise; but think not that the Englishman is aught to me. Every time I think of him I am angry with him, neither would I move my finger to save his life, had he not come hither to save my mother. This I say that I may throw back his taunts. He told me I would sell my mother, when I have been selling my soul to save her. He said I was unworthy to have an English mother, when—— But it is enough. Let me go to my rest. And yet I thank him for saying what he hath. I welcome rather the curses of the Church than your blessings."

After that, but little more was said, for we returned each one to his tent and to the silence of the night. But, as may be imagined, sleep came not to me. I was too bewildered to think clearly, and yet I racked my brain sorely to find a meaning to what had taken place. For, truth to tell, I could not understand the maid's behaviour. She said she would marry Pablo Toledo to save my life, and yet she declared that she hated me; that her sacrifice would be because I had tried to save her mother, for death was more welcome than the thought of being the wife of Pablo Toledo. I say all this confused me much, and, the more I thought, the more puzzling did it all become. Did she, I asked myself, love this young priest who had been the instrument she had used? I thought not, and yet I did not know, for she spoke to him more kindly than to either of us.

The next day we started our journey southward again, for the most part travelling through a rich plain, and keeping the banks of the river Guadalquiver well in sight. The journey, which had not been unpleasant, in spite of my many forebodings, now became dreary and sad. The señorita's words seem to press upon my heart like heavy weights, for, in spite of my proud boasts, my confidence in winning her love had all gone. When she had in her passion told me that she hated me, I could laugh—aye, and vow that I would conquer her; but when, after she had been willing to marry a man that she despised in order to save my life, and yet confess a few minutes afterwards to that same man that she hated me, it seemed as though her heart was a sealed book, which I should never have the right to open. For, as may be imagined, I had ceased to despise her; also I no longer scorned myself for loving her. Although there were many things I could not understand, I had learnt to believe that she was not indifferent to her mother's welfare, and that, but for her, she might have been a prisoner even now. Nay, more—I began to feel that she had a noble nature, and that, if my mother saw her, she would think of her as one who was worthy to bear a noble English name. Thus—I do not know why—I no longer felt angry with her; rather a heavy hand seemed to rest upon my heart, while the sky of my life was as black as ink.

Perchance, moreover, this was because a change had come in the weather. I had been told that in Seville the sky was nearly always bright and that the countryside was of rare beauty. Yet I found nothing but a drear, flat country, through which coiled a great brown, muddy river. It is true that the country was not so treeless, but, as winter was now upon us, they were all leafless, save for the olive and orange trees, whose leaves were grey and parched with the sun of the last summer. The drenching rain which fell, moreover, chilled me to the very bone, and our horses, which splashed through seas of mud, for there are no roads worth speaking of in Spain, drooped their heads wearily, as though they longed for their journey's end. And this came two nights after the one I have spoken of, and right glad was I to see the walls of this old city, even although I believed that my entrance therein meant suffering and death.

No sooner did we enter than I saw that we were not in a Spanish city, but in one which was in nearly every respect Moorish. For not only were the people darker-skinned than those of the north, but the houses and streets everywhere gave signs of Moorish tastes and desires. Not that the streets were narrower than those of Toledo, but I saw that at the back of the streets, and within high walls, were Moorish gardens of great beauty. I thought, too, that the people seemed more cheerful than those of the north, but my observations might not be worth much, for, in truth, my mind was much occupied with other matters.

We stayed not anywhere in Seville, but wended our way along many narrow *calles*, or roads, until I saw rising before me the grey walls of the great cathedral. This we passed quickly, and although its wondrous size and marvellous beauty attracted my mind greatly, my attention was quickly drawn from it by the sight of another building close by.

"Know you what that is?" said Pablo Toledo, who had not spoken to me for two days, but who now came to my side.

I shook my head.

"That is the Alcazar."

I did not speak

"It is the palace of the King," he said, "but it also hath dungeons. Some say the bones of dead men lie rotting in them; some say the spirits of those same dead men haunt them. You will have joyous company, dog of a heretic."

"Even if that be the case, I shall be better situated than you," I replied.

"Why?" he asked in astonishment.

"Because I shall not have you to live with," I replied.

He started as though he had been stung.

"The señorita also thinks as I do," I went on mockingly. "You offered her either the dungeons and the death or a place at your side, and she showed her ready wit by choosing the former. Aye, but I do pity you, Señor Capitan, for you cannot get away from yourself."

At this he half drew his sword from its sheath, and then pushed it back again savagely.

"Ah! you English heretic," he cried, "but you shall suffer for this; aye, by the Mass you shall." Then he drew still nearer to me, and deliberately spat in my face. "That is how I regard you," he cried, and went away laughing.

Strange as it may seem, this insult, which at ordinary times would have filled me with black rage, now caused my spirits to rise. The cold weight upon my heart rolled away, and I felt my own man again. For the man made me record a solemn vow. Nay, more than that, I swore that I would never rest until I had made him pay for what he had done — that whether I was bond or free, well or ill, that insult should be wiped out. And this not only nerved my arm, but gave hope to my heart. I felt that, in spite of all I had heard, I should not die until Pablo Toledo and I had met man to man, and until I had choked him with his own words.

A little later I had entered the King's palace, but I saw naught of it, for without ado, and without knowing what had become of those I cared for, I was placed in a dark room, where, while not badly treated, I was closely watched; neither was I allowed to have either fresh air or exercise.

How long I stayed there I know not; but the time was long. Day succeeded day, and week succeeded week without aught happening. During the early part of the time Padre Sanchez came at intervals to cure me of my heresy, but he seemed, as I thought, to grow careless concerning my conversion, owing to the other interests which occupied him.

I asked him many times concerning the señorita, but nothing would he tell me. Rather he made haste to leave me whenever I mentioned her name. Neither did I learn anything concerning the young priest Iago Alicante.

"You will know all too soon for your comfort, my son," he said once. "Let me pray you to conform speedily, for there is no forgiveness in hell."

And this was nearly all I learnt during the many weeks I stayed there, until I was, as may be imagined, sore distraught. For although I still held to it that I should not die until I had paid the debt I owed to Pablo Toledo, my heart ached terribly for Isabella de Valencia. Hating me as she did, I still loved her with a great love, and many hours did I spend devising impossible means whereby I might discover where she was and escape with her. But concerning this, hope began presently to die; for the more I reflected on our position, the more impossible did it seem that I should ever see her again. Time after time did I rack my brains to understand the meaning of it all, but all my thinking led me to no satisfactory conclusion. For how could I, closely imprisoned, not only escape, but find her, and take her to a place of safety? For escape by myself I never dreamed of, although I believe I might have accomplished it had I made the endeavour. But what profit was my own escape, if I had to leave her at the mercy of those who brought, as it seemed to me, nameless charges against her? No, no; I was promised that we should be brought together before the King, and this was my one hope.

"What month are we in?" I asked of the gaoler, after many, many days.

"Enero."

Then, when many other days had passed away, I asked again—

"What month is it?"

"Marzo."

"Is the King in Seville?"

"No."

"When will he return?"

"I know not."

"Be there many prisoners here?"

"Many prisoners! When hath there not been prisoners in Seville?"

"Tell me who they are."

But to this demand I received no reply, although I pleaded hard.

During these months I saw but little light, nor breathed pure air, and yet so healthy was the body God had given me that I suffered no ailment. Moreover, I exercised myself often as well as I was able. Each day I used all my muscles severely. I leaped, I ran around my prison, I accomplished all sorts of cat-like tricks, which, as a learned doctor hath told me since, benefited me much, and perhaps kept me from many ailments. Moreover, I prayed more than ever I had prayed before in my life, and this comforted and strengthened me much. For while I prayed, God seemed very near to me, and then it was that my prison house seemed not so dreary, neither did hope die away.

But on these things I will not dwell, for they will be of little interest to those who read this history, especially as I have yet many things to tell, which even yet I have not ceased to wonder at.

It must have been early in April, I take it, when the King, who had been called from Seville to Lisbon almost as soon as he had reached it, returned thither again. Even although I was alone in the darkness, I felt that events of importance were happening, and as a consequence, when my gaoler bade me follow him to the King's presence, I was not one whit surprised, neither was my gait unsteady, when I entered a great hall which was built after the Moorish fashion, and in which the King sat.

As far as I could judge, nearly the same people had congregated as when I had been brought before him at the Escurial; but I paid heed only to one, and that was to the woman who during the months of silence I had learnt to love more and more.

"This matter hath been delayed long owing to urgent affairs," said the King. "Still it is doubtless the will of God, else why should I be called away? Grave charges were hinted at, which up to this time I have not been able to examine. Let me hear them now. It is my will."

At that my heart beat fast, for Father Parsons began to speak, and the spirit of cruelty breathed through his every word.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE KING'S COMMAND.

"I GRIEVE to trouble your Majesty with this thing," he said, "since it is a matter which the Holy Fathers of the Church could very well deal with, but your Majesty has expressed the desire that it should be brought before you in this fashion, and your Majesty's lightest wish is law."

At this he paused, and the King nodded to him to proceed.

"The will of Heaven hath often been made known to your Majesty by means of dreams, visions, and prophetic warnings," went on Father Parsons. "This is a direct sign that you are regarded with special favour in Heaven, and that you, above all, are chosen to show forth the will of the Most High. Yet even these special manifestations of holy saints and angels are fraught with danger, for there be some who, to their own destruction, will seek to deceive the very elect."

"What mean you? What direct charge do you make?" said the King. "Hitherto I have not had time to inquire closely into the matter. The young English heretic was brought to me, because a special miracle had been wrought to save his life. I received him kindly, and ordered his speedy conversion because of the things which have been revealed to me concerning such an one. Since that time you have told me that this alleged miracle should be inquired into, seeing you had reason to believe there had been much deceit. I understand you have made such inquiries?"

"Yes, sire, I have."

"And have you discovered aught?"

"Aye, I have discovered that the three Englishmen, one of whom is here a prisoner, and who hath now been closely guarded many months, bribed the gaolers to admit disguised as priests certain infidel Jews. These Jews, for a certain sum of money, cunningly devised a means whereby the real image of *El Cristo* was taken away, and in its place to put a false unhallowed figure, full of mechanical springs. Thus it came about that when the figure of *El Cristo* was appealed to, these infidel Jews, being hidden, caused the mechanical springs to work, whereby the arm moved, and all thought that a miracle had been wrought."

"*Madre de Dios!*" cried the King, rising to his feet. "If this be true, the lost souls of infidel Jews shall pity him who hath done this!"

"I can find those who will vouch for it," said Father Parsons, with a cruel, mocking smile on his lips.

"And the gaoler, where is he?"

"He hath escaped, sire."

"But you are certain of this thing?"

"Aye, for after much searching, the cunningly contrived figure was found in the house of a Jew, fashioned as I have described."

"And these infidels whom the Englishmen bribed, what hath become of them?"

"Some have been taken and punished by death; others, I grieve to say, have escaped. Search hath continually been made for the two English heretics who have escaped, together with the English women they spirited away, but as yet in vain."

"You mean the Señora de Valencia and her tiring woman?"

"Yes, sire!"

"They must be found—they must be found, I say!"

"They will be found, sire; no effort is being spared. Still, we have the man, Rupert Hamstead, who hath concocted this blasphemy. He hath been safely guarded, but, because of your desire, hath up to now been treated with leniency."

"Where is he? Let him stand forth."

"Ruperto Hamstead, stand forth!" I heard someone say, and like a man in a dream I moved two steps towards the King.

"I will call witnesses to prove the truth of what I have said," said Father Parsons.

"No, no! I desire to hear them not. You say you have inquired into this, and have satisfied yourself?"

"Yes, sire!"

"That he hath knowingly connived at this sacrilege to save his life and gain my smile?"

"Yes, sire."

"That is enough. Let him suffer what such as he should suffer. Let him be spared nothing—nothing. It is the will of God. But let his sufferings take place publicly, that men everywhere may know that I will not be mocked, and that they may realise the doom of those who would mock or deny our holy faith."

At this he prepared to leave the room as though everything were proved. No further question asked he, neither did he trouble to have witnesses called. And this, knowing my innocence, caused a great anger to come to me. It gave me strength to speak, moreover, for up to now I had listened like a man who had been well-nigh stunned by a cruel blow.

"This is a lie, your Majesty!" I cried. "I swear I am innocent of what has been laid to my charge!"

For a moment he seemed so overcome with astonishment that he sat down.

"Do you dare to say that the holy father hath spoken a lie?" he said.

"I say that either he hath lied or that he hath been misinformed," I replied, "and I pray you not to send a man to his death, without yourself making inquiries, for I swear I am guiltless of this matter."

At this he rose to his feet again.

"The oath of a heretic!" he said scornfully. "But stay; I gave commands for thy conversion. Dost thou conform?"

"I seek to find the truth," I replied, "and I pray you to use your wisdom in this matter."

"As though I could trouble myself to seek to justify a heretic," he said scornfully. "You know my will, holy fathers. Let him suffer and die as he deserves, and spare no pains to bring to justice all who may be connected with this unholy deed."

In spite of myself my heart sank within me, for now I could not see a ray of light anywhere. I looked eagerly around the room, but nowhere could I see one sign of pity. Father Parsons was smiling with vindictive triumph, while Señor Toledo and his son Pablo sought not to conceal their cruel joy. In truth, there was on the face of the latter such a look as I trust I may never see again, for it revealed the unholy triumph of a fiend, and not the victory of a human being.

But a moment later a new feeling possessed, not only me, but everyone else present. The King, who had taken two steps towards the door, stood still, while the laugh of triumph which Pablo Toledo gave ended in a cry of fierce anger. Many others, too, stared open-mouthed, while angry murmurs passed from lip to lip. And this was caused by a woman's voice speaking clearly and steadily, a voice which to me was sweeter than any music outside heaven.

"I claim to speak, your Majesty. I deny what Father Parsons hath said. That man is innocent!"

I turned my eyes towards Señorita de Valencia as she spoke, and then I prayed God to forgive me for the cruel words I had spoken to her.

"Your name, woman?" said the King, passing his hands across his dull-looking eyes, as though he could not see clearly.

"Isabella de Valencia, only child of Don Fernando Basilio de Valencia," she replied.

"And you claim to speak, and declare this man innocent after what the holy father hath said?"

"I do."

"Take her away. She is mad!" cried many voices.

"Nay, she shall speak," said the King. Perchance he was moved by the beauty of her face, for, although she looked pale and worn, never had I seen her so lovely as on that day. "What would you say, maiden? Our ear is ever open to the faithful daughters of Spain, and especially to those who are the children of our noble cavaliers who have served us so well."

"I say, your Majesty, that Rupert Hamstead

"Know you who is the guilty person?"

"Yes, sire!"

"Who, then?"

"I am guilty, sire!"

"You?"

"Yes, sire!"

For a moment a great hush fell upon us all. We could hear the beating of our hearts, while even the King stood aghast and incapable of speech.



"'Love him! I hate him, hate him! Do you hear?'"—*p.* 937.

is innocent of that which hath been laid to his charge. This I swear."

"But Father Parsons declares that he saw the arm move, and that afterwards a false image hath been discovered."

"I swear he is innocent, your Majesty. I swear that he is ignorant of all these things."

"Then believe you that a miracle was really wrought?" asked the King, who seemed much moved.

She hesitated a second and then replied:

"No, your Majesty."

"Then if he is innocent, someone else is guilty."

"Yes, sire!"

"You did this blasphemous thing?"

"Yes, sire!"

"Why?"

"To save my mother and her old servant."

Again the King paused, and by the look in his eyes I thought he was puzzled.

"But how could you think to save your mother by such means?"

"I believed that these men were sent by God to take my loved ones away from those who sought their death. Once before had they saved Esther Truscott, even on the day when she was dragged to the stake on the Circo Romano."

"Aye, I remember hearing about it," said the King, like a man speaking to himself.

"For this they were taken and cast into prison, and after this I did many things to try to save their lives."

"Aye," said the King—forgetting, as I believe, his exalted position in his interest in her story—"and what then?"

"When I knew they were to be tried at El Cristo de la Vega, I knew also that an appeal would be made to the figure on the altar. Then did I conceive this thing in order to save their lives."

"Your Majesty, she is mad," said more than one voice.

"I am not mad," she said. "I did this, and the man Ruperto Hamstead is innocent. He knew naught of it, neither he nor his companions. They were as much astonished as the others."

"But again I ask, how could saving these men also save your mother?" asked the King, still forgetting the horror of her deed in his desire to know the workings of the young maid's mind.

"I knew that such an event would give them much consideration, and I believed that you would desire to see them. I knew also that you had commanded my mother to your presence out of respect for my noble father. Moreover, I saw that they were strong, courageous men, and would dare much to save my mother."

"Then it was you who caused their weapons to be restored?"

"It was I, sire," and her voice trembled not one whit, neither did either her eyelids or her mouth quiver.

"But there is something else," said the King. "You could not do these things alone. You could not have taken away the holy image alone, neither could you have placed a false one in its place. Nor, indeed, could you alone have restored the weapons of these Englishmen."

At this she was silent, and, as I thought, her face became paler.

"She is mad, your Majesty," said Señor Toledo. "Her troubles have bereft her of her right faculties."

"Silence!" said the King angrily, and I saw by his face that his mind was slowly grasping the issues of the strange confession he had been hearing.

"Had you an accomplice?"

"Yes, sire."

"Tell me his name."

She opened her mouth as if to speak, but no word escaped her.

"You know his name?"

"Yes, sire."

"Tell me his name, I command you."

"No, sire, I cannot tell you."

"You refuse!" And the King spoke as though he were as much astonished as angry.

"I will not tell you his name," she replied.

"Why will you not tell?" he asked, still, as I believed, much wrought upon by her beauty and her strange confession.

She remained silent and motionless.

"Is it some man that you love?"

"As you mean it—no, sire!"

"Then why will you not tell?"

"Because it is not right that I should. He was but my instrument; mine was the hand that guided it. He had no will, no thought in the matter. I planned it all, willed it all. I will bear the penalty."

"But tell me his name. This shall be borne in mind."

"No, sire, I cannot tell."

"You refuse to tell your King!"

"I cannot, sire—I cannot!"

"Arouse me not to anger, maiden," and I saw his pale, unhealthy face grow red with rage. "For the last time, I command you—tell me the name of your accomplice."

"No, sire, I cannot."

For a moment he was silent, then he stamped his foot in anger. As he did so, a cry like that of a man in agony escaped him. As I was told, while at the Escurial, he suffered much in this foot, and so sensitive was it to pain that he could not touch it without sore torment. The stamp which he gave, therefore, caused him such agony that he lost control of himself.

"Throw both her and him into the dungeons!" he cried, "the dark ones at the entrance of the garden! And see that the truth is got from her. She is a heretic herself as well as her mother! Let my will be done. The peas, the screws, the rack—let them all be applied until she hath told the villain's name. After that, let them both die."

Then he hobbled out of the room, and I knew by his face that he suffered scarcely less agony than that to which he had doomed the woman who, by her great deed of sacrifice, had sought to save my life.

Of what took place after that I have but little knowledge, so overwhelmed was I by what I had seen and heard. For although I have, according to my remembrance, faithfully set down how Isabella de Valencia sought to prove my innocence of the charge Father Parsons had brought against me, yet so overwrought was I during the whole time, that doubtless much escaped my notice, and many words were uttered which under ordinary circumstances I should have remembered.

Therefore, being as it were like a man stunned, I realised scarce anything until presently I found myself in a foul dungeon, which had evidently been dug out of the soil.

For some little time, moreover, I could not well connect the things which I had heard and seen, but this was not for long. As I thought of what this maid had done, my heart grew warm, and then my brain became clear and strong. It was then that I saw the meaning of much that had been dark to me. This maid, whom I had declared to be unworthy to be the daughter of an Englishwoman, had all along been planning for her mother's liberty. It was because of this that she desired me to write that letter; it was she who had been matching her wits against those of Señor Toledo and Father Parsons. It was she who had caused the supposed miracle to be worked on our behalf; it was she who abetted her mother's escape. Moreover, she had done it all warily, so warily that at the time she was not suspected of these things.

Concerning the name of her accomplice there could be no mistake or mystery. The young priest, Iago Alicante, had done her bidding. I recalled his wild prayer for forgiveness and his frantic appeals. Because he loved her, he could not refuse to do her bidding, and she had used her power over him to try to save her mother.

"God forgive me for misjudging her!" I prayed again and again, for now I realised her nobility, now I saw a woman as far above others as the stars were above the earth. There was no need for her to speak. Evidently Father Parsons had so framed his story that no suspicion could fall upon her, and yet, knowing that thereby she was dooming herself to the anger of Church and King, she had told her story.

"Oh, how I love her!" I cried aloud, my heart all aflame, and, even as I heard myself saying this, came the determination to save her. Hitherto I had done nothing, but now I must act. Hitherto I could do nothing, for it had come to me that she would be safe until the King's return, but now I must save her. But how?

I saw now, moreover, that Señor Toledo and his son, together with Father Parsons, had so framed their story that all the blame should fall upon me and none upon her. Doubtless they had reasons for doing this. Doubtless they knew of what she had done, and were also aware of the part Iago Alicante had taken in the matter. This fact explained all that I had seen and heard, and I felt sure they had hoped that their knowledge would cause her to be their willing slave. I felt sure, moreover, that she had defied them to do their worst, and they, discovering her mind, had devised some other means of bending her will according to their desire.

At first I could not help wondering that the King had not remarked upon the great disparity of Father Parsons' statements and those which the señorita had afterwards made; but, as all the world knows, he was not a man of judgment; rather he was carried hither and thither by his passions and his desires.

All these thoughts and many more came rushing into my mind during the time which I spent in the dark dungeon into which I had been cast, and a thousand times did I upbraid myself for being a blind, witless clown.

Had I the brains of a rabbit, I told myself again and again, I should have known all these things, and have long before led her into liberty. Even yet, however, I could not explain everything. I reflected that she might have escaped with her mother on the day that Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth went away with the gipsies. Why, then, had she not done so? But, rack my brains as I might, the meaning of this, as well as that of many other things, came not to me.

But how to save her? That was now the great question. I realised the situation. We were both in prison, both in dungeons. I called to mind the King's command, and then my heart gave a great leap. We were in dungeons at the entrance of the gardens. How many were there? Possibly only three or four. If this were so, we might be close together! The thought filled me with delight. Ah! but how long would she be kept in her prison before torture was applied? The King in his passion had commanded torture. I must waste no time.

Not a ray of light reached me, therefore I could not tell how I was situated; so I crept slowly round, feeling the sides of my prison with my hands. As well as I could make out, the place was well-nigh round, and measured, it might be, twelve feet across. After a time, I discovered an aperture which I took to be a doorway, but which presently turned out to be a place intended for prayer. After fully examining this aperture with my fingers, and satisfying myself that it was not a doorway, I continued my search, until presently I gave a cry of joy, for I knew that I had found a doorway.

"This doorway must lead somewhere," I thought, "but where? Can it be possible that I am divided from her by only a few inches of wood?"

I listened intently, but all was silent as death.

"If I could only break down that door," I thought. "Let me try its strength"; but before I could put my thought into deeds, I heard a murmur of voices. I therefore remained quiet, and made no movement whatever, for I knew that if I were discovered in making an attempt to escape I should be guarded with greater vigilance. Hard as it was, therefore, to keep still, I waited for a long time in silence; and in this I was wise, for ere long I heard the sound of voices again, which was presently followed by a flash of light, and the opening of my prison door.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PASSAGE FROM THE ALCAZAR TO THE TORRES DEL ORO.

A GAOLER entered, bearing a candle in one hand, and a plate of food in another. At the door stood another man, who was evidently his comrade.

"A good appetite, Señor Englishman," he said, with a laugh. "Yet why you should be fed it puzzles me to know. A waste of food and wine, I call it. Feed one day and burn the next! Hah! hah!"

The man's voice was thick, and, if I mistook not, he had been drinking. If this were so, his tongue might be loosed.

"Have you brought me much wine?" I asked.

"Aye," he said, "a quart. If you were to be a prisoner long, you would have none, but it is our rule to give a man plenty of both good food and wine, when he is to be burned the next day. Hah! hah! foolishness, I call it, and a waste of good victuals. But what would you? The holy fathers will have it so."

"Then I am to be burned to-morrow?" I said, noting that the man was well-nigh drunk.

"Aye, to-morrow. But fear not, man; you are to have a priest, I am told, which is more than you, being a heretic, deserve. Besides, I have heard that if the faggots burn well, a man suffers naught after the first strong flame. It is not you who are to be pitied—it is the señorita."

"Aye," I said, keeping myself as well under control as I was able; "and are you fond of wine?"

"By the Mass, and am I not! Already, the King having lately come to Seville, we have made merry, and both my mate and I have drunk both well and long. Let the King come often, I say, for when he is here good wine is plenteous. Why, that which I have brought you is rarely strong. Is that not so, Carlos?"

"Yes, Mateo, rarely strong. Ah! by the Mass, I would I had the drinking of it instead of this English heretic."

The man spoke with a hiccup, and evidently their conviviality had unloosed their tongues. If I could only lead them to tell me the things I wanted to know!

"Come, eat your supper, Señor Englishman. Hark! The clock strikes ten, and we have promised to meet our companions in the wine-shop in the Calle del Guzman el Bueno. Eat, man—quickly, for I must take the jug and the plate away with me."

"Nay, be not over hasty," I said. "I have been lonely for many months, and the sound of your voice does me good. You are both right pleasant fellows. Beside, you say I am to be burned to-morrow."

"Aye, to-morrow, at noon. I tell you, señor, we will be there, and, heretic though you are, we will bid you Godspeed."

"And the señorita, will she burn with me?" I said, trying to speak carelessly.

"By San José, but you be a cool-headed caballero, señor," said one, with a laugh. "Mostly the heretics cry aloud for help, or else they sit like men deaf and dumb and paralysed. Aye, but you are a brave man. No, señor, the señorita will not burn with you. What would you? She is of noble family, and reared in the faith. When she will die I know not. Possibly not for many days. She is to have the torture, man, the torture. Aye, I would like to see her as she walks with her bare feet upon the peas. I would like to see her placed on the rack and hear her scream."

"Oh, she will not scream," said the other. "She is a Valencia, and as proud as Don Guzman. When we took her food just now she would not speak to us. She hath also refused to see a holy father. But what would you? She is the daughter of an English mother, else would she not have done such a terrible thing. By the Mass, I wonder the saints did not strike her dead. But eat, señor, eat, for we must go."

"Nay, nay," I said. "Surely there is no need yet. I long for company, and you be pleasant señors. Then, too, you be caballeros. I am an English caballero, and you are Spanish. Surely you come of noble families?"

"For me, I am Mateo de Castile," replied the man proudly, and I saw I had pleased them by my words, for there is no man under heaven so full of vanity as a Spaniard. "My friend is Carlos de Andalucia. Yes, señor, we have good blood in our veins."

"Then, señors, I ask you to drink my wine. I



"'That man is innocent!'"—*p.* 940.

am not thirsty. I will eat, and you shall drink."

"Very good," was the reply. "No one will know. The priest is not coming to you till to-morrow, and the señorita is in the next dungeon but one—is it the next but one or the next but two, Mateo? Anyhow, from here we can hear everything. Aye, let us drink, then," and each took a deep draught of the wine.

"Oh, that I had a gallon instead of a quart," I thought. "Still, I must make the most of my chance."

"This is not an ordinary prison, is it?" I asked.

"Prison, señor? This is no prison—and yet it is, seeing there are four dungeons here, in which prisoners are often put—but really is part of a tunnel, and the tunnel leads to the Torres del Rio, half a mile from here."

"Ah, is there a tower by the river?" I asked.

"Aye, there is. A watch tower, built by the Moors. Many call it the Torres del Oro, because it gleams yellow when the sun is setting."

"Ah, a watch tower," I said; "then I suppose soldiers are there?"

"No, señor, no; only an old man, but he is very wakeful, and he gives the signals. Oh, and he never drinks, never, never! He sits alone in the little room at the mouth of the tunnel and thinks and dreams, but never drinks. Oh, what a fool he is!"

"Aye, but we do, Carlos, and there is at least a pint left. You do not desire it, Excellency?"

"Oh, no — drink, *Ustedes* (your honours). I desire it not. I am thinking of the poor señorita who tried to save my life, and who committed such a terrible deed of blasphemy."

"Ah! but she can pay for many masses, and then—but doth she not deserve to suffer?"

"Aye, to take *El Cristo* from the altar and to put in its stead an unholy image! Saints preserve us! But there, she is nobly born, and, as you say, next to her is another dungeon, and after that, the long black tunnel to the Torres del Oro. It is said, moreover, that her dungeon is haunted. A beautiful Moorish maid was kept there in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, and she died there. A noble Spaniard loved her and tried to convert her, but she died unrepentant."

"Was she burned?" I asked.

"Nay, the noble don killed her with his own sword to save her, and then he killed himself. It is said that they both come back and moan and moan. Eh, Carlos, it is my turn to drink."

"Ah, well," said the other, "if they come back, the señorita cannot get away from them. Neither can any sound be heard from any of these dungeons—that is, in the palace above. Ah, *Madre de Dios*, they are deep down, and a man might howl himself hoarse and no one could hear him. Besides, the doors are locked, and I have the keys here. But the señor has eaten his supper, and we have drunk the wine, and—by the Mass, I believe I am *borracho*—I have drunk too much wine. Hic—I am drunk!"

Without waiting a second, I struck him a heavy blow between the cheek and the ear which laid him senseless, and then turned to the other. He, seeing what I had done, staggered towards me, but he too was overcome with drink. Ordinarily he would have been no match for me, being at least forty pounds lighter than I and having no quality of muscle, so that in his half-drunken condition I had little trouble in dealing with him.

In less time than it takes me to tell I had pulled off from the taller of the two men a well-made garment which the Spaniards call a *casaca*, and which they wear beneath their capes; I also took his *manto* (a long garment which hangs from the shoulder), together with his weapons and hat. This done, I searched for the keys, which the man named Carlos carried, and prepared to depart.

Both men lay as though they were dead, but I knew they were not, although the blows I gave them were not those from a maiden's hand. They were only stunned, and would wake to consciousness in a few minutes; but even then I imagined they would be too drunk to make much ado, especially if what they had said about the depth of the dungeons was true.

A few seconds later, holding the candle in one hand and the keys in the other, I was in the next dungeon, and, having carefully locked the door behind me, I looked round me. I saw that this contained two doors: the one through which I had passed, and the other on the opposite side. This latter one I unlocked without difficulty, and then found myself in a passage, which evidently led to the garden entrance. I dared not stay long to examine it, however: too much depended on my speed of action. I much marvelled that no one was here, keeping watch, but I imagined that the guard would be at the outer door; so holding my candle high I looked around me to try and find the door which led to the other *calabozos*, as the Spaniard called them, and, having found it, I unlocked it with trembling hands.

"Oh, God help me!" I cried, and then I gave a cry of dismay. The place was empty. I looked

round me and searched every crevice; but there was nothing, nothing!

"She hath been taken to some other prison," I thought; "but where? I cannot try to escape without her! Ah, what is that?"

It sounded like a human voice, but I was not sure.

"No one must enter," I thought, as I locked the door behind me. "Ah, but there must be another door here, even as there are in the others! Ah!"

"Oh, Jesus Christ, hear me!"

It was her voice. God be praised, she was near!

Again I examined the walls of the dungeon, and then I discovered the door, which I had before failed to find. It was placed close to the little aperture which had been dug out for a *prie dieu*, and a minute later I had entered another cell.*

The candle now burnt low, but there was still an inch or more left, and by its light I saw the woman I had come to seek kneeling and praying.

"Señorita."

She turned and saw me, but did not know who it was. Wearing the gaoler's clothes, she took me for one of them.

"Señorita, be of good cheer; I have come to save you."

This I said in English, whereupon she started up and gazed around her like one in great fear.

"Señor Hamstead!"

"Yes, I am going to save you, to take you to your mother."

"How came you here?"

"There is not time to tell, Señorita. But come, I will lead you to liberty."

For a moment she seemed to be struggling with herself, and then I saw a change come over her. The fear had gone out of her eyes, and in them had come a look of defiance.

"And if I do not choose to go with you?" she said haughtily.

"I shall still take you," I replied; my heart had grown angry again. I knew not why it was, but each time we had been alone together she had aroused a feeling of rage within me, even although my heart was hot with love.

"You take me against my will?"

"Yes, against your will."

"You have boasted before, Señor Englishman," she said. "When we were at the Escurial, you said you would take me away. But did you? Did you even make the attempt?"

"That was because I was not a fool," I replied. "During the journey from the Escurial to Seville, when Pablo Toledo played into your hands—what then?"

"I had given him my word of honour."

She laughed scornfully, whereupon I could have struck her, so great was my rage; yet could I also have fallen at her feet and pleaded for her love.

"For months have I been immured in Seville, but what did you? Aye, I heard of you. You ate your food and drank your wine, yet you stayed in a prison from which a child might have escaped."

"And that is a lie, mistress," I replied, "and the taunt is an unworthy one. For even although I could have escaped, I knew not where to find you, and I had vowed that I would never escape until I could take you with me. Besides, I was told again and again that, though closely confined, naught of harm would happen to you until the King's return, and perhaps not even then. But, come, you must go with me now!"

"Whither?"

"Whither I shall lead you," I replied grimly.

"There are worse things than death," she said.

"And they?" I asked.

"One is to bear the company of a man that one despises and hates."

At this I turned on my heel to go without her, for after all, a man is more deeply wounded by the words of the woman he loves than by those from one for whom he cares not. Besides, her hatred and anger were unreasonable, even although I was a heretic and an Englishman. Still, I did not go far away; I remembered what the men had said, and then I could not leave her. How, in truth, could I, when that very day she had aroused the King's rage in order to save my life?

"You shall have my company no longer than is necessary, mistress," I said. "As soon as I can deliver you from danger, you shall go where you will. Nay, I will not even seek to take you to your mother if you desire it not. But you sought to save my life to-day, and now I save yours."

"How?" she asked, keeping her face away from me.

"By leading you from this prison to the Torres del Oro, by the banks of the river. It is guarded by one man only, and we can escape him."

She turned her face towards me, and I saw that her eyes burned with a strange light.

"Try me not too far, señorita," I went on. "Did I not love you with the love of a mad young fool, I had left you here, in spite of what you have done for me. Besides, the candle burns low, and it is full half a mile from here to the tower."

"How did you get here?" she asked. "How did you escape the gaolers?"

"That is a story for another time," I

*The cells described in the foregoing pages may be seen to-day under the Alcazar at Seville. The tunnel between them, and the Torres del Oro, which stands on the banks of the Guadalquivir, also remains, although it is now carefully built up at both ends and is never used.

replied; "already we have wasted precious time. See, I will unlock this door, and it leads to the tunnel; now come!"

"You know I hate you, despise you!" she said, her teeth set and her eyes gleaming.

"You may hate me, for my time hath not yet come," I replied, "but despise me you do not. Aye, and the hate will pass away, and ere long you shall pray me to stay by your side."

"Never, never! why——"

"What?" I asked seeing her pause.

"Nothing; only I long to curse you!"

"Curse me if you will, mistress, but you come with me! You know you long to come, you know you have been fighting against your desires all the time you have spoken. Take my hand."

I held it out as I spoke, and, seeing her hesitate, I repeated my request.

"You tried to save my life," I went on. "You did a noble thing, señorita; so noble and grand was it, that I cannot believe you hate me, even in spite of what you say."

"Oh, but I do, I do. Leave me here to die. Oh, you will be kind if you will do that."



"She turned and saw me, but did not know who it was."—*p.* 947.

"Do you really wish it, señorita?" I said. "Do you? Well, a man cannot bear everything. Be it as you will; there, I hold out my hand for the last time, and if you take it not now I leave you here in the darkness and to your doom."

Holding the flickering candle in my left hand, I held out my right to her, watching her eyes as I did so. But it was not hatred I saw there—I could have sworn that—it was fear. And yet it was not the fear of death. She had braved that even in the presence of the King without flinching. It was fear of another nature,

but what it was I could not tell. Presently our eyes met, and as if by magic hers changed. I felt myself gaining the mastery over her. She seized my hand feverishly.

"Let us go," she said; "let us go. I must find my mother; but oh, if you only knew how I hate you!"

"But you obey me, mistress," I said. We walked along the gloomy passage, which was barely wide enough for us to pass side by side.

After we had gone some little distance my heart grew tender again, and there rose up within me a great overmastering love which made me ashamed of the way I had spoken to her.

"Are you afraid?" I said.

"No."

"Are you weary?"

"No. How did you get away from those two men?"

"Easily. They were Spaniards," and I laughed carelessly, because I wanted her to think well of me.

"You are sure they will not find us, follow us?"

"They are both locked in the dungeon where I was placed."

"You did it?"

"Aye, these are the keys they carried."

The light, which had been flickering lower and lower, went out, and then I thought her hand fastened itself more closely around mine.

"I trust it is not far," I said, as I felt my way along in the utter darkness. "Do not be afraid Señorita; it cannot be far, and I by keeping my hand against the side cannot go wrong."

"Señor," she said presently, "I called you a coward. You are not a coward. Will you forgive me? I hate you, but you are not a coward!"

At this my heart grew more tender towards her, and words of love were again on my lips, but I never spoke them, for a strange sound attracted my attention.

"Hark, what is that?" I said.

I held her hand in mine while I listened. Surely, surely there was the sound of footsteps.

"Are we followed.?" she asked.

"No, the sound is before us, not behind. We must be at the Torres del Oro. Yes, we are; here are some steps."

Again we listened, and this time we heard not only footsteps, but the sound of human voices.

"It will be a storm, I think!"

"Aye, there be black clouds. If it rains, the faggots will burn badly to-morrow. But I must go! Good-night, Tito. Sleep well."

"Aye, I think I may sleep a little to night, for the city is quiet."

"You fear not to spend the night alone in the tower?"

"Why should I? I wear a relic of my patron saint close to my heart. Padre Timoteo gave it me five years ago last Candlemas, and he told me it would keep away all evil spirits. Besides, I have said my prayers. Good-night."

The footsteps died away, and silence reigned.

"I think we can try now," I said; then, holding her with my left hand, and the sword I had taken from the gaoler in my right, we silently crept up some stone stairs, until I felt my head touch a trap-door."

"Do not be afraid for me," she said. "You shall not find me helpless."

Thereupon I put forth my strength, and the trap-door slowly moved.

[END OF CHAPTER THIRTY.]



WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING FOR WOMEN:

THE TRAVELLERS' AID SOCIETY.

By Dora M. Jones.



A COUNTRY HOME.

THERE are few positions in which the sense of loneliness and insecurity more presses on a human creature than in the case of the country girl who comes to London for the first time, as she stands with her little bag in her hand on the platform of one of the great London termini. The streams of people hurrying in different directions but all bent on their own affairs, the noise, the glare, the confusion, and above all the sense of being in a world of which the ways are unknown to her—what a shivering little human atom she feels in the midst of it all! It is with a sense of relief and comfort almost beyond words, that she sees among the throng of preoccupied indifferent faces one that has a look of recognition and welcome for her, and hears the cheery words, "Well, here you are at last. Have you had a comfortable journey?"

It is this relief and comfort—to take the small things first—for which many a lonely girl has had reason to thank the Travellers' Aid Society. The Society, which has its headquarters at 3, Baker Street, London, was founded some fifteen years ago to assist girls and women who were travelling alone, and it now has its agents and workers all over the world. Any careful mother who is sending her young daughter up to London for the first time, and wishes her to be met at the station on arrival and put in the right way for her destination, has only to write to the head office and the girl will be met and looked after accordingly. The officers of the Society will meet a girl traveller at dock or railway station at any hour of the day or night. When ladies wish to have their servants met, or in other cases, when people are in a position to pay for the convenience, a nominal fee of one shilling is charged in addition to travelling expenses. This is merely to ensure that the advantages of the Society shall not be exploited by those who do not need them; but the fee is never allowed to stand in the way in the case of anyone who really needs the help that this organisation can give.

The railway officials and policemen at the principal London stations all know the value of the work done by the Society, and the workers would find their task more difficult than they do if it were not for the ready help which is thus rendered them. For instance, not long ago a young hospital nurse who had come up to London for her monthly day's holiday, by some accident missed her last train back, and found herself at the station late at night without sufficient money to pay for a night's lodging at an hotel. In this emergency one of the station officials gave her the address of the "Travellers' Aid," and she found shelter at 3, Baker Street, till she could proceed on her journey the next morning. In a case like this the bare cost of the food consumed is charged to a guest, but nothing for cooking or service. Rooms are kept in readiness, and a benighted girl of good character can be received at any hour.

The good work done by the Society will be appreciated when one realises how utterly ignorant and inexperienced are some of the girls, hardly more than children, who come to try their fortune in our great cities. One of the cases lately dealt with by the workers at Baker Street was that of a child of fourteen, the daughter of a country gardener, whose father, an intelligent man, had given her what was considered in her circle to be rather a superior education. The child had been happy at school, and fretted when the time came for her to give up her lessons and settle down to helping her mother with the housework and minding the baby. She began to entertain the romantic idea of running away to London and earning her own living, and one day she actually carried out the first part of this enterprising project by arriving with her bundle at Liverpool Street Station.

As she stood on the platform her courage failed her, and she realised for the first time how utterly helpless she was in the midst of the unknown world into which she had ventured. She did not even know where to go for a night's lodging, and stood for some time scanning the features of the passers-by, a desolate little figure enough. At last she ventured to speak to a woman who, she thought, had a kind face. Fortunately her instinct led her right: had it been otherwise, she might never have seen her home again. The woman to whom she spoke was an honest person, and at once went with her to the nearest policeman. He recommended the child to go to the office of the Travellers' Aid Society; she was received there for the night, and on the following day, her father (who had been communicated with) came up and fetched her home.

Strange visitors turn up sometimes at the London headquarters. One of the most puzzling was a pretty Polish girl with a bundle, who arrived with a dirty scrap of paper as her sole credentials. The girl could not make herself understood in any ordinary language, and the writing on the bit of paper which she presented was impossible to decipher. It was not ordinary Polish. The secretary sent it to the Literary Society of the Friends of Poland, who could make nothing of it. She then tried a well-known translation bureau, which is supposed to be able to grapple with any linguistic difficulty, but had no better success. The experts of the Bible House could give no help. Several foreign consuls were consulted with equally unsatisfactory results. Three weeks passed, the wanderer was still established at the Society's office, and the problem seemed no nearer a solution. At last there appeared a Polish Jew, sent by the Roumanian Consul. He began to talk to the girl in what turned out to be a dialect of Lithuanian. The stream of talk that followed when the enforced silence of three weeks was at last broken was almost overpowering. However, the bit of paper was finally deciphered, and threw no light on the young woman's destination. It was obvious that not being able to read her own strange tongue, she had presented the wrong document. "Tell her to go upstairs and look in her bundle," said the secretary to the interpreter, "and see if she has not another piece of paper." By-and-by she appeared in triumph, bearing another dirty scrap of paper which she had extricated from among her belongings, and on this was, in fact, the address of her brothers in Scotland, to whom it appeared she was on her way. She had set out to go to them from the other side of Europe, had gone astray at Bremen, and instead of making her way to Edinburgh as she

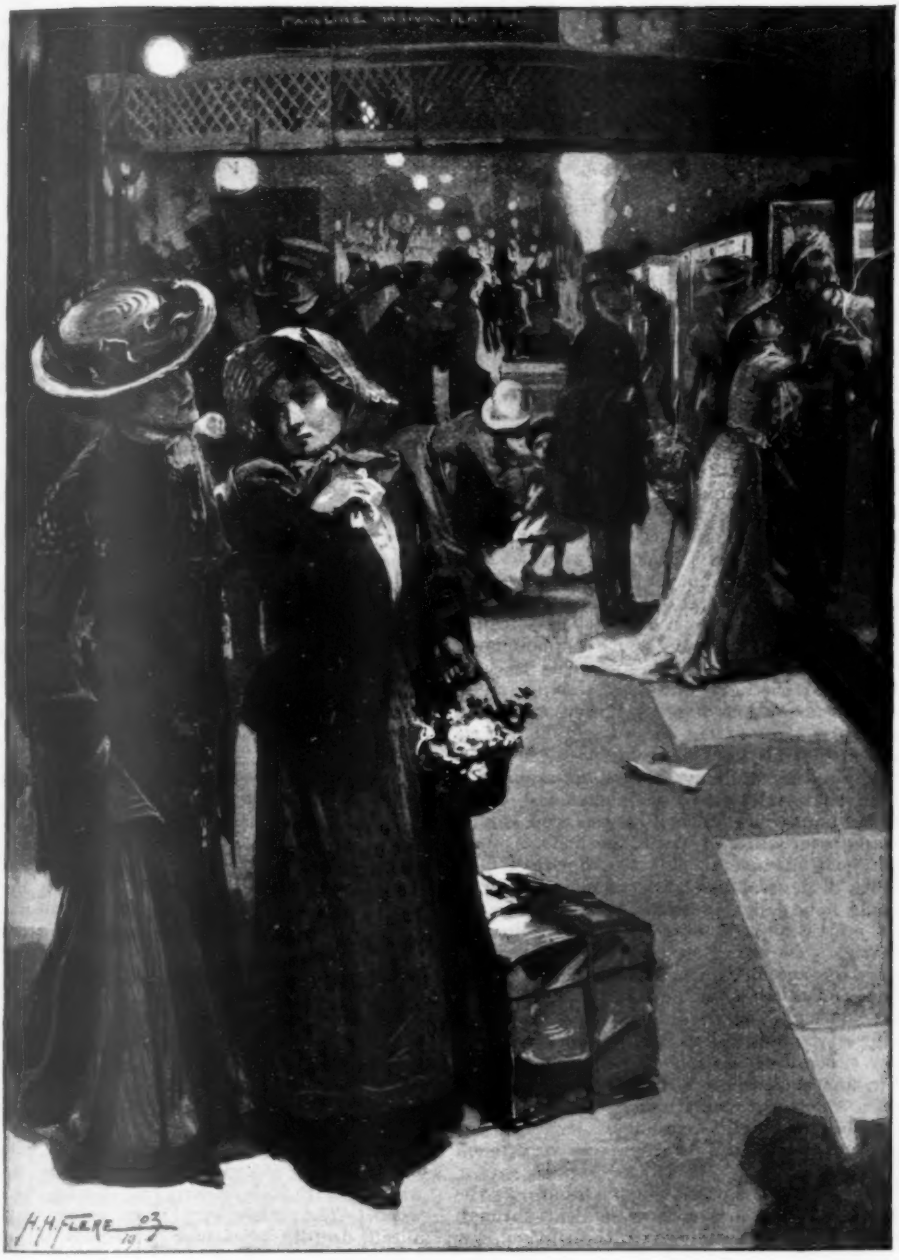
intended, had arrived in London, and the officials at the docks, not knowing in the least what to do with her, had directed her to the Travellers' Aid Society. The brothers in Scotland, who turned out to be respectable and prosperous people, made arrangements to have their sister sent on to them in a less haphazard manner than before, and for all we know she is happily domiciled with them at this moment.

Another story heard in the office at Baker Street, which had its humorous as well as its pathetic side, was that of a poor Italian girl who had followed her husband to England. The husband had fled his country to escape the conscription, and having established himself more or less prosperously as an organ-grinder in Clerkenwell, sent for his wife to join him, telling her that he would meet her at "The first station in London." By this he intended Victoria, while she interpreted it as London Bridge. The consequence was that they missed each other, and while he was hunting for her at one station she was wandering distractedly about the other, till the stationmaster put her into a cab and sent her up to the Travellers' Aid office, to see if the ladies there could make anything of her case. Here a great difficulty was caused by her reluctance to give information, as she feared that, if she gave any particulars about her husband, he might be seized and sent back to Italy to perform his term of military service. At last, however, she realised that she was among friends, and with the help of the Italian Consul the couple were reunited.

The Society has between four and five hundred voluntary workers in England, and local committees in Liverpool, Southampton, Edinburgh, and Bristol. In addition to this, they are in touch with thousands of the workers belonging to the great societies which exist for the benefit of girls—the Y.W.C.A., the G.F.S., the M.A.B.Y.S., etc.—all of which are represented on the Travellers' Aid Committee. Owing to the number of correspondents and workers that the Society has all over the world, it is able to do excellent work in inquiring into the suitability of situations, and has often saved unsuspecting girls from being led astray by specious and tempting advertisements. Placards are now to be seen at most railway stations cautioning young women who are travelling alone not to accept the advice of strangers or chance companions, and giving the addresses of local correspondents of the Society who will give assistance or advice in case of need. Bills of a similar nature are also distributed to young women landing from the steamers at Southampton and Liverpool, so that a friendless girl on arrival in one of these great seaports knows where she can turn in case of need.

The Travellers' Aid Society exists, in fact, to fill up the gaps in the other organisations that exist for the benefit and protection of girls. If a girl is settled in a town or village, she may have, in addition to her family and friends, the G.F.S. or Y.W.C.A. branch, to which she belongs, and which will hand her on to another branch if she settles elsewhere. But if she leaves her home to find work elsewhere, she passes out of the sphere of these agencies, and then the Travellers' Aid steps in, meets her at the railway station, recommends a lodging, assists her in her journey, inquires about the place to which she is bound, and generally guards her from the snares which the wickedness of a corrupt society sets for the unprotected daughters of the poor. It would be impossible in the space at our disposal to give an adequate idea of the work of this Society, but enough has been said to show how thoroughly it deserves the sympathy of all who are interested in the protection of "those who travel by land or by water," the ignorant, the helpless, and the lonely.





"A look of recognition and welcome for her."—*p.* 950.

PETER—A COMMONPLACE PERSON.

By E. Burrowes, Author of "Our Paying Guest," Etc.

"All is not gold that glitters."

I.

PETER VINCENT walked across the field, where a path ran like a narrow white ribbon through the oats and poppies. Once he glanced at his watch, and quickened his steps: he was already late, and on the last occasion, when he had arrived at the Manor House three minutes late, he had received a ten minutes' lecture on the subject from Olivia. His lips relaxed into a smile as he remembered her look and words: it was almost worth while to be late again—to get such another ten minutes! But, all the same, he hurried along, with the sun beating down on him, and the oats waving and rustling in the light wind on either hand.

Nobody in their senses could have called Peter Vincent anything but commonplace; some people, indeed, went so far as to vote him downright ugly, but there was an innate honesty about his dog-like brown eyes, and a glint of kindness in his rugged face, that redeemed him from real ugliness. He was merely a very ordinary, commonplace-looking young man, tall and broad-shouldered, and—so his family would have assured you—by no means overburdened with brains. And it was just an instance of the inequality of things in general that this commonplace man should have fallen in love with Olivia Morris, the prettiest and most wilful girl in the county. The mention of her name reduced Peter to speechlessness always: no words were coined that would adequately express her, and so he said nothing when anyone spoke of pretty Miss Morris in his hearing. He only thought of her violet eyes and her sunny hair, and the smile which, if it flashed on him for a moment, made him feel the happiest man in the three kingdoms. By this you will see that Peter Vincent was very much in earnest.

Olivia, from the window looking out over the gardens, and from thence to the fields through which ran the short cut to the station, saw him coming.

"I wish," she said, "I wish—— Janey, don't you think Peter is the most commonplace creature you ever saw?"

She addressed as Janey looked up from her letter.

"No, I don't, dear," she said. "Why should I?"

Olivia swung the blind tassel to and fro in her impatient fingers.

"Because he is!" she said; "that's why! He is ordinary—boring—bourgeois; I wish he wouldn't come here so often."

"Olivia!"

"Now I have really shocked you! I knew I should. But, really, Janey—I am tired of Peter. Sick and tired. Yes—I know he's good and respectable, and everything that he ought to be, but——"

Mrs. Lane put down her pen.

"What has put such things into your head, Olivia? Or should I say, *who* has? I always hoped, dear, that you and Peter——"

"*Peter and I!*" mocked the girl. "Can you imagine two more ill-assorted beings? He is a dear, good creature, but I like a man who does brave things, and makes a name for himself in the world, and comes up a little to one's idea of a Prince Charming and a knight errant! You can't say that Peter has any of *their* qualifications!"

"And you think that Gilbert Strange possesses them all?"

A hot colour flamed into Olivia's cheeks, but the next moment the door opened and Peter walked in, so Mrs. Lane's question received no answer. She thought over the girl's words uneasily all that day, and watched her and Peter with wistful eyes. It was her dearest wish that they should make a match of it some day. And this new attitude of Olivia had troubled her sorely of late—she could not help noticing that it dated from the arrival of Gilbert Strange on the scene.

He came in soon after luncheon, when Peter was hoping to get Olivia to himself in the garden while Mrs. Lane took her afternoon siesta, and it was in Olivia's face only that a smile of welcome appeared and greeted the new-comer. All this Mrs. Lane saw—and Peter saw it, too.

"I know I'm a stupid sort of fellow," he said that afternoon to Mrs. Lane, as he walked with her down the paths in the wood. The other two were some way on ahead, deep in what was apparently the most interesting conversation. "I know I'm dull and thick-headed, and not half good enough for her, but—I'd be good to her, Mrs. Lane, and—I love her. Is there any chance for me?"

XUM

Mrs. Lane glanced at his nice, ugly face with a twinge of pain. What was Olivia thinking of that she should flout this devotion? A vision of Gilbert Strange's handsome face rose before her; yes, he was handsome enough, but she would not trust him—there was none of that innate honesty in him that characterised Peter Vincent. She thought instinctively of the shadow and the substance: there was no doubt whatever which of the two applied to Peter.

"I don't know," she said. "Nothing could please me better; you know that, Peter. But Olivia is young, and she is full of romantic and perhaps silly ideas: they come to every girl at some time or other. It is a case of patience, Peter, only that—I hope."

He nodded, a little comforted perhaps, but still——

"I thought," he said, hesitatingly, "that perhaps Strange—he's such a fine-looking chap, and as clever as they make 'em, I hear.'

"Handsome is that handsome does," said Mrs. Lane tritely. "Wait; that is all I can say to you at present."

And with that small crumb of comfort Peter had to be content.

It was late when he left to go back to town, but Gilbert Strange was still there. He was a near neighbour, and with the advantages of wealth, good looks, and a charming manner had been accustomed to carry all before him. Olivia looked upon him as quite the most interesting man she had ever met. There was nothing commonplace about *him*, so she told Mrs. Lane; who thought of Peter and his honest, faithful eyes, and sighed.

"My dear," she said "have you never heard that 'All is not gold that glitters'?"

Olivia made no reply.

* * * * *

It was a month later that Peter Vincent walking through the Park, came face to face with Mrs. Lane. Glancing beyond her, he saw Olivia—Olivia radiant in a wonderful white gown with a feathered hat on her pretty hair; and in close attendance on her, with a subtle air of proprietorship, was Gilbert Strange. Mrs. Lane saw his eyes darken suddenly.

"I was about to write to you," she said, as he turned and walked beside her. The couple behind had not seen him; they had eyes for no one, apparently, but each other and the sunshine around them. "I was going to tell you that I am very angry about it, but that won't mend matters. I don't like the man, yet Olivia assures me her life's happiness is bound up in him; and, as she is perfectly free, what can I do?"

"You mean," said Vincent steadily, "that Olivia is engaged to—Strange?"

"Yes."

"I hope she will be very happy," he said with a valiant smile. "I must wish her good luck. Will it be—soon?"

Mrs. Lane sighed.

"Before Christmas, at any rate," she said. "I wish——Olivia, here is Peter."

She gave him her hand, received his good wishes with the happiest of smiles, and then the four turned and walked together towards Hyde Park Corner.

Peter talked gaily, though the mere sight of the proud air of proprietorship in Strange was bitter as gall to him. Never had Olivia looked so lovely; never had he guessed how strong his love was till that moment. But she could never know that now.

They parted at the corner, and he retraced his steps to his chambers, having refused the invitation to lunch offered by Mrs. Lane, and eagerly seconded by Olivia herself. He had suffered enough for one day.

II.

IT was getting late, and the September afternoon was drawing to a close; in the west a red and golden glow told of the path of the sinking sun: and silhouetted against the vivid colouring the fir trees stood up sharply, their needle-like points outlined in bold dark lines.

Mrs. Lane looked anxiously down the avenue which wound like a white ribbon to the high road below the house. Olivia had gone out early in the afternoon to visit some poor people in the village, and she had not yet returned. It was unlike her to be late for tea, and uneasy forebodings filled Mrs. Lane as she glanced at the silver clock on the mantelshelf, which had just struck five.

Gilbert Strange was expected that night to dinner; the wedding was fixed for the last day of October, and in a week's time Mrs. Lane and Olivia were returning to London for the inevitable shopping incidental to such an important event as a wedding. She had not yet grown reconciled to her ward's choice. Gilbert Strange was well-born, wealthy, popular, good-looking; but with it all she did not like him. Perhaps she was prejudiced in Vincent's favour: good, honest, commonplace Peter Vincent, to whom she would have given Olivia with a perfectly sure and easy mind. Whatever it was, she felt that she would never be able to regard Strange with any feelings save those of distrust and dislike.

Ten minutes later Olivia came in. She was pale and agitated, as if something had sorely disturbed her.

"I know I am late," she said, "but I could not get home before. Poor Jane's baby has just died, and the other children are ill: she does not know what it is, and



"'Yes, the worst is past.'"—*p.* 959.

I sent for the doctor at once; he came just as I was going, and I begged him to send word here about them. Poor Jane!"

"My dear, you are completely tired out! I don't think it is good for you to go among sick people so much; do take a rest now and this hot tea. I will see the doctor when he comes, for you must lie down, my dear. Remember Gilbert dines here to-night."

Olivia leant back wearily in her chair.

"Yes, I know. Don't tell him I was with Jane. He has such an absurd prejudice against my going among the poor and sick; but I shall always do it, all the same. Yes, I will be good and lie down."

She smiled faintly and left the room, going slowly upstairs; leaving Mrs. Lane, with that horrible foreboding of evil growing stronger, to wait for the coming of the doctor.

He arrived half an hour later, and saw Mrs. Lane.

"I am afraid of an epidemic" he said gravely; "in fact, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Lane, it looks like small-pox. Miss Olivia was down there this afternoon?"

"Yes; she was with the baby when it died. If it is *small-pox*——"

"My dear lady, don't be alarmed; and, above all things, don't let Miss Olivia be frightened about it. The only thing is, she had better not go down to the village again for the present. I will let you know how things go on."

Fearful of alarming the girl needlessly, Mrs. Lane kept her own counsel, and said nothing about the doctor's fear of small-pox. The evening came, and with it Gilbert Strange.

"You look pale, darling," he said as Olivia came into the room. "What have you been doing all day?"

"I have been out most of the afternoon," she said evasively; and Mrs. Lane glanced at her with keen anxiety. There were black marks under her pretty eyes, and a look of sheer fatigue in her face.

"Not in the village, I hope," said Strange. "I hear there are all kinds of sickness going about, and I can't have you getting ill, you know, dearest."

Olivia made some trifling answer, and changed the subject abruptly; but Strange returned to it later in the evening.

"By the way, do you remember seeing a very pretty woman in town—Miss Lester?" he asked as he peeled a fine peach for Olivia. "We met her at the Duchess' dinner; you must have noticed her; she had the most glorious complexion I ever saw, and dark eyes and hair."

"Yes, I remember her quite well," said Olivia.

"Well I saw her a few days ago, and I did not recognise her; she was very ill with small-pox, and—Heaven! how it altered her. She has been transformed from a lovely woman into an almost loathsome object. I assure you I shivered when I was told who it was."

"Poor, poor soul!" said Olivia softly. "But after all, Gilbert, it has only touched the skin of her: it could make no difference to anyone who loved her, could it?"

Strange shrugged his shoulders with a gesture that sent a quick thrill of indignation through Olivia's heart.

"It must make *some* difference," he said, lightly; "think of finding the face you loved transformed into nothing better than a hideous mask! Miss Lester was engaged, you remember, to Montague, the rising barrister. It's a horrible thing for him, poor chap."

"Has the engagement been broken off, then?" asked Mrs. Lane.

"Not at all; they were married a week ago. The pluckiest thing I ever heard of. Poor old Montague!"

"Not *poor!*" said Olivia, with flushed cheeks and bright eyes. "The happiest man in the world, Gilbert. He really loved her, you see. Let us go out on the terrace: it is so hot indoors."

They went out on the terrace, where late roses swayed to and fro in the wind; and Mrs. Lane left them there alone, with that dark foreboding growing stronger every moment. What if Olivia—what if Strange——? The unspoken thought made her cheek blanch, and she took up a book with the resolve to brood no more upon it, lest her fear should show itself to Olivia.

But Olivia knew no fear as she stood on the rose-scented terrace with Gilbert at her side. Had he not assured her with tender, whispered words that nothing could ever change his love for her? Was she not, indeed, the happiest woman in all the wide world?

When she slept that night horrible dreams haunted her, and she woke with fever racing in her veins. Mrs. Lane sent post-haste for the doctor.

"Is it?" she whispered fearfully, as he made a careful examination of Olivia's illness; and he nodded gravely.

"I am afraid it is," he said in a low voice. "There is raging small-pox in the village, and this looks like it, too."

A day later two letters winged their way as fast as mail car and train could carry them, from Mrs. Lane, to Gilbert Strange and Peter Vincent. Both contained the tidings of Olivia's illness, and the word small-pox stood out like a thing of fire before each man as he read it.

* * * * *

Olivia opened her aching eyes to a vision of a softly lighted room: her wandering gaze fell

on a great bowl of pale, scented violets standing on the table at her side; there was a card attached, and she could read the big scrawled words written in a familiar hand:

"From Peter."

Her eyes darkened, and the smile faded from her lips. Peter! *Only* kind-hearted Peter! She looked down at her hands: how thin and white they were! The diamond circlet placed on her finger by Gilbert Strange was much too loose for it now, and the sight of it suddenly reminded her that she had been ill for such a long time that their wedding day that was to be must have passed by. She wondered when she would be allowed to see him. Then her eyes fell on a letter. The mere sight of the writing sent fresh life through her veins—she seized it and opened it with eager, trembling fingers; and as she read it someone stole into the room. It was Mrs. Lane, but Olivia never saw her: she was absorbed in her precious letter from Gilbert.

"DEAREST OLIVIA" (it ran), "I am thankful to hear you are better at last. What a weary time it has been for us both! Fate is unkind to us, dear, for I have just received an order to proceed at once to East Africa, on business of the most vital importance to me and mine. This means that our wedding must be put off indefinitely. Indeed, I have been thinking that it would be hardly fair to you to keep you waiting while I am abroad, as I cannot as yet tell when I may return. Believe me, dearest, it gives me the greatest pain to say this, but it is the only right course as far as I can see. I leave England in a week's time; may I see you once more? You know how it hurts me to be obliged to say this, but you will recognise the justice of it.—Yours devotedly, "GILBERT."

Three or four times Olivia read this staggering letter before the real sense of it broke upon her. It was not *possible* that Gilbert meant to leave her—it was not possible that he meant to break off the engagement. Yet here was the thing—the cruel thing—before her, in staring letters of black and white. Mrs. Lane stole a glance at her as she sat among her pillows, which were no whiter than her face, and then she left the room as quietly as she had entered. There was a softly spoken colloquy outside the door; and, though the speakers knew it not, their cautiously spoken words reached the ears of the one person in the world who was not meant to hear them.

The voice was the voice of Gilbert.

"Is—is she badly marked?"

"Horribly; yet everything was done that was possible."

"Will she see me?"

"I think so—I will ask her. You wrote to her last night?"

"Y-e-s," the answer was hesitating: for the first time the girl detected the presence of cowardice in those tones she loved so well.

A moment later Mrs. Lane came in.

"Will you see Gilbert, dear? He is here waiting."

"Yes, I will see him," said Olivia, and Mrs. Lane cast a startled glance at her: there was a new tone in her voice, for which she could not account. But she was ignorant of the contents of the letter lying open on the table by the bedside.

Gilbert Strange came into the partially darkened room. At a sign from Olivia Mrs. Lane left them together.

"My dear little girl!" he said tenderly, "I am so thankful to see you again." He had taken her thin hands in his, but it was impossible to see her poor scarred face in this dim light. He was afraid lest a sight of it should be suddenly vouchsafed him. And it was.

"I'm nearly well," said Olivia calmly. "Would you draw up the blind please, Gilbert? I am so tired of being in the dark."

As a flood of afternoon sunlight poured into the room, and lit on the sofa on which Olivia was lying, Gilbert Strange turned round half fearfully.

Something escaped his lips. He said afterwards he could not help it. The revelation was so horrible. Gone was the rose-leaf complexion he had known and loved so well; gone was the fresh roundness of the young, soft cheeks; even the features seemed altered. Olivia was no longer beautiful. His face told her the truth, which had been carefully kept from her by doctor and nurse for so long: it confirmed the few words she had heard before he came in. And suddenly it was as if a new light dawned upon her—under the clear gaze of her blue eyes the man shrank and stammered. She knew now what had prompted him to break off the engagement: it was fear—fear! All at once his words about Miss Lester flashed back to her, and he saw that she—knew everything.

He spoke. She listened to his eager words absently; she realised that he was making excuses for himself: that he was trying to make the best of a very lame story; and then she stopped him.

"I quite understand," she said gently. "You are perfectly right, but I should like to ask you one thing; please give me a truthful answer. Am I very dreadful to look at?"

He looked at her for a moment, but was silent. What could he say? His eyes fell before hers, which were steady and serene.

"Am I as bad as—poor Miss Lester was?"

Yet he was silent: he halted, hesitated,

stammered, was about to say something, though what he knew not—when the door opened and someone came hurrying in. Someone who said cheerfully to Mrs. Lane, following anxiously behind:

"It's all right! I know Olivia will see me! Why, Olivia, old girl, this is splendid! Oh!—beg your pardon, Strange—are you going? Miss Olivia has given us all a fine fright; but, thank Heaven, the worst is past."

And Peter Vincent did not in the least understand what prompted Olivia—the cool, steady-eyed Olivia—to give him both her thin hands, saying wildly:

"Yes, the worst is past, Peter! Dear, good Peter! The worst is past."

But what he did understand a moment later was that Strange had gone.

* * * * *

"I am horrible to look at, Peter."

"Not a bit of it! What nonsense, Olivia. Why, by the time Christmas comes you'll be looking a different creature. Colour coming back, and all that sort of thing; won't it, Mrs. Lane? More tea, Olivia, and hot cake? it's simply ripping. It's most awfully good of you to have me down like this, you know, for I'm such a dull sort of beggar."

"*Dull!* You're fishing, Peter, and there's nothing to be caught. We are simply delighted to have you here, aren't we, Jenny? While you two are finishing that hot cake between you, I must write a letter; so good-bye for the present."

When she had gone, Peter set down his tea-cup and looked at Mrs. Lane.

"Well?" he said eagerly.

"She is simply a different girl, Peter; you've done her all the good in the world. I was afraid at first that she would completely go down under the blow of——"

"That *scoundrel!*" said Peter savagely. "If I only had him here! However, he's out of her way now; shooting big game, if you please, in Africa. *That* was the "important business" that took him abroad in such mad haste. Do you think she is—is getting over it?"

"Yes, I think she is, and I hope that some day, Peter——"

"Ah! *Some day*," he said, more to himself than to her; and for a while there was silence in the firelit room.

It was nearly a month later. Ever since the departure of Gilbert Strange from the scene, and out of Olivia's life, Peter—the commonplace Peter—had returned to his old position of guide, philosopher, and friend, as Olivia mockingly would call him. Somehow he became necessary to her. During that awful time of disillusion Peter had been her sheet anchor; he had never shrank from her. It was impossible for him to deceive her or to dissemble before her, and she knew that to him she was just the same bright-eyed, lovely girl that she had been in the past; yet all her outward beauty had flown. The love of Gilbert Strange had not been strong enough to bear such a test; then it could never have been love, so she argued with herself, and insensibly her thoughts lingered round—Peter. A new light had been thrown on his character; she could no longer call him commonplace.

So hope, which springs eternal in the human breast, came back to Peter, and he was only waiting a suitable opportunity to tell Olivia that she was all the world to him. The day came when the birds were beginning to think of building their nests; when all the world was full of the promise of hope and life; when spring was coming.

Olivia sat where the sun shone gaily on the brown hedge, whose little red sticky buds were on the point of breaking into young leaf; a thrush sang a song of thanksgiving at her side; and something of the same thrilled her as a footstep crunched the gravel, and Peter came down the walk from the terrace. Commonplace Peter! She looked at him with new eyes, and wondered that she had never seen before the innate goodness and honesty of the man, which shone out so transparently through his nice brown eyes.

She had almost forgotten her poor scarred face and her lost beauty, for Peter had never once allowed her to remember them. She only knew that life was dear and precious, that the world was smiling and new again, and that the winter—and the worst—was past and done with.

And then Peter sat down at her side, and quite simply, in his straight, direct fashion, asked her to be his wife.

"I'm only a stupid, commonplace sort of fellow," he said, "but I love you, dear; I've always loved you I think, and I'd be good to you. Do you think you could, Olivia?"

"It's *pity!*" she said brokenly, "and I will not be married out of—pity."

But he drew her hands from her face and forced her to look at him.

"It is *not* pity! It is love, and you know it is, Olivia. That excuse will avail you nothing! Won't you try and love me a little too, Olivia?"

And Olivia——

But it was only the thrush in the holly hedge who saw what happened next, for Olivia's answer was not very intelligible; but then a thick coat has never been considered a good conductor of sound.

Thus did Peter, the commonplace person, come into his kingdom.

AN INDUSTRIAL PARADISE.



THE ALMSHOUSES.

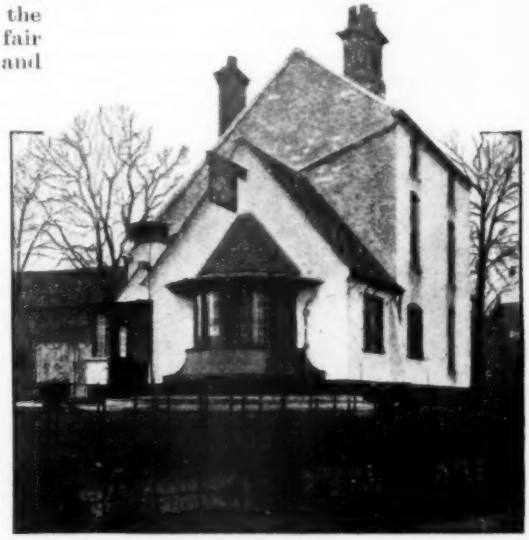
WELL-KNOWN terms, however apt and expressive, may easily mislead those who have become accustomed to their misapplication, and to speak of Bournville as a "model village"—as it is often called—might easily convey a false impression of the place. A "model village" is generally the property of one man, who has decided and somewhat circumscribed views as to uniformity of architecture and other matters, extending even to the very arrangement of the flower-plots and trimming of the garden hedges. But here no uniformity exists at all, but, on the contrary, the most delightful variety in buildings and in everything else. Unity of good taste with diversity of application and expression—that is the impression gained by a visitor to Bournville. The writer confesses to a feeling of relief on account of the pictorial aids to description which he has at his command, for the few illustrations to this article will enable the reader to form some notion of a place the charm and happy habitableness (if a term may be coined) of which it would be difficult to describe by words alone.

Indeed, pitfalls lie in the way of him who would talk of Bournville to those who do not know it. To speak of a magnificent idea carried out in bricks and mortar is to speak the truth, but at the same time to call up a visual image of a "towny" kind which is far from fact. There is only one "street," in the ordinary acceptation of the term, in the place—and only one side of that really belongs to Bournville itself. Roads and lanes most delightful, with houses many, but never a "row" or a "terrace"; gardens everywhere and trees in abundance; the whole place ablaze with flowers in their season—such is the village, as its founder prefers to call it, which the reader is asked to visit a while.

"Garden city" is a term to which people have lately become accustomed. There is more garden than city about Bournville, but possibly it is the best present illustration in this country of what is

intended by the designation "garden city." At any rate, it is a place of gardens near a city—and that one of the most densely packed in the land. Dwellers on the fringe of what is known as the "Black Country" are jealous of the fair fame of their own neighbourhood, and resent any extension of the description "black" beyond its own proper province. The country south of Birmingham, once exceeding beautiful, retains a considerable portion of its verdure; and but a short journey from the centre of what its most ardent admirers must admit to be, apart from two or three principal streets, an unlovely and murky city, takes one where he may not only "babble of green fields" and make-believe concerning such, but where he actually sees them—genuine green fields, with real hedges and moss-grown gates and stiles, with not a suggestion of smut until, after the wind has been northerly, he gathers a handful of grass or a few leaves from the hedgerow. In this district, with not a manufacturing town of any size between itself and far-off Bristol, Bournville has come into being.

Mr. George Cadbury has so often publicly declared his plan in the establishment of the place that it is no secret that



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Bournville is the realisation of a long-cherished idea. When the Garden City Conference was held in Birmingham some months ago, its members naturally paid a visit to Bournville, to see what had been done there. During that visit Mr. Cadbury said that the extensive works of his firm had been built away from the city for the express purpose of inducing work-people to take up their residence where space and pure air would minister to health of both body and mind. One of the leading Birmingham dailies reported Mr. Cadbury's remarks as follows: "The only way of raising them (*i.e.* the dwellers amid the enervating and demoralising conditions of slum life) from the degradation of their surroundings was to bring the factory worker out on to the land and to give him a piece of garden in which he could enjoy that most delightful of all recreations—the coming in



SHOPS IN BOURNVILLE.

touch with Nature on the soil." The visitor to Bournville will do well to bear those words of its founder in mind, for they will explain much—in fact, everything—of what he sees. It is a good thing for those who now reside in this fair spot that Mr. Cadbury had both convictions and the courage of them as well—the means, moreover, to give them a fair trial in practice. But for that Bournville would never have been conceived, much less established. Having



POST OFFICE.

set the scheme agoing and ensured its success, Mr. Cadbury, with rare generosity, handed the place over to what is known as "The Village Trust," the charter and articles of which not only deal with the present, but also lay their account with the future.

A remarkably interesting little pamphlet is issued by the Trust, to which the reader is referred for fuller information than can be given in the brief space at present disposal. In that publication the admission is made, "It is not claimed that this scheme has solved the great housing problem." That is sadly true—as witness the still seething slums and the crowded "backs" of the lower parts of neighbouring Birmingham. Inevitably, the Bournville experiment has aided those who had the will to be assisted by it, and has not reached to any great extent the submerged masses. How could it be otherwise? The impression that Bournville is a "well-to-do place" grows on one. Only the earners of good wages can inhabit houses such as these. But good work has to be done gradually, and men raised by degrees. At least the examiner of this experiment will feel that the pamphlet above referred to does not exaggerate the success of the enterprise when it goes on to say, "It is, however, an experiment, and so far a successful experiment, to that end." For earners of fairly good wages Bournville affords an ideal residence. What may be done in the future, by this same Trust, to aid those who are more poverty-stricken is yet in the realms of conjecture only.

Comfortable houses with good gardens attached has been the key-note all along, struck by Mr. Cadbury and kept resounding by the Trust, whose articles and provisions ensure its continuance. Not "allotments," but



SEMI-DETACHED HOUSES.

gardens belonging to the houses themselves, into which a man can stroll in his shirt sleeves from his own back door, and where, so long as he fulfils the reasonable conditions of tenancy, he can be "monarch of all he surveys"—within the bounds of his own garden

hedge, that is. A quotation from the Trust's useful pamphlet will make clear the garden arrangements: "The average garden space allowed to each house is 600 square yards. These gardens are laid out in advance for the tenant, so that when a new cottage is taken the tenant finds the garden already prepared, instead of having to begin by breaking up hard, uncultivated land. Lines of fruit trees—pear, apple, plum—are planted at the end of the gardens; and these, besides yielding a good supply of fruit, form a pleasant screen for the backs of the houses. It is estimated that under spade cultivation gardens of this size should yield a return of from two to three shillings a week in fruit and vegetables. They thus serve the threefold purpose of giving healthful recreation, providing wholesome fruit, and furnishing a liberal return in reduction of the rent." Whether or not each tenant will make his two or three shillings a week out of his garden is perhaps an open question, so much depending on his gardening aptitude, but he will at least reap the other advantages. There is no reason to question the possible money value estimated above, whatever the actual may prove to be. Undoubtedly the majority of the tenants do display a wonderful aptitude for husbandry and horticulture—as witness the appearance of the gardens themselves and the exhibits at the fruit and flower show. It should be mentioned that every inducement is held out to tenants to become expert gardeners, classes and lectures being regularly held and given, and "two professional gardeners with a staff of men are in charge of the gardening department, and are always ready to give whatever information and advice may be required by the tenants"; so that no pains are spared to enable the dwellers in Bournville to get as much out of their gardens as possible in every way.



LINDEN ROAD, BOURNVILLE.

Everywhere is space—wide roads; room between the houses, for the most part (for the majority are either self-contained or semi-detached); fresh air and plenty of it. The tree-fringed roads are 42 feet wide, and here and there are open spaces, tree-planted every one of them. The very names of the roads have a rural smack about them.

As to the houses, they are of all orders of architecture—a good many of them decidedly "Bournvillesque," their like not to be found elsewhere. One who is not hypercritical might venture the assertion that there is not an unlovely house in

the place; and certainly there are no uncomfortable or inconvenient dwellings. Certain principles in regard to room—size, sanitation, etc.—have to be adhered to in building; then full scope for taste is allowed in the matter of style. Architects of great versatility and builders who know their business have done admirable work. But the pictures will bear witness to that. It is only needful here to give some slight information as to the size, accommodation, and rent, and this can best be done in the words of the official pamphlet. "The rents range from 6s. 6d. a week, rates included, to 9s., rates not included. The smallest houses have:—



WORKING GIRLS' BOARDING HOME.

A TYPICAL DETACHED HOUSE.





Ground floor—
Living room or kitchen, 16 ft. 6 in. by 11 ft. 6 in.
Parlour, 13 ft. 6 in. by 11 ft. and bay window.
Scullery, 7 ft. by 7 ft. 6 in.
Lobby larder.

First floor—
Bedroom, 13 ft. 6 in. by 11 ft.
Bedroom, 11 ft. 6 in. by 9 ft.
Bedroom, 7 ft. 3 in. by 8 ft. 9 in.
Linen closet.

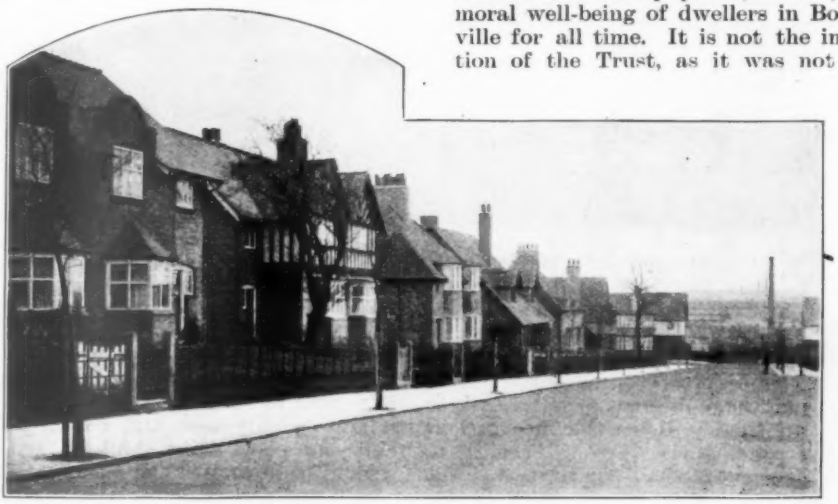
The larger cottages have similar accommodation, but the rooms are larger, and an extra bedroom takes the place of the linen closet. In the largest houses bath-rooms with hot and cold water are provided. The village is served by Birmingham with gas, water, and sewers, the rates, including water, amounting to about 5s. 3d. in the £ on the rental."

The estate, which at present consists of about 400 acres—of which Mr. Cadbury

has absolutely given 330 acres (of the value of nearly £180,000)—is by no means all occupied yet, though building operations are going on apace.*

As in all great schemes, some departure from the original design has been necessitated by the imperfections of the human nature with which account has had to be laid; and other plans, obviating self-seeking speculation in building, etc., have had to be adopted. Here again it seems better to quote the official statement: "First of all it was proposed to sell the sites and cottages outright, and so create a class of small freeholders. This, however, proved to be open to many objections, the chief being the difficulty of ensuring that the property thus sold would be administered by the new owner in harmony with the motives and wishes which inspired the vendor. It was therefore decided to let the land and houses on leases of 999 years, charging a small ground rent, and inserting covenants in the leases to secure the accomplishment of the purpose of the lessor. To assist those who wished to become leaseholders, but who had not sufficient capital, mortgages were granted on the cottages, and money advanced on most favourable terms. To those who paid less than half the cost, 3 per cent. was charged, and to those who paid at least half, the rate was 2½ per cent. In this way 143 cottages were sold at cost price. This system, while satisfactory in many respects, has been found in others to be open to some of the same objections as the sale of the freeholds. It has therefore been discontinued for the present, and other cottages have been built and let to weekly tenants. Of these there are now 227. Thus a village of 370 houses with a population approaching 2,000 persons has been brought into existence." These figures are no longer accurate, for since the issue of the pamphlet from which the quotation is made additional houses have been built.

With the wise and far-sighted provisions of the Trust there is no space here to deal. It must be regarded as sufficient to say that those provisions are judicious and even-handed, and that they contemplate the future. Without tying the hands of those who will administer the affairs of the Trust in days to come, they lay down certain broad principles—capable of elastic adaptation in their application—which ensure the physical, mental, and moral well-being of dwellers in Bournville for all time. It is not the intention of the Trust, as it was not the intention of Mr. Cadbury, to confine the beneficent action of its provisions to Bournville alone; but, as funds increase, similar establishments may be founded elsewhere, the root idea being the placing of factories and the habitations of their employés without the bounds of towns



WILLOW ROAD, BOURNVILLE.

* Mr. Cadbury has given a considerable addition of land very lately, since the above paragraph was written.—D. S.

and cities. Mr. Cadbury's desire is that no factory shall ever occupy more than one-fifth of the total area of any estate that may become the property of the Trust. Liberty to provide "for any purpose tending, in the opinion of the trustees, to the convenience, health, comfort, moral welfare and improvement of the tenants and their families" is broad enough charter, in all reason.

The benefits of Bournville are not by any means confined to those who are employed at Messrs. Cadbury's factory situated there. On the contrary, the tenants find their daily occupation all over the neighbourhood, the travelling facilities enabling many Birmingham workers to live in this highly favoured spot.



CRICKET AND FOOTBALL PAVILION.

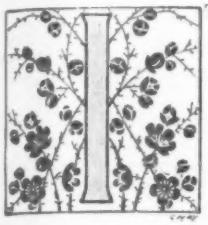
It would have been a grateful task to dwell on sundry Bournville institutions off the exact lines of the Trust, so to speak, if space had permitted. The boarding home for girls employed in the works; the children's convalescent home, for the temporary countrifying and building up in health of poor little city children; the noble almshouses, erected by the late Mr. Richard Cadbury as a Diamond Jubilee memorial; as well as the recreation grounds, which are part and parcel of the Trust's possession and work.

To one whose work and observation lie for the most part in the city, a visit to Bournville—its realisations indicative of the breadth of purpose underlying its establishment, and giving proof of what is possible elsewhere also, heartening one with hope for the future of the country—is not a little refreshing. The place does one good, in itself and its associations; and, best of all, strengthens faith—the faith that leads to exertion—in the better time to come, when the disease and evils of a thousand kinds inseparable from overcrowding in court and alley shall no longer be a necessity of the case in regard to so many thousands of one's fellow-countrymen and countrywomen, and the poor little children, who now seldom or never see the beauties of God's earth and feel their elevating influences. Here is a great thought put into practical effect—the splendid embodiment of a noble conception in an actuality—a place of healthy homes and happy surroundings—a thing of beautiful fact and still more beautiful promise.

DARBY STAFFORD.

JOAN TAKES HOME THE BABY.

By Margaret Westrup, Author of "The Red-Headed Twins," Etc.



IT was the afternoon of the day the new baby had arrived.

A tidy fat Joan, full of importance, sat in the drawing-room.

Her own pet Babblewags lay forgotten in the garden on the grass down by the bed of violets. Joan had run down the gravel path to tell the violets about the baby, and had not even seen him. As she had run back, a long yellow tassel of the laburnum had tapped her on the head to ask her the news. Joan had chuckled gleefully at that.

"Oh, little gold butterfly flowers, you are dreadfully 'quisitive,' she had said shaking her head, but she had told them all the same. Then she had scuttled back to the drawing-room in case they wanted her.

There was a delightful vague importance about that sentence. Joan did not stop to define what she should be wanted for. She had a feeling of new responsibilities settling upon her: there was a dignity about the chubby figure seated erect in the tallest chair in the drawing-room.

Presently Joan saw a young man come up to the hall door and look about for something with which to announce his arrival. The hall door stood wide open, and it possessed no knocker; the bell had been broken since yesterday evening. Joan slid off her chair; she saw the young man pull the broken bell, and a gleam shot into her eyes, but she sternly suppressed the beaming smile that strove for egress in curves and dimples, and walked sedately to the door.

When she reached the hall door the young man's back was turned to her; he was surveying the sunny landscape. Joan tilted back her head, and looked up and up till she came to a clerical collar; higher, short dark hair; higher still, a soft felt hat.

On an ordinary occasion Joan would not have been at all at a loss for a means of attracting his attention, she would have simply trotted round to his front. But this was not an ordinary occasion; Joan wanted some effective way, some dignified and grown up way, of attracting his attention. Suddenly there came into her mind the vision of Mr. Joseph Sweeting, who kept the grocer's shop at the corner of the lane. She saw in a flash the dignified hand going up to the apologetic mouth, and she heard plainly the deprecating cough with which Mr. Sweeting recalled a customer's wandering attention.

So Joan threw out her chest (Mr. Sweeting was very big and stout), and put up a chubby hand to her mouth. Then she gave a little cough.

The stranger turned, and his eyes, after a glance in front, came down to the yellow head and serious face of Joan. He smiled.

Joan knew how to behave.

"Will you come in?" she said politely. "Mistress has a headache, but master will be in soon."

"Oh! I'll call another time then," the stranger said gravely.

Joan flushed. She knew vaguely that to let a person go away like that would be all wrong. Mother and Man-Daddy called it "unhospital." Joan had a misty, undefined idea, bred from association in her mind with the word, that it might make them ill somehow if they went away without a rest in the house.

"Oh! please," she said, "oh! please come in first."

He hesitated.

"I—I mustn't be unhospital," urged Joan in distress.

So the tall stranger stepped into the hall.

Joan forgot to be dignified in her relief, and beamed on him.

After that he would have followed her anywhere.

She led him into the drawing-room to Man-Daddy's special chair.

"Sit down," she said, and trotted across to fetch another chair for herself. But in a stride the stranger was before her. "Allow me," he said, and placed the chair close to his. Joan's heart swelled with pride. She climbed on to the chair, then turned round, and sat facing him, with her legs dangling.

"It's a fine day," she began conversationally.

"Beautiful," he agreed solemnly.

Joan was bursting with suppressed longing to tell her news; but she had the dignity of the house to keep up now, and she knew how polite conversation should be carried on.

The stranger did not help her. Behind his glasses his short-sighted eyes peered at her with a big twinkle, but his face was grave and conventional.

"And *how* is Mrs.——" Joan drew up short, scarlet and abashed.

"My name is Matthew Stirling, and I am

not married," said the stranger kindly. "I am the new Rector here, you know."

Joan's expressive face was full of interest. "I s'pose you were named after Matthew Levi, because you're a clergyman?" she said.

"Perhaps, Miss Denistoun."

Joan beamed on him alluringly.

"And *how* has your rude-matism been lately?" she went on full tilt at her polite conversation.

"Well, you see, Miss Denistoun, I don't suffer from rheumatism, thank you."

"I'm glad," Joan said sedately.

Suddenly all this outward veneer was swamped in an overwhelming rush of pride. "We've got a new baby!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

Mr. Stirling sat forward. "Er—ah!" he muttered.

"It came this morning—the duckiest! Wasn't it a pity mother had such a headache? He cries just like a weeny kitten—isn't it gloriful?"

Joan was toppling towards him, her face aglow. "He's a wee—*wee*, I kissed him. He has a little round head with soft, *soft* bits of downy-down like 'tell the times,' you know, and wee little pink curly toes——I'm afraid you mustn't see him just yet. *I* did, but then I'm his big sister, you see——"

The immense pride in that last sentence was too great; it overbalanced Joan and she toppled to the floor. But before her visitor could come to her assistance she was up, and chattering still about the new baby. "I'm going to *hold* him——"

"Didn't you hurt your arm, dear?"

"Oh, just a little. I always topple like that. Man-Daddy calls me 'Old Toppler.' What shall we call our baby, Mr. Matthew Levi? Oh!" Joan's head fell, her eager little face grew scarlet, "I—I jus' wasn't thinking——"

He drew her to his knee.

"Was it wicked?" she asked anxiously.

"No; it's all right, little girl."

"You see, I—I can't *kerwite* remember—I know it was like Christmas pudding. Will you tell me again, please?"

"Tell you what, dear?"

"Your name—oh, I know—*Stirring!* Oh" (Joan was off at a tangent), "Mother always does, but——" Her brow was troubled. "I'm 'fraid I can't make tea—and nurse is so busy. A baby makes such a lot of work in a house!" with a wise shake of the yellow head.

"I suppose it does," he agreed, "and anyway it is too early for tea. If I might have a glass of water——"

Joan's face dimpled, as her hospitable little soul was satisfied. "Oh, *yes*, I'll get it quick-as-quick!"

He looked after her dubiously; but he dared not offer his assistance. He wondered guiltily if she would come back drenched.

But Joan came back with only a few glistening drops on her yellow hair, like dewdrops on corn. He wondered how they had got there, but they looked very pretty.

She carried the glass very carefully between both her hands, and they shared the contents together.

"Now we have drunk from the same glass," Mr. Stirling said, "we should be friends."

She looked up at him with sweet gravity. "We will, won't we?" she said earnestly, "I do like you. I think spectiggles are so nice.'

"Need I call you Miss Denistoun if we are friends?" he asked.

"Oh, *no!* That was only because of our baby, you see. I'm jus' Joan—*fat* Joan—if you like it better."

He said he did not like it so well; and then he suggested that she should ask permission to come for a walk with him.

Joan looked wistfully out at the sunny road; at the great pink and white may trees across the way; at the hedge where the wild roses were clambering.

"Don't you want to come, Joan?"

The wistful eyes left the world outside, and looked up at him from a flushed face.

"S'pose they *wanted* me?" she said, "and s'pose he waked while I was out, and I might have *holded* him——"

"Well, go and ask your nurse about it."

Joan heaved a sigh of relief: she had implicit faith in nurse.

She came back after awhile, a dainty, beaming Joan, smiling up at him from beneath a huge white sun hat.

"I'm coming," she said joyously, "he won't waken for *hours* yet. Babies do sleep such a heap," with another wise shake of the yellow head, "and they won't want me yet. *May* I pick some little pink-and-white ladies for Mother? There are heaps in the hedge 'cross the road——"

She and he picked wild roses together, then started off down the road. Joan tilted back her head suddenly with a little glad laugh.

"Take me to see *your* baby," she said coaxingly.

"*My* baby? I haven't such a thing, Joan!"

She looked puzzled. "P'raps you've got a weeny little brother, not ker-*wite* a baby?"

He shook his head.

"Will you please stoop and let me look again?" she asked politely.

He stooped obediently: Joan gazed earnestly at his nose.

"It *is!*" she said. "Your nose *is* out of joint, isn't it?"



"'Oh, *have* you looked *everywheres*?'"—*p.* 970.

He put up his hand to his nose and his eyes twinkled.

"It's a trifle bumpy," he agreed.

Joan nodded. "Nurse Grey—she's the new one that's come because of our baby, and cook's gone 'way to get married, you know—and she said our baby would soon put my nose out of joint, and I asked my ownest nurse what she meant, and she said, 'They say babies always do that, Miss Joan.' I didn't mind a bit—*then*." Her eyes looked dubiously at his nose.

He smiled. "But you mind now?" he said.

Joan blushed. "Well, you see," she explained delicately, "I—I think your nose is very nice; but, you see, I think it would look funny on me—don't you?"

"It would, Joan."

"It—it's jus' a *little* bit uneven, isn't it? I do like it," she added hastily, "it's such a good nose for spectiggles."

"Ah! I hadn't thought of that," he said.

"Will—will mine be jus' 'zact like it when it gets out of joint?" she asked anxiously; "because, you see, I don't wear spectiggles," she added politely.

"No," he said gravely, "yours won't ever be like it, Joan."

She breathed a sigh of relief, then she eyed him anxiously from beneath the gold hair she always shook forward when she "ther-inked" very deeply.

"You—you jus' couldn't make spectiggles stick on *my* nose," she said consolingly.

"I expect things are best as they are," he said cheerfully.

Joan nodded with an air of relief, and changed the subject.

"Mrs. Greyling lives there," she said. "Her house is grey too, and so's her hair."

He looked towards the big iron gates, and his steps slackened.

"Yes," he said; "I knew her before I came here. Shall we go in and see her, Joan?"

"Yes, oh, yes, and I'll tell her about our baby."

He glanced round at her dubiously, then pushed back the gate, and took her up the drive to the front door. They found Mrs. Greyling lying on the sofa; she looked pale and ill.

"Oh!" Joan breathed softly, "have *you* got a headache too?"

"I think I ache all over, Joan."

Joan went close, and rested her roses softly against the tired brow.

"My hands are hot," she said, "but the little pink and-white ladies' are *always* cool."

Mrs. Greyling put her arms round the chubby figure.

"I'll give *you* the flowers now—I can pick Mother some more. May I put them in water, please? They're very thirsty—you see, they've come a long way in the sun."

Joan, sitting at the table arranging the wild roses in a bowl, wondered if she might venture to tell her news. It kept bubbling to her very lips, but she knew that persons with a headache must not be excited. And her news was so *very* exciting.

Mr. Stirling sat beside the sofa, and he and Mrs. Greyling watched Joan, for the most part in silence. Once Mrs. Greyling spoke: "I am growing foolish. I thought—this morning—I saw him pass the gates—he looked in—it was his face worn and older—but——"

Matthew Stirling laid his hand on hers. "I am sorry," he murmured.

She smiled. "I know. You have helped me always——"

Joan trotted up to the sofa, the bowl held carefully between her hands.

"*Do* you think they look pretty? You see, why they look so higgledy-piggledy is because they're *wild* and feel shy in a house just at first. You see, they're *very* young."

"I see, darling; yes, they look beautiful."

"*Might* I jus' go and say 'How-do-you-do?' to the little round snow ladies?"

"Yes, dear, run out into the garden, and stay as long as you like."

Joan hesitated.

"*Might* I—you see, I mustn't esscite you." Joan pressed close. "*May* I jus' tell you something first?"

"Yes, dear, of course."

"We—*please* don't be *very* esscited—we've got a new baby at home!"

"Oh, Joan! Why, that is beautiful." Suddenly her voice broke. "I had a baby too, Joan, but he is lost."

Joan gasped; her eyes grew wide with horror.

"But—but why aren't you looking for him?" she shrilled. "Oh, *have* you looked *everywheres?*"

"I am always looking, Joan——"

"Oh! he may get hurt——"

"Yes, I am afraid he is hurt——"

"And he can't find his way home, you see!"

"No."

Joan's wide eyes grew misty.

"I s'pose—I s'pose he jus' crawled 'way—I s'pose he didn't *mean* to get lost——"

"No, I'm sure he didn't mean to get lost, Joan."

"And I 'spect he's jus' longing and *longing* to come back, but doesn't know the way, you see——"

A hand was laid on Joan's shoulder.

"Run and see your little snow ladies now, Joan," Matthew Stirling said. But there was no run left in Joan. Slowly she

walked out of the window, out on to the soft green lawn; for once the yellow head beneath the big white hat drooped; for once the eyes, always open to look at all the beautiful things in a garden, were bent towards the ground. Joan even was half past the lilac tree before she noticed it; then its fragrance stole to her sad little brain, and she stopped. "Oh, little ladies in sweet mauve," she whispered, "she's lost her baby!"

She reached up and pulled a spray down and rested her cheek against its scented softness. "A little, *little* baby—all 'lone!" She choked, and leaving the lilac, went on slowly down the garden till she came to the guelder-roses.

From the guelder-roses she looked towards the green gate that led into the road. "Oh, little round snow ladies, you can see all 'long the road and into the fields—*have* you seen a little, *little* baby all lost and 'lone?"

And the guelder-roses stretched out towards the lane, and one, a young little rose, all delicate pale green, stretched out so eagerly that its stem was quite stiff with eagerness. Joan caught her breath, and looked away up the lane, where the guelder-roses were looking.

The run came back into her legs; she ran to the gate, climbed up, looked over into the world beyond the garden. Once, years an' years an' *years* ago, she had got lost; she remembered the dreadful, desolate feeling of that time with a little shiver now. And it had rained, and afterwards she had been ill in bed. Suppose it rained now—and that little, *little* baby got wet——

She slipped to the ground, opened the gate, and went out into the lane. She turned and waved her hand to the guelder-roses, and they pointed straight across to the fields in the distance.

"I know!" she cried in her shrill little voice. "Oh, I love you, dear little round snow ladies!"

Along the lane she trotted; her eyes looking out eagerly, first to one side, then to the other, jus' in *case* he should be there; but she did not really expect to find the lost baby till she reached the hazy field right away in the distance, where the guelder-roses had seemed to point her.

Joan trotted as fast as ever she could, yet somehow that field never seemed to get any nearer; every time she looked ahead she would see it vague, misty blue, against the background of dark trees. She was very hot, and her legs would have dearly liked a rest, but the thought of that baby, alone and lost, perhaps *starving*, spurred her on. She only paused every now and then just for a moment to listen: "For," quoth Joan, wise since that morning in baby lore, "he would jus' be crying and crying like a weeny kitten." The thought of it almost set her crying herself; her whole warm little heart ached over that baby.

At last even Joan's hopeful spirit began to droop. She stood still to listen once more. All around her the birds were twittering and singing; a thrush's song rose triumphant in a solo; a little breeze whispered in the hedge; soft scurryings sounded in the ditch—that was all. Joan stood, head bent sideways, listening in a tense stillness. Suddenly she heard a movement in the field behind the hedge; somehow it did not sound like a little animal movement. Full of renewed hope she crept to a gap and peeped through. A man lay on the grass with his hat tilted over his face. A miserable little cry of disappointment broke from her.

"Oh, it's only a *man!*" tears choked in her voice.

The man sat up and looked at her.

"No, it isn't even that," he said, as if to himself.

Joan was fighting with her tears.

"Can I help you?" he asked gently.

Something in his face attracted her. She felt very lonely and tired and hopeless. She clambered through the gap, and sat down beside him.

"Have you seen a baby—a little, *little* baby?" she asked earnestly.

He shook his head.

"Would you mind"—Joan's voice was shaking—"would you mind jus' holding my hand a minute?"

"Poor little soul!" he put his arms round her, and drew her on to his knee. "Why, how hot you are!" He pushed back the white hat. "What's the trouble, little one?"

"I mustn't *stay*," Joan said to his shoulder, "because I 'spect he's jus' crying and crying. You've got a very nice shoulder, haven't you?"

"Have I? I didn't know it."

Joan looked up at him earnestly.

"*You* haven't got a headache too, have you?"

"N[illegible]; why?"

"You look—haven't you got *any* ache?"

"Why should I have?"

Joan did not answer. Suddenly she wriggled from his knee. "I *mustn't* stay! I *must* find that poor little baby."

"Have you lost a baby?"

"He's not *our* baby," a proud smile chased away Joan's sadness awhile. "We've got a new baby too, with little pink toes, and a little, *little* head all downy-down." She stood up. "Oh, it's Mrs. Greyling's baby what's lost—I *must* find him."

Joan felt her frock gripped: she turned in surprise.

"Whose baby, did you say?" The man's voice was breathless, just as if he had been running and running ever so hard, Joan thought.

"Did you say—Mrs. Greyling?"

The big white hat flapped as Joan nodded emphatically.

"And she lives in a grey house, and has grey hair too. Oh! p'raps you *have* seen the baby, after all?"

Eager hope danced in Joan's grey eyes: she bent towards him breathlessly.

He drew her down gently.

"I think I may be able to help you," he said in a queer voice. "Tell me what—Mrs. Greyling said—will you?"

"Oh, yes; you see, I jus' *had* to tell her 'bout our new baby, and I told her not to be esscited because she had a headache—she said she ached all *over*—and she said, 'Oh, that's beautiful, Joan. *I* had a baby, too, but he is lost, 'and she sounded 'zact as if she were going to cry, and she said she is *always* looking for him—I 'spect it was her headache that made her stop looking for a teeny while."

Joan's excited little voice had to stop for her to take breath.

"And do you think she wants him back, Joan?" the man said.

Joan looked at him in silence for a moment.

"Have you got sunstroke?" she asked politely. "Nurse knew a man who got sunstroke once, and——"

"No;" he smiled at that. "But suppose the—baby, Joan, had been—naughty?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter," said Joan, confidently, "she would want him jus' the same. *I've* been naughty heaps of times, and Mother loves me jus' 'zact as much."

He looked at her oddly for a minute, without speaking.

"He must be a *teeny* little baby because she didn't have him when I went to see her before," Joan said reflectively, "and she's dreadfully 'fraid he is hurt and can't find his way home, you see—and she said she was sure he didn't *mean* to get lost——"

"Did she say that?"

Joan nodded.

"Please will you help me now?"

"It's I—who want you to help me, Joan. Will you take me to Mrs. Greyling?"

Joan's eyes opened wide; she looked rather indignant: then she coaxed.

"Tell *me* where he is," she said. "Don't *you* go and tell Mrs. Greyling. I want to find him, and take him back to her—oh, I jus' want and *want* to——"

"You have found him, Joan, and I want you to take him back." For a minute his grave eyes twinkled. "I'm afraid you will be disappointed, but—I'm the baby, Joan."

Joan's face grew slowly red; she edged away from him.

"Hadn't you better go home, and have your head bandy-aged up?" she suggested gravely.

"It isn't a sunstroke, Joan." His earnest voice urged belief on her. "I really am the baby Mrs. Greyling spoke of."

Joan's bewildered eyes scanned him from head to foot; her lip trembled in her puzzled distress.

"You—you're jus' a great big *man!*" she burst out, in trembling scorn; "you're not a dear little, *little* baby—at all! You haven't got little pink curly toes," with a disparaging glance at his big boots, "nor a downy-down *head*. Oh, go 'way! go 'way! I want that little baby what's lost——"

He looked down at her helplessly.

"I'm telling you the truth, Joan."

It was not natural to Joan to doubt people. With a sudden inspiration an idea came to her. "Oh, were you born in Brobdingnag?" Her eager voice shook with hope. "Oh, *were* you? And p'raps you *have* to wear growed-up clothes, because people would *stare* at you in a long white baby's dress—but"—her voice fell—"you *talk* jus' like a grown-up——"

"Look here, Joan, Mrs. Greyling said she had lost a baby, but she did not say when she lost him. It's a long while since he was a baby.

"Oh!" Joan breathed, "I never therinked of that——"

She stood lost in thought. "I—I therinked she meant jus' now." A great pity grew up in her heart for poor, *poor* Mrs. Greyling when she should see that dear little, *little* baby had growed into jus' a big man!

"I will take you back to her," she said in a polite little voice, from which all the eager zest had gone. "You mus' have been lost for years an' years an' years, mustn't you?"

"Yes, Joan."

They crossed the field to the stile, and he helped her over; then they started back along the lane. He looked down at the sober figure beside him.

"Will you let me carry you, Joan?"

Joan was very tired; she felt a deep longing for Mother and Man-Daddy, for a jumble kiss, for a peep at her own duckiest little, *little* baby, who was a real baby.

"I couldn't *take* you then," she said dubiously.

"You can point out the way," he said, and lifted her up into his arms.

Now when they came to the green gate in the wall Joan gravely suggested he should go in alone.

"But—I thought you wanted to take me——"

"No, thank you," she said politely.

The truth was Joan—warm-hearted Joan—did not want to see poor Mrs. Greyling's awful disappointment.

But the man appealed to her.

"I want you, Joan——"

She looked up at him doubtfully; something in his face decided her; she slipped her hand into his with a sigh, and together they went up the garden.

As they entered the drawing-room Joan saw that Mr. Stirling was not there. Mrs. Greyling lay still on the sofa, but, as Joan led in the man, she sat up. "Oh, so there you are, Joan. Mr. Stirling is looking——'

Then a cry rang out. It was a sort of cry that made Joan feel she could not stay there somehow—that sent her flying out into the garden, and down to her guelder-roses.

There she took one into her hands, very, very softly. "Oh! little round snow lady——Oh! she was very glad to find him." Joan's voice was breathless. "It was *you* found him—I will tell her—some day——"

She sat down under the great bush of guelder-roses.

"She didn't seem to mind—a bit—that he's jus' a ornilary man——Oh! little round snow ladies, isn't that funny?"

The guelder-roses bent to her and whispered soft things about sleep-fairies, and dream-elfs hiding in the shade

Joan sat up with a start. "Oh, I *must* go back to our baby!" She got up. "Good-bye, dear little round snow ladies, and thank you very much for telling me where to find him. You *knew* he was jus' a man—didn't you—and that's why you drooped so sadly."

"Why, Joan! Joan!" Down the garden strode Mr. Stirling, and seizing her up into his arms he hugged her. "Oh, you precious Joan! Do you know I've been all the way to your home, looking for you, you bad little girl. But then I didn't know you had set out to do great things—did I, Joan?"

Joan snuggled into his arms.

"*Will* you carry me—*will* you? All the way home to Mother and Man-Daddy and our baby?"

"I will, Joan."

"I'm very *fat*, you know."

"Plump, Joan, plump."

By the time they arrived home Joan was her own beaming self once more. Mr. Stirling must know, and he had declared that Mrs. Greyling would sooner have that great big man than the dearest, littlest baby in the world. Joan thought that very funny: she could not understand it at all, but then grown-ups were so *very* funny sometimes. She had found out that long ago. They found Man-Daddy at home, and Joan, after one tiny peep at the baby, had a "gloriful" tea with Man-Daddy and Mr. Stirling. She poured the cream into their cups, she put in the sugar, and she sat and dimpled on them until Mr. Stirling excused his big appetite by declaring that the very sight of her freshened him up so that he grew hungry.

After tea Joan spared a few minutes just to show him round the garden.

"I can't stay *long*, case they want me," she said earnestly.

Man-Daddy, standing in the doorway, said gravely, "Don't keep her, Mr. Stirling, she knows her duty."

Joan chuckled happily, and led the Rector down the garden.

"Our baby's jus' 'zact like a flower," she told him, trotting at his side down the path where the shadows were lengthening.

He thought it a pretty idea.

"What flower, little one?" he asked.

"A poppy," said Joan promptly.

"Oh—ah!"

"There aren't no poppies now. You see, their dresses are so *very* thin, so they don't come till the *hot* days—they might catch cold, you see.'

She introduced him to all her flowers.

He found her more bewitching than ever out in the garden, bubbling over with quaint flower lore.

Down by the bed of violets he stumbled over something and picked up poor Babblewags.

Joan glanced at him carelessly.

'That's Babblewags," she said. "Aren't the little ladies in blue jus' whisp'rin' about our baby?"

But the mournful droop of Babblewags' mouth went to the Rector's heart.

"He looks——" he began.

But Joan, in sudden anxiety, interrupted. "I'm ker-*wite sure* they want me," she said, and her legs began to twinkle up the sunny path.

The Rector followed with Babblewags.

"He looks so sad, Joan," he said, putting in a plea for him.

Joan glanced over her shoulder.

"Oh," she said, "he's only *rag*, you see!"

GOD'S BEAUTIFUL CREATURES.

THE HORSE.

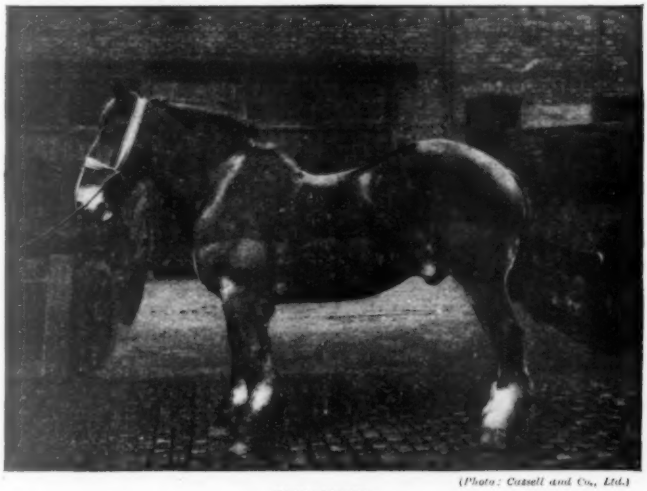
By the late Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.



ONE of the most precious gifts which God has bestowed upon man is the horse. How much of his civilisation does he owe to its wonderful co-partnery with him? How should he have reached his present height of progress and comfort without its help? From the beginning the horse was fashioned in a marvellous manner for man's service. It is perhaps the most specialised, as it is the noblest, of animals. It was formed by a grand continuous process of gradual evolution. Its development in geological times took place in the region about the head waters of the Missouri. The researches of Professor Marsh in recent years into the palæontology of the horse have enabled us to trace its origin beyond question to a five-toed mammal not larger than a pig and somewhat resembling a tapir. All the missing links have been discovered, and the evolution of one animal from previous less perfect forms that came successively into existence has been established without the necessity of separate special creations. Instead of being full formed at once in the manner which Milton describes, we learn that the horse of the present day is descended from ancestral types going back through several geological epochs, which exhibit less and less resemblance to the existing form and more and more relationship to the other vertebrate animals. We find no less than five striking modifications of form, to which different names have been given, beginning with the oldest form of horse known to us, the Orohippus of the Eocene period. This primitive form had four complete toes in the fore feet and three in the hind. Then succeeded another form which had three complete toes in both fore and hind feet; and then the horse's foot was developed with diminishing toes, until at last it had only one digit—the middle finger or toe, immensely elongated and very strong, the nail covering it being converted into a solid hoof. This last form of foot, which causes the horse to differ from all other vertebrate animals, is admirably adapted for swift running over hard ground, and for long and fatiguing journeys. A horse's hoof is the utmost completion of an instrument by which an animal that walks the plain is differentiated from an animal that climbs and lives in a tree.

We thus see how God had man's welfare in view all the time, as He brought the horse in successive ages, during which He was preparing the earth for man's abode, nearer and nearer to the perfection of its present form, and made it better and better adapted for man's use. When man sinned, and felt the

consequences of sin in the various diseases and distempers of his body, God by a gracious and loving forethought had provided the necessary medicines for healing them in the specific plants and minerals created from the foundation of the world. When God issued His command to man to subdue the earth, He had already ordained the means for its accomplishment. He had been for untold ages storing up in the bowels of the earth the fuel by whose potential energy, in these last days, the powers of Nature were to be harnessed to man's chariot and to do his work. When God passed the sentence upon man, after his fall, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," He had been preparing an animal which should help him to plough his fields, and carry home his harvests, and lighten in a thousand ways the heavy burden of his toil. Thus the gift of the horse is part of the marvellous correlation of things by which, through



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

DRAY HORSE.

Divine grace, the curse of sin was to issue in a nobler blessing, and the fall of man to become his grandest recovery and education.

The native home of the domesticated horse, as we now know it, was the steppes of central Asia. Remains of the older and less specialised geologic forms have been found in different parts of America, where the present horse roams still in large herds in almost a wild state. But, however it came about in the migration of animal forms over the earth, we can trace the earliest appearance of the historic horse to the primitive pastoral age of man in the East. There, in one of the coldest and most inhospitable regions of the world, it needed far-extending plains on which its speed could be of avail in escaping from the larger beasts of prey, and over which it could graze in troops, under a watchful leader with nostrils extended and ears alert to every danger. Being a social animal, a pack of horses with their heads together can beat off with their heels the attack of the most powerful beast of prey. Their backward kick is distinctly related to the peculiar structure of their extremities, and is a remarkable movement, admirably adapted for defence. The existence of the nomadic races on the Asiatic plains is bound up with that of the horse. They spend their time almost wholly on horseback, and when they dismount they move awkwardly and are ill at ease. Their legs are bowed; the upper part of their body leans forward; their eyes have a wandering, far-reaching look, as if always watching the horizon for signs of danger. The flesh of the horse is their favourite food, and the milk of the mare is their drink and furnishes them with an intoxicating beverage. Far back beyond the earliest Assyrian dynasties referred to in the oldest

traditions of these empires, this horse-riding people started the first migrations of the human race. The primitive Accadians, as the first equestrian race of whom we have any knowledge, invaded the regions of the Tigris and Euphrates by the help of their horses; and on the walls of Babylon and Nineveh we find numerous and vivid representations of the war-chariot drawn by richly caparisoned horses. From the plains of Mesopotamia the horse was introduced into Egypt and Palestine probably during the invasion of the Shepherd Kings. In Egypt no figure of a horse has ever been found on the monuments, during the period called the "Old Kingdom," before the Hittite invasion: and in Palestine it was confined to the sea-board plains inhabited by the Philistines. The Israelites chiefly occupied the rugged hill-country in the interior, which was not adapted for cavalry or chariots. From the Decalogue, a code of very remote antiquity, the horse was altogether omitted, although it was the chief object of rapine among mounted nomads, its place in the tenth commandment being occupied by the ox and the ass.

In the time of Joshua we read that the Canaanites were in possession of "horses and chariots very many." But the horse had no share in the wanderings of the children of Israel. It is never mentioned as a domesticated animal. It was used exclusively for warlike purposes. As a war-horse, and as such only, it is described in the magnificent description in the book of Job: "He saith among the trumpets, Ha, Ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." Even in Arabia, where the Arab horse is now considered the noblest of the species, and is used in affectionate similes in fragments of Islamite poetry and in the Koran, it was unknown in Old Testament times, when the shepherds of the Arabian desert travelled only with camels and asses. The war-horse was not ridden to battle, but served only to draw the chariots. The siege of Troy was conducted in the same manner—with war-chariots—as we see depicted on the walls of the palaces at Koyunjik and Khorsabad. An Assyrian king in the Nineveh sculptures is never represented on horseback, but always in a chariot, in which the



(*Photo: C. Reid, Wisbech.*)

NEVER RIDE WHEN YOU CAN WALK.

warrior stood erect and could freely wield his spear or bow and arrow, with his driver by his side. When the Homeric as well as Assyrian soldier mounted his horse, he required the services of another soldier to lead his horse, in order that the rider might have both hands free to grasp the quiver, bend the bow, and send the arrow straight to its mark. In after ages the warrior in Greece and Asia Minor became so entirely one with his animal that he required no such assistance. The symbolic figure of the Centaur, half-man and half-horse, shows how completely the human figure became amalgamated with the animal. The horseman could perform any act of life on horseback—guide his horse, shoot his arrows, sleep, eat, and hold counsel; so that the two seemed no longer separate, but one compound being, having the speed and strength of the horse and the wisdom of the man.

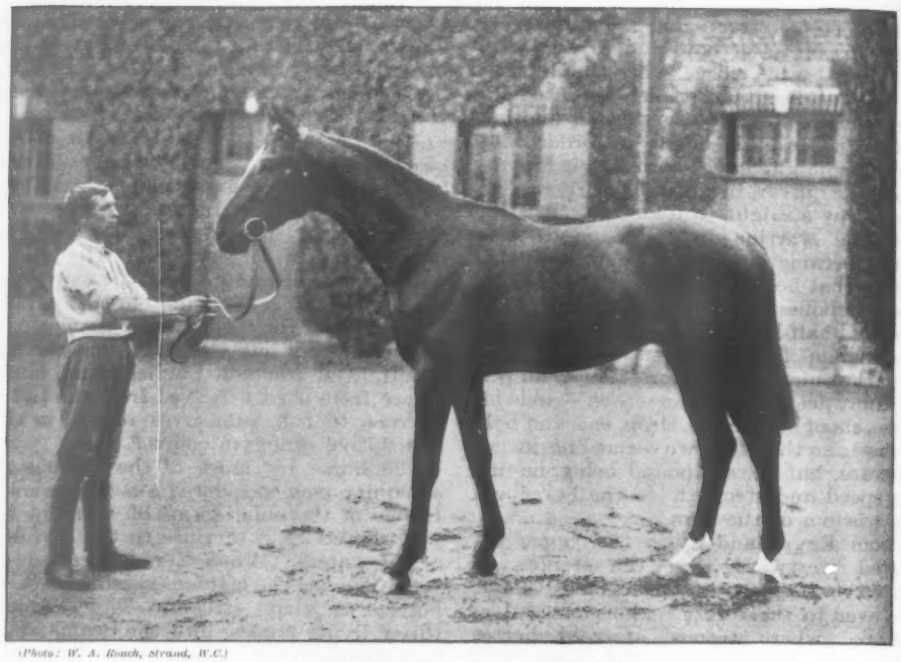
From Egypt and Syria the horse migrated westward over the steppes of Russia to the foot of the Carpathians, and even to the forest regions of Central Europe, where troops of wild horses abounded. In prehistoric times the cavemen of England and France, a race somewhat akin to the modern Eskimos, and having the same remarkable artistic talent, spent their leisure in carving the figures of animals on their own bones. Sketches of horses and hunting scenes by the score have been found incised upon antlers and bones, and the taste and skill which they show are really astonishing. With a sharp-pointed flint they engraved on a bone or horn, not a rude, grotesque drawing, such as a child's attempt to picture a man or animal, but an outline so accurately done that it can be at once identified. We recognise in such outlines a genius more akin to the spirit of modern art than is found in any other primitive race. An educated eye can readily appreciate the spirit and freedom of these wonderful sketches. A design of two horses following each other in line, cut out on a bone, and a representation of a man grouped with two horses' heads, on a similar bone, are like hasty memoranda of Leech's; and science tells us that the unknown artist of that remote age drew the breed of horse correctly. The primitive race which executed these extraordinary pictures was supplanted long afterwards by the Aryan invasion into Europe, which brought not only its own variety of the horse from the Asiatic plains, but also its own language regarding it. The Sanscrit had more than a hundred different names for the horse. The principal one, *acva*, meaning "the swift," survives in the Latin *equus*, and in the Æolic form *ikkos* of the classic Greek *hippos*. In Gaelic nothing but the first syllable *ech* is left. Our common English name horse comes from a root derived from the Latin *currere*, to run, and gives origin to the descriptive synonym courser.

The horse by most of the nations of antiquity was considered a sacred animal. In one of the older forms of worship he was offered as a sacrifice to the divinity of the waters. When Xerxes arrived at the Strymon, the magians sacrificed white horses to that stream. The Trojans threw living horses into the Scamander; and the Rhodians every year cast into the sea a team of four horses. Horses figured prominently in the ceremonies of ancient idolatry. We read about "the horses of the sun" which belonged to the Amorite worship, and which the kings of Judah had introduced into the Temple in the apostate days of Manasseh. These



(*Phot: C. Reid, Wisbech.*)

PENSIONERS.



(Photo: W. A. Rouch, Strand, W.C.)

ARD PATRICK, WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1902.

sacred horses were either sculptured out of stone or moulded in metal, and occupied a position on each side of the Temple gate, similar to that of the winged bulls or lions in the Assyrian and Persian temples. Josiah in his thorough work of reformation took away and destroyed these idolatrous effigies. Pagan idolaters in later times were distinguished from Christians by the one eating the flesh of the horse, as a sacramental token of their allegiance to the sun-god, and the other refusing to partake of that which was offered to idols. Possibly, too, horse-flesh was not used for human food for sympathetic reasons, man's association with the animal being too intimate not to make the idea of eating it seem repugnant.

Among the Scandinavians the horse was sacred to Odin; and there is in the south of England the gigantic figure of a horse cut out of the green turf on the hill-side, exposing the white chalk lines beneath, seen at a great distance, which the ancient inhabitants used at stated intervals to keep clear of grass and weeds, with solemn rites in honour of the Northern god. This old custom, called the "Scouring of the White Horse," is still maintained as a *fête*. Over the portico of St. Mark's Church in Venice are the four famous bronze horses brought from Constantinople by the Venetians. It may be considered a survival of this ancient sacredness attached to the horse, that the cab-drivers of Paris used to place on their carriages an image of St. Fiacre, one of the Columban saints who in the seventh century were driven by missionary zeal to preach the Gospel in France, and to regard him as their especial patron. A cab or hackney carriage is still known in Paris, from this circumstance, as a *fiacre*. It is a memorial of the old dedication of cab and horse to God. And the remarkable ceremony of the annual blessing (about the middle of January) of the horses of Rome, in front of the Church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, by the Roman Catholic Church, is a further survival of the old superstition.

Charms and amulets in the shape of crescents and stars, and flat discs of metal called *phalaræ*, were affixed to some part of the horse's body or harness by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in order to ward off the evil eye; and little swinging bells attached to the top of the head—called by saddlers "flyers"—whose

jingling noise may be constantly heard in the streets of Continental towns, were meant to scare away evil spirits that might be hovering around. At one time carved wooden horses' heads were a common ornament of gable-ends of houses, in imitation of the real skulls of horses that were originally affixed to them, for protection against the fury of the powers of the air. Among the dread superstitions of our forefathers, a headless horse heard galloping through the street at night, and stopping before a door and striking it with his hoof, as a sure sign of coming death, was one of the weirdest. Albert Dürer has a well-known picture of a white horse waiting at a door for the dying soul within to come out and mount it, that it may bear it away to the realms of the dead. Every village had its own hell-horse; and in Bürger's ballad of "Leonore" the dead lover of the maiden comes to her door mounted on a white steed, and she mounts up behind him, when they fly through the night like the lightning, till at last he bears his bride to the churchyard and plunges down with her into a vault. The nightmare is the hell-horse coming into the bedroom, and treading with all his oppressive weight upon the sleeper's chest; and the child's hobby-horse is a survival of the same spectral creature, relegated to the amusement of our early years, on the principle (of which we have so many examples) that the serious beliefs and practices of grown-up men and women become the playthings of their children in after days. Often the phantom of death came on his terrible errand as a black headless horse drawing a coach. Usually it was not seen, but only heard, and vanished silently as a shadow along the road.

What a noble creature the horse is! It is the very perfection of animal form and structure—so strong and yet so docile, so intelligent and yet so obedient, with its highly sensitive organisation and rhythmic action. It reflects the disposition of its owner; man and horse become so thoroughly one in sympathy that the good or bad impressions of the one may be seen in the other. The horse acquires a sagacity and confidence, by virtue of the long and hereditary co-partnery, which becomes an instinct. There are remarkable instances of equine intelligence, and of the closest mutual understanding and affection between horse and rider. In our country the horse lives so artificial a life, and is so much the creature of habit, that many of his most important qualities are blunted for want of use. But on the boundless plains of the East or West, where he is more in touch with nature, the free conditions of his life have developed in him a keenness of sense which is almost preternatural. He has the vulture's eye, sweeping the far-reaching horizon; he has the vulture's smell, scenting objects at the most remote distance.

Admirable as is the hoof of the horse in fitting it to be a most useful servant of man, it needs great care in the matter of shoeing to make it still more adaptable. In the wild state the hoof needs no protection; but when domesticated it has to carry or drag a heavy weight, and it requires to be specially provided for. In ancient times horse-shoes were not known to the Greeks, Romans, or Egyptians. Not until the fourth century of our era was the iron shoe invented in Greece, where it received the name of *selene*, from its shape resembling a crescent moon.

The form of the horse has not been so much modified by his long intercourse with man as that of the dog, which enters into closer relationship and occupies the first place in human affection. Still, there are a good many kinds of well-marked breeds. The London dray-horse, with its large luminous eyes and smooth shining coat, is a noble specimen of his race. It is supposed to be descended from the powerful breed of horses which carried the Crusaders, with their heavy armour and caparisons, in the Middle Ages, and won for us the victory over Islam. G. F. Watts, the great artist, has a very fine picture, representing two of these dray-horses resting at noon in a suburb of London, in the Tate Gallery. Carriage-horses, and especially race-horses, that are a superfine result of human ingenuity and have lost the glory of nature, are inartistic, whereas the cart-horse is a common and appropriate figure in painting. His own form and all his trappings are picturesque. Of all equine pictures, Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" gives us the finest representations of cart-horses in the world; and one of the commonest incidents depicted in English art is the watering of a number of cart-horses at

some leaf-shaded stream, on their return at evening from their day's work, with their harness still upon their backs and their riders idly bestriding them. This is a picture of equine pleasure and repose which is delightful to the eye on account of its suggestion of contentment, as well as for its harmonies of beautiful colouring.

Then there is the beautiful and docile Norwegian pony, of a tawny yellow colour, which has sometimes a dark stripe along the back and dark bands across the legs, and is supposed to be descended from the quagga. Its ancestors were brought to Norway from its original home by the Norwegian warriors who fought in the East in the Middle Ages. The quagga, with its regular black and white stripes, is admirably adapted to the lights and shadows of the desert, but its descendants in Norway have lost all their markings, because they are no longer needed in the entirely new circumstances. But a trace of them remains in the black bands on the feet and the black streak upon the back of some of the Norwegian ponies. In Iceland, the Faröe Islands, Bernera, and other small islands of the Outer Hebrides, there is a curious Celtic pony, which differs from all other varieties of the horse in having no callosities on the hind legs, and in having short hairs instead of long hairs on the upper part of the tail. It is exactly of the same yellow dun colour as the wild horse of Central Asia, with black fetlocks, and is probably the descendant of a small horse which left the ancestral home of the horse and reached Europe long before the arrival of man.

It is a significant circumstance that at the opening of each of the four seals of the "book" in Revelation, the wars, famines, and pestilences through which the destinies of the earth are to be fulfilled —which are necessary to destroy the kingdom of evil and to establish the kingdom of righteousness—are introduced and personified as riders on white, red, black, and pale horses. The horse is thus said to prepare the way of the Lord upon the earth. And the final overthrow of all evil affecting man and the creation, and the final victory of all good through the righteousness of the Redeemer, are represented by a sublime vision of our Lord, riding on a white horse, the symbol of triumph and power, accompanied by the armies of heaven on white horses, having conquered, not by His sword, but by His blood.



(Photo: C. Reid, Wisbech.)

SWEETS TO THE SWEET: SHETLAND PONIES.

The God of Abraham Praise.

Words by THOS. OLIVER (d. 1799).

Music by the REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus.
(Vicar of Heslington, York.)





SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—XIV.

Lewis Harper, a wealthy owner of racehorses, establishes his family and his training stables at The Lodge, a fine house near Woodstead, a small town near London. The Harper family consists of his wife and daughter, two frivolous Society "butterflies," all for dress and show, and his son Leslie, a young barrister, who spends most of his time working amongst the East-End poor. He has become disgusted with gambling and racing, because his chief friend at Oxford, a brilliant scholar, committed suicide when he had gambled away all he had. The children of Herbert Raynor, the leading solicitor of Woodstead—Margaret, Gerald, and Violet—become very friendly with the Harpers, especially Gerald and Violet, who are induced by their example to gamble. Violet loses a large sum, intended to pay Christmas bills, in playing cards at The Lodge; and then, afraid to confess the truth at home, invents a story of a young man who snatched her hand-bag from her in a lonely lane, and ran away. Mr. Raynor thereupon reports the supposed loss to the police. Gerald Raynor, who has fallen in love with Lilian Harper, becomes an easy victim to the gambling mania. Violet's false accusation leads to the arrest of a deserving young clerk, Charlie Collier, who has innocently become possessed of one of the bank-notes supposed to be stolen from her. He is tried by the magistrates and acquitted, but suspicion still clings to him, though Madeline Turner, the one girl in Woodstead whose opinion he values, despite the fact that their acquaintance is but slight, shows her confidence in him. Meanwhile, Violet Raynor meets with much sympathy for her pretended loss, especially from Leslie Harper, who is entranced by her pretty face, and is deeply in love with her. Suspicion continually increases in Woodstead against Charlie Collier, who finds his position very unpleasant. Even his mother, a weak woman whose married life has been very unhappy, is divided between affection for him and the desire to stand well with Daniel Horn, a wealthy builder, whom she hopes to captivate as her second husband. Madeline Turner, however, continues to show great kindness to Charlie. Woodstead becomes quite demoralised by the presence of the Harpers and their racing stables. Numbers of foolish people take to betting, including Mr. Raynor's office-boy, who is begged off by Margaret. At last Mrs. Collier marries Mr. Horn, but only on condition that her son does not live with them. Charlie's employer dies suddenly, and he finds himself out of a situation, and is reduced to terrible straits to find work, thanks to the manner in which Violet's false accusation has prejudiced everybody against him. She has forgotten all about it, as Leslie Harper is becoming more in love with her every day.

CHAPTER XV.

A TALK WITH LILIAN.



IT was Sunday afternoon—a cloudy April day, which yet had a pleasant spring warmth. Leslie Harper, who had come down to Woodstead to stay till Monday, stood on the gravelled terrace of The Lodge, looking down upon the red roofs of the little town, half-buried in trees, with a vague sense that all this was very pleasant. By rights, he ought now to be with his boys at a club in Stepney; but for once he had transferred his charges to a friend, and come down here—for what? Well, to be quite candid, for a glimpse at Violet Raynor's pretty face. A less honest young man than Leslie would have pretended it was to see his father and mother; but he acknowledged to himself that it was not so.

He had already seen her, from a distance, at church that morning, being the only member of his family who attended. Mrs. Harper's toilette was an undertaking rarely achieved by 11 a.m., and Lilian suffered from that distressingly common malady, a bad headache, which invariably came on on Sunday mornings. Leslie had hoped his people would invite Violet to lunch; but, although Gerald walked in, availing himself of the general invitation extended at The Lodge to all good-looking young men, there was no sign of his sister. In truth, the friendship between Violet and his belongings had already cooled off, as friendships founded on mere calculation and self-interest usually do. Gerald was the only guest at luncheon, besides two sporting friends of Mr. Harper's—loud-voiced,

slangy men, given to bad puns and horsy anecdotes, who ate and drank very heartily, and irritated Leslie until he found it very difficult to maintain a decent show of civility. Such men seemed like the visible embodiment of half the evils he spent his life trying to combat; for they had never done a bit of honest work in their lives, and were practically bookmakers in all but name, mere parasites fattening on the folly and credulity of mankind.

Leslie was not without ample food for thought as he stood there, for it was quite plain that Gerald was head over ears in love with his sister Lilian. He had sat next her at luncheon, and every glance of his eyes, every tone of his voice, betrayed his intense delight in her society. And Lilian, lacking any more eligible man to fascinate, had been very gracious in return, unmasking her full battery of beguiling glances and down-dropped eyelashes and sweet smiles for his benefit. Leslie might have imagined her in love with Gerald, had he not seen her go through precisely the same performance for the benefit of fifty other men at least.

The others had gone off to the stables and paddock, where Leslie, after a cursory view of Snapdragon for civility's sake, had left them deep in conversation with Mitton. He had not patience to stand by and listen to men, supposed to be in full possession of their faculties, who talked as if racing, and racing alone, were the only thing in the world worth living for. Fresh from the East London slums, where men, women, and little children were starving for want of a bit of bread, it seemed to him as if the wasteful luxury in which his father's petted horses were kept must surely bring down a curse upon that house. So whilst the others were eagerly discussing the odds, and Snapdragon's chances for the Two Thousand Guineas, for which he had been entered, Leslie escaped, overhearing one of the loud-voiced visitors remark to his father as he went, that it was awfully hard lines for Lewis Harper to have a son who was no sportsman.

"I only hope Gerald isn't being led on to ruin by the disastrous influences of this house," thought he, as he lighted a cigarette. "This is not a wholesome atmosphere for an inexperienced young man—the more's the pity! I wonder if he'd be very angry if I tried to warn him? I noticed he has all the odds at his finger-ends, and has started a betting book. I shouldn't think his father knows anything about it."

A rustle of silk, and Lilian appeared, dressed as if for Hyde Park, and really looking, it must be confessed, beautiful enough to turn any man's head. "Why did you run away in such a hurry, Leslie?" she began, rather petulantly. "Mitton was quite hurt about it; he wanted to show you the yearling father bought at the Compton sale and Molly Bawn and her foal. He may well be proud of the splendid lot of horses we have now."

"Nearly all useless, except from a racing point of view!"

"Well, what more do you want? A good racehorse is a fortune in itself. If Snapdragon wins the Derby, father has promised me a diamond necklace. Mitton is confident he's perfectly safe for the Guineas, and I've already put my bottom dollar on him. Why don't you back him yourself, Leslie? It's an absolute certainty, and, besides, it would please Mitton. I know he feels hurt because his efforts are not better appreciated by the son of the house."

"I'm sure father pays him enough to console him for any lack of appreciation on my part. Pray don't attempt to represent Mitton as an object of compassion, for that's too absurd!—Where's Gerald?" he added abruptly.

"In the paddock, I suppose. I came away because mother and I are going over to see the Littles. They have a big week-end party at Forton. Won't you come too?"

"Thanks, the Littles are not quite my sort."

"Oh, there you go with your ridiculous Oxford notions! They're not good enough because they've got a pickle factory."

"I dislike them because Mr. Little has made a huge fortune by practices which would have landed another man in gaol."

"As if anybody cared about that in these days! Nobody minds how you've made your money so long as you've got it! What antiquated notions you have, Leslie!"

"One minute, Lilian, before you go. Perhaps you'll say it's no business of mine, but—but Gerald Raynor's a nice young fellow, and a gentleman, which half the men who come to this house are not, and——"

"And what?"

"Well, you—you're not engaged to him are you?"

"Engaged to the son of a pettifogging lawyer in a little country town? My dear boy, what *do* you take me for?"

"But it's very evident he's in love with you; and at luncheon you certainly flirted with him tremendously—quite enough to make him believe you care for him."

"What nonsense, Leslie! He would never be so idiotic as to imagine I would marry him! Is it likely I could come down to Elmfield after such a house as this? And even Elmfield won't be his till papa Raynor dies."

"Then all I can say is, if you don't care for him you have no right to encourage him so.

It may be only play to you, but it's death to him!"

"Dear me, you're quite in a tragic mood this afternoon! We're all wrong together here, it seems, from poor Mitton upwards."

"But, Lilian, do consider a moment. It's quite evident Gerald is like wax in your hands. Don't, for an idle caprice, be so cruel as to wreck the poor fellow's whole life, and, above all, don't lead him on to bet by inducing him to back the horses in our stables."

"*I* lead him on, indeed!" she scornfully returned. "Gerald Raynor's bets are nothing to me. If he chooses to back Snapdragon, I can't help it—I couldn't prevent him if I wished."

"There I differ from you. A single word from you would——"

"Lilian, where are you?" shrilly screamed Mrs. Harper from an open window. "The carriage has been waiting for ages. Do make haste!"

The carriage-drive was on the other side of the house, and when Lilian, followed by Leslie, arrived thither, the horses of the smart victoria were impatiently pawing the ground, and Mrs. Harper, with a very sour countenance, was talking to Gerald, who looked decidedly downcast.

"So sorry we're obliged to run away," Lilian said, as he assisted her to her seat. "But we promised to call on some stupid people over at Forton. Good-bye, and give my love to Violet."

She nodded and smiled as the eager horses dashed off, and Leslie, mindful of his recent conversation with his sister, found it difficult to check the words which rushed to his lips as he observed how wistfully Gerald's eyes followed the carriage. It was evident that his very heart was bound up in Lilian, and Leslie, to whom the welfare of Violet's brother was naturally dear, was deeply concerned that it should be so. Yet he could not very well warn Gerald against the wiles of his own sister, saying she was a heartless flirt who only cared for money and position. Nor would young Raynor have believed him, if he had.

"I'm getting about sick of those everlasting Raynors," Mrs. Harper acridly remarked as they rolled along. "Gerald never *can* see when he's not wanted; and Leslie's perfectly infatuated about Violet. It will be dreadful if he should actually propose to her. Do you think he will?"

"Oh, undoubtedly—unless he should previously discover she isn't all his fancy painted her."

Mrs. Harper looked very blank. "It's perfectly preposterous for him to think of a girl who has no fortune, and I shall tell him so."

"That won't be much use. She has quite made up her mind to have him—if she can get him. Trust her for that," sneered Violet's dear friend.

"Well, she shan't have him if I can prevent it," angrily returned her mother. "With his good looks, and his brains, Leslie ought to look far higher than Violet Raynor!"

"Where are the others?" Leslie asked as the carriage disappeared in the distance.

"In the paddock with Mitton, and they'll be wondering why I don't go back to them," Gerald answered quickly. In Lilian's absence he yearned to be once more with the trainer's glossy charges; perceiving which, Leslie promptly resolved that he should not remain any longer, listening to Lewis Harper's horsy talk, and drinking in temptation with every smile of the wily Mitton, no matter whether he wished it or not.

"It's so far to Forton that it's a chance whether mother and Lilian come back to dinner," he said; which was perfectly true. "And as I shouldn't like to go back to town without paying my respects at Elmfield, I'm going to call there now, and I hope you'll come back with me. Shall we walk, or would you like me to order the dog-cart?"

Gerald would have very much liked to refuse altogether to leave The Lodge. But there was something so cool and decisive in Leslie's manner that he forebore, though he strongly suspected his companion's real motive. "If I must go, I'd rather walk," he muttered sulkily at last.

Leslie feigned not to see his manifest reluctance, and they set forth, though conversation did not flow very readily between them, as might be imagined. "I hope, Gerald, you won't mind my saying one word," Leslie said at length, interrupting some rather desultory remarks that they were exchanging about cricket averages. "Of course, it's not my business, but I've seen a lot of the seamy side of racing life, and my experience is that, in the long run, all those who take to betting and gambling are bound to come to grief."

Gerald threw up his head. "Well?" he cried impatiently.

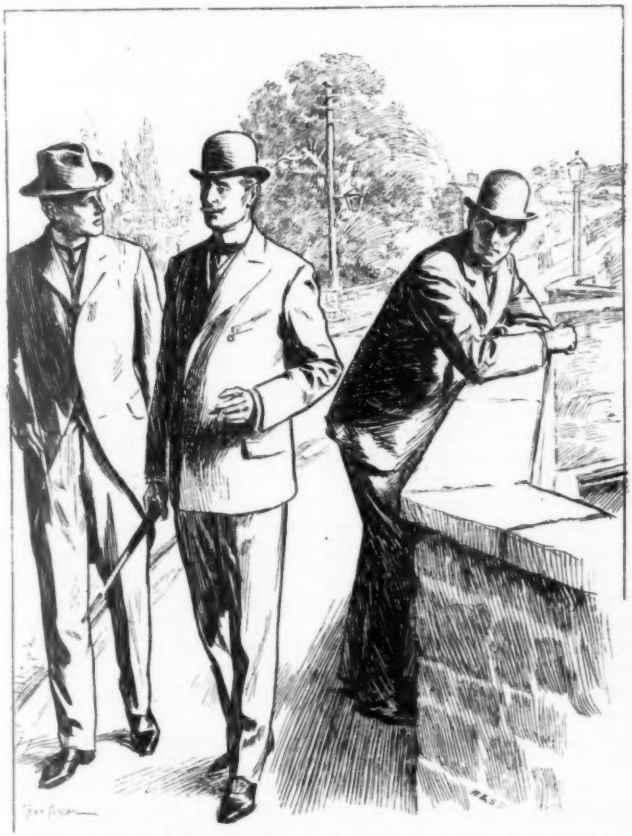
"Of course, to hear my father and Mitton you'd think it was all *couleur de rose*. But I assure you it isn't; and I do hope—you won't mind my saying this?—you'll never take to backing horses or betting of any kind."

"It isn't very likely," Gerald retorted snappishly. "Tied down as I am to an office all day, with my father grumbling if I venture to take a few hours off, I couldn't attend race-meetings if I wanted to."

"But you can bet without going to race-meetings—how I wish there were no facilities for it anywhere else, but unfortunately, they exist in every street of every town! I noticed this afternoon that you seemed quite familiar with the odds and the handicaps for all the most

important events. I hope you haven't fallen under the evil influence of our stable and—and Mitton. Oh! if you could only see what I see every day of my life of the misery caused by the gambling mania, you'd never want to see a race-horse again. Don't back Snapdragon—don't back anything. There's no certainty on the turf. Do, Gerald, listen to me, and be wise in time."

point of view, Leslie was little better than a milksop for sacrificing all the advantages which might have accrued to the only son of a wealthy family, in obedience to a philanthropic craze. He was a crank, a fanatic, a hot-headed fool who thought he knew better than his father, and Mitton, and all the experts who voted horse-racing the finest and manliest form of sport under the



"He chanced to look up as they passed, and Leslie had a good view of his face."—*p.* 986.

"But your own father made a large fortune by betting and speculation generally."

"A fortune he may lose again to-morrow! Our apparent prosperity is really no better than a bubble! And you have a good old name to uphold, and honourable traditions such as we can't boast! Don't risk it all by entering into transactions with needy sharpers, who will only laugh at your inexperience, and leave you in the lurch at the end."

"You are really disturbing yourself very unnecessarily," Gerald said coldly. From his sun. "I'm not a gambler, as you seem to think. If I like to put a little on Snapdragon, who is one of the finest horses ever bred in England, that's my affair. But I should never dream of plunging, or backing horses I didn't know. That would be too foolish."

His companion perceived from his huffy tone that enough had been said. To persist would merely be to disgust Gerald; and so Leslie said no more. They had come to a small bridge over the river, about a mile from Woodstead, which on Sundays was a favourite lounging-place for the working-

class population. But to-day only one figure was discernible leaning on the parapet and looking down into the gliding water. It was Charlie Collier, who, with dejection expressed in every line of his tall figure, looked miserable enough: especially as his clothes were beginning to show signs of wear after so many weeks of enforced idleness. He chanced to look up as they passed, and Leslie had a good view of his face, which struck him at once by its power, and its utter hopelessness.

"Who is that?" he asked, when they were out of hearing.

"Oh! that's Collier, the young fellow who's down on his luck because he was suspected of stealing Vi's handbag. His employer died lately, and he's out of work because people naturally don't like to take him after the fuss that was made. If I were he, I'd clear out of Woodstead," said Gerald carelessly.

"Well, I call it hard lines," Leslie returned, in some indignation. "No man with such a face as that was ever a common thief! It's a shame people should be so unjust!"

"His father was a very shady, bad lot—which, of course, is another disadvantage to him."

"I don't see why it should be. No man should be held accountable for his father's sins," Leslie said; but with an inward qualm at the thought of the harm which was being done to the neighbourhood by Lewis Harper's training stables.

"Edmund Collier really was a most obnoxious specimen, though—never kept his word to anybody in his life."

"Which is all the more reason why I'd trust his son never to tell a lie!" cried young Harper. Gerald merely shrugged his shoulders without replying. He had long ago decided that Leslie was rather mad, and this seemed to him a very mad speech indeed—too much so, indeed, to deserve any answer. The rest of the way was traversed in silence.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FLASH OF INSIGHT.

AT Elmfield they found the whole family in the pretty, trimly kept garden; for it was Mr. Raynor's greatest pleasure on Sunday afternoons to take a leisurely walk round his domain of three acres, and observe the progress made by his pet shrubs and flowers during the week. Sweet April now made every day full of fresh delightful surprises to the true garden-lover.

With him were Margaret, just returned from the Sunday school, and Violet, who, in a big black hat with long sweeping ostrich plumes, and a cluster of pink roses under the brim, was looking her very sweetest; as, indeed, she probably read in Leslie's admiring eyes as they shook hands.

"Very glad to see you," said Herbert Raynor heartily. "I noticed you in church this morning, and hoped you'd find time to look in before going back. You return to town to-morrow, I suppose?"

"Yes, to-morrow," answered the young visitor, still gazing at Violet.

"It hardly seems worth while to come down for such a little time!" pouted she. "Why can't you live at The Lodge altogether?"

"You forget, Violet, that Mr. Harper can't be spared from his work at the East-End," interposed her father.

"I've never seen the East-End, but I've read about it in books," she remarked. "And it's my belief that a lot of the horrors are very much exaggerated!"

"I fear it's hardly possible to exaggerate the misery prevailing in some of the more densely crowded parts," said Leslie sadly. "We of this generation are reaping the harvest sown during the long years of neglect, when nobody troubled about the East-End at all."

"Come and see the greenhouse," coaxed Violet, eager to change the subject, which always bored her dreadfully. "We're quite proud of our show of lilies this year, and the orchids have done well too."

They disappeared inside the building, leaving Margaret and her father standing on the gravel walk outside. Gerald, still aggrieved by his treatment that afternoon, had flung himself on a bench some distance off, and was puffing at a cigarette and wishing himself back at The Lodge. It was horribly slow at home on Sundays, he thought, and it would have been much more interesting to talk to Lewis Harper and his sporting friends than be bored by the chatter of his sisters!

"Our tulips have done wonderfully well this year," remarked Mr. Raynor, looking at a bed of brilliant scarlet Van Thols, just in perfection. "I must say, I like the good old-fashioned flowers which afford a positive feast to the eye. In a garden, it seems to me, you can't possibly have too much colour."

For once, Margaret did not answer—did not even hear the remark. A most singular and most unreasonable feeling of vexation and disappointment had come over her at the thought of Violet and Leslie being together in the greenhouse, laughing and talking, and admiring the flowers, whilst she was shut out on the dull gravel walk with her father. Somehow, in thinking matters over, all her life she seemed to have been doomed to dull gravel walks, whilst to Violet's share had fallen all the enjoyments and graces which give a zest to existence! It was not fair!—no, it was not

fair! she cried passionately in her heart. Why should she not have her share of good things, like other girls?

"I like tulips better than hyacinths," continued her father, little dreaming of the rebellious thoughts which surged in his daughter's usually tranquil breast. "The colours are much richer, and I consider the scent of the hyacinth very sickly, though many people are very fond of it. My dear mother was, for one; she called it 'the very breath of spring,' and would have pots of hyacinths in all the sitting rooms."

He walked down the path to admire some choice double wallflowers. Margaret, after a moment's hesitation, followed him, though it was in the direction opposite to the greenhouse. What an age they were spending in looking at the flowers, those two!—such interest in horticulture was something quite new in Violet, who preferred blossoms which were gathered, and in her dress, or on the table.

"What are these seeds coming up here in the border?" asked Mr. Raynor, bending over some clumps of tender green. "Mignonette, is it?"

Again his daughter made no reply. She had turned round, and was standing so that she could watch the greenhouse door.

"Isn't it mignonette, Margaret? Your eyes are better than mine."

She felt obliged to turn round to look at it then. "Yes, it's mignonette—with stocks and Shirley poppies in between."

"I suppose it would only be civil to ask Leslie Harper to stay to supper," observed the master of the house. Cold supper at nine, when the household had returned from church, was a Sunday institution at Elmfield. "He won't get the French cookery and the luxuries he has at The Lodge, of course, but he's too sensible to care about that."

"You like him, don't you?" she rejoined, scarcely knowing what she was saying in the tumult of her thoughts.

"Yes, I like him very much indeed," said her father frankly, flattening the earth about a choice narcissus with his toe. "I don't know when I've met a nicer young fellow. He's not bumptious, like the Woodstead young men, though there's so much more in him; and after his brilliant career at Oxford he ought to make a name for himself in the world. I sometimes wish Gerald would take pattern by him—the boy seems so slack, as if he had no object in life, and that's not right at his age."

The greenhouse door had opened at last, and the two young people came down the path, Violet turning her head to say something with a gay laugh to Leslie over her shoulder. He had a flower in his coat, Margaret noticed, which her sister must have given him. What a pleasant and refined, and yet strong face his was!—and what a delightful voice he had, so mellow in its cadences! The warm April afternoon seemed to have taken on a new beauty since he came into the garden—surely the tulips and hyacinths were brighter in colour than they had been that morning!

Then, with a sudden electric flash of insight, the truth came to Margaret—a truth so bitter and humiliating that she all but cried out in her pain at the discovery. She had fallen in love, unsought, unasked, with Violet's suitor—she, the staid elder sister, the old maid of the family, who ought to have been far above such folly. It is always mortifying to any woman to know she loves unsought, and doubly so when she loves one whose whole heart is given to another. Nothing else can make her feel so mean, so degraded in her own eyes, even though, as in this case, she felt no petty jealousy of her rival, but instead, wished her to have every happiness that life can bestow. Not for worlds would unselfish Margaret have taken Leslie's love from Violet, even if she could; she felt it only right and natural that her sister, who was so much more beautiful and fascinating, should be preferred before her, and she hoped the marriage would be for the happiness of both. And yet at the same time she knew that she would love Leslie till her latest breath. They were twin souls; he understood her as very few people had ever done, and his highest thoughts and aspirations were in unison with hers. Her life, could she have moulded it for herself, would have been shaped on exactly the same lines as his—she would have asked nothing better than to be always associated with him in fighting the want, the sin, the misery which make East London the nightmare of all earnest souls, albeit there are plenty of other neighbourhoods, less known to fame, where the need is equally great.

Mechanically she performed her duties as hostess when they adjourned to the house, pouring out tea like one in a dream, and answering politely when addressed, but only hearing the voices as if they were very far off. Nobody noticed her silence, for she was always a listener rather than a talker save in the company of a chosen few.

Afterwards, as beseemed a churchwarden's household, they all went to evening service, but it must be confessed that Margaret found it very difficult to keep her attention from wandering. The strange new revelation which had come to her so suddenly had opened her eyes to many things quite unsuspected before, and the uneasy suspicion would persist in returning again and again that Violet was

hardly the girl to make Leslie an ideal wife. A man so sincere, so unselfish, so broad-minded, deserved a helpmeet who stood on an equal moral plane. She thought of her sister as her family had always known her—good-humoured when she was not crossed, and affectionate, but also weak, vain, and pleasure-loving—and doubted whether she had the backbone requisite for Leslie's wife. There was no taint of envy or paltry jealousy in this, her sole desire was that Leslie should find a wife who would love him as he deserved to be loved. She was quite willing to efface herself and remain in the background, so long as he was happy. But supposing he married Violet, and did not find happiness after all?

She loved her sister very dearly, but hers was not the blind infatuation which renders so many worthy people utterly ridiculous, by causing them to look upon all their relatives as prodigies of wisdom and goodness. She saw all Violet's faults as well as her good points, and loved her in spite of them: which is the highest and the rarest kind of love.

So she was again very silent as she presided over the simple family supper, which Leslie enjoyed immensely, from its very unlikeness to the sumptuous feasts at The Lodge. And, although she took her share in the music in the drawing-room afterwards, she played the accompaniments like an automaton. Inexorable Life had suddenly thrust one of its hardest lesson-books into her hand with the stern command, "Learn that!" And it was no use protesting that the task was too hard for poor, feeble human nature—it would have to be learnt, and thoroughly learnt, however painful the process, as is the case with all the lessons of Life.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MATERNAL LECTURE.

LESLIE found his mother and sister awaiting him in the drawing-room when, at half-past ten, he returned from Elmfield. In an ordinary way Mrs. Harper would not have troubled to inquire into her son's movements at all; but being, as she expressed it, resolved to "have it out with him" on the subject of Violet, she told the servants that she wished to see him when he came in. Lewis was not present; he preferred the more congenial society of his racing friends in his own snuggery.

"Where have you been, Leslie?" began the mistress of the house; who, having herself only just returned, like Lilian was still wearing her hat—a most startling confection. "The servants say you were not in to dinner."

"I've been spending the evening at Elmfield," he answered, not a little surprised at the question.

"How lively!" sarcastically interposed his sister. "A cold supper—just fancy!—and papa Raynor keeping his eye on his flock all the time, to make sure they behaved properly! You'd much better have come with us to the Littles'; we've had a ripping time."

"That cook of theirs isn't a patch on ours, though," remarked Mrs. Harper, with prompt depreciation. "I never tasted such horrid soup in my life, and the savouries were wretched. And I was so hungry after the long drive that I quite looked forward to a good dinner! If I'm ill to-morrow, I shall know it was that soup!—Do sit down Leslie, and not fidget about so," she added sharply, noticing that her son, who, in truth, was only seeking a decent excuse to say good-night, remained hovering about like an uneasy ghost.

He obediently sat down, and mentally resigned himself to his fate, for his mother's manner was ominous of a lecture. "If you don't mind, you'll find yourself in a very unpleasant fix before long, Leslie," she began portentously. "People will talk, if you go so much to Elmfield; and, if you've any idea of marrying Violet Raynor, let me tell you it's perfectly absurd to think of it. She hasn't a farthing, and you absolutely must marry a girl with plenty of money."

The colour rose in his sensitive face at this abrupt address; but he returned, quietly enough, "Allow me to say, mother, you are taking far too much for granted. I haven't asked Violet to marry me I don't even know whether she cares for me or not—in that way, at least."

"Well, she throws herself at your head pretty boldly whenever she gets the chance! Whether she cares for you or not, she'd like to catch you, because she thinks you're rich! I'm very sorry now that I ever allowed those Raynors to come so much about the place!"

"Mother, I can't allow you to accuse Violet of mercenary motives! If she loves me, I'm certain it's entirely for myself! She is quite incapable of such barefaced scheming!" cried he, deeply wounded.

"She's an artful minx, who'd sell her soul for money! She thinks you can give her a fine establishment, and a lot of gaiety in London, and so she means to marry you!"

"Indeed, mother, you are quite mistaken! She knows I've very little time for society, and my work in the slums would come first, whether I married or not. The last thing I should desire would be a wife who only cared for balls and entertainments."

"Then that's exactly the very wife you'll get,

if you marry Violet Raynor! And don't forget that you've no money of your own. If you married to displease your father, he could easily stop your allowance—and then where would you be?"

"I shouldn't starve, at any rate. You forget I've my practice at the Bar, which is increasing, though I've not devoted all my time to it. But in future I'll work harder at it, so as to have a modest home to offer Violet, if need be."

"But she doesn't want a 'modest home'—she means to have a mansion. How foolish you are, Leslie, when you might so easily find a rich wife! For then your future would be secure, whatever happened."

"There are better things than money, mother," he said in a low voice, though he knew it was hopeless to expect her or Lilian to look at life from his standpoint.

"Well, there may be, but I don't know what they are!" exclaimed Mrs. Harper sharply. "It's all very fine to talk a lot of romantic nonsense, but I'm quite sure, if you had to earn your living, and hadn't any of the luxuries you've always been accustomed to, you would be the first to feel it. And it's natural I should like my only son to make a good match,



"'Read that!' began her mother tragically."—*p.* 991.

and not throw himself away on a beggarly lawyer's daughter!"

"You forget that, in point of family, the Raynors can boast a far better ancestry than we can!"

"As if anybody cared about that! Violet's ancestors wouldn't fill your pockets, and you'd find her an expensive young woman to keep! She cares for nothing but dress and show!" snapped his mother, giving a hasty twitch to her wig, which she perceived from a mirror opposite had slipped somewhat out of place. "Take my advice, and don't think about her any more. She isn't a suitable wife for you—you want something more than hair, and eyes, and a pretty smile."

Which was true enough; though needless to say the ardent lover believed not one word to which he had been compelled to listen against his divinity. His mother and Lilian really spoke well of so few people—particularly of young and lovely girls—that he would have been rather surprised had they praised Violet.

"I'm sorry to go against your wishes in this respect, mother," he responded gently but firmly. "But I could never marry for money; fortune-hunting has always seemed to me most truly contemptible. At the same time, I've no immediate intention of proposing to Violet. I want to be quite sure first that she really cares for me. She has many other admirers, and is very young, and perhaps hardly knows her own mind. But I'll never believe she is the mercenary schemer you represent."

"You always were a fool, Leslie!" angrily retorted Mrs. Harper; but before she could add any more he had quitted the room. Rather disconcerted, she looked round at Lilian, who was leaning back on a sofa and smiling maliciously. "If we don't do something to stop it, that horrid minx will catch Leslie, sure enough!" she exclaimed.

But her daughter merely smiled calmly, her one aim and object in life being to avoid spoiling her classically perfect features by the ugly lines and wrinkles which are the inevitable result of fits of unrestrained rage. "I do wish you wouldn't put yourself out so, mother," she remarked coolly. "I don't want to quarrel with the Raynors—just yet. So, as Leslie hasn't actually proposed, let's lie low for a time, and say nothing. I think I can stop the affair from ever coming to a marriage—at least, I'll try."

"But how?" asked Mrs. Harper inquisitively. She had a great respect for her daughter's powers of diplomacy.

"I won't tell you, because, as I say, I don't want to quarrel with the Raynors at present. They've great influence here, and one meets them at every turn; and, besides, they've been useful to us in many ways, so we may as well be friendly while we can."

Had she been quite candid—which she seldom was—she would have said that she desired to remain on good terms with the Raynors so that Gerald might wriggle on her hook a little longer. She simply could not exist without some young man in tow; and Gerald, being always on the spot, was worth many admirers at a distance. In spite of her beauty, Lilian had a galling consciousness that she was unable to retain the allegiance of her lovers—the best of them, at least. Whether they perceived the hard selfishness underlying her surface charm, or whether they were repelled by the thinly veiled vulgarity and the very humble origin of Lewis Harper and his wife, certain it was that the men of fortune and position upon whom Lilian was quite prepared to smile, usually loved for a few weeks, and then went away, without committing themselves to any declaration. Gerald, with his palpable infatuation, had already proved useful to play off against more than one hesitating adorer who declined—in Mrs. Harper's expressive phrase—"to come to the scratch"; and would doubtless be so again.

Gerald's devotion also had its inconveniences, of course; for he had a tiresome habit of believing Lilian to be a human girl, with a warm, loving heart, instead of a beautiful piece of mechanism, exquisitely dressed in the latest Bond Street fashions, but with as little real feeling as any milliner's dummy. There are only too many girls like her nowadays, when self is the sole consideration with the large majority of people. Lilian even found it necessary to snub him sharply sometimes, when he obtruded his devotion inconveniently. He was welcome to bring her as many flowers and bonbons as he liked, to tell her her eyes were like stars, and her hands the smallest he had ever seen, besides fetching and carrying when other escort failed her out of doors. But when he persisted in becoming sentimental he became a distinct nuisance. She wondered at his presumption in daring to lift his eyes to the fashionable Lilian Harper, and ascribed it to his provincial ignorance, and the fact that the Woodstead girls—poor benighted things!—had flattered him into imagining himself quite a catch.

None the less, it amused her to play with him like a cat with a mouse, smiling sweetly upon him one day and showing pleasure in his society, and the next greeting him with a curt nod, and passing on as though he were too insignificant for a second glance. The clients and the clerks at the office wondered what had come to the young man, whose work varied in accordance with Lilian's moods. When she was gracious he was alert and cheerful, affable to the staff, and fairly industrious; but when she frowned he made mistakes innumerable, snapped at everybody, and audibly grumbled at being chained to a distasteful desk. Poor Herbert Raynor was sometimes at his wits' end to know what to do with the boy in these days. He could see Gerald was neither happy nor at ease, and he ascribed it, rightly enough, to Lilian's evil influence; but he could find no remedy, and dreaded to make things worse by speaking on the subject.

"I feel very sorry now I took Gerald into

partnership at all," he confided one day to Margaret, his favourite counsellor. "I thought he would work best under my own eye, but I believe, after all, he might have done better with some good firm in town. Since those Harpers came to Woodstead he is a changed being, and I ascribe it all to that detestable girl."

"I wonder Gerald himself can't see that Lilian is only amusing herself with him," observed the anxious elder sister. "She would never marry anybody, I'm sure, but a very rich man."

"If things go on like this much longer, I shall have to engage another clerk to do Gerald's work!" was her father's bitter answer. "His head's completely turned, and he thinks of nothing now but how soon he can rush off to Lilian. He sent her an expensive bracelet the other day for her birthday. I was not supposed to know anything about it, but by mistake I opened a letter intended for him, and it was to thank him for it."

Margaret was too magnanimous to say that on *her* birthday, which had also taken place quite recently, her brother had presented her with a mock-Japanese vase, value elevenpence-three-farthings, for she had afterwards seen some others exactly like it, in a shop in the High Street, marked at that price.

"Perhaps he'll propose to her and be refused, and settle down after that to sensible ways again," she suggested, eager to cheer her father.

"She's more likely to keep him dangling at her elbow, just to gratify her contemptible pride! There are some girls who never say 'No' to a man if they can help it, though they haven't the remotest intention of marrying him. I've met these man-hunters before, though never such a pronounced specimen as Lilian Harper. But if I said as much to Gerald, he'd only laugh at me, and call me a bigoted old fogie."

The next day, about noon, Mrs. Harper, who had just risen, came rustling downstairs with a sheaf of letters in her hand, and a very disturbed expression of countenance, in search of her daughter. She found Lilian in the billiard-room, practising difficult strokes by herself, for to excel in the game was her highest ambition.

"Read that!" began her mother tragically, handing her an open letter. "Could anything be more annoying, just at the last moment, like this?"

They were giving a large dinner-party of extra importance that night, and the letter was from Lord Culbrooke, a young nobleman Lilian was doing her best to ensnare, saying he had an attack of influenza, and was very sorry he was quite unable to come down that day as he had promised, being confined to his room. Lilian read the coroneted epistle with a darkening brow.

"Bother!" she said emphatically.

"Yes, isn't it a horrid nuisance? Our most important man not forthcoming, and it will make the numbers uneven! The rest are nearly all married people, and we must have a few young bachelors to make the thing go! Is there anybody else we could venture to ask at such very short notice?"

"I daresay Gerald Raynor would come. I can tell him we had addressed an invitation to him, and the stupid footman forgot to post it."

"Then shall I write him a note?"

"Perhaps I'd better see him myself. I can contrive to be in the High Street just when he's leaving the office for lunch, and I can trust to my persuasions to do the rest," rejoined Lilian, insolently secure in her empire over the hearts of men. She went away to get ready, resolving to cycle into Woodstead, and not to come back until she had obtained Gerald's promise to fill the gap at the table.

Poor innocent lamb, he little suspected that the delightful and unexpected apparition of Miss Harper, attired in the most exquisitely fitting of cycling skirts, pedalling gracefully along, just as he quitted the office at one o'clock, was no accident, but the result of deep calculation. He hastened up to her, and, dismounting and resting her machine against the kerb, she looked up into his face with a pout.

"I'm very angry with you!" she began. "Indeed, I don't think I ought to speak to you at all!"

"Why, what have I done?" he faltered, turning quite white.

"You might at least have answered our invitation, even if you didn't care to accept it!" she continued, in assumed wrath, biting her lips to stifle an inclination to laugh at his dismayed face.

"What invitation?" he asked, utterly bewildered.

"Why, we've a big dinner on to-night. Didn't you receive a card for it about a fortnight ago?"

"No, indeed, this is the first I've heard about it."

"Then that stupid George must have lost it, or forgotten to post it! What a plague servants are! Well, it's at half-past eight, to-night, and you're coming, and we shall expect you. So that's settled!"



"Caught her little hand and kissed it."—*p.* 994.

"It's very kind of you, and I wish I'd known before — but I'm afraid I mustn't promise," he said doubtfully. "The truth is, we're asked to another dinner-party this evening, and I've promised to go and take Margaret."

"Oh, nonsense! You must come! We shall be short of men if you don't, and we shall depend on you! A lot of jolly people are coming, and I'm sure you'll enjoy it a great deal more than any stupid old party here in Woodstead!"

As usual, he was like wax in her hands; though he knew his defection would appear unpardonable to his family, and to their old friends the Days, who were the givers of the other feast. They had but few entertainments during the year, and were not accustomed to have their invitations slighted.

As he anticipated, there was a most unpleasant scene when he announced at home that he intended to throw the Days over in order to go to The Lodge. Margaret, as was her wont, said very little, but her father was exceedingly indignant at the idea of his old friends being slighted, and their plans upset, in order to please such selfish people as the Harpers. However, as Gerald flatly refused to go back from his promise to Lilian, argument proved useless. The only thing to do, Margaret decided, was to remain at home herself, since Mrs. Day would doubtless prefer to be short of two guests rather than have too many ladies and an uneven number. Gerald treated the disappointment to his sister as a matter of no importance at all—so long as he himself could bask in the sunshine of Lilian's smiles, Margaret's feelings were of very little moment. It was his perception of this which made Herbert Raynor even more angry than the affront put upon the Days.

"I verily believe that boy has no feeling left for a living human being besides Lilian Harper!" he exclaimed angrily, when Gerald had rushed away.

"She is very beautiful and fascinating, you must remember, father. I suppose most young men are selfish when they are in love," urged tolerant, patient Margaret.

"I wouldn't care so much if the object of all this adoration were only a nice girl! But to have my whole house upset, and my oldest friend slighted, just to please an empty-headed flirt, is too bad!"

It must be confessed that, so far from feeling any compunction, Gerald was no sooner seated at the gorgeous dinner-table at The Lodge than all thought of those at home passed instantly from his mind. It was a very magnificent entertainment, even for the Harpers. The table decorations had been specially designed by a famous London firm, and many of the dishes were quite new to Gerald's provincial inexperience, as the *chef* at The Lodge had been charged to do his very best. The buzz of talk and laughter, the beautiful dresses, the flash of innumerable diamonds, and the many tall footmen in attendance, made him think very contemptuously of the rival gathering he had neglected in order to come here. He knew exactly, from previous experience, what the Days' dinner-party would be like; solemn and stiff, the flowers arranged by the old gardener, Dr. Day in a well-worn evening suit which had done duty for years, a few sufficiently simple dishes handed round by a greengrocer who officiated at local dinner-parties as butler, and the staid parlourmaid Jane, a little music in the drawing-room afterwards, and carriages—mostly cabs from the livery stable—at half-past ten! Heavens, what a bore! How could people endure such dulness and call it pleasure!

After dinner came comic songs, bridge, ping-pong, pool, and roulette—everybody's taste was catered for by the frivolous Harpers. An evening of rational conversation was never known at The Lodge—games, the more childish the better, alone seemed to please. Very late, when the other guests had mostly departed, Gerald enticed Lilian into the billiard-room for a game with him. Mrs. Grundy had no existence at The Lodge, and so Miss Harper, eager to improve her play, graciously consented.

As he watched Lilian's beautiful white arms falling into enchanting curves over the green cloth, Gerald fairly lost his head, and stammered out something about loving her better than his life, and longing for an encouraging word from her. Quite coolly she finished the break she was making, taking care to leave the balls just where they would be no use to him, and then, with a laugh, requested him not to talk sentimental nonsense.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed, turning very pale. "But you must know I'm in the most deadly earnest!"

For answer she gave a long, significant glance round the handsome room where they were, panelled in cedar, the two costly billiard tables surrounded by raised seats covered with old tapestry, and the walls hung w th valuable old sporting prints. Gerald's heart grew sick as he followed her gaze, for he guessed what it meant.

"Have you no heart, Lilian?" he asked piteously. "If I can't give you luxuries like these, at least I can offer you the deepest love any man could ever feel for you, and I would devote my life to making you happy!"

XUM

"No doubt; but the love-in-a-cottage business never did appeal to me, my dear Gerald!"

"But you love me!—say you love me!" he entreated desperately, remembering all the soft glances and beguiling speeches she had given him since the beginning of their acquaintance.

She looked at the young man, tall and stalwart, his handsome face showing out clear-cut against his evening dress, and hesitated a moment. As far as looks and manners went, she had no fault to find. But then, he had no money! And with her, it was—No money, no love!

"What *is* the use of talking sentimental nonsense?" she said abruptly.

"But if I were rich, Lilian? Supposing I made a large fortune—what then?"

She shrugged her graceful shoulders. "You have such a crude way of putting things, my dear Gerald!"

"Forgive me—I'm afraid I'm a blundering idiot! What I meant was, supposing I was in a position to give you the luxuries to which you are accustomed, would you marry me then?"

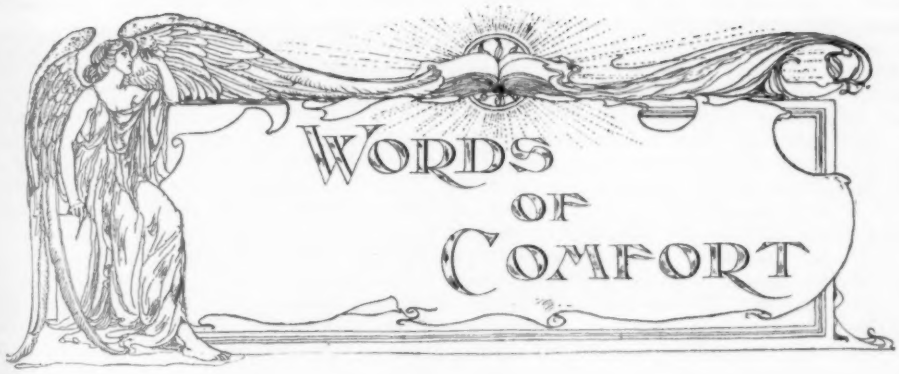
She was not sure that she would, for her great ambition was to secure a husband with a title. But he had not come forward yet; and in the meantime it might be as well to let Gerald imagine she would, for of course he was never likely to be rich. So she smiled at him with the most enchanting kindliness. "My people would never allow me to marry a poor man, even if I wished it; but if you were really rich, Gerald, there need be no further obstacle between us," she said softly.

Enraptured, he caught her little hand and kissed it, mentally resolving to stick at nothing, but to fling caution and everything else to the winds, in his determination to make a great fortune and win Lilian. It ought not to be impossible, he said to himself, considering that the luxurious room in which they were was itself the result of successful speculation. Other men had made great fortunes on the turf; why should not he be equally lucky?

And so, before he went to bed, he sent a letter to a turf agent, whose name and address had been given him by Mr. Harper, desiring him to back Snapdragon very heavily on his behalf for the Two Thousand Guineas.

[END OF CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.]





"HIMSELF took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." We have known these words from early childhood and our very familiarity with them, and with the thought of Christ as the Divine Healer, blinds to us a great truth expressed by them—a truth which is full of comfort to those who are sick, full of encouragement to those whose work is to tend the sick.

Another reason why we have missed the full meaning of the words is that our English translation does not give the emphasis of the Greek original; the pronoun Himself is strongly emphatic.

The simple words of the Gospel narratives give us a clear picture of how our Lord had spent the Sabbath day, teaching in the synagogue with power and authority; and with power and authority had He commanded the unclean spirits to depart from the man who was vexed by them. Then with a few of His disciples He entered into Simon's house, where Simon's wife's mother was sick with a great fever; and our Lord came unto her and stood over her, and taking her by the hand lifted her up, and immediately the fever left her. But meanwhile the city was gathered together at the door and had brought all that were diseased, and all that were possessed, that this Man with His wonderful power might heal them.

The scene comes vividly before us: the setting sun throwing soft evening colours over the distant hills, long, level rays across the quiet lake, and long shadows down the winding street; touching with gentle warmth the keen faces of the restless, waiting throng, some curious, some anxious, all watching. So vivid is it that we ourselves seem part of the waiting crowd and watch the door of Simon's house; and then it opens and our Lord comes out. The restless shuffling dies away. A hush comes with His presence—and we watch Him go from one to another with quiet healing touch and gentle hands of blessing. Tears even come to our eyes as we hear the low sob of sudden relief from pain, or the broken thanks of some mother whose child is healed. The crowd disperses slowly, going home in little groups full of wonder and of eager talk; and we, too, think of how wonderful it is, He is the Son of God, and our hearts worship His divine power. Then, as the vision fades, we realise that He has not reached the spot where we are standing, He has not come to us, the healing touch was not for us, and it all happened long, long ago.

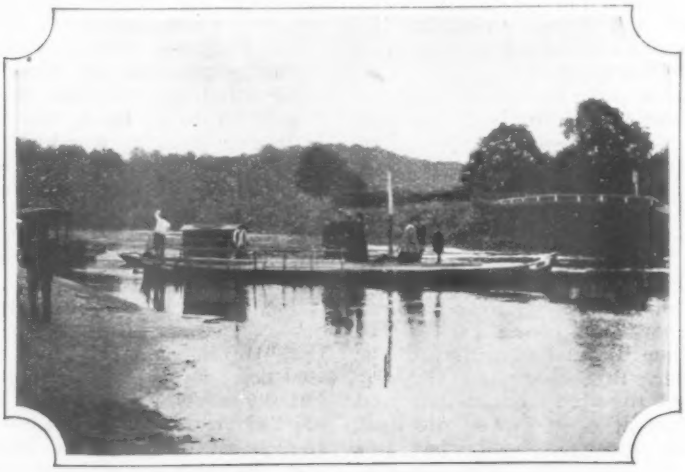
But in gazing on the grandeur of the Son of God, we lost sight of the fact that He is also the Son of Man. If we had looked, not less reverently but more sympathetically, at the face of the Healer as He came forth from the house and as He bent over the sick, should we not have seen that the warmth and colour were but sunset-given? that here was One who had had a hard day, Whose only rest had been

while "ministered unto" in Simon's house, Whose face was worn with lines of pain, for His vision was "marred more than any man's." We have thought, indefinitely it may have been, but still have thought, that it was all so easy for the Lord with His divine power to speak the word, to put forth His hand and heal. Having the power, was it any wonder for Him to heal? Would not the wonder rather have been had He not healed? And we have overlooked the human element, which was as much a part of His nature here as the divine. Unconscious healing meant to Him a loss; a woman touched the hem of His garment, and He then perceived that "virtue," or vital force, had gone out from Him. What must the conscious effort have cost Him? "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." Is this only another way of saying that as a scapegoat our sins were laid upon Him? or that the Son of God became Man, and, as man, was subject to temptations to sin? As the words stand, not as a metaphor, and with the light which other times of healing throw upon them, their truth is more beautiful, more wonderful, more comforting. The human unselfishness appeals to us even more than the Divine alleviation, and the certainty of an understanding sympathy gives rest.

We have not an High Priest Who is not touched with the feeling of our infirmities. We ourselves are touched by a child's sorrow, a friend's grief, a loved one's pain; we, too, feel it, it touches us; we suffer with them, and as far as our sympathy is genuine so far do we help to bear their burden; whatever lightens their burden also lightens our share of it. Our High Priest was touched then to the extent of giving Himself, as a human being giving his vital force, in the curing of disease; He has been touched through all the long years since, and is touched now with the feeling of the infirmities of suffering mankind, sharing the pain, bearing the pain; He shares it even when it is not taken to Him. Could there be a greater atonement?

With this light upon them there is no mystic meaning attached to the words "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." The helpful sympathy and the act of love are actually to the Lord Himself; each one who tries to lighten the suffering of mankind as surely is lightening the burden of One who "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses."

RACHEL FAIRBROTHER.





SAILING.

ON mimic sea, to sportive gales,
'Mid bursts of laughter sweet,
A child his little vessel sails—
The port, his mother's feet.

Small sailor, steering thy toy boat,
What waits thee in the years?
Will thy life's bark in pleasure float,
Or sail through seas of tears?

Nay, life is never of one hue,
Joys, griefs, alike are short,
But, be thy skies or grey or blue,
May Heaven be still thy port!

PAULINE W. ROOSE.

TILLIE OF THE CLUB.

A Complete Story by Harry Davies.

WHEN the Rev. George Cuthbertson, of St. Thomas's Church, Gregg Street, Bethnal Green, learned that Tillie Betts had become one of his recruits for the Girls' Club which he was endeavouring in the face of many difficulties to establish in the parish, he shook his head and smiled. Not that he failed to welcome Tillie's accession with a glad heart. But the reason she had given for her sudden conversion from an attitude of hostility and derision seemed singularly unconvincing. How could one expect it to last when the open and avowed explanation of this change of front was that he (the Rev. George Cuthbertson) was "such a nice, pale-faced young man!" He smiled mournfully and shook his head as he looked out upon the squalid street which fronted the vicarage.

"It won't do, Miss Tillie!" he said to himself. "However complimentary the reason may be to me, it is not sufficient for the faith that is in you. I am afraid of two things—first, that you won't be with us long; and, second, that while you are with us you will give no end of trouble!"

At the very identical moment when the overworked curate of St. Thomas's was saying this, Tillie Betts was holding what she called a "chi-hi" (but what you and I would call a chaffing conversation) with Bobbie Tooms at the corner of Cambridge Road.

"Hello, Bloggs!" he exclaimed suddenly, as he met her.

"Hello, Dumps!" she returned.

These were the nicknames by which they always greeted each other—the latter having delicate reference to the air of perpetual moroseness which was Bobbie Tooms' chief characteristic.

They stood for a few minutes in absolute silence.

"D'yer know what I'm a-thinkin'?" she said, at last.

"Wot?" asked Bobbie.

"I'm thinkin' as Tooms is a very good name for yer."

Bobbie stared at her vacuously.

"I mean considerin' the amount of conversation yer've got," Tillie went on pleasantly.

Bobbie shifted uneasily from one foot to another. He tried to think of a suitable retort, but could not, so held his peace. After a minute or so a brilliant one came to him, and he uttered it with a smile that looked very like a grimace.

"Bin to sleep in the knife box, ain't yer!"

"Cahn't yer say somethin' fresh!" retorted Tillie. "That's such an old 'un!"

Bobbie, entirely nonplussed, stared in a depressed way at the traffic, and once more there was a silence.

"*I'll* give yer something to talk abaht, then!" said Tillie. "I've joined the Gels' Club!"

Bobbie took a moment or two to let the startling intelligence sink into his understanding.

"Wot! The Gels' Club at that there Institoot in Shoreditch!" he exclaimed.

"Nah, silly—the Gels' Club at the Church!" she said proudly.

Bobbie was dumb with astonishment. He stared at Tillie as though she were a curiosity. Then it struck him that she was having a joke with him.

"G'awn!" he said, "I was out before yer this mornin'!"

"Gels as b'long to the Club don' tell crammers," said Tillie, with her head in the air. "If yer don' b'leeve me yer can come and see for yerself!"

The suggestion of this drastic method of proof could not but convince Bobbie. He was silent for fully twenty seconds.

"Thought yer didn' 'ave nuffin to do wiv church!" he said, as soon as he had recovered himself sufficiently to speak.

"Yer've got no business to think!" retorted

Tillie. "Yer'll hurt yerself if yer thinks too much. Yer wasn' made for it."

"We shall be doin' Injun clubs every Toosday evenin'," she added with fine irrelevance, and a world of superiority in her tone.

"Don't yer know what Injun clubs is?" she asked with a tinge of contempt, seeing the mystified expression in his face. "Why, yer whirls 'em all round yer head, while they plays waltzes on the pianner!"

"Takes a lot o' doin' too," she went on casually, noting with secret delight the stupefaction she was causing in Bobbie's slow-moving brain. "*You* couldn' do it. Yer'd 'it yer nose with 'em!"

"Yer thinks a lot of yerself, don't yer!" said Bobbie, stung into sarcasm by this insult.

"On Thursday evenin's," went on Tillie in a superfine tone, "we goes and sits in the schoolroom and makes things for the poor old people, an' the curit he comes and reads to us, and ladies comes and sings and plays the pianner, an' before we goes away there's coffee and cyke, jes' like toffs."

Bobbie snorted, being unable to think of anything sufficiently satirical. Nevertheless his eyes had lit up with a sudden gleam of interest at the mention of the eatables.

"I expec' there'll be a treat in the Forest in the summer, with the Lord Mayor a-ridin' down in a coach an four with us all," said Tillie, drawing upon her imagination in her efforts to impress Bobbie.

Getting no reply to this remark, she said with a half yawn, as of one who is bored to distraction: "Well, I must be goin' now, or the curit, e'll be quite upset not to see me there. We're goin' to work for the poor people to-night. Coffee an' cyke at nine. You ought to know the curit," she wound up in a grand climax of patronage. "Such a nice, pale-faced young man!"

"You an' yer pyle fyce!" exclaimed Bobbie, goaded at last into exasperation. And unable to bear any more, he turned on his heel, and went striding down the street, his big boots making an immense clattering on the pavement.

"Don't fall over yerself! Take care yer don't run the traffic down!" politely exhorted Tillie, as he went.

"Seems off colour to-night," she said to herself innocently, as he went round the corner without taking any notice of her remarks. "Wonder wot can be the matter with 'im?"

But there was a smile of satisfaction on her face as she turned homeward.

From which it may be gathered that the Rev. George Cuthbertson had some ground for his apprehensions as to the genuineness or stability of Tillie's new attitude. And, indeed, his knowledge of her during the two years he had been curate of this East-End parish further justified him in his doubts. A veritable child of the streets, a hoyden of hoydens, wild and wayward, such in brief was Tillie Betts. Her earliest years had for the most part been spent on the paving stones of a pestiferous court off Nichol Street; her later childhood had chiefly been passed in "dodging the Schoolboard man"; her spare time since she had gone to work at the factory had found her indulging with boon companions in the wild delights of the Hackney Road. Of all the choice spirits who, befeathered, ear-ringed, and penny-beaded, used to patrol that thoroughfare of an evening, loud in banter of passers-by, shrill in laughter, and always bubbling over with eagerness for the next "lark," Tillie was the life and soul and ringleader. Her resource in organising escapades, her daring in carrying them out, her ready wit, and her contagious spirits earned her a reputation as the most dashing and venturesome young person in all the courts from Hackney to Shoreditch. It was she who had dared to snowball a policeman, and then had led him a race which left him breathless. She it was who had organised and carried out the upsetting of old Abraham's fruit stall at the corner of Belt Street—a stern measure of justice, deliberately planned and executed as punishment for his notorious cheating. She it was who first conceived the idea of tying a string across the end of Nichol Street at night time and gave her comrades such unspeakable joy in seeing people fall over it, that one of them had a fit of hysterics and had to be carried home. She was very well-known indeed was Tillie, and could not walk a hundred yards down any part of the Hackney Road without such remarks as "Wot cheer, Tillie!" "Hallo, Bloggs!" yelled at her from both pavements.

Add to these the facts that she was as impulsive and capricious of temperament as an April day; that every passion in her blood, whether of anger or joy, absolutely ran riot while it possessed her; and you have some conception what Tillie was like. This was the young person who had taken it into her sovereign mind to join the Girls' Club because the Rev. George Cuthbertson was "such a nice pale-faced young man." Small wonder that the "pale-faced young man" smiled and shook his head!

Tillie was at first immensely pleased by the novelty of spending most of her evenings indoors, wide-eyed at the new world of diversion which was opened out before her, extremely important, not to say haughty, in her bearing towards her companions of the streets, and sentimentally sympathetic towards

the "pale face" of the curate. The latter strained every nerve to sustain her interest, not only by personal kindness, but by enlisting the sympathies of the ladies who came from different parts of London to help with the Club. Yet, knowing Tillie's nature well, he always had his own misgivings, and what he feared came to pass. Tillie's conduct was exemplary for a month or so, while the novelty lasted. Her reasons for her interest, to be sure, were still somewhat unsatisfactory. She liked Thursday evening because it was on that evening the lady came who made a round "o" with her mouth when she sang, and Tillie liked to see the round "o." It looked so funny. She also liked Thursday because of the coffee and cake. "Yer can swig five cups if yer like," she said to her street companions in a casual way, as though five cups were a mere nothing. "Toosday" evening was another favourite occasion, because the man who trained them in gymnastic exercises had a way of raising one foot off the platform in time to the music as he directed the evolutions, holding his arms outstretched meanwhile. The action was peculiar, and Tillie was never tired of watching him; often, in her open-mouthed interest, even forgetting to go on with her movement. "'E looks jes' like 'e was knife-grindin'," she would say, with wide-eyed seriousness, to the girls around her, and then she would fall to watching him again.

But the novelty wore off. The lady who made the round "o" with her mouth ceased to attract. The evenings indoors lost their charm. Then it was that the taunts and gibes of her street companions began to gall her, and she took to staying away occasionally, just to show her independence. From that point her defection became rapid. She grew insubordinate, then openly derisive. Nor was that the worst, for she became the centre of disaffection in others. It was borne in upon the curate and his colleagues that the noise and horse-play which had been troubling them of late in an extraordinary degree was always to be traced to that part of the room where Tillie Betts happened to be sitting. In brief, Tillie, like many other people in better positions in life, had been indulging in a "fad," and the fad had ceased to interest. It was only what was to be expected. Useless the curate's efforts to win her back. Useless the kindness of the ladies. The fad was over, and there was an end of it.

Yet Tillie did not leave the Club entirely—not just yet. She came occasionally as a disturbing element—just for perverseness towards Bobbie Tooms, and by way of showing that she could do as she pleased. There came a night, however, when her conduct was past all bearing. It was the occasion of a special entertainment, and Tillie had come in just because Bobbie had wanted her to stay out. She surpassed herself in naughtiness that evening. She surreptitiously tied a string to Bella Larrup's ankle, and pulled it at a time when dead silence reigned, causing Bella to screech in an unearthly way. She tried, by putting out her foot in an absent manner, to trip up old Jermyn, the verger of the church, as he carried up to the platform a tray of cups and saucers for the coffee, and nearly succeeded in her endeavour. But the climax came when she yelled at an Archdeacon on the platform, as he got up to speak: "Wot cheer, gaiters!"

The yell was succeeded by an awful silence, and I believe even Tillie was frightened at what she had done. But frightened or not frightened, she had taxed the patience of those around her to the uttermost limit. Human endurance could go no further. Tillie was forthwith told to leave the Club—which she did with her head in the air.

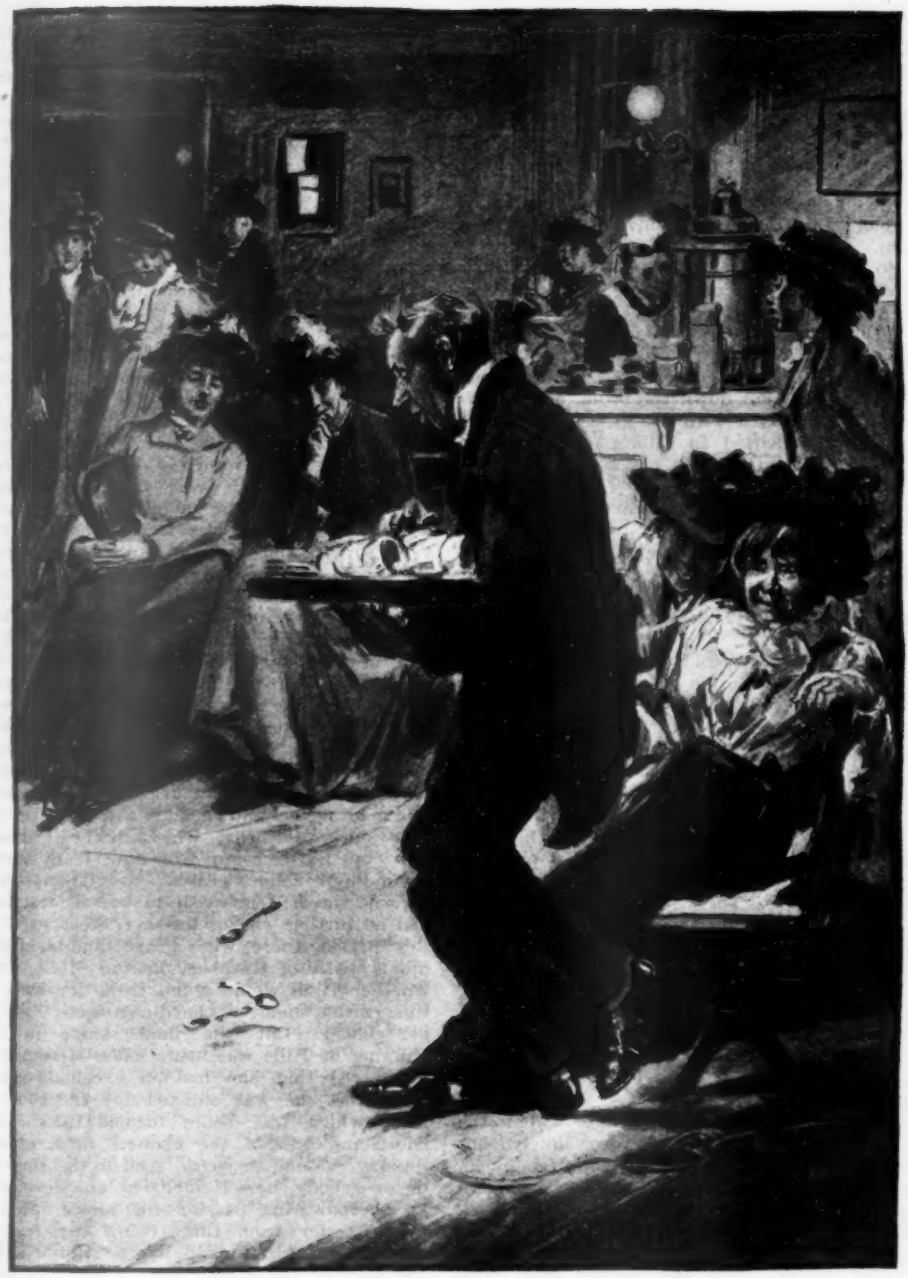
Now it was wintertide when this thing happened—January in its bitterest and most biting mood. The wind was raw from the north-east, like the cut of a knife to the very marrow of the bones. Sleet came with it in blinding showers, so that the roads and pavements were thick with slush which was half snow. And it struck Tillie, as it had never struck her before, the while she marched down the Hackney Road with her boon companions, singing at the top of their voices a raucous music-hall ditty, that the streets were very chill and cheerless—that it was much more comfortable to sit in the warm Club-buildings than to do this kind of thing. It was typical of her that she at once commenced to roar louder than ever, but roar as she might she somehow could not banish the thought of that warm bright room. She got home to find her shiftless mother was out gossiping with the neighbours. The grate was fireless; her baby brother was crying on the cold hearth. She picked him up and lulled him to sleep. Having placed him in his rickety cot, she went up to the tiny garret she shared with "Sararann," her sister. The home had never seemed so comfortless and wretched as to-night. And again the warm rooms of the Club-house came before her eyes.

A week afterwards, the curate, watching the girls arrive for the working meeting, saw Tillie come in amongst them with an air in which was mingled bravado, shame, and apprehension. Like a wise man, he seemed oblivious of her presence. There came to him the junior curate.

"That girl Tillie Betts is here again!"

"Yes, I see."

"I'll get Jermyn to tell her to go."



"She tried to trip up old Jermyn, the verger."

"Don't do that, please!" said Cuthbertson, sharply.

"But don't you think it would be wiser? She's quite incorrigible. She'll only set the others by the ears!"

"If she compels us to turn her out again, then she compels us," said Cuthbertson. "But if she comes back seventy times seven she shall not be refused admission while I am in charge here."

"You are right, Cuthbertson, and I am wrong," said the junior, touching him on the arm.

So the order went forth, by Cuthbertson's desire, that Tillie's return was to be treated as a matter of course.

"Don't make any fuss of her," he said. "Simply treat her as if nothing had occurred."

During the interval for refreshments Cuthbertson went down the room, as was his wont, and chatted with the girls. As though casually, he drifted in Tillie's direction. He shook hands with her in passing.

"We are glad to see you, Tillie," he said. "We have started an ambulance class on Fridays. Wouldn't you like to join us?"

"Dunno," said Tillie shortly. "See what it's like fust!"

The speech was ungracious, but Cuthbertson understood. There was a flush in her cheeks.

On four distinct occasions after this (making five in all) Tillie broke out again. Was it to be wondered at? The child of drunkards, the child of the streets, with passions wild and untamed. Was it to be wondered at!

"The wonder is that the poor child does so well!" said Cuthbertson, with hot pity in his voice. "Think you it gives Tillie any pleasure to be wicked? Think you the man who possessed seven devils got any pleasure out of them? And Tillie is as truly possessed of devils as he was. There were devils born in her poor little heart, bred in it, nurtured in it. They have got into the blood. Is she to be pitied or blamed?"

Four times, after this I say, she broke out, either in the direction of insubordination, or of backsliding to her street ways and companions. Four times she left the Club as a result, and four times she came back. And here we may record the reasons why she returned, as tracing the change which the influences of the Club were slowly but surely working in her heart. She first joined, as you know, because Mr. Cuthbertson was a nice pale-faced young man. She came back after her first dismissal because she found the streets very cold and miserable in the winter nights. On the second and third occasions she returned for the same reason; on the fourth, because she had grown to enjoy sincerely the music, the gymnastic exercises, the friendships, the hundred and one interests which the Club afforded; on the fifth, not only because these things had become an interest in her life, but because she had also grown fond of Miss Anson. Miss Anson was one of the ladies who helped with the Club. She was kindly voiced, kindly eyed, warm and sympathetic in manner, and above all she was real. No fashionable, perfunctory slum-worker, Miss Anson! You knew she was real directly she spoke to you. Tillie knew she was real. And Tillie, who had a shrewd little eye in her mind despite her warped nature, grew to be very fond of Miss Anson. That was the first moving of her heart, even as the bud of the flowers moves in the springtime. And with the moving, the swelling, and after the swelling, the opening. So with Tillie's heart. She grew to be very fond of Miss Anson, and that was the wonderful talisman, the magical springtime by which God touched her even as He touches the opening flowers. It was the moving and the swelling and the budding all in gradation, and lo! Tillie was transformed! Very, very slowly and gradually. So slowly that the change was hardly perceptible—a gradual softening indeed rather than a change. First of all, the little germ of affection waking into life in a nature that had never known what love or home or sympathy were; then working, working ceaselessly, like the leaven in the bread, until the whole heart was touched. Tillie ceased to be naughty, in the first place, because she felt a little stab of pain each time she saw she had grieved Miss Anson. She had never known such a feeling before. Thus does the heart which is being made new by Love begin to show it is alive. By-and-by, Tillie ceased to be naughty because she had no wish to be. The streets had no further charm for her. Yet even at this period there were grave doubts in the minds both of Cuthbertson and Miss Anson whether Tillie would stand firm, for even at this period some of the devils were still in her blood. But the final stroke in the winning of Tillie was made when Miss Anson discovered that she had an excellent voice. Forthwith she was enlisted for the choir of girls which was being formed to aid the choristers, outside the chancel rails, at the Sunday evening services. And to the surprise of everybody, herself included, she developed an overpowering passion for music. Henceforth, so far from there being any fear of Tillie breaking out again, it was Tillie who for the sake of the music alone would not have given up the marvellous, the unspeakable delight which had become hers, no, not for any inducement you could have offered her.

Her little heart used to swell with an indescribable emotion as she heard the rolling strains of the organ, or joined in hymn or anthem; used to swell and surge with feelings that were inexplicable to her, but in some extraordinary way brought a mist to her eyes. No music-hall song—not even a full orchestra at the Paragon in the Mile End Road—had ever had such an effect on her, although she had ever been fond of a "tune." There was something about the solemn beauty of church music which set her pulse a-throbbing, her heart-strings quivering, in a way that she could not understand. Not all the street friends in creation could have enticed her away from this new-found delight. Indeed, she had dropped her street friends one by one, and now rarely spoke to them.

And bit by bit there came a softening in every vein of Tillie's nature; a softening that in some marvellous way—for these things are, my friends—showed itself in her face. The old boldness, the hard look of the eyes, the sulky, defiant droop of the mouth, the impudent manner, they had all gone. It was a new Tillie who came to the Club, who was ever trying to copy Miss Anson, ever failing, ever despairing, yet ever trying again. Miss Anson never raised her voice in speaking, so Tillie made it her ambition to subdue her tendency to raucous shouts and laughter. Miss Anson wore her hair—soft brown hair it was, with a glint on it—smoothly brushed back from her forehead. Tillie forthwith abandoned her gaudy fringe. Miss Anson was always gentle and polite in manner. Tillie tried hard to emulate her. Thus, through this softening process there emerged a new Tillie—still impulsive, often assertive, and sometimes passionate as of yore—for the old nature is a stubborn thing and takes a long time dying. But yet, despite it all, a new Tillie.

Miss Anson and the Rev. George Cuthbertson grew to look upon Tillie as their joint and personal "rescue," and they were more than satisfied as they watched her progress. But it needed a woman to see what Miss Anson saw as time went on—that there was something on Tillie's mind—that she was unhappy. Miss Anson, I say, saw it. Not that it was very apparent. But Miss Anson was very quick. And it was not long ere she had discovered the reason. It was Bobbie.

"Bobbie!" exclaimed Miss Anson. "I had no idea that you—that he—that there was anything between you now!"

Tillie blushed furiously to the roots of her hair.

"I didn' say as there was anything atween us!" she blurted vehemently. Then, sorry for her brusqueness, she added in milder tones:—"It's only that I'm troubled to think he is goin' on as he is!"

Miss Anson looked at her keenly. She took her by the arm.

"Come into the other room, Tillie. It will be quieter for a little chat. Now tell me all about it. How is Bobbie going on?"

Tillie poured forth her trouble. Bobbie was going to the bad. Bobbie was taking to drink. Bobbie had become mixed up with a gang of thieves from Shoreditch. Already he had been in the hands of the police, and had only escaped through lack of evidence.

"Somehow," said Tillie, with an effort, and after much hesitation, "it seems to me as though it was my fault. He was all right, he was, until I stopped meetin' him to come to the Club. It—it seems to me as if I had—well, as if I had got out of the mud, like, and turned away and left him behind me. It seems mean!"

She rose and began to walk to and fro in a tumult of agitation. "Feelin' as I do about it, I ought to be willin' to give up the Club and go back to the old ways in order to get him away from it all, but I can't, miss—I can't do it."

She threw herself on her knees, and buried her face in the folds of Miss Anson's dress.

"I can't do it!" she sobbed. "I can't give up the Club and the Church and the singin'. I can't do it!"

Miss Anson's face was very grave. She smoothed Tillie's hair with her hand.

"Listen, Tillie," she said. "I understand all your feelings. I understand every thought you have uttered, and a good many that you haven't uttered. But, Tillie, let me tell you one thing—and remember it all the days of your life. No woman can ever save a man by descending to his level. It can't be done, Tillie. The woman who is foolish enough to try such a thing has only bitterness and sorrow awaiting her. And where would be the good in the end! Two lives degraded and ruined where both might have been saved! Never think of that again, Tillie. Unless you can raise him to your level, it is hopeless—absolutely hopeless!"

There was a short silence.

"But I do want to help and advise you, Tillie," Miss Anson went on. "Now give me an honest answer to one question. If Bobbie were all right you—you—could——"

Tillie hastily nodded her head.

"And you think that if he could only be weaned from his bad companions he would make you a good——"

Tillie again nodded her head; her face was still hidden.

"Then it is your duty to try to save him," Miss Anson said with decision. "Never let

him go, Tillie. Cling to him until the last shred of hope is gone. Although you seem to fail again and again, never give up heart, never cease your prayers. If he truly cares for you, you will win at last. If you do not win, then he does not love you sufficiently, and you are better without him."

Tillie was looking up into Miss Anson's face now, her eyes shining behind her tears, her lips parted, her bosom heaving.

How Tillie fought for Bobbie, only he and she and two others will ever know, and they will never tell. He had slipped far down that perilous incline, so easy to descend, so difficult to re-climb. He was within one stage from the very bottom, for he was in the stage of Callousness. *He* didn't care! What did *he* care! What did he care for anybody or anything under the face of heaven! That is the stage of Callousness, and it is only one stage removed from the bottom, which is Perdition. But Tillie fought for him with all her heart and soul and might. Tillie clung to him with a love and persistence that could not be shaken. The old Tillie could never have done it, but even as this old world of ours is transformed in the springtime, buds forth, sings and croons in its joy, so the springtime had broken upon Tillie's heart, springtime of a new existence, bringing in its train pure delights and pleasures which she had never dreamt life could hold. The delights of a happy mind, the delights of service for others, the uplifting pleasures of music, of friendship, of many interests, of the exercise of those gifts and talents with which God endowed us. Tillie wanted the springtime to dawn upon Bobbie's life as well.

And furthermore, she loved him. As the new Tillie, not as the old. What cannot Love do! What iron of heart can it not melt?

It was when things seemed most hopeless that the sun suddenly broke forth, and Tillie won — won outside the gates of a gaol! When Bobbie come out into the blinding light of that May morning the only friend he found there to meet him was Tillie. Not one of his boon companions to greet him, not one of his public-house pals! The man who had "put him up to the lay" which had landed him in gaol was not there. The man who had received the stolen goods, but had got off scot-free because Bobbie had refused to "give him away," was conspicuous by his absence. There was no one he knew to greet him, save Tillie.

The following Sunday night found Tillie a supremely happy girl, for Bobbie was at her side in church.

Bobbie had fought hard against such an early commencement as this, but Tillie had triumphed.

"You've got to do it in the end, Bobbie, because you promised me," she said. "Why not get it over at once?"

And Bobbie, being ever slow of speech, had nothing to say in reply.

He found the experience much less trying than he had feared. And to his utter astonishment, he seemed to be an honoured visitor. Mr. Cuthbertson came down the aisle to speak to him with a manner so genial, so hearty, that Bobbie felt quite at home at once. Miss Anson had no sooner seen them than she came over and welcomed them like old friends. She kissed Tillie. Bobbie looked surprised and pleased at this, and as for Tillie she looked straight in front of her, unable to see anything for the mist in her eyes.

It was a simple, bright, hearty service. Bobbie found himself enjoying it in a most unexpected way. Everybody and everything seemed so homely. The attractive music, the hearty singing all around him, the short telling sermon, couched in language so simple, and breathing such earnestness in every sentence that his attention was riveted from beginning to end—Bobbie enjoyed it all in a manner that surprised himself.

After the end of the sermon, before the closing hymn, came the singing of a young, fresh voice from the choir, to the accompaniment of the organ.

"There is a green hill far away
Without a city wall,
Where our dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all."

Bobbie could not understand much of the grandeur of Gounod's music, but he knew that it pleased him, and furthermore the words raised strange echoes in his heart. Groping in his memory, as one who is blind, along the vista of past years, he saw dimly the country cottage in which they lived before his mother died, before his father removed to London. It was a Sunday evening. That he knew, because he remembered the bells ringing across the fields. He was sitting, a boy of nine, by his mother's knee, and she was reading those very words to him. He saw her still as plainly as though it were yesterday. She was the only being who had ever aroused affection in his boyish heart. Bobbie gulped.

"Tillie!" he said, as they went out—and he spoke with a vehemence which she had never known in him before—"I'm goin' the straight road in the futur'! And if I en't good to yer, may my right arm drop from my body!"

It was a dull lowering evening, and the streets were cheerless; but for Tillie the world was all aglow.

Distressed Gentlefolk.

By the Rev. Canon McCormick, D.D., Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, and Hon. Chaplain to the King.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—GALATIANS vi. 2.

WE cannot live wholly to ourselves, and we would not if we could. We lean upon each other, and are necessary the one to the other. We are not isolated individuals, but are part of a nation, a church, a family. If we are real Christians we love, and love has and must have its objects and its outlets, for it is not a mere barren sentiment. The needy, the suffering, the ignorant, have a right to demand our aid, and this is the more obligatory when they are brother Christians. We have to "bear one another's burdens."

The great burden bearer was our Lord and Master, our Teacher and our Model for life. Can any gauge the weight of the burden *He* carried? It was a world's sin—all the lies, adulteries, murders, suicides, cruelties; all the pride and selfishness of all time. The Lord laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. He bore our sins in His own Body on the tree, and hath taken away the sin of the world. More than this, the burden included all human guilt. Such a burden would have crushed any mere man out of existence; but, being God as well as man, He bore it effectually and finally away. Nor was this all. Isaiah says, "He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows," and St. Matthew translates these words to mean or to include "our infirmities" and "our sicknesses"; and in the Epistle to the Hebrews we are told that it was part of His mission to "taste death for every man." I cannot fathom the meaning of these expressions—I cannot weigh this burden in any human scales. The most I can do is to believe that by an awful experience He knows the pains, and the sicknesses, and the heartaches, and all the miseries produced by sin—He, so to speak, has "tasted" them all. He can enter into human feelings and sympathise with human sufferings, as no one else, not even the most loving wife, can. The burden of the mere wooden cross was too heavy for His feeble, exhausted frame, but the awful burden upon His spirit He bore—He bore it until He rolled it from off Himself into the grave, and there He for ever left it. And have we no tears for all His sorrows, so willingly, so courageously borne for our sakes? And have we no sentiments of gratitude for the display of a love that passeth knowledge? And have we no measure of His spirit in relation to the burdens of our brethren and sisters in the world? Why, our destiny, which is grand and godlike, is to be burden bearers. We are, after our justification, left here in the world for this very purpose. The poor are around us to test our characters and to draw out our sympathy and charity. Woe be to us if we refuse to be burden bearers—if we wilfully avoid suffering humanity because we are absorbed in the pleasures of life—if we turn a deaf ear to the cries of the helpless and needy—if we find no outlets for our charity! And double woe to us if we carelessly or selfishly add some awful weight to the already heavy burdens of others. It would be better to

die at once than to decline, in any sense, to be burden bearers, for such action would be an accumulation of fresh and awful guilt.

We must not imagine either that poor persons are the only ones who have burdens of want or toil or sorrow, or that all burdens are easily discerned. Take the case of distressed gentlefolks, on whose behalf I plead. The Bishop of Kensington said: "The suffering it (the Society) relieved was so pathetic. These poor gentlefolk suffered so silently. It was quite by accident that their cases were discovered. This kind of people did not parade their troubles; they did not write begging letters; they just sat in their little homes with hardly enough to keep body and soul together, eating their hearts out and living in the memories of better days." The Bishop added: "He had in his official capacity visited the hospitals, homes and workhouses in his diocese, and had found many gentlefolk who had come down in the world. He had ascertained that those who were most contented and resigned to their hard lot were not those who had, perhaps, been used to nothing very much better, but persons who were ladies and gentlemen, and had once occupied good positions."

Delicacy, and sometimes shame, makes them try to hide their burdens. They can never be dealt with by rude hands or harsh voices or rough treatment. Those who would aid them must approach them by soft steps and by gentle, loving speech. The very faults that brought some of their troubles into existence must have a mantle of charity thrown over them to hide them, and when they are not self-created, there must be no abuse of those who wilfully or unwittingly caused them. Such a proceeding would be a rude tampering with love, and a vulgar intrusion into the most sacred precincts. Sensitive shrinking must win admiration and self-respect, even though it carries with it a slight element of pride, and must never provoke a shrug of the shoulders or a sneer. Even a disreputable person could say, "To beg I am ashamed"; and the purest, most honourable, most becomingly dignified are swayed by the same sentiments. Genteel poverty is often resplendent in its fruit of reticence, its shrinking from the public gaze, its efforts to maintain a becoming dignity, its determination at all costs to preserve self-respect.

Do I ask you to bear the burdens of distressed gentlefolks? I beg you all to keep this in your minds—that their own distress begets tenderness and pity, for they know where and in what way the trial is hardest to bear, and out of the abundance of their poverty they give; and with quavering voice they try to inspire hope; and with encircling arms of love they uphold the tottering frame, and put heart to heart in sweetest sympathy; and they, in their gentle, affectionate way, bear one another's burdens. Look at the shabby-genteel one going, after a frugal meal, into a district to succour the needy, aye, often with the food that is personally required, to put only a little finger to a heavy burden—and coming home exhausted to lie on a couch and to gather around her the patched skirts of a faded dress; but withal thanking God for one more opportunity of doing good to the sad and sorrowful. You went into the house and marked now beautifully it was kept, and you spied out here and there marks and tokens of refinement. The evidences of past days of prosperity were about you. Some things were a bit faded, and some were old-fashioned, and some were decaying but cherished heirlooms. And the meal was very simple, and the hostess was courteous and in every aspect a lady. And yet there was poverty, of a severe type, and an attempt at concealment which won your respect and devotion. A woman, in the truest sense, was there—a Christian woman, whose graces were the fruit of the spirit—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," and you respected, you admired, you loved her.

And you have seen the man whose collars and cuffs were frayed; whose boots were patched; whose coat was almost threadbare; whose hat was brushed and brushed in vain to make it look well; whose walking stick was an old present from a friend in better days—carrying himself in a soldierly way, and yet sometimes feeling the pangs of hunger, and wondering how the lad was getting on for whom so many self-sacrifices were made, and whether he would maintain the honour and dignity of the family, and perhaps raise it to its old

position of influence and respect. And such as these would I ask you to aid with becoming delicacy, and with an almost concealed charity—with anonymous gifts of clothing, or loans, or influence on behalf of a boy at school or in business, or a daughter bent on earning her own living as teacher, or clerk, or sick nurse. We act on the Christian principles—"we that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." Call their reserve weakness; say that their pride is out of place; that their little foibles are silly, that their sensitiveness savours of pedantry; surely we may bear with each and all and see the good and not the evil in them all. We that are strong—not as they are, but well off and healthy and prosperous, that have passed through none of their bitter experiences—should be the last to condemn them, or harshly to criticise them—"We that are strong," ought to bear the infirmities of these weak and sensitive beings." And it is a poor way we often have of bearing their burdens—an armchair way that folds the hands and sighs or even sheds a tear, or drops a coin into a money bag—a way that costs us little or nothing in the direction of self-denial.

The word "consider," with reference to the poor, means to examine with mathematical precision. Certainly carelessness is most injurious. And consideration is essential when the burden is of a spiritual nature. It may touch doubt or even unbelief: it may relate to a sense of sin and the way of salvation; it may be associated with some form of backsliding, of greater or less magnitude, with its loss of peace and hope and strength and purity and sweet fellowship with God and man. To bear such a burden means anxiety, patience and watchfulness; it means tact and thought; it means agonising intercession at the Throne of Grace. Or it may be of a temporal character—the loss of money, position, self-respect: it may be incessant worry and care; it may touch even the region of disgrace. Such burdens have to be borne by sympathy, by tenderness, by courage, and by personal service and sacrifice. Such burdens can only be borne after the example and law of Christ, Who took a towel and a basin of water and acted a slave's part and washed the disciples' feet, and Who said, "Ye also ought to wash one another's feet." From what I have said, burdens are not only borne by those we designate "the poor." I do not care to deal with questions of comparison, but surely the sufferings of the genteel poor are often of a more terrible nature than the ordinary poor have to endure. There is the full table, and then the little and coarse food; the large room with all the evidences of refined taste, and the attic with its little bed and little clothing and little furniture; the carriage for drives in the park, and the loiterings in the wet and cold for the omnibus, or the weary walks; the secret cries and the open smiles; the kissing of the hand that bears the rod, and the calm dignity which reveals the submissive spirit, whose basis is true religion. Charity in such a case must never wound. The sentiment that prompts it must be lowly and sympathetic love. It is related of Lord Hill that "his kindness to his poor neighbours was unfailing; he was munificent in unobtrusive charity, and it is said that when he bestowed a kindness he was far more embarrassed than the recipient."

A grudging charity, though poverty may grasp at it, is a misnomer. A charity that condemns while it gives only humiliates and causes shame and secret indignation. The hand may have no grasp of warmth in it; the voice may grate upon the ear; the kiss may be cold as an icicle. In such a case there is no response of love, and the donor knows nothing of the luxury wrapped up in the statement "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The Iron Duke's kiss would have the ring of duty about it. Napoleon would scorn to give it, as he denied the existence of friendship. Nelson, as courageous and as great a genius as either of them, was swayed by tender, not to say effeminate, instincts, and there was real love in his dying request to his faithful friend as he said, "Kiss me, Hardy." And would you have the right, the wise, the delicate spirit of true charity? Then listen to this: "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet. And bring hither the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and be merry." No complaint. No harsh judgment, but a kiss of love.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

AUGUST 16TH, 1903.—**Saul tries to Kill David.**

Passage for reading—1 *Samuel xviii.* 5–16.

POINTS. 1. Beginning of Saul's sin—jealousy.
2. End of Saul's sin—attempted murder.
3. David behaves wisely.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Effects of Jealousy.** A wrestler was so envious of his rival, Theagénes, the prince of wrestlers, that he could not be consoled in any way; and after Theagénes died and a statue was erected to him in a public place his envious antagonist went out every night and wrestled with the statue, until one night he threw it down. But the statue fell on him and crushed him to death. So jealousy is not only absurd, but it is killing to the body and killing to the soul.

Where Malice comes from. It was said of the conspiracy against Julius Cæsar that all that was noble in it belonged to Brutus, but that all the malice and cruelty in it was imputed to Cassius; so in our temptations all that is good, or that tends to God, comes from God, but all the malice and malignity comes from the devil.

Image of Malice. It is said that a bee in inflicting its sting leaves its barbed weapon in the wound, and being thus wounded inevitably dies. The bee stings *itself* to death in trying to sting someone else. Your stinging may hurt others and kill yourself.

Anger and Forgiveness. The Caliph Hassan being at table, a slave accidently dropped a dish of meat which being very hot severely burned the Caliph. The slave, in great fear, instantly fell on his knees before his master and repeated these words of the Koran, "Paradise is for those who restrain their anger." "I am not angry with thee," replied the Caliph. "And for those who forgive offences," continued the slave. "I forgive thee," added the Caliph. "But above all for those who return good for evil," said the slave. "I set thee at liberty," rejoined the Caliph, "and give thee ten pounds with which to begin thy life of freedom."

AUGUST 23RD.—**David and Jonathan.**

Passage for reading—1 *Samuel xx.* 12–23.

POINTS. 1. A covenant made between friends.
2. Friendship leads to love.
3. Love leads to mutual help.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **A Faithful Friend.** One of the company sent his servant to fetch a lute, which on its being brought was found to have lost tune, as often happens to these instruments when exposed to the changes of the atmosphere. While he was tightening the strings his thoughts ran thus: "What is sweeter than a well-tuned lute, and what more delightful than a faithful friend who can cheer us in sorrow with words of affection and comfort? Nothing, however, is sooner untuned than a lute, and nothing is more fickle than a friend. The tone of the one changes with the weather and that of the other with fortune. With a clear sky and a bright sun you will have friends in plenty; but let fortune frown and the sky be overcast, then will friends prove like the strings of the lute, of which you may tighten ten before you will find one which will bear the tension and keep faithful to the pitch. Jonathan alone of David's friends was faithful to him in trouble and in joy.

The Influence of Friendliness. When this church was being built, said a clergyman, I became acquainted with one of the carpenters who worked upon it, and I had many chats with him. One day when I met him as he came down the street I stopped and spoke to him, and shook hands with him. And giving me, as I noticed, a peculiar look, and keeping hold of my hand, he said, "Now, sir, you do not know how much good this does me." "What?" said I. "Well, sir, your speaking to me and shaking hands with me. I shall go home to-night and say to my wife, 'I met Mr. B. to-day.' 'Ah,' she will say, 'and what did he say?' And the children will look up too, and I will tell them, 'He stopped and shook hands with me, and asked if I was getting along well.' And they will talk about that for a week. You have no idea how much good it does a plain man to be noticed, and to be made to feel that he is not a nobody."

Saved by Friendship. A colonel of Virginia fell into the hands of Indians and was condemned to death. In the tribe was a chief who before had been his friend. At the approach of the executioners he threw himself upon the intended victim, saying, "This man is my friend; before you can get at him you must kill me." His friend was saved.

AUGUST 30TH.—**David Spares Saul.**

Passage for reading—1 *Samuel xxvi.* 5–12; 21–25.

POINTS. 1. David spares Saul's life.
2. David honours the Lord's anointed.
3. Saul acknowledges his fault.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Forgiveness for Christ's Sake.** Louis XII. of France had many enemies before he ascended the throne. When he became King he caused a list to be made of his persecutors, and marked against each of their names a large black cross. When this became known the enemies of the King fled, because they thought it was a sign that he intended to punish them. But the King, hearing of their fears, caused them to be recalled, with an assurance of pardon, and said that he had put a cross beside each name to remind him of the Cross of Christ, that he might endeavour to follow the example of Him who had prayed for His murderers, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Honour Paid to Man. The city of Versailles was thronged with courtiers who daily came to do worship before the great King. "God alone is great," said the courtly Massillon, but next to

Him, as the prelate thought, was certainly Louis XIV., His vicegerent here upon earth—God's lieutenant-governor of the world—before whom courtiers used to fall on their knees and *shade their eyes*, as if the light of the King's countenance, like the sun which shone in the heaven, the type of him, was too dazzling to bear. David had no such exaggerated sentiment about King Saul, but he had learned to "honour the King" as well as to "fear God."

Confession of Wrong. When George Washington was stationed in early life at Alexandria, with a regiment under his command, he grew warm one day at an election, and said something very offensive to a Mr. Payne, who, with one blow of his cane, felled him to the ground. On hearing of the insult offered to their commander, the regiment, burning for revenge, immediately started for the city; but Washington met them and begged them, by their regard for him, to return peaceably to their barracks. Finding himself in the wrong in his hasty expressions, he nobly resolved to make an honourable reparation, and the next morning sent a polite note requesting Payne to meet him at the tavern. Payne took it for a challenge and went in expectation of a duel; but was greatly surprised when Washington met him with a smile and said, "Mr. Payne, to err is human, but to correct our errors is always honourable. I admit that I was wrong yesterday; you have had, I think, some satisfaction; and if you deem that sufficient, here is my hand—let us be friends." Few could resist such an act of justice and courtesy; and Payne became from that moment through life an enthusiastic friend and admirer of Washington, who, in all his victories, never won a more glorious triumph than when by ruling his own spirit he subdued the anger of his enemy and won his confidence and love.

SEPTEMBER 6TH.—**The Death of Saul and Jonathan.**

Passage for reading—1 *Samuel xxxi.* 1–13.

POINTS. 1. Saul's death in battle.
2. David mourns for Saul, his enemy.
3. David mourns for Jonathan, his friend.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Death Unprepared for.** It is told of the celebrated and infamous Cæsar Borgia that in his last moments he exclaimed, "I have provided in the course of my life for everything except death; and now, alas! I am to die although utterly unprepared."

True Sympathy. I have heard several anecdotes of Queen Victoria and her family from the governess of the royal children. This lady was the orphan daughter of a Scottish clergyman. During the first year of her residence at Windsor Castle her mother died. When she first received the news of her mother's serious illness she applied to the Queen to be allowed to resign her situation, feeling that to her mother she owed even a more sacred duty than to her sovereign. The Queen, who had been much pleased with her, would not hear of her making this sacrifice, but said, in a tone of the most gentle sympathy, "Go at once to your mother; stay with her as long as she needs you, and then come back to us. Prince Albert and I will hear the children's lessons; so, at any rate, let your mind be at rest with regard to your pupils." The governess went, and had several weeks of sweet mournful communion with her dying mother. A year went by, and the first anniversary of her great loss dawned upon her, and she was overwhelmed by the utter loneliness of her grief. Every morning before breakfast her pupils came to the school-room for a short religious exercise. This morning the voice of the governess trembled in reading the Psalm for the day. Some words of Divine tenderness were too much for her lonely and grieving heart. Her strength gave way, and laying her head on the desk before her she burst into tears, murmuring, "Oh, mother, mother"! One after another the children stole out of the room, and went to the Queen to tell her how sadly their governess was feeling, and that kind-hearted monarch exclaiming, "Oh, poor girl, it is the anniversary of her mother's death," hurried to the school-room where she found her trying to regain her composure. "My poor child," the Queen said, "I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I meant to give orders that you should have this day entirely to yourself. Take it as a sad and sacred holiday. I will hear the lessons of the children." And then she added, "To show you that I have not forgotten this mournful anniversary, I bring you this gift," clasping on her arm a beautiful mourning bracelet, with a locket for her mother's hair, marked with the date of her mother's death.

SEPTEMBER 13TH.—**David becomes King.**

Passage for reading.—2 *Samuel ii.* 1–10.

POINTS. 1. David anointed King.
2. David's care for the dead.
3. David seeks counsel of God.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **True Greatness.** In olden times it was the custom to crown a brave soldier with laurel. There was one man who never went out to fight for his country, but spent his life in a better service, for he tried to teach a nation to be wise and good. At last the people felt that the only way to be great is to do good. They gave to him the laurel crown; but he won for himself a far nobler prize—the respect and love of all who knew him.

The Teaching of Burial. The Egyptians among whom Abraham dwelt, entertaining as they did the foolish superstition that the existence of the soul depended on the preservation of the lifeless clay, took every possible precaution to guard against decay by embalming it and wrapping it in sheets of linen and gold. And these mummies they sometimes kept in their homes, and sometimes placed in gigantic edifices intended to defy the hand of time. But Abraham, by burying his dead out of his sight, taught practically the great principle of the Jewish religion, that when the body has been severed from the immortal soul it has lost the sacredness and value which belonged to it in life. It is indeed to receive decent burial, as the bodies of Saul and Jonathan did at the hands of the men whom David commended for the act, but "the dust returneth to the earth as it was; and the spirit returneth unto God who gave it."

HARDLY A ROMANCE

A Complete Story by A. B. Romney.

MONOTONY is hard to endure when one is young.

Had Sheila Malony been in the habit of making calculations other than those concerning the price of milk, butter, and eggs, she might, without much mental effort, have arrived at the conclusion that this evening she was doing what she had done previously seven thousand three hundred times; when her old grey mare stopped of her own accord at the gate of Granard House, and Sheila prepared to descend, milk-can in hand. But, as Cervantes sagely remarks, "to think that the affairs of this life will always remain in the same posture is a wild supposition," and the truth of this observation Sheila was soon about to prove.

As she pushed open the gate she saw a young man—a good-looking young man—busily engaged in raking the already smooth gravel of the avenue. She had noticed him raking several evenings in succession, and it had just passed through her mind that never had she seen an avenue which required so much raking.

Every evening as she passed she had said, "A fine soft evenin', glory be t' God!" or "There's slop above, I'm afeard!" as the occasion required, and the young man had always agreed very civilly in her estimate of the weather, and then remained leaning on his rake till she disappeared round the turn of the path. (It used to be near six o'clock, and men do get tired, the poor creaturs! towards the end iv the day.)

This evening, however, the young man was right at the very gate, and when he saw her he stepped forward and said:

"I'll hould your horse for ye, miss."

"Och! Sure, she'll stay by herself widout stirrin'. It's that tired she do be she'd sit down if she could," replied Sheila, with her cheerful little dimples showing in her cheeks, as she smiled at the young man, and hastened up the avenue. Sheila was always in a hurry, with neither time nor inclination for "crusheening" with anyone, "let alone" with a young man.

Sheila was feeling unusually gay, for she believed that at last she was approaching the realisation of what had been the one aim and object of her life for the last ten years.

That evening, as she had sat milking in the byre, her father had come up, and, leaning over the half-door of the shed, looked at her for some time in silence, and then said:

"I'm thinkin' iv spakin' t' Tim Casey about commencin' to build the house, when he's finished his job down in the town."

The hiss of the milk falling against the side of the pail ceased abruptly, and Sheila, gazing up at her father's rough, expressionless old face, cried joyfully—

"Oh, father! Ye don't say so! Do ye relly think we've enough put by? I can't believe it's actually thrue we'll be sittin' like the quality in our own house by the time the spring comes! Are ye sure we've enough to begin?"

Old Malony bent down his head, and after a glance round whispered:

"I've been tottin', and another couple of pounds will do it. But don't let on—don't let on about it yet!"

"No, father. I'll not tell a single sowl till ye give me lave!" replied Sheila, beginning to milk with renewed energy.

There was silence for a moment; then old Malony, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, said half-sheepishly, half-proudly:

"I niver thought to live t' see this day, an'—an' I niver would but fur you, Sheila."

He moved away, ashamed of showing such unusual emotion, and Sheila, leaning her forehead against Drimin's warm, brown hide, felt as though she was more than rewarded for all the privations of the last ten years.

There is nothing which so soon isolates one,

XUM

in this world, where the majority of people drift aimlessly through life, as having a purpose, more especially a secret purpose.

When Sheila was fifteen her father had been a fairly prosperous farmer, then misfortune after misfortune had overwhelmed him, and the savings of his lifetime vanished in the struggle against sickness.

He had been saving to build himself a house on the one small field which his father had left him. Now, without either health or money, this was an impossibility. He went about a broken-down man, till Sheila ventured to whisper what was her dream. The house would still be built, she declared. "A heart without hope," says the Irish proverb, "is as a bow without an arrow," and such was the old man's heart till by degrees again the pence turned into shillings, and the shillings into pounds, and hope brightened into certainty.

But all these years of silent, ceaseless struggling had robbed Sheila of her youth. She had had no time for any of the pleasures or excitements of other girls. If she had, indeed, no enemies, she had no friends. She was, she knew, quite unlike the other girls in the neighbourhood. She had once overheard her mother summing her up as "not worth turnin' yer head to look at, but an industrious little creatur, wid no harrum in her; but it was a pity she wasn't more like other girls—she'd niver make a match, but the Lord's will be done!"

To-night, however, Sheila did not care if she was not like other girls. She pitied them, for she did not believe there was such a happy girl in the whole world as she herself! She came down the avenue singing the words of the old Irish song:

> "We meet in the market and fair,
> We meet in the morning and night.
> He sits on the half of my chair,
> And my people are wild with delight.
>
> "Then oh! the marriage, the marriage,
> With love and 'mo bouchal' for me—
> The ladies that ride in a carriage
> Might envy my marriage to me!"

Then she stopped short, for still raking at the same spot stood the young man, Jim Brian, in his shirt sleeves. He was, as we have said, a very good-looking young man, strong and active, with dark bright eyes, and a watch in his pocket. In short, he was "the broth" of a boy and the full of your eyes! All of which Sheila noticed as she climbed into her car and, taking up the reins, was preparing to jog homewards, when Jim stepped forward, and, taking out of his hat three remarkably large, rosy, well-polished apples, laid them in a row on the seat beside Sheila.

"I thought maybe ye'd favour an apple," he remarked, as she looked with surprise and pleasure at this offering.

"There's nothing sweeter nor a bite iv an apple," declared Sheila gratefully.

"If that be so, I'll have some more fur ye to-morrow!" said Jim, as the milk-cans began to rumble when the car set in motion.

Sheila stewed two of the apples for her father's and mother's suppers, but the third she kept untouched. She laid it on the shelf over her bed, for even the very smell was pleasant as she fell to sleep, and to see its rosy face in the morning was proof that she had not been merely dreaming that she was at last like other girls—she, too, had someone who admired her.

As time went on, the avenue of Granard House presented the same well-kept appearance. No matter how many carriages went up it, always by six o'clock in the evening not a trace of wheels remained, not a pebble nor a weed was to be discovered by the most vigilant eyes.

Sheila would have given a great deal to be able to buy a new jacket, her shawl was such an old-fashioned affair. Every girl except herself had a jacket, and there were beauties of the very latest mode to be had at Flanagan's Emporium for 10s. 6½d. But such extravagance could not be thought of, at least not at present. Some day, however, there would be a pleasant little surprise for Jim! And as Sheila thought of the new house soon to rise—a house of four rooms and a pigsty, a house with a slated roof, a house their very own property—her colour would rise, and a new light come into her eyes which made the neighbours look at her and observe they did not know what had come over Sheila Malony, "but somehow she looked much sprucer like nor she used to do!"

About this time there happened to be a bank holiday, and Jim asked Sheila how she was going to spend it.

"Arrah! sure now," cried Sheila, laughing, "who'd milk the cows if I took a holiday? Cows do be more like a Christian nor any other baste—they must be fed reg'lar."

"Someone else, then, must feed them, for you've got t' come wid me for a spree t' the Dargle. A lot iv us is subscribin' togither fur a brake, and I've taken a seat fur you."

"But, Jim, I don't know what they'd say at home!" said Sheila, her eyes bright with delight.

"It doesn't matter what they say—you've got t' come!"

Here Jim began raking very vigorously and added, almost turning his back on Sheila, "an' I've got somethin' t' axe ye about."

Sheila reached home in a strange flutter of expectancy, joy, and fear. The expedition to

the Dargle was to take place the following Tuesday. On Monday night she forced herself to say what she had been too shy to speak of all the week. She announced vaguely that some of the boys and girls in the village were going in a party to the Dargle, and had asked her to go with them.

"Iv course you'd more sinse than to want to be flying over th' counthry scatterin' yer money like other fools," said Mrs. Malony, who, in her own young days, had attended every festivity and fair within ten miles.

Sheila's candle shook in her hand.

"It won't be any expinse, ma'am," she replied. "I thought father would p'raps milk the cows jist fur this onct—I niver did axe fur a holiday before——"

"I'll see afther the cows," observed old Malony, from his chimney corner.

"Well! I don't hould wid gallivantin' fur gurls—makin' them that upset they'd expect t' set wid their hands in their laps like the gentry," replied Mrs. Malony, ungraciously, for she was one of the large number of folk to whom a pleasure in which she had no share seemed like a personal injury.

Sheila retired to her attic in an ecstasy of delight. She was even glad of her mother's ill-temper, since it had prevented her from asking more particulars as to whom it was that had given the invitation. She had saved a couple of inches of candle, in order to be able to make her preparations for the morrow; also, with an uneasy conscience, she had bought enough blue ribbon to trim her hat anew and make a bow for her neck. She trimmed it now, and then tried it on anxiously before the cracked little mirror which did its best to prevent the roots of vanity from springing up in the heart of anyone who ventured to use it. Next she pleated all her hair till it stood out in numberless tails after the fashion of a Red Indian, and rendered sleep almost an impossibility. But pride must suffer pain, as Mrs. Malony used to observe as she put on her Sunday boots, and Sheila rejoiced the next morning in the masses of soft silky fair hair, on which the neat little white hat with its blue ribbon rested so becomingly.

What matter if the day looked threatening? Had not she her old shawl neatly folded across her arm? She ran down to the meeting place, all aglow with pleasure and excitement.

A number of young men and girls were already seated in the car. Sheila was too little accustomed to society of any kind to know "Jealousy's peculiar manner," which is much the same all over the world. She, in her plain black dress, and white collar with the little blue bow, never guessed that she looked like a dove amongst a lot of noisy barn-door fowls decked out in the feathers moulted by their betters. And so she thought it was contempt that made the other girls eye her so coldly, and she became so depressed that she allowed Bouncing Biddy, the belle of the party, to push her into the corner seat of the brake, where she was completely cut off from Jim, leaving him to be entirely monopolised by Bouncing Biddy's loud jokes and laughter.

The brake started and rattled along into the country. By degrees the bright colour faded out of Sheila's cheeks. The rain which had been threatening to fall all the morning now began to fall steadily, with only those momentary pauses which betoken a hopelessly wet day. Sheila was obliged to wrap her hated old shawl right round her head and shoulders, while Bouncing Biddy, unsubdued by the drizzle, insisted on opening her huge gamp to shelter herself and Jim, and at the same time to cut off Sheila as though with a rampart.

It was fifteen miles to the Dargle, but the fun and laughter underneath the green gamp never seemed to Sheila to cease for a second. Sheila did not blame Jim for the course events had taken; she saw how helpless he was, after the manner of men, in the hands of the experienced and fascinating Bouncing Biddy. She merely despised herself as a stupid, unattractive creature, and looked forward to arrival at the Dargle as the only means to set Jim free. But this was not at all what Biddy intended to allow. Jim was, as she expressed it, "the fancy man" of the assembled holiday makers, so she was determined not to allow him to waste his time with a silly little whey-faced creature like Sheila Malony!

It was not until her attention was distracted by another admirer suddenly putting his arm round her waist and starting her running down a particularly precipitous piece of grass, that, shrieking and laughing, she, against her will, ran down the steep meadow, leaving Jim and Sheila standing laughing at her from the edge of the path.

"Come on!" said Jim, seizing on this favourable moment of escape. "Come on. I want to talk to you, if we can get a moment's peace."

He led the way rapidly to a secluded nook behind the far famous "Lover's Leap," and Sheila followed him. It had ceased for the moment to rain, and the landscape seemed to Sheila as though suddenly lit up with sunshine, such was the glow of happiness which Jim's words had wakened in her heart.

"We'll axe the parson to call out the banns next Sunday, eh, Sheila, my darlint?" said Jim in his abrupt, straightforward way.

Sheila's thin, eager little face reddened all over and then paled.

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"Shrieking and laughing she . . . ran down the steep meadow."

"Oh, no, Jim. Not yet. I can't yet——"

Jim's brows contracted ominously.

"An' why not, I'd like t' know? Have you been all this time only making a fule iv me?"

"Oh, no, Jim!"

"An' what d' ye mane then, eh?"

Sheila could only sob. How could she explain when she had given her father her promise not to speak of his plans? Therefore she could but sob, and, as all the world knows, nothing irritates a man more than a sobbing woman.

Jim glared straight in front of him, impatient and wrathful, and it was hard to tell whether the rain or Sheila's tears fell the faster.

"Well, we can't stay here in the wet all day," he declared gruffly. "So you may as well tell me at onct what ye mane. Will ye take me or lave me?"

"Oh! sure, Jim, I can't yet. Wait till the spring—wait till——"

But what she was going to say Jim was destined to wait many a day to hear, for at this moment Bouncing Biddy and a troop of her companions rushed down the path, and Jim and Sheila were carried off to the cottage where the hampers were to be opened and their contents devoured.

The rest of the day passed like an uneasy dream to Sheila. She glanced imploringly over and over again towards Jim, but he seemed to have no eyes for anyone but Bouncing Biddy, who kept the party in loud roars of laughter at her practical jokes and by her irrepressible flow of high spirits.

It was eleven o'clock at night before the party reached the village once more, and separated amidst the rain which was now coming down in torrents. Sheila's last hope of a farewell word to Jim was crushed by Biddy, who hoisted her gamp over her head as she cried:

"Here, Sheila! You may as well come along wid me, as we're going the same way. Come along, for mercy's sake, afore we're swept into th' gutter!"

And thus Sheila reached home, where the door was opened by the much aggrieved Mrs. Malony, kept awake "to sich an hour iv of the night by an idle daughter's devarsions!"

The next week or so was dull and uneventful. Sheila resumed her daily routine, and plodded round without ever meeting or even seeing Jim. The avenue, formerly so neat and well raked, was becoming quite grass-grown here and there, partly from want of the hoe, and partly on account of the wet weather. Autumn had gone, and winter had begun unusually early.

Now, in winter, as the old Irish chronicler observes sagely, "the world seemeth like an old cat, all overcome with age and travail, that live may not, for she is all dispoileth of beauty and of strength and virtue." And in winter one needs to have "a joyfulle hearte" to keep "the body strong, moist, and active."

Sheila's heart was very sad, and she began to droop, although as long as she kept busy there was no one to notice the change in her.

One evening she chanced to meet Bouncing Biddy, who began cheerfully:

"Well! an' is that yerself? I haven't laid eyes on ye since our spree at the Dargle. Did you hear tell Jim Brian has went and gone to 'Merica?"

The empty cans in Sheila's hand jingled together. She steadied herself with an effort, and climbed up into her car before she answered as bravely as she could:

"He'll get on well out there, I'm thinkin'. Jim was real smart."

Biddy eyed her curiously. She could not understand reticence in any matter, least of all in love, which to her was but an unfailing subject for laughter and jokes.

"I thought," began Biddy, "that you and Jim was——" But Sheila shook the reins so vehemently that the old grey mare pricked up her ears, and set out at such an unusual rate that Biddy's thoughts for once remained unspoken.

It was well the grey mare knew the way home, for Sheila sat with the reins in her inert fingers, careless and unconscious of where she was being driven. It was not until she found herself opposite to the yard gate that she woke to the actual things of life. Then she dismounted, fed and stabled the mare, closed the dairy, and went slowly into the house. Her heart felt too numb to feel much pain yet. Her father was standing with his back to the fire, instead of crouching over it as usual. At any other time she would have noticed with pleasure that he looked much stronger and brighter than usual.

"Where's mother?" asked Sheila.

"Do you know what I'm afther doing?" the old man began, not answering her directly.

"No. What?"

"I've been afther seeing Tim Casey, and I've given him notice to begin th' new house at onct. When I tould yer mother how we had enough money saved, ye'd think she'd take leave iv her senses at the thought iv havin' a parlour iv her own to set in. She's jist stepped over to Widdy Flanagan's to tell her the news, and she's still crusheening wid her."

Sheila's heart gave a great throb of pain. Her fidelity seemed to have been wasted. Had she only told the secret to Jim, how happy she might now have been, she

thought, not realising that happiness can never be gained except by the conscious effort towards attaining our highest ideals.

"It's very quare, father," she said, with unsteady voice, after a moment or two, "but now that it's all come thrue, what we've been savin' and scrapin' fur so long, I only feel tired like. I used t' think, if this day would ever come, that I'd be happier nor a king, so I did!"

But her father, absorbed in his plans of future prosperity, did not hear her, or notice the piteous whiteness of her sad little face. So she went to her attic, and, lying down on her bed, turned her face to the wall, like King Hezekiah in the days of yore, and wept sore. But broken hearts, they say, die slow, and so Sheila just grew smaller and paler every day, until at last, when the new house was finished, and the air was soft again with the freshness of spring, people began to take notice that, as Widdy Flanagan expressed it, "Sheila Malony looked as if it wouldn't be long before she'd be in heaven." It seemed strange that now, when everything was going on so well and there was no longer need for hard work, she should thus pine and fade.

A boy now carried round the milk, and Sheila for the most part lay on the hard little sofa in the parlour and thought of those far away days last autumn when she had been so happy.

One afternoon, as she was thus lying, she had an unexpected visit from Bouncing Biddy. Biddy had at first refrained from coming to see the new house, for she considered Sheila's illness to be merely imaginary, just the sign of "the hump of grandeur" displayed to show the neighbours she was above working. However, at last, partly through curiosity, partly through good nature, she walked up from the village to the new whitewashed cottage on the hill, and showed her merry, impudent red face at the open door.

"Oh, Biddy! Is that yerself?" said Sheila, sitting up. "Come in."

Biddy came in. A sudden burst of remorse for all her late unkind speeches kept her silent.

The Widow Flanagan had spoken the truth when she said Sheila Malony would not be long before she would be in heaven.

"Whativer ails ye? Ye've gone to nothin'," at last she cried, fixing her bold black eyes on Sheila, who had sunk back into the corner of the sofa.

"I don't know. I'll soon be betther."

"Did ye know who I've a letter from in my pocket?" she asked, after a pause.

"No. Who?" cried Sheila, roused by she knew not what sudden thrill of expectation.

"It's from Jim Brian. He wrote three weeks ago to my brother Pat, and I brought the letter wid me, thinkin' p'r'aps you'd like to read it, as you and he used to be so thick."

"Letters are the food of love," they say, and certainly to see Sheila's face as Biddy pulled out a very much thumb-marked epistle from the depths of her pocket, one would have believed the saying to be true.

"Did ye answer it yet?" she asked, as she took the letter in her trembling fingers.

"Yes, I did. Pat isn't much of a scholard, so I wrote for him. Do you know what I said at the end by way iv a joke? I tould him you was dying, and it was all for love iv him! I didn't know it was thrue—then."

"Och, Biddy! Biddy! How could you? Och! How could you!"

"Sure, it was only by way iv a joke—he'd niver believe it," faltered Biddy, frightened by Sheila's distress.

Sheila let the letter fall, and, burying her face in her hands, sobbed. She was weak, very weak, and she could not help it, though every tear that fell in Biddy's presence burned her with shame and mortification.

Her secret was now no secret. All the world would laugh at her.

"Don't take on so. Sure, it was only a joke," repeated Biddy awkwardly.

Sheila pressed her handkerchief into her eyes, and bit her lips till they nearly bled in the effort to regain her self-control. Biddy sat uneasily, staring out of the open window. Suddenly she sprang to her feet, and craned out her neck. "I'm blessed, I am blessed," she said more to herself than to Sheila, "but I can't believe the sight iv me two eyes! May I niver do a day's good if I don't see Jim Brian a-coming up the hillside!"

"Och! Biddy, don't be thrying to make a fule iv me!"

"I'm not—I'm not making a fule iv ye," cried Biddy, with increased excitement. "It's hisself, and no one else. Here he is a-comin' in through the gate. Don't ye hear it creakin'?"

Sheila stood up. The gate creaked: it always did creak somehow till you knew how to humour it. Footsteps were heard coming along the path. Sheila put out both her arms as though to ward off she knew not what deceiving dreams. A tall, strong figure blocked up the little doorway.

"Och, Jim! Och! dear Jim!"

"Och, Sheila! Acushla ma chree!"

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPIST.

IT is a common sneer of the cynic that the average philanthropist is so very unpractical. No such criticism can be made against Mr. Thomas Holmes, the most famous of police court missionaries. In his own words, he "believes in the application of common sense when difficulties are to be solved," and there can be no doubt that the secret of his great success in dealing with the extraordinary problems which daily arise in police court work, lies in his great gift of getting at the heart of things. Mr. Holmes has now been at work in the London police courts as a missionary of the C.E.T.S. for about eighteen years. He commenced in Lambeth, but has now for a long time been located at the North London court, and during the period has had under his care the notorious Jane Cakebread, Kate Henessey, and other unfortunate victims of intemperance whose frequent appearances before the magistrates have made their names famous to newspaper readers all over the world. The



(Photo: A. W. Wilson and Co., Stoke Newington, N.

MR. THOMAS HOLMES.

poor, the outcast, the forsaken, and those given up by nearly everybody, seem to turn at last to Mr. Holmes. If ever a man deserved the title "The Friend of the Friendless, it is he. His own home has time after time sheltered the "given-ups": no "case" seems to be too hopeless for his Christian and humanising methods, and although he has met with many discouragements he still keeps a cheery heart, encouraged by the success which every now and then rewards his plucky efforts to "raise up the fallen." He has gained the deep respect of the various magistrates under whom he has worked, and they have frequently borne testimony to his services.

A MAN WITH A MISSION.

What John Howard did for the prisons Mr. Holmes seeks to do for the prisoners. Howard's genius was bent on a thorough reformation of the prisons; Mr. Holmes is consumed with a burning passion to reform the treatment of prisoners, especially those who are the victims of intemperance. In his intensely fascinating book, "Pictures and Problems from Police Courts," he states his views and opinions with splendid courage. With daring originality he smites many of the conventional remedies promulgated by ordinary workers, and one cannot lay down the book without feeling "These are the thoughts of a man who thinks for himself." If one would know how the poor live, how nobly they bear their sufferings, what appalling tragedies of real life cluster in the crowded rooms of suburban London, he may find it in the thrilling pages of Mr. Holmes narrative.

A HOME OF REST.

To help poor women workers to get a little sunshine in their dreary lives Mr. Holmes has founded a Home of Rest at Walton-on-the-Naze. During the few years it has been open it has proved an immense boon to the tired-out poor folk, seamstresses and others, who eke out a miserable existence on the few shillings a week paid to them for long hours of labour. Mr. Holmes writes: "Down to my little Home at Walton there has been a procession of such women. I wish that I could march them before my readers, each poor woman carrying a 'brown-paper parcel,' for bags, portmanteaus, or boxes have not been seen among them. No elastic step among them. Bent bodies, faces wrinkled and like to discoloured parchment. Some younger bodies, but still whitish and bloodless faces, whose eyes are dull, and no sparkle of joy in them; plenty of passivity, but no glint of fire. Some with a child each, some with two, for the children must be cared for. Some, too, alas! bruised and battered, for even the passivity of a wage-earning machine wife is no security against the brutality of a husband when the potion works within him."

A WORD FOR THE RECHABITES.

Mr. Richardson Campbell is a life abstainer, and was born in Scotland on October 22, 1850. He commenced his business career as an engineer, and was subsequently connected with the National Bank of Scotland. He



(Photo: W. Gillett, Manchester.)

MR. RICHARDSON CAMPBELL.

became keenly interested in the work of the Independent Order of Rechabites, holding office after office, until he was elected a member of the Board of Direction. In 1884 he was appointed High Secretary, an office which he still holds. Under his wise and energetic direction the Rechabite Order has made extraordinary progress in every direction. As is well-known, the Order is a Friendly Society composed of persons who abstain from the use of alcoholic beverages. It was founded at Salford on August 25th, 1835, at Meadowcroft's Temperance Hotel, Bolton Street, and is the oldest, largest, and wealthiest Temperance Friendly Society in existence. The adult membership at the end of 1901 was 177,651, and the juvenile membership 106,998. Including honorary members and members' wives and children insured, the grand total realised 339,314. The accumulated funds are now well over a million and a quarter sterling. The late Archbishop Temple was a member of the Order, and warmly advocated its principles. As a Friendly Society the affairs of the Order are of the most advanced description, and the wide range of benefits which it offers makes it suitable to the circumstances of nearly every class in the community. The benefits are from 2s. 6d. to 15s. per week in sickness; and from £5 to £30 in case of death (a member may also insure £5 or £10 on the death of his wife, provided she is an abstainer); also medical attendance, advice, and medicine from date of joining. Half-benefit in sick and funeral funds is paid when members are six months in the Order, and full benefit in twelve months; full sick benefit is given for the first twenty-six weeks of sickness, and is afterwards reduced. Members of the Order can now also insure for pensions in old age, and for life insurance in the Central Funds up to £200 at death, or on attaining sixty-five years of age. From very small beginnings the Rechabites have extended throughout the world, and the Order has a universal clearance system, whereby members can transfer their membership to any locality, which is a great boon to working men, who often have to remove from town to town, or to emigrate in search of employment. *The Rechabite Magazine* and its companion publication, *The Juvenile Rechabite*, have both a very large circulation.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

A few more testimonies from the poets may be acceptable to our readers. We have already quoted an example of Milton's verse; here is one of his prose indictments of intemperance. "What more foul common sin among us than drunkenness? Who can be ignorant that if the importation of wines were forbid, it would both clean rid the possibility of committing that odious vice, and men might afterwards live happily and healthfully without the use of intoxicating liquors?" Richard Crawshaw, who flourished at the same period, in describing the marriage at Cana in Galilee, wrote the deathless line:

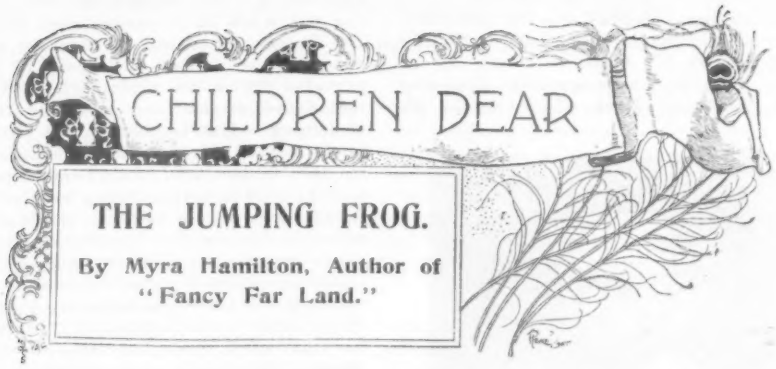
"The modest water saw its God, and blushed."

A lesser known poet of the Stuart period, James Nicholson, wrote:

"Our homes are invaded with dark desolation,
There's danger wherever the wine-cup doth flow;
Then pledge your fair hands to resist the temptation,
Nor stain your red lips with those waters of woe.
Lift up your bright glances, put on all your beauty—
Your holy affection—your God-given dower;
Such weapons are mighty—awake to your duty,
The trophies you gather will add to your power."

The same author also penned the following:

"I'll pledge thee not in wassail bowl,
With rosy madness filled;
But let us quaff the noble wine
By Nature's hand distilled,
Where to the skies the mountains rise
In grandeur to the view,
Where sparkling rills leap down the hills,
O'er Scotia's mountain dew."



THE JUMPING FROG.

By Myra Hamilton, Author of "Fancy Far Land."



AT the bottom of the pond there was the greatest excitement you could imagine. Everybody talked at once, and made wild suggestions which nobody heeded. Funny little creatures that lived in the mud pushed each other about and wagged their tails in a most impudent manner when they were corrected by their elders. The whole life of the pond was upset because the Water Queen had decided to call upon them; and, being almost as foolish as some human beings, the frogs, tadpoles, newts, and others, were in such a state of delight that they could not settle to their duties or talk of anything except the approaching visit of this royal lady.

In the pond there dwelt with his parents a fine young frog who was called by his devoted mother "Speckles," because her fond eye detected upon his back a more pronounced form of marking than was to be seen upon his brothers and sisters. For a long time the mother of "Speckles" was convinced that he was weak and delicate, so she brought him the daintiest tit-bits she could find in the pond, and when he wanted to lie asleep upon the water-lily leaves that lay on the surface of the water she always sent one of his younger brothers to keep the flies off him and not let his beautiful skin be baked too dry by the sun. At night he had the softest corner of the mud on which to rest, and when he expressed a desire to take a walk his sisters were told to accompany him to see that he did not go too far and to prevent him being dull. In those days frogs did not make funny little leaps when they wanted to move about, but they walked on their hind legs like everybody else, and so they would have continued to do, if this spoilt one had not been so deceitful and unkind to the other members of his family.

It was the custom on the few occasions that the Water Queen came to the pond to get up some sort of entertainment for her amusement, as her visits were so few and far between that her subjects liked to feel they had interested her, and that she would be ready to come again. When, therefore, she issued her proclamation to say that she would arrive the very next day the water in the pond was clear, everybody began to plan what they should do. Old Mrs. Frog was delighted, for in her secret heart she felt the queen had only to look at "Speckles" to be so impressed with his beauty and cleverness that she would decide to make him a very important personage at her Water Court, if not actually her husband. To see her son married to the queen was this foolish frog's dream, but if not that, however, she was sure something equally great would be his. So she encouraged the idea of the entertainment, and even went so far as to suggest that all the frogs should dance before her majesty. But when this idea had been decided upon there was a terrible disappointment in store for her, because "Speckles" rose and announced that nothing would induce him to take his share in the dance, and he refused to listen to reason. The poor fish, who had, on account of his wisdom, been chosen to arrange everything, was full of despair, and in his distress he sent for "Speckles" and tried to argue with him, but it was no use.

"I feel I am so beautiful and graceful," said the foolish young frog, as he strutted about, swinging his stick and biting the tip of his gloves, "that I have no desire to make an exhibition of myself with every other frog who dwells in this pond. Anybody can do that. I should consent to dance a solo if I were invited, but——"

"Dance a solo!" echoed the infuriated fish. "Let me tell you, you will not be allowed to do

any such thing. Invited, indeed! Who do you think would look at you if you behaved so stupidly?"

"Everybody would look at me," retorted Speckles, feeling very annoyed at the manner of the fish. "I am considered by all who are spectacles at his companion, "that is not what makes you a subject of discussion round about. I admit you *are* talked about a great deal. Why, I myself speak of you frequently, but not on account of what you are pleased to call your good looks."



"'I don't think I am popular here, so good-bye.'"—*p.* 1020.

judges of beauty to be a most graceful, unique frog, while the wonderful markings on my body are the chief topic of the ponds for miles round."

"No," said the fish, peering over his

"No?" said Speckles, "and what, pray?"

"Well," replied the fish, hopping up and down on its tail for sheer joy at being able to speak his mind, "we all discuss your conceit, your ill-temper, your greediness, and your

selfishness, the rude manner in which you treat your relations, all of whom are far superior to you, and then we pity your poor mother for having such an unpleasant son, and wish we could get him turned out of the pond. So you see we often talk of you."

But the frog was already out of hearing, and hurrying home as fast as his green legs would carry him. He swelled with indignation when he remembered the scene he had just gone through, and as he trotted along he muttered to himself, "I will spoil their party. I will spoil their party. Ha! ha!"

For the next few days Speckles was hardly seen, and, as everybody was busily rehearsing for the entertainment to be performed before the Water Queen, he was not missed. No, not even by his mother, who found it a great relief not to have her ill-tempered, grumbling son loafing about and getting in everybody's way. He came home for his meals, when he seemed very eager for his food, but he never spoke, and neither his brothers nor sisters addressed him, for they thought he looked too cross to reply.

At last the eventful day came, and just when the sun was shining very brightly the Water Queen floated down to the bottom of the pond. She was seated in a small chariot made of fine white water-lily leaves, which was drawn by a team of snails, who, though they were not very swift, were very sure, and sank gracefully down, drawing the chariot after them. And then the Water Queen was charmed with what she saw, and she clapped her hands with pleasure. Festoons of duckweed hung from one point to another, gaily coloured flags made from fishes' scales swayed to and fro, while a beautifully laid path composed of rare pebbles led direct to the large canopy under which her majesty was to sit.

And then the dancing began, and everybody agreed there had never been anything like it before. All the tadpoles and newts surpassed themselves in their efforts to be amusing, and the entertainment was a huge success until the dance of the frogs commenced, and then some of the oldest inhabitants of the pond felt very anxious, for well they knew that Speckles intended to make himself a nuisance, and they wondered what he meant to do. But soon they knew, for into the centre of the dancers hopped this conceited young frog and began to perform in the most extraordinary way. To and fro he went, knocking over many of the others in his wild career, and generally spoiling the dance that had taken so long to arrange. But he paid no heed to the damage he did, for he saw the queen was watching him, and he was conceited enough to believe she was pleased with his efforts. Suddenly, however, she called to him to stop, and, as he drew near the throne to receive the royal thanks, he could not help fancying she looked rather severe, and though her first words were gracious enough, he still felt a little nervous; though, indeed, he would have been thoroughly frightened had he guessed she knew how unpleasant he made himself at home.

"And where did you learn such wonderful jumps?" she asked him so kindly that he was deceived. "It is quite unlike anything I have seen before."

"Oh," said Speckles very deceitfully, hoping she would never hear how hard he had been practising, "I did not learn it. It is a natural gift, I assure you."

"Oh-h-h!" cried some of the others who stood near, but the queen signed to them to be silent.

"Do you like jumping like that?" was her next question; and when the silly frog assented, she went on: "I am so glad, for I intend that for the future you shall always jump, and never walk again."

"What do you mean?" cried Speckles. "I shall walk when I choose."

"No," said the queen, "you will not. Neither you nor the frogs that come after you will walk. Henceforth every frog shall jump as a warning to other living things not to be conceited and selfish. Had you only behaved yourself, this would never have happened, but for a long time I have had complaints about you, so I determined to come and see for myself. No, it is no good pretending you are sorry, for I know you are not."

But Speckles shook his head and gazed at the queen very thoughtfully for a few moments. "How lucky it is," he said at length, "that I was born with long hind-legs. It makes them so much easier to jump with—and do you know," he went on, looking round at the angry faces by which he was surrounded, "where I shall jump first?"

"No," said her majesty, "I don't know, and I don't care."

"Well," said the frog, gathering his legs under him for a long spring, "I shall jump out of this pond and live elsewhere. I don't think I am popular here, so good-bye."

And as the queen, the tadpoles, newts, and the other frogs raised their heads and watched the little train of bubbles Speckles made as he vanished, they all forgave him for the trouble and annoyance he had caused, and wished him well in the new world into which he jumped.

Short Arrows

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

Sticking to It.

MINISTERS of the Gospel of all denominations set a fine example to every man of the world, whose main ambition it seems to be to "make his pile" and "retire." The late Primate preaching in Canterbury Cathedral on his eightieth birthday; Dr. Parker coming back to his congregation at three score years and ten, fresh from "the deepest grave I ever dug"; Dr. McLaren, almost an octogenarian, seeking a brief holiday, after much pain and weakness, to fit him for renewed pulpit work—more "Manchester Sermons." "Shall the old African slave dealer hold his tongue for Christ, while breath is in him?" said John Newton, when he was too blind to see his text, and so senile that he had to be reminded of his subject.

"The Quiver" Heroes Fund.

WE have to record the addition of two names to the roll of QUIVER heroes. In May last the attention of the Editor was drawn to the report of a gallant rescue at Bristol by a boy named William Edwin Jewell, fifteen years of age, and through the kindness of the Lord Mayor and Chief Constable of the City full and authentic particulars of the case were gleaned. It seems that on the the evening of Saturday, May 9, a little boy and girl, five years and three years old respectively, fell into the Free Tank, a part of the Bristol Floating Harbour, where the water varies from ten to twenty feet in depth. Young Jewell being called by his sister when the accident happened, at once dived into the tank and brought out, first the little girl, and then her brother; the latter was unconscious, and it was not until artificial respiration had been applied for half an hour that he showed signs of recovery. As this was not the first rescue from drowning which Jewell had made, his case was brought to the knowledge of the King, and his Majesty, who was much interested, expressed a hope that the boy would join the Royal Navy. On consideration of the facts of this latest case of gallantry, the Editor of THE QUIVER sent the bronze medal of THE QUIVER Heroes Fund to the Lord Mayor of Bristol, who kindly presented it to William Edwin Jewell. The second case comes from Lancaster, where a little boy fell into the canal, near Deep Cutting Bridge, on May 24, at a point where the water is deep, and would undoubtedly have been drowned but for the promptitude with which Mr. Fred Hartley jumped in, without waiting to throw off any of his clothing, and brought the little one to the bank. This is not the first case from Lancaster which has been considered in connection with THE QUIVER Heroes Fund, and the Editor has again to acknowledge the courteous assistance of the Mayor and Town Clerk in the verification of the details of the case, in which the Editor has had pleasure in awarding a bronze medal.

Who Runs May Read.

IN a certain London shop window there is, or was, a delicate instrument, with tiny revolving wings or sails, rather like a miniature windmill. These little fans, which are fashioned of some shiny material, are propelled entirely by the action of light, and it is interesting to watch the alacrity—*verve*, one might almost say—with which they turn upon a day of bright sunshine. In the gloom they are lethargic and depressed. In the same way, is it not cheerfulness and good-humour, more than anything else, which help to make the wheels of the world's industry go merrily round? How heartily men work for a word of praise and encouragement, and how loathsome labour is beneath the blight of suspicion, scolding, and sneers. The more smiles on earth, the more happy toil. "Let *your* light so shine."

Amongst the Southampton Dockers.

THE docks of London, covering an extent of 1,077 acres, are the pride of the nation and a wonder to Continental visitors. The forest of masts bears witness to the maritime power of England. The great corps of dockers, however, seldom come into public notice unless a strike gives them the importance of becoming part of a social problem. They are recruited chiefly from unskilled labourers. Men who have made shipwreck in the voyage of life look to the harbours as their refuge from beggary and starvation. The great features of the Port of London are reproduced on a smaller scale in every port of our island. It is not generally realised that ships and harbours are extra-parochial, and that care for the souls of men connected with them, other than sailors of the Royal Navy, depends on

voluntary efforts. About two years ago Captain Robinson, of H.M.S. *Walmer Castle*, made the dockers of Southampton the objects of his special and active interest. He originated morning services for them in the sheds, and has carried the work on untiringly up to the present time. He himself preaches to them, and they listen, for he holds forth the Word of Life. Many of these men may be thoroughly deserving; others have sunk inch by inch down to the lowest depths of despair. But the voluntary work of a brave sailor, their friend for Christ's sake, cannot fail to appeal to them and open their hearts to hope and comfort.

"Wayside Bridge Chapels."

IN the article on this subject which appeared in our last issue, the excellent picture of the interesting chapel at Bradford-on-Avon, which is reproduced on p. 914, should have been ascribed to Messrs. R. Wilkinson and Co., of Trowbridge, to whom we are indebted for the photograph.

Heroes of Bremen.

IN the market place of Bremen stands an ancient monument of the popular hero of bygone days, Roland the giant; yet it is not to this towering warrior of the Charlemagne legend that the ancient city owes highest honour, but to a nameless crippled dwarf: a memorial of whom well might stand conspicuous in Bremen's magnificent public park — that dwarf's own gift to his fellow-citizens; and this is his story: Well-nigh a thousand years ago, a strange gathering might have been seen on the borders of the city; men and women, some on foot, some on horseback, crowding round a crippled lad, in beggar garb, who was making slow and painful way, on hands and feet, along the wide waste land outside Bremen. Many applaud and cheer him on, some refresh him with food and drink; others look scornfully on at his laborious progress. For the noble owner of the land had decreed, in response to the earnest prayer of the townsmen of Bremen for the gift of this pasture land, that they should receive as large a space as the most feeble among them, crawling on hands and feet, could compass between sunrise and sunset. Therefore, through dust and mire, hedges and ditches, mead and morass, the cripple struggled on, defying difficulties and suffering, until, when the sun went down, he had won for his fellow-burghers an area beyond their highest hopes. The beautiful park, now covering only a portion of that long day's encompassing, encloses woods, and lakes, and meadows, a zoological garden, and many a costly and artistic building; and constitutes to this day the pride and joy of old and young. Well has Pastor Funcke of Bremen remarked that beneath such a monument to the dwarf as above suggested, should be inscribed: "Here all may learn what great things may be wrought by faithfulness in the least."



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)
ROLAND THE GIANT, BREMEN.

Gleams from the Southern Cross.

THERE is a pretty legend, better known perhaps in Australia than in England, that, after the Star of Bethlehem had done its work, and had guided the Magi to the Divine Child, it traversed the heavens till it shone over the lands of the far west, where it split up into four fragments, and became the glorious Australian constellation known as the Southern Cross. North, south, east, and west, the legend tells, the radiant arms of fire were commanded to point, in token that the entire earth, including those wild western countries, then dark with savagery and heathenism, should one day come under the dominion of the crucified Christ. There is a real astronomical peculiarity connected with the Southern Cross; no legend, but a phenomenon which can be continually observed. "The Cross," as the poet describes it, "swings low to the morn." That is, the Cross, at daybreak, appears to turn right over before it fades; the constellation looks almost upside down. And in this singularity is there not a parable of nature concerning Him Who is "the bright and morning star"? It is only in the glory of the Resurrection that the shame and suffering of the Cross recede, and that "death is swallowed up in victory." The Cross, with what looked like its failure, fades before the Redeemer's conquest over the grave. From north, south, east, and west, all nations are coming under the sway of the Crucified; because they know that they are worshipping One Who liveth, and was dead, and Who is alive for ever more. "The Cross swings low to the morn."

A Strange Silence.

IT would be a great gain to the average Sunday school throughout our land if teachers, especially those who have to do with boys, would add to their

virtues of punctuality, self-denial, previous preparation of the lesson, and the like, some rudiments of disciplinary power. Sabbath discipline is all the more needed when we consider the salutary check in which the lads are held in the ordinary Board school. A Sunday school superintendent of thirty-five years' experience lately told us a story, which we are content to repeat on his authority. We are not quite sure whether he intended it to be literal or parabolic. His face was grave; yet a twinkle was discernible in his keen grey eye. "Not long ago I was asked to take temporary charge of a boys' Sunday school, which was said to have fallen into considerable disorder. The big room was divided into compartments by curtains. We were short of help, and I had to take a class myself, an extra work no superintendent ever ought to do. From the other side of *my* curtain there soon came such an unbearable chatter that I entered, and found a class of noisy and disorganised youths, all, apparently, about seventeen years of age. I collared the biggest, who was just in the act of smacking a boy's head, and brought him away to stand before my own desk. Save for a few awed whispers, all was still upon the other side; the ringleader (who looked thoroughly shame-faced) had evidently been secured. As, however, I could hear no sounds of instruction, I again entered the other compartment, and found a vacant chair in the middle of the silent group. 'What is this?' I inquired, amazed. 'Please, sir,' came the deprecating answer from one boy bolder than his fellows, 'you've got our teacher!'"



(Photo supplied by the Colonial and Continental Church Society.)

THE REV. E. ROY AND HIS PRIMITIVE POST-OFFICE IN NOVA SCOTIA.

The Tale of a Testament.

It was only a Testament. Being but a little book, a generous Canadian settler was persuaded to accept it as an acknowledgment of his hospitality to two Englishmen. It was in the year 1812, famous for America's declaration of war against England, and for England's refusal of overtures from France—a year, indeed, memorable to our country for strife abroad and riots at home. Who could foresee the great victory of peace which this Testament was destined to achieve? It belonged to one of two English artillery officers, journeying through the French-speaking province of Quebec, who had begged a night's shelter of a farmer. He was a member of one of the best families of that part of Eastern Canada. They offered to pay for the accommodation; but the gentlemanly host, M. Roy, replied with a firm refusal. He received, however, the gift, and the representatives of two nations then engaged in bitter warfare parted with friendly words. The French Roman Catholic began to read the Testament, and continued to study it with such avidity that his anxious wife mentioned the matter to the priest. In the opinion of the director of her conscience, it would be well for the book to be lost. It was accordingly missing, but it was not to be lost, nor to return void to its Author, until it had accomplished that which He pleased. The eldest grandson, Charles Roy, was about to leave home, and he wanted to take the Testament with him. "Where was it?" he demanded. Its hiding-place could not be concealed from this resolute young man. He took a ladder and searched the loft, and found it between a rafter and the wooden shingles of the roof. It was safe, though covered with dust and dirt, and he carried it off to study. That Testament had many narrow escapes of confiscation. On one occasion when it was in evidence, the priest was seen approaching the house for a pastoral visit. Quick as thought, the housewife hid the book in the centre of a lump of dough that she was kneading, and it was not seen again until taken out of a loaf of bread. A man of the family designed a more permanent and secure place of concealment. He made a stool with a recess for the Testament under the seat. Many times the priest was politely offered this seat when he called. His eyes might wander about him, but he remained unsuspicious of the nearness of the dangerous book. It was not until 1841 that evidence was openly given of the result of studying the Scriptures. Then Charles Roy and all his family confessed their conviction that the worship to which they had been accustomed was not in accordance with God's Word, and were received into the Church of England. The story of this Testament and what it had accomplished was told by a Canadian lady to the Colonial and Continental Church Society. The committee responded by sending the Rev. David Gavin, M.D., to be the first missionary of the Church of

England amongst French-Canadians in the province of Quebec. The Sabrevois Mission was established; fourteen of the converts are clergymen of the Church of England, and many more are ministers of other religious bodies. Three sons of Charles Roy were ordained clergymen. One is rector of an important congregation in Winnipeg; another is in charge of a body of French-Canadians in his native province of Quebec; the third, the Rev. Edward Roy, who has been caught by a snapshot in the act of dropping a letter into his primitive post office, is an agent of the Colonial and Continental Church Society amongst the poor fishermen and farmers of Nova Scotia. His daughter, Miss Dora Roy, is actively engaged in religious work in the Sabrevois Mission. Three grandsons of the first convert, Charles Roy, have also been ordained into the ranks of the ministry. The existence of all this influence for good may be traced back to one copy of the New Testament, which, so far as the world could tell, lay from 1812 to 1841 quietly buried, like the seed sleeping until the springtime.

The True Paradise.

IN describing the glories of the great Durbar at Delhi, correspondents have told us a great deal about the splendours of the Hall of the Moguls. The proud architect, it would seem, caused this eulogy to be inscribed round the walls: "If there be a Paradise upon earth, it is here, it is here, it is here." But we have been shown more of Delhi, through the Durbar descriptions, than its mere material magnificence. We have heard how, from the St. Stephen's Medical School, English ladies go forth into the dark and desolate places of the glittering imperial city, and bear to their suffering and sorrowful Indian sisters the blessed gifts of healing and of teaching for body and soul. We picture to ourselves one of those gloomy native houses, where the wives of Delhi are wearing away their blighted lives in uselessness, apathy, and ignorance; and often by preventible disease. We watch the entrance of the lady, who is at once a doctor and a missionary. Under her welcome and beneficent works and words we see sickness flushing into health, and religious indifference and hopelessness kindling into interest, and joy and peace in believing, under the promises of the Gospel of Christ, and we feel that we must rewrite, so far as Delhi is concerned, the proud verdict of the architect of the old Moguls, and must say, "If there be a Paradise on earth, it is *here*, it is *here*, it is *here*."

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from May 27th, 1903, up to and including June 30th, 1903. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* "A Working Woman," 5s.; A. E., 2s. 6d.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "Badford," £2; "Bradford," £1, £1, 5s.; "L. R.," Newcastle, 5s.; "Pollie," 2s. 6d.; "Pearl," a set of false teeth.

For *The Children's Country Holidays Fund:* "A Constant Reader of THE QUIVER," Brighton, 5s.; S. Holditch, Catford, 10s.

For *The Mission to Lepers in India and the East:* "E. A.," Harrow Road, £10.

For *The Church Missionary Society:* "Pollie," 2s. 6d.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

109. What was the cause of Saul's hatred of David?

110. What great change took place in the character of King Saul after David's success as a warrior?

111. Why did Saul try to kill his son Jonathan?

112. What covenant was made between Jonathan and David?

113. What cruel act is recorded of King Saul because of his anger against David?

114. On how many occasions did David spare the life of Saul?

115. To what country did David go in order to escape from King Saul?

116. How did the Philistines celebrate their victory over the Israelites when Saul was slain?

117. What act of bravery is recorded of the men of Jabesh-Gilead in connection with King Saul?

118. What is to be understood, in the lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan, by the words, "He bade them teach the children of Judah the use of the bow"?

119. After the death of Saul where was David crowned king?

120. When did David become king over all Israel?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 928.

97. God sent a severe thunderstorm with heavy rain at the time of wheat harvest, a thing hitherto unknown. (1 Sam. xii. 17, 18.)

98. That He would not forsake His people, but continue His favour both to them and their king. (1 Sam. xii. 14, 22.)

99. Against the sin of idolatry, which would cause the destruction of their king and of them as a nation. (1 Sam. xii. 21, 25.)

100. Because Saul disobeyed a very distinct command of God by sparing Agag, the king of Amalek, and taking large quantities of spoil. (1 Sam. xv. 3, 18, 23.)

101. That it was the people who took the sheep and oxen that they might offer them in sacrifices to God. (1 Sam. xv. 21.)

102. Obedience to God's commands. (1 Sam. xv. 22.)

103. In our Lord's teaching and the answer of the scribe concerning our duty to God. (St. Matt. xii. 7, St. Mark xii. 33.)

104. At Bethlehem in Judæa, which was thence called the city of David. (1 Sam. xvi. 4, 13; St. Luke ii. 4.)

105. Samuel was directed to see the seven sons of Jesse, and God then instructed him whom to select. (1 Sam. xvi. 6–12.)

106. "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." (1 Sam. xvi. 7; Acts i. 24.)

107. David told of his encounter with a lion, which he took by the beard and slew; also of the bear out of whose mouth he had taken a lamb. (1 Sam. xvii. 34, 35.)

108. "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." (1 Sam. xvii. 37.)

XUM

UNIV. OF MICH.

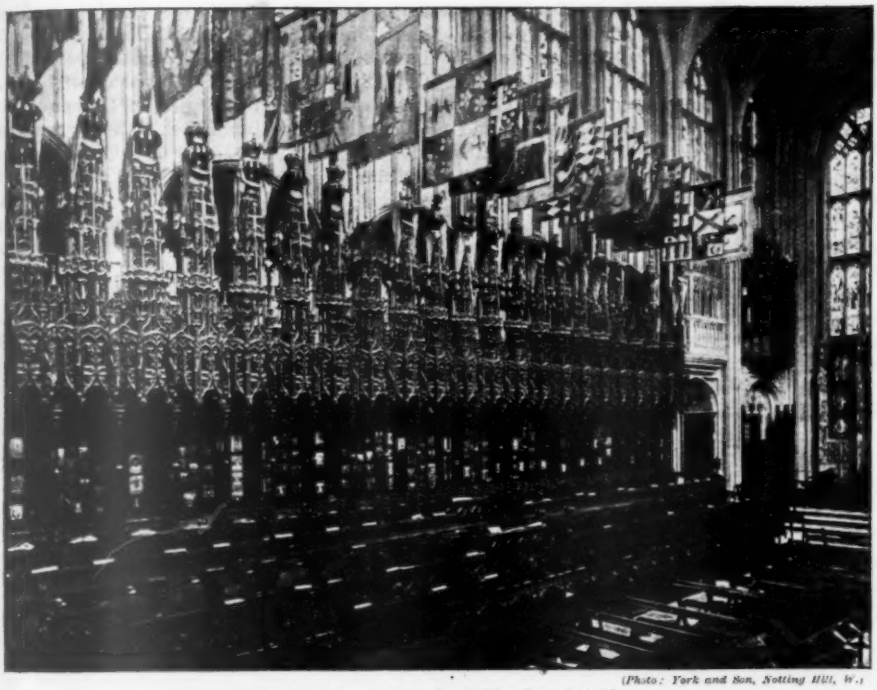


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SONGS OF OTHER YEARS.

(From the Painting by E. Blair Leighton.)

THE KING'S CHURCHES.



(Photo: York and Son, Notting Hill, W.)

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR: THE STALLS.

A CERTAIN special interest of its own attaches to every detail bearing on the life, and more particularly the home life, of our Sovereign; and this interest naturally extends itself to those sacred buildings in which His Majesty most frequently worships. To give a complete list of the churches which King Edward has attended is, of course, here out of the question; neither is it needful to dwell on the historic fanes of the Abbey and St. Paul's, which have witnessed the most solemn events in the lives of so many monarchs. Rather would we here make some short mention of those churches and chapels in the United Kingdom that belong more particularly to the King's person and his daily life, and where he and his household, Sunday by Sunday, and year by year, in all simplicity offer up their prayer and praise.

Very varied in outward semblance, size, and splendour are these hallowed edifices, and one and all they are endeared to the King by special and personal associations. Most sumptuous and magnificent, as befitting the stately castle to which it belongs, is the famous St. George's Chapel, Windsor. This glorious building is in many respects the finest of that wonderful trinity of royal chapels erected in the same age, which includes King's College Chapel, Cambridge, and King Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey. As a specimen of ornamental Gothic architecture it is without a rival either in England or Europe, and in historic interest the Abbey alone transcends it.

Here the sunlight flooding dimly through the "storied windows richly dight" reveals the rare tracery of the roof and shines upon the stalls of the Knights of the Garter, above which

droop their blazoned banners, swords and helmets. St. George's Chapel is the official church of the great knighthood, and underneath the grand west window, which is filled entirely with old glass, runs the prayer which here forms part of the daily service: "God save our gracious Sovereign and all the Companions of the most honourable and noble Order of the Garter."

Here in the chapel, side by side, lie those old enemies Henry VI. and Edward IV. Here lie Henry VIII. and the one wife he really loved, Jane Seymour. Here, too, in the same vault, rests the unhappy Charles I. Only four sorrowing friends were by when his mutilated body was laid in the tomb. A heavy snowstorm fell while the corpse was borne to Windsor, so that a thick white pall covered the coffin. No word was spoken, but the lips of the faithful Bishop Juxon "moved silently." Other English kings and queens rest in the royal tomb-house which is built out from the east end of the chapel—George III., Queen Charlotte, George IV., William IV., and Queen Adelaide. Above the royal crypt is the Albert Chapel, formerly known as the Wolsey Chapel, which was restored by Queen Victoria in memory of the Prince Consort, a splendid recumbent effigy of whom it contains. Most sacred associations of all has our King with this chapel, for here sleep his younger brother, the Duke of Albany, and his own dearly loved first-born son, the Duke of Clarence.

Varied and intimate indeed must be the recollections that St. George's Chapel brings to the mind of the King as he passes its portal. Here, one March day, forty years ago, he stood hand in hand with his lovely bride, while the guns were booming on the Long Walk outside, and the clashing of bells was in the air, and the widowed mother in the royal closet looked down with streaming eyes on the noble scene. Here also he has attended the marriages of many members of his family. Here he was present at the funeral service of his father, his brother, and his son. Latest and least effaceable of all the King's memories that centre about St. George's, must surely be of that lowering day when Victoria the Well-beloved entered the Royal Chapel for the last time—

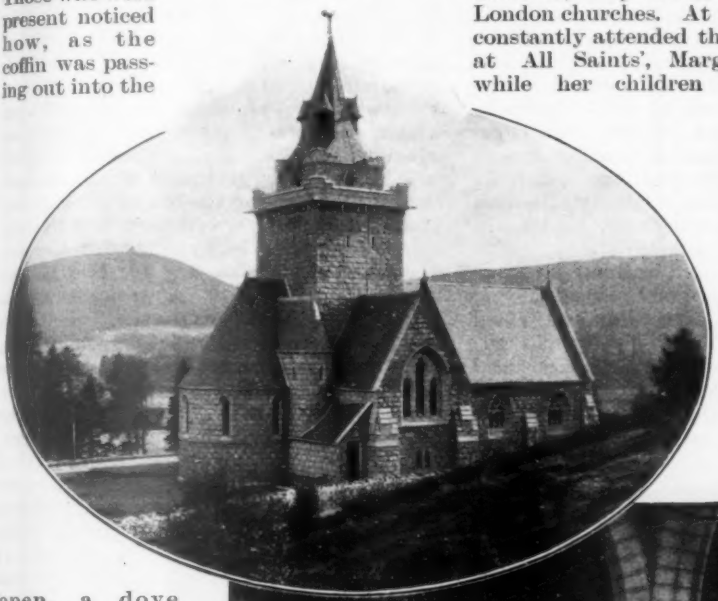
"To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation."

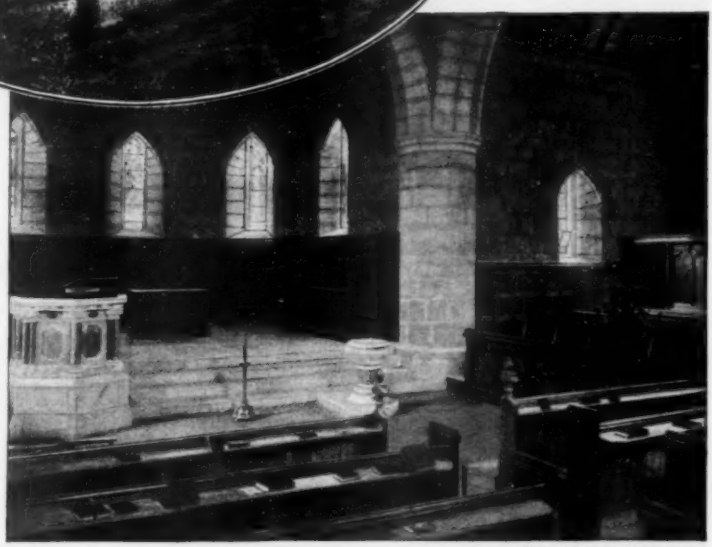


(Photo: H. N. King, Shepherd's Bush, W.)

THE PRIVATE CHAPEL WINDSOR CASTLE.

For two nights did the great Queen's remains rest within the walls, and on the third day they were slowly borne forth to lie beside her Consort at Frogmore. Those who were present noticed how, as the coffin was passing out into the open, a dove flew out from over the chapel door. There it circled for a moment, when its mate flew out and joined it, and both together the two grey birds flew slowly side by side towards the mausoleum — a beautiful message of comfort to the mourners.





(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

CRATHIE CHURCH

Beside St. George's, Windsor Castle contains a small private chapel, practically a room of the building, capable of holding thirty or forty people, with two upper boxes, one for the Royal Family, the other for the organist and choir. Here Queen Victoria used to attend service, as also does her son.

The King's church in London is, as is well known, the Chapel Royal at St. James's. During their residence in town King Edward and Queen Alexandra attend service here frequently. Occasionally, however, they are to be seen in other London churches. At one time the Queen constantly attended the afternoon service at All Saints', Margaret Street; and while her children were young she would often take them to St. Andrew's, Wells Street, going on from thence to the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, and distributing toys and flowers, kind words and deeds, among the little sufferers. Strictest incognito is always preserved when Royalty visits any other than their usual place of worship in town, and it is understood that no notice of the fact of their presence is to be taken either by clergyman or congregation.

Royal christenings, confirmations and

weddings are celebrated at the Chapel Royal. It was here, on the 10th of February, 1840, that our King's father and mother commenced their happy married life. Here in January, 1858, the Princess Royal was married to the noble Prussian Prince who afterwards became the Emperor Frederick. Here in 1893 the present Prince and Princess of Wales were wed, amid scenes of public rejoicing till then unheard of. Other than royal marriages are celebrated here by special permission. Structurally the chief interest of the Chapel Royal, the architecture of which is not remarkable, centres in the Holbein painted ceiling The choristers also, in their quaint and brilliant uniform, form a special feature of their own.

The air of regal splendour and royal pomp to be found at Windsor and the Chapel Royal are conspicuously and wonderfully absent in the other sacred buildings which the King frequents, and where His Majesty worships humbly in company with the poorest of his subjects. The simple service of the village church, far out in the country, remote from the distraction and turmoil of busy life, had always a special attraction for Queen Victoria, as it has also for her son. Favourite spot of worship of all to the late Queen, as forming an integral part of her beloved Highland home, was the little Presbyterian church of Crathie, the parish church of Balmoral.

The building stands by the roadside, a little to the east of the Castle, at the base of Craig Ghuie and at a height of some thousand feet above the sea level. It stands on the site of an older structure, an exceedingly plain, barn-like building, which was the only place of worship when Queen Victoria paid her first visit to Deeside. This original building was attended regularly by Her Majesty for many years, but in 1893 it was determined to erect a new and more worthy edifice, and to aid, in collecting the necessary funds a bazaar was held in the Balmoral grounds which, being under Royal patronage, brought in the handsome sum of £2,400. The Queen, moreover, contributed generously to the new building, enriching it besides with numerous royal gifts. She herself laid the foundation stone in 1893, and the church, which is of grey granite in cruciform shape, with a central tower, was dedicated two years later.

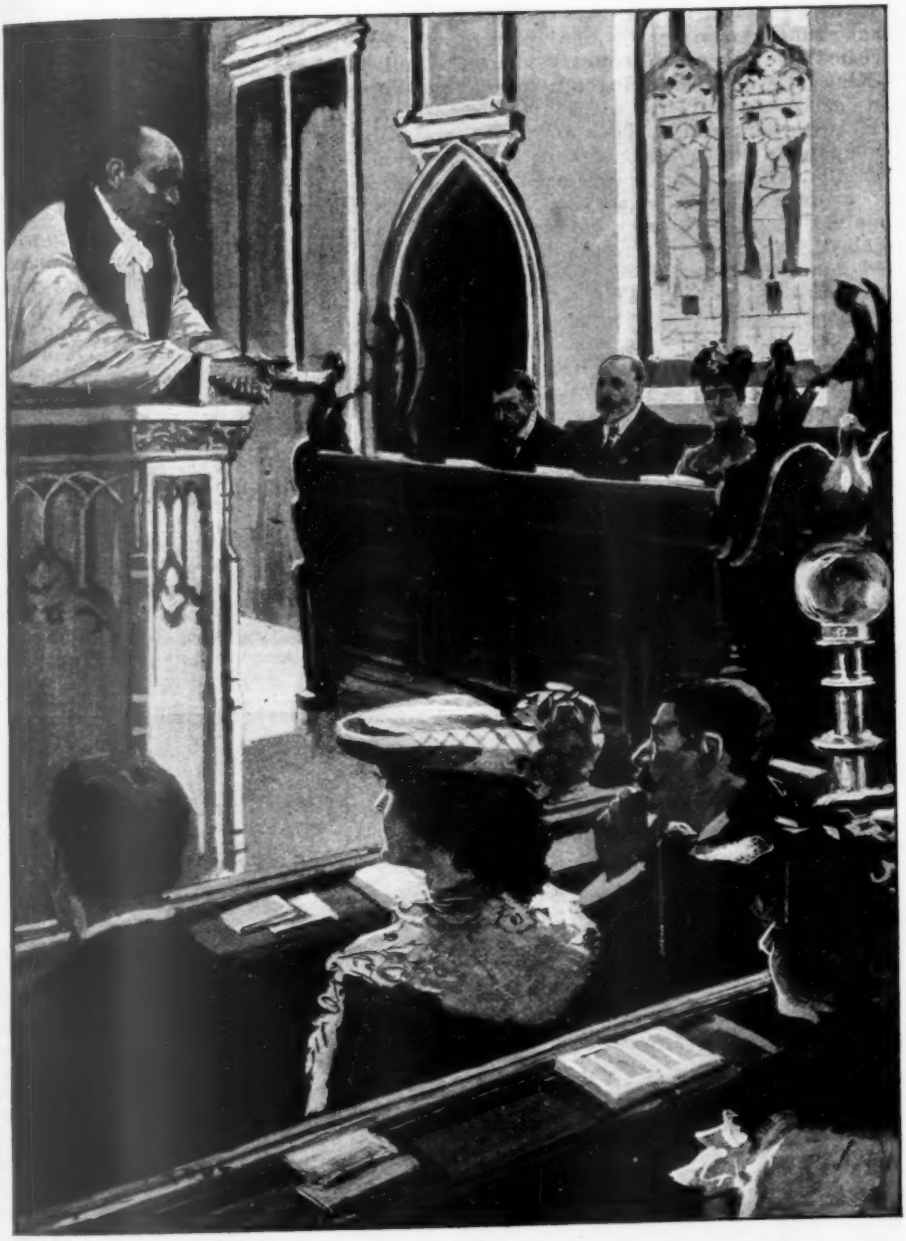


(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

THE EAST END, CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S.

In Crathie church the King is a familiar figure. The south transept is reserved for him and his family, and has a separate entrance. In the churchyard lie many faithful servants of the Royal Household, over whose graves the late Queen erected headstones with appropriate inscriptions chosen by herself. Her favourite Highland attendant, John Brown, is of the number.

Another country church where King Edward has been a frequent worshipper is Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT SERVICE IN SANDRINGHAM CHURCH.

Osborne House is in the parish of Whippingham, and the little country church, with its fine tower and spire, was a favourite spot to the good Queen whose memory is so piously cherished in this south country village. To King Edward Whippingham Church must needs conjure up sad memories. Here, two years and more ago, he sat, in company with the rest of his sorrowing family, when his Kingship dated back only a day or two, while the present Primate, then Bishop of Winchester, preached the funeral sermon for the loved mother, lying dead at Osborne House hard by. To another member of the Royal Family Whippingham Church brings yet sadder associations, for though it was here that Princess Beatrice was wedded to Prince Henry of Battenberg, yet it was here also, eleven years later, that she saw him laid to rest.

But it is an open secret that, of all the places of worship His Majesty attends, the one he loves best is the church of Sandringham — the church of what he most fitly may term his home. All his other royal residences have descended to him from his forefathers, and, though greatly to be prized on that account, they seem to belong less to him than to their former owners. Sandringham is his and his alone. He planned every alteration and addition that has taken place. He has watched its growth and fostered its improvement. And nowhere has his care been more lovingly bestowed than on the village church where he and his household are the most regular worshippers.

Sunday at Sandringham is an important day, if only by reason of the Saturday to Monday visits paid there by busy politicians and other public men, to whom the week end affords the only chance of relaxation away from town. And whatsoever the company at the great house, they will accompany the King and Queen on Sunday morning to the little church that stands actually within the park. Kings and Emperors, Prime Ministers and the greatest men of this and other countries, have wended their quiet way along the narrow footpath which leads directly from the house to the lich-gate. The Royal party makes a point of walking to church whenever possible, carriages only very occasionally being employed to convey the Princesses round by the carriage drive. For Sunday is a day of rest at Sandringham, and no unnecessary labour of any kind



(*Photo: Chester Vaughan, Acton, W.*)

WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH: INTERIOR

is imposed. In the same spirit the attendance at church every Sunday morning is rigorously punctual.

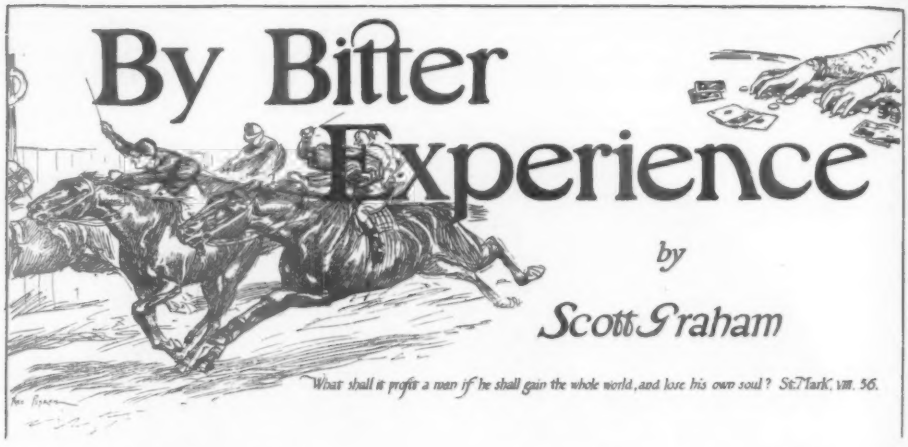
It would be hard to find a prettier village church and surroundings than St. Mary Magdalene's, Sandringham, every detail about which bears the proof of royal care. The building itself contains many enrichments, stained windows, busts and medallions erected to the memory of lost loved ones of the family. There are memorials to Princess Alice, the Duke of Albany, to the Emperor Frederick and the Duke of Clarence. Most noteworthy, perhaps, of all the royal gifts is the brass lectern placed there by Queen Alexandra as a thank-offering for the recovery of her husband from his dangerous illness in 1871. Upon it are the words: "When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and He heard me."

The seats for the party from Sandringham House are within the nave of the church, and the organ and choir are in the rear of the building. The choir is drawn from among the servants and tenantry of the estate, and the children of the Royal schools, and under efficient training presents a model of what a village choir should be. Queen Alexandra and her daughters have always shown a special interest in their church, assisting themselves in the decorations for festivals with flowers of their own gathering. One special tie has Her Majesty with Sandringham Church, for as she passes through the well-kept "God's Acre" her eye rests upon the quiet grave of her third-born son and youngest child, who died in infancy; and upon its simple headstone she may trace the message of love: "Suffer little children to come unto Me."



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

SANDRINGHAM CHURCH: INTERIOR.



CHAPTER XVIII.

DRIVEN TO DESPERATION.

MEANWHILE, though Violet Raynor flourished, poor Charlie Collier every day beheld ruin coming nearer; for he could find no work, and Mr. Jackson, who had allowed him to remain as temporary caretaker, gave him formal notice to quit. That meant that, if he remained in Woodstead, he must pay rent; so that he saw himself within measurable distance of having no roof over him at all.

He held proudly aloof from his mother, determined not to seek her at Daniel Horn's house. She came to him instead, almost daily, but only to shed feeble tears, bewailing her utter inability to help her son at this crisis. Never famous for readiness of resource, Mrs. Horn seemed to have lost what little wit she possessed since she became the bond-slave of the hardest man in Woodstead.

At last Charlie decided to go to London. Evidently that unlucky five pound note would stand in his way as long as he remained in his native place. Had he possessed capital, he would have emigrated; but he knew clerks were a drug in the colonial market, just as much as at home, and also that it was useless to go to a new country without any funds to support himself on landing. Yet it seemed cruelly hard to be driven, at this juncture, away from the place which held Madeline—his only star of hope. Gammon, though quite the most incompetent of Mr. Stone's three clerks, had got a situation with a timber merchant, and Bates had been taken in hand by a prosperous uncle at Canterbury. Only Charlie was left, to fight the world as best he could.

His resolution to leave Woodstead finally taken, he went that same evening to see his mother. It went much against the grain even to enter Daniel Horn's house uninvited; but he knew the builder had many business connections and friends in London, and, if he chose, he could probably find his stepson a good situation there. He surely could not, in common decency, refuse to hold out a helping hand to a connection in such sore straits.

His mother, who was sitting in the ugly dining-room, with its dingy green paper and staring red leather chairs, received him with a queer mixture of pleasure and trepidation. Her husband was out, she said, but she expected him back every minute now. And she hoped Charlie would be very civil to him. Dear Daniel was a man of peculiar temper, though, of course, he had his good points, and—and, in short, he required humouring. The mental exhaustion resulting from the amount of humouring necessary to maintain domestic peace was eloquently expressed by his wife in the long sigh which accompanied this statement. Poor little woman! She did not look as if she found her fine new house a bed of roses!

"If Mr. Horn will only give me the name of any likely firms in London, and promise to be one of my references, I'll never come here to trouble him again!" Charlie curtly responded.

"I do wish he wasn't so obstinate and prejudiced!" sighed his mother, just before the sound of a latch-key in the outer door caused her to jump up with nervous haste. Another minute and her lord and master, red-faced and pompous, stalked in.

XUM

It was unfortunate for Charlie that a worse moment to request a favour from Daniel Horn could hardly have been found. The builder had just discovered that, through the error of a trusted foreman, a serious mistake had been made in the carrying out of a contract, necessitating great outlay, and, still worse, rendering him an object of ridicule to rivals in the trade. He had come home quite prepared to bully his wife, or the servant, or anybody who came in his way; and the sight of Charlie was like a red rag to an angry bull. He stopped short and glared at his stepson, absolutely refusing to see Charlie's proffered hand.

"So you've turned up at last, eh?" he said coarsely. "I thought you'd soon get tired of riding the high horse! But let me tell you, I've no place here for you, young man! There's no room for ne'er-do-weel loafers in *my* house!"

"I haven't the slightest wish to become an inmate of your house, Mr. Horn," Charlie responded, controlling himself by a great effort. "I don't intend to stay in Woodstead—I'm going to London!"

"To London?" sneered the builder, seating himself in the private easy-chair which Mrs. Horn had already warned her son on no account to occupy. "And, pray, what will you do there?"

But for his mother, looking on with tearful eyes, the visitor would have turned tail without more ado, so contemptuous was the manner of the master of the house. However, he determined not to allow Daniel's rudeness to daunt him, since his good word might be useful by-and-by. "I haven't heard of a situation—but I thought, if you knew of anybody who needed a clerk, and would recommend me——"

"And, pray, why should I recommend you?" snapped his stepfather, who was in the mood to object to any suggestion, however reasonable. "I should want to feel more sure of you than I do, myself, first! It's my firm belief there was something very fishy about that five pound note!"

"Oh, Daniel! Daniel!" wailed his wife, bursting into impotent tears—the most foolish thing she could have done.

"Will you have done whimpering?" he stormed, turning on her with unconcealed contempt. "As for you," addressing Charlie, "what I've seen and heard of you doesn't make me feel inclined to undertake the responsibility of your future! If I recommended you to a friend, and he couldn't get on with you, then you'd be returned on my hands, to idle about here at my expense, and make your name a byword, like your precious father before you! I was indeed a fool ever to allow myself to be mixed up with such a bad lot as you Colliers!"

"Oh, Daniel! Daniel!" moaned his wife, almost distracted between her dread of her surly husband and her sorrow for her son, standing there with clenched hands and a white, set face.

"If I'd had my way, and my mother had been advised by me, you would never have been 'mixed-up' with us at all, Mr. Horn," returned the young man, curbing his anger by a really heroic effort. "It was never my wish that my mother should marry you; and you must acknowledge that I have never sponged upon you in any way. This is the first favour I have ever asked you, and it will certainly be the last. I can get nothing to do here, and I intend to leave Woodstead this very night, so you will not be offended by the sight of me again."

His mother, with a scream, flung her arms round his neck. "Oh, don't go! Don't go away to London, Charlie, and leave me," she implored hysterically. "I can't bear to part from you, my only son!"

But he released himself from her clinging embrace. "I must go; I can't possibly stay after this. There must be some kind-hearted people in London who'll take compassion on me."

"Oh, you'll find plenty of your own sort there, no doubt," snarled Daniel malevolently; and, unable to control himself any longer, Charlie turned and walked out. Before he had opened the hall-door his mother was by his side, panting like a frightened hare.

"Oh, Charlie, this is awful!" she breathed, fumbling with the clasp of a large new purse. "But you shan't go away without a penny in your pocket, my own boy! I don't care how angry Daniel is about it—you shall have all the money I've got!"

And, despite her terror at the rage her husband would be in, when he discovered that she had given Charlie the money intended to pay the household bills for a fortnight, she would have emptied it into his hand. But he resolutely drew back. "Take that man's money after what he's just said? Mother, I'd far rather starve!"

"Oh, do take it!—do!" she implored; but in vain.

"I'll write when I've got something to do," he said briefly, as he kissed her, and strode out into the night, her loud sobs pursuing him down to the garden gate. He felt truly sorry for his poor, weak mother, for she had put herself into the power of a coarse tyrant, and he feared her troubles were only beginning. Even if he had not already determined to instantly quit Woodstead, Daniel Horn's recent utterances would have decided him. He could not endure to be a constant source of quarrel between his mother and her husband, as he foresaw must inevitably be the case if he remained.

His chest heaved, and his eyes filled with tears,

as he hurried through the dark streets. After all, Woodstead was his birthplace; he was fond of the little town where his ancestors had once held respectable positions, and it seemed very hard that after all his years of honest work there should be no offer of employment made to him here. Oh, it was bitter, stealing away like a thief in the night, with not a living soul even to go with him to the station and wish him farewell!

He debated a moment over a desperate step which had occurred to him more than once in his sore heart-hunger, and then walked to Madeline Turner's abode, and rang the bell. It was the first time he had ever ventured to seek her out at her own home, and only the desperate longing he felt for sympathy and kindness nerved him to call at such an unconventional hour and risk the displeasure of Maud Turner, who had the reputation of being very proud, despite her fallen fortunes. His limbs fairly trembled under him as he nervously awaited the opening of the door. Still smarting all over from the wounds inflicted by his stepfather's rough tongue, he longed unspeakably for one encouraging word, one friendly look, before plunging, alone and friendless, into the great whirlpool of London.

But disappointment met him on the very threshold. The young ladies had gone to spend the evening at the Vicarage, the servant said. He had no card—the necessity for them had never arisen in his narrow life—and he left no message, for anything he could entrust to a third person to deliver was hopelessly inadequate to the feelings of his bursting heart. Instead, he resolved to write a few lines from London, which Madeline might answer or not, as she chose. He scarcely dared to hope she would remember the discredited son of Edmund Collier; and if she refused to have anything more to do with him she would only be following the way of the world. It would not be possible for Life to present itself to anyone in blacker colours than it did to Charlie that night.

He went to his rooms and packed his few belongings, in readiness for the nine o'clock train. His books and many of his clothes he had already sold to supply his wants, and the furniture had been purchased by Mr. Jackson's new caretaker. He felt he was bound upon a most desperate venture: one young man, alone and penniless, attempting to storm the great citadel of London. But, at any rate, in the metropolis, nobody would sneer at him because he was Edmund Collier's son, and suspected of stealing bank-notes. He had only a few shillings left, but he had heard of cheap lodging-houses where he could sleep for sixpence, and he determined to shrink from no privations in his efforts to rise in the world, and thereby falsify his stepfather's dark predictions.

CHAPTER XIX.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

CHARLIE COLLIER'S packing took longer than he expected, and he had barely time to catch the last up-train when he rushed downstairs with the one portmanteau containing his worldly goods. His shillings were too precious to waste over cabs, and he tore at his utmost speed up the steep hill leading to the station. Why so many railway stations should be so inconveniently placed at the very top of hills, is a puzzle to the thoughtful mind; unless it be to exasperate the tardy traveller to the uttermost.

The train was actually moving as he raced across the platform, and burst open the nearest carriage door, stumbling over the feet of the one gentleman who occupied it, and flinging his portmanteau on the floor with a sad lack of ceremony. To complete his confusion, he found, when he recovered his breath, that he was in a first-class smoking carriage, instead of the third for which he paid.

He turned to apologise to the young man he had disturbed. It was Leslie Harper, who had been spending the day at The Lodge, and he was wondering where he had seen Charlie before. He had an excellent memory for faces, but still he could not recall the young stranger Gerald had pointed out moping miserably on the bridge. "I hope I didn't hurt you—I didn't see it was first-class, and I was in a great hurry."

"Pray don't apologise," was the good-humoured answer. "It's very aggravating to miss one's train."

Leslie drew out his cigarette case as he spoke, and struck a match. To set his companion at ease—which he was manifestly far from being—he offered him a cigarette. But Charlie shook his head.

"I don't smoke," he said curtly. It was one of the many indulgences he had denied himself in the hope that one day he might rise in the world. And this was the end of all his hopes! He sat watching the night landscape flit past, with a brow so gloomy that Leslie marvelled. "Where have I seen him before? It's a strong face—the face of a man to either make a spoon or spoil a horn, as the Scotch say. But he looks sadly down on his luck, poor chap!"

"You think smoking a bad habit?" he suggested.

"It's all right for those who can afford it: I can't," replied Charlie, gruffly. He was still too sore from the rasp of Daniel Horn's insulting

words to mince matters, though directly afterwards he felt vexed to think this stranger might imagine he was hinting at poverty in order to excite compassion.

The words struck Leslie painfully, but in a different way from what Charlie feared in his morbid pride. Hitherto, to smoke had been as natural to him as to eat his dinner, without thought of cost. But now he reflected how many thousands there must be who could not afford to smoke; and it placed what had hitherto seemed a harmless indulgence in quite a different light. He looked again at the strong, sad face opposite, and wondered what his companion's story was. His clothes were tidy, but they bore indications significant to Leslie's experienced eye. The earnest worker in the great crowd of London becomes skilled in reading a life-history from a paper collar or a well-patched pair of boots. "I hope he isn't in difficulties through betting or gambling," was the natural first thought of Lewis Harper's son.

He tried a harmless ruse to find out. A pink sporting paper, left by some previous traveller, lay on the seat, and he offered it to Charlie, who shook his head. "I don't take any interest in racing," he said, still gruffly.

"I'm glad to hear it!" said Leslie, heartily, as he tore the paper into strips and flung them from the window. Then he began again:

"I hope you won't think me impertinent, but I'm sure I know your face. I have friends in Woodstead, and surely you are a Woodstead man?"

"I was born there."

"Indeed? My people have recently come to live there. It's a pretty little town, isn't it?"

"Very," returned Charlie, briefly. He wished



"'So you've turned up at last, eh?'"—*p.* 1033.

this fine gentleman would cease bothering him with talk. What was the use of it?

Still Leslie persisted. "I don't live in Woodstead myself, but spend most of my time in London."

Mistrustful Charlie, still at odds with all the world, vouchsafed no response, except to put his bag and umbrella ready to change into a third-class compartment, for the train was just entering a station. With a short "Good-night" he jumped out.

In the manifold occupations of his life, young Harper might have forgotten the incident, but that, a fortnight afterwards, as he was crossing Westminster Bridge late one night, he beheld a figure which somehow seemed familiar, leaning despondently against the parapet, looking down into the muddy Thames. A lamp near illuminated his features. Where had Leslie seen that face, that pose, before?

In a flash it occurred to him, and, walking up to Charlie, he touched his arm. "So we meet again!" he said. "Two men who both have ties in Woodstead ought not to be strangers in this great city! I remember who you are now: your name is Collier."

"A man who was driven away from his native town by a false charge of theft!" retorted Charlie, with intense bitterness. "I don't know who you are, or how you know me; but everybody in Woodstead believes I'm a thief, and I advise you to have nothing to do with me!"

"So you came up to London to find work, and so far without success?" continued Leslie, taking no notice of his tone. "Well, perhaps I can put you in the way of something. Have you got rooms?"

"I've been sleeping in lodging-houses where they take you in for fourpence a night, and tramping about to find a berth all day, and——"

"I understand." It was a tale Leslie listened to every day of his life. "Well, I'm a barrister with chambers in the Temple, and I'll take you there to have something to eat, and a shake-down, and in the morning we'll see about finding work."

"But why should you trouble about me at all?" was the morose answer.

"Because I've heard your story from others, and I think you've been hardly used, and—and I've a soft corner in my heart for anybody from Woodstead." It was quite true; Violet's birthplace possessed a sentimental interest for Leslie, and, moreover, Charlie had been mixed up indirectly with his beloved.

Even young Collier's reserve had to give way when, well fed and comfortably seated in his new friend's little sitting-room, they talked until far into the night. He had never had such a sympathetic listener before; and after his terrible fortnight, when, homeless, hopeless, and friendless, he tramped the dreary streets in vain to find the humblest work, Leslie's kindness came like water in the desert. But he still remained puzzled by it. Young Harper's explanation that he was a friend of the Raynors, and anxious to help him because he had suffered indirectly through Violet, seemed inadequate. Even the manner in which his host contrived to bring the conversation round to the belle of Woodstead, again and again, failed to enlighten him.

"She's very pretty, certainly," he innocently answered, in reply to a remark from Leslie. "But most people like her sister best. She does a lot among the poor, and she's not above speaking kindly to anybody. I used to meet her at the technical classes, and she never put on any airs, like Miss Violet."

"Then Miss Raynor is the more popular of the two sisters?"

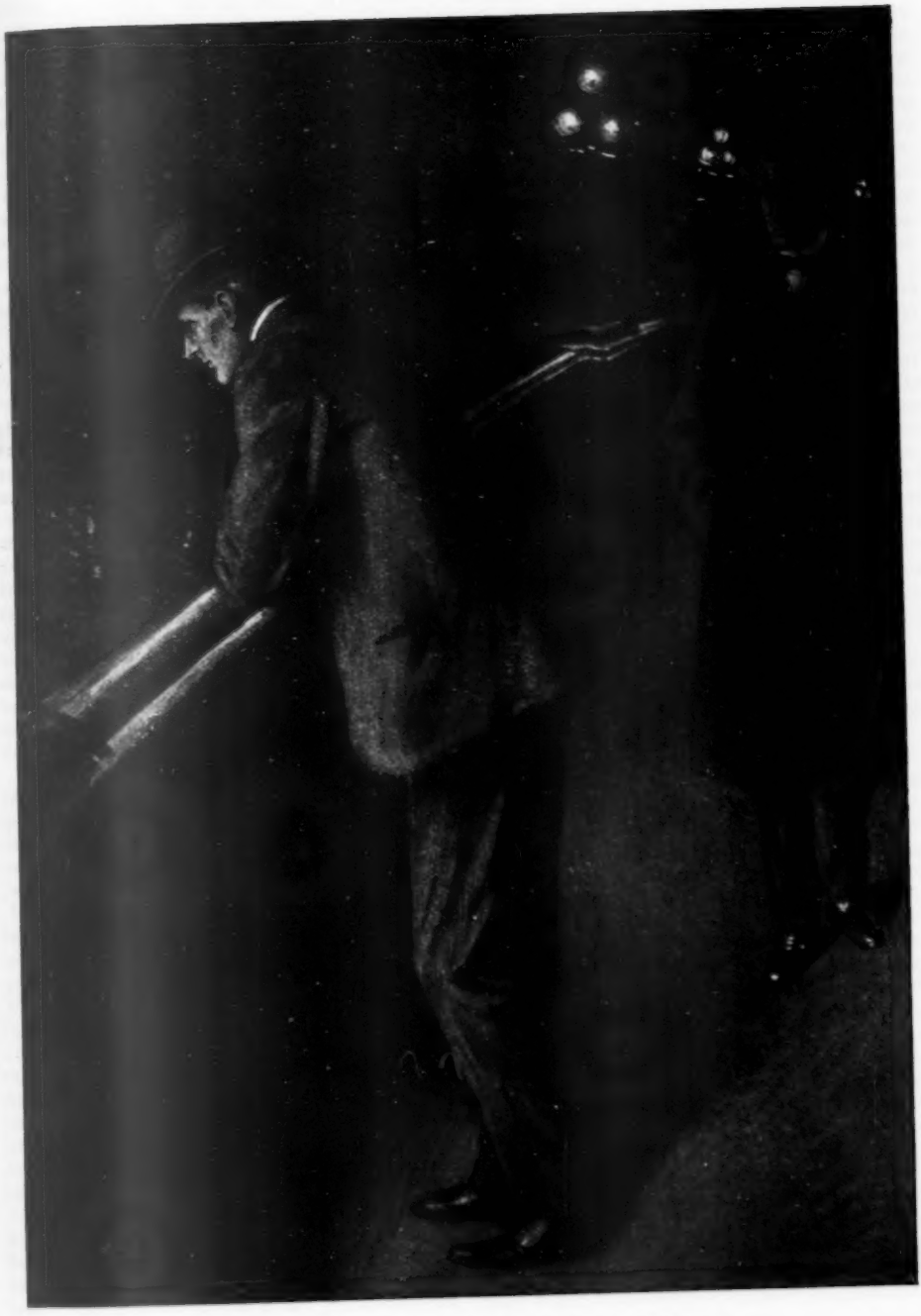
"By far. There isn't a girl more respected in Woodstead."

Which was rather a damper upon Leslie. He viewed Violet through a magic haze, crediting her with qualities she did not possess; and it was mortifying to find everybody did not take her at his valuation. What *could* the Woodstead people be about?

"In fact," continued Charlie, "if I were a friend of the Raynors, and in a position to marry one of them, it wouldn't be Miss Violet I should ask, but her sister."

All of which seemed, of course, flat treason to the ardent lover, although spoken in good faith. Perhaps Charlie might be a little prejudiced against Violet by the incident of the five pound note. And he busied himself to render his unexpected guest still more comfortable for the night.

Daniel Horn's stepson watched him in unconcealed amazement, for it was sufficiently astounding that anybody should care about him at all; but the miracle became absolutely bewildering when he reflected that the kind host, then engaged in filling a kettle that Charlie might make himself some tea in the morning, was the son of Lewis Harper, of The Lodge. Although such recent comers, the Harpers had already acquired a most unenviable reputation in Woodstead. In spite of their money and their lavish expenditure, they had not one real friend in the place; for Mrs. Harper and Lilian gave great offence by their pride, their ostentation, and their utter want of consideration for others. Even Lewis, with all his surface geniality, was pronounced by his stablemen and employés a most unfeeling master, who, the moment any underling became ill or incapacitated, dismissed him with



"Where had Leslie seen that face, that pose, before?"

the most heartless indifference. Nor did his wife and daughter ever trouble to lift a finger to aid any case of accident or misfortune. Womanly compassion found no place in the world through which they rustled in silk-lined garments; and nothing but the hardest selfishness ruled all their dealings with social inferiors. A thousand anecdotes were current in Woodstead of Mrs. Harper's mean selfishness; how, though she never grudged money for her own personal enjoyment, the mere sight of a subscription list, or the recital of a tale of distress, closed her purse-strings instantly.

Vague rumours that Mr. Harper had a son who devoted much time to philanthropic work in London, had certainly reached Charlie; but a kid-gloved pretence of solicitude for less favoured fellow-creatures was, he knew, a fashion amongst some rich young men nowadays; and he set down Leslie's labours as the whim of a fine gentleman anxious to kill time. That they resulted from an honest desire to lessen the heavy load of want and misery which presses on the world, he had never believed until to-night. But now he fairly blushed for the surliness with which he had met his host's kind advances in the train. Doubtless, he would have been glad to help Charlie then, had he not been repelled by his hedgehog-like demeanour.

"It really is too bad you should have all this trouble about me," he remarked with an embarrassed laugh. "And, besides, how do you know I'm to be trusted? I might run away to-morrow, with a lot of your things."

"You might," briefly returned Leslie, from the depths of a cupboard. "But you won't—you are not that sort. Do you think I don't know a man when I see one? One gets to be an excellent judge of character, here in London."

"But don't you get imposed on sometimes?"

"Oh, I admit there are plausible rogues whose suavity is difficult to resist. But," laughed Leslie, "your worst enemy couldn't possibly accuse you of being either plausible or suave. If you rise in the world, it won't be through your beguiling tongue!"

"No, you're quite right," said his guest humbly. "I know I was an ungracious brute when we met in the train, but you must make allowances for the hard life I've had, with scarcely anybody to help me. Can you wonder if pretty speeches don't come readily to my lips?"

"Yes, poor chap, I'm afraid you've had a rough time, but we'll hope it's over now. But you mustn't get into the way of fancying that nobody cares for you—that line of argument never benefited any man yet, and, besides, it's not true. And now it's time you went to bed—you look half-dead. Do you know, we've talked till nearly three o'clock in the morning?"

CHAPTER XX.

SNAPDRAGON'S VICTORY.

ON the second of May took place the race for the Two Thousand Guineas, rendered memorable at Elmfield by the first really serious disagreement which had ever occurred between Gerald and his father. The Harpers, confident of Snapdragon's success, had invited a large party to travel in a saloon carriage to Newmarket, including Violet and her brother. Mr. Raynor, who strongly objected to his son's attending race meetings at all in company with such reckless gamblers, tried to dissuade Gerald from going; but was obliged to recognise the bitter truth that, under the spell of the Harpers, the boy had got quite out of hand.

But he could, and did, prevent Violet from joining the noisy, horsey party, though she was very angry at the veto. Quite unknown to those at home she had a considerable sum staked on Snapdragon herself.

Unfortunately for everybody, Snapdragon won. Bets had been made upon him all round Woodstead; and the result made every workman and shopboy in the place more than ever positive that gambling was the finest thing in the world for making one rich without exertion. On nobody did the result have a more disastrous effect than Gerald Raynor; for his winnings were so large that he actually fancied himself within measurable distance of the fortune he coveted for Lilian's sake.

Violet had also won considerably, though she kept it a secret. Gerald also was silent regarding his gains. When his father asked him point-blank whether he had betted on the race, he carelessly answered, "Oh, yes, I won a trifle,' mentally excusing the falsehood with the reflection that what he had won was a mere trifle compared with what he intended to make over the Derby. The spirit in which he returned to the office may be imagined. The law seemed drearier than ever, with its paltry gains of six-and-eightpence here and three-and-fourpence there.

To celebrate Snapdragon's victory, the Harpers gave a gorgeous dinner party, many guests coming down by special train from London, and the table decorations being chronicled in all the society papers. Violet and Gerald were asked, and professed to enjoy it immensely; though Woodstead gossip whispered it was a most rowdy affair, with hunt-the-slipper and blind-man's buff, and other romping games afterwards, and more drinking of Snapdragon's health than was good for some of the guests. It was a significant fact that Leslie was not there.

"What *are* we coming to?" groaned Herbert

Raynor to Margaret, when he heard the comments in the town. "To think that a daughter of mine should be at such a vulgar affair!"

"Perhaps the accounts are exaggerated. I noticed Violet wouldn't say much; but surely Mrs. Harper would never allow such behaviour in her house!" suggested Margaret consolingly.

Mr. Raynor cautiously tried to sound Violet, who was up in arms at the first word. "It was a delightful evening, and it was too bad that everything the Harpers did should be so misrepresented! They were worth a hundred of the nasty, spiteful, narrow-minded gossips who sneered at them in revenge for not being asked to their parties! And she—Violet—wouldn't hear a word against them!"

Her father sighed. Evidently Violet, as well as Gerald, was getting out of hand. The general demoralisation of Woodstead, predicted by far-seeing people, was likely to infect his own family, it seemed, unless——

Then a bright thought struck him, and, eager for comfort, he went back to Margaret, his faithful counsellor. "I've spoken to Violet," he began eagerly. "She backs up the Harpers, and won't hear a word against them. I should tremble for their influence over her, if—if I didn't hope she may be married soon, to a good man who will take care of her. I've noticed how often Leslie Harper comes here now; don't you think, Meg, he's very much struck with her?"

Margaret moved her chair, so as to bring her face into the shadow, before answering steadily, "Yes, I think he admires her very much."

"It's a relief to know it," acknowledged her father. "She is yielding, and easily led; and he will be a tower of strength to her. I hope, with all my heart, he *will* marry her; not because he's a rich man's son, but because he's a downright good fellow. You like him, don't you?"

"Yes, very much," his daughter replied, as she bent over her embroidery.

"Enough to welcome him as a brother-in-law?"

"Yes, father."

But when Mr. Raynor had gone away, quite consoled, Margaret's head dropped on her outstretched arms. "Oh, Leslie!—my own Leslie!" she murmured brokenly. "Must I renounce you for ever, because of this? I fear Violet can never make you happy—you need a wife to help you in your work, instead of one who needs constant guidance herself! How can she understand a man like you?"

The tears fell fast as she thought over the bitter-sweet experiences of the last months; when she had been fated to see more and more of the man whose every word was music to her, though all his thoughts were for another. On various excuses he had been to Elmfield frequently of late; and on his invitation, she and Violet had spent the day in London, lunching at Prince's, and afterwards visiting the Academy. A spray of flowers he had then given her was amongst her choicest treasures; at this moment she could recall every turn of his head and every tone of his voice. She raged against her own folly, but in vain; reminding herself that it is a woman's place to wait to be wooed, not to love unsought. It was too absurd to think of staid, unattractive Margaret Raynor being captivated by a man who cared nothing at all for her! But never did she waver in her high resolve not to betray her feelings, but to do all in her power to secure Violet's happiness, no matter at what cost to herself. She was quite prepared to be her bridesmaid, with a smiling face; and looking down the long perspective of years—such grey, unattractive years!—she beheld herself a sober maiden aunt, the confidante of Violet's children, and to some extent a helper in Leslie's work. Oh, she ought to feel very glad, very thankful, that such a prospect of usefulness lay before her! Even if life brought her no personal happiness, at least she would have the consolation of doing her best—even if only in the humble *rôle* of maiden aunt!

Hearing footsteps, she hastily smoothed her face before Violet entered, carrying a delicate light blue dress. "Meg, darling," she began, in a carneying tone, "I've torn a nasty jagged hole in this, and I want to wear it to-morrow at Mrs. Long's garden party. I can't sew like you; would you be such an angel as just to mend it very neatly?"

Margaret merely bent her head as she took up the dress. Words refused to come just then, and Violet eyed her curiously.

"What's happened?" she asked lightly. "Because there's a look on your face as if—as if you'd been to church and heard a stirring sermon; one of those sermons that make one long to go and do a lot of impossible things, if one only knew how!"

But Margaret did not answer. Characteristically, she was already busy with the skirt. Leslie's future wife should not go about in ragged garments, if she could prevent it.

"You're a good old soul, Meg!" said Violet patronisingly, as she turned to go. She felt quite sorry for poor dear Margaret, in being so commonplace and unattractive that no man was ever likely to fall in love with her!

CHAPTER XXI.

SNAPDRAGON'S DEFEAT.

THE Derby was over, and once more the extreme uncertainty of the Turf had been manifested. All over England—indeed, all over the world—foolish people who had staked all they had, and



"Ten times that amount would not nearly cover his losses."—*p.* 1043.

often more, on the favourite's success, were lamenting the result. If it could only be realised by the unthinking multitude what enormous suffering and loss is the inevitable result of every great race, I doubt whether many people would continue to regard a racecourse as a pleasant and amusing spectacle any longer. For one who wins, thousands lose; for one who gains a fortune on the turf, numbers are stripped of all they possess, nay, are led into embezzlement and ruin; a single plutocrat of the Lewis Harper type may demoralise a whole neighbourhood by the misuse of his ill-gotten wealth. Snapdragon, the adored, the belauded, the much-advertised, had been ignominiously defeated by a little-known horse, whom few had thought it worth while to back. The favourite was not even placed; and it may as well be added here that he never won another race, but turned out a complete failure, being eventually sold at an enormous loss.

Gerald Raynor, who had driven over to Epsom—which was not very far from Woodstead—on the Harpers' coach, sat in his own room on the night of the great race, pressing his hands to his burning forehead, and seeing nothing but ruin—sheer, stark ruin—staring him in the face.

This was the end of all his hopes of making a fortune and winning Lilian! He had backed Snapdragon to an absolutely absurd amount, in comparison with his means; and now, not only had he lost all his winnings over the Two Thousand Guineas, but he was left with a crushing liability which must be met somehow within a few days, if he would avoid a public exposure and scandal. The only wise course, to confess all to his father, he dared not take. He could not bear to grieve him with such a tale of folly and loss, even had he been willing to pay his son's gambling debts. Besides, if a single hint of this transpired in Woodstead, it would endanger the practice, for people naturally dislike to entrust money and securities to a firm of which one of the members loses large sums on the Turf.

Not a wink of sleep did Gerald obtain that night. He went to bed early, having purposely made light of Snapdragon's defeat, and leading his family to suppose that, save for a few pounds, it had cost him nothing. Violet, who had entrusted Mr. Harper with the whole of her previous winnings, that he might put it on the horse, had, of course, also lost every farthing; but, as she had not ventured beyond her depth, she was only the poorer by that amount. She also said nothing to her family on the subject. Under the influence of the Harpers, both she and her brother were becoming adepts in deceit.

Gerald's only hope was that he might win something over the Oaks, though under the most favourable circumstances he could never expect to retrieve his Derby losses. The defeat

of Snapdragon was also a serious misfortune for the Harpers; although, with the selfishness inevitably engendered by the taste for gambling, he would have troubled little about that, had it not been that the horse's failure made him doubtful whether it would be any use to appeal to the plutocrat for a loan, which had been his original intention. All night he tossed on his sleepless pillow, revolving plans of escape from this dilemma, but finding none. He might fairly have excused himself from the office on the plea of illness; but at breakfast his father complained of feeling chilly and out of sorts, and said he must stay at home that day. So his son felt compelled to represent him at the office; and on returning in the evening found that Mr. Raynor had gone to bed, after seeing the doctor, who pronounced the illness a sharp attack of influenza.

His father's illness was an additional reason why Gerald should remain dumb on the subject of his losses; and in sickening suspense he awaited the result of the Oaks. He won a little, though much less than he expected; and on Saturday afternoon, on leaving the office, he went boldly up to The Lodge, to see Mr. Harper.

Despite his enormous losses over Snapdragon, he found him nearly as jovial and confident as ever, hoping that Ascot and Goodwood would atone for his disappointment, as he had horses entered for both. But on Gerald's first hint of a loan his manner changed considerably. He was too hard hit himself, he said, to assist anybody else. People who went in for racing must take the rough with the smooth, and not whine if they lost; it was the fortune of war. Poor Gerald went home conscious of sympathising with those who detested Lewis Harper. It was mainly by following his advice that he was in this most unpleasant fix now; and it seemed like deliberate insult to talk of Ascot and Goodwood to a man who had nothing wherewith to pay his Derby losses. Another sleepless night was the only result of his visit; but his family ascribed his haggard looks to anxiety about his father, whose attack proved a very sharp one.

On Sunday afternoon Leslie walked in, having heard of Mr. Raynor's illness, and being also secretly anxious to know whether Snapdragon's defeat had occasioned loss to anybody at Elmfield. At The Lodge—though he did not say so—his mother and sister were simply raging at the favourite's failure, by which they had lost heavily. Even if Leslie had not already detested gambling, the unlovely spectacle presented at his home would have disgusted him with it for ever.

A cloud seemed to brood over Elmfield also. Mr. Raynor was in no immediate danger, but so weak that he needed great care, and a trained nurse was in attendance. Gerald, looking fagged and worn, carefully avoided being left alone with Leslie, and never mentioned the Derby at all. But the visitor successfully manœuvred to get a word with Violet in private, as they strolled about the lawn. She was looking lovely in a new summer costume of pale grey, and her cheeks had a flush which he interpreted as a lover naturally would.

"I'm afraid numbers of people, both here and elsewhere, have lost heavily over Snapdragon," he began. "I—I hope my people didn't persuade you to back the wretched animal, Miss Violet? I should be very sorry if I thought you had taken to betting too."

Now the last thing she desired was to forfeit his good opinion. As the most eligible young man who had ever crossed her path, all his little crotchets must be humoured at any cost—at least, until they were married. "I betted a few pairs of gloves with your father and Mr. Daventry," she said with an effort.

"But no money, I hope?"

"No."

"Not a farthing with anybody?" he persisted, determined to be quite sure.

"No—not a farthing with anybody," she answered, though with burning cheeks. Poor, weak, foolish Violet! How far she had wandered from the path of honour since becoming intimate at The Lodge!

He was satisfied. He no more imagined she would tell a deliberate lie than he expected to see two moons in one sky. "I'm glad you had the moral courage to resist. I hear the state of things in Woodstead is appalling; so many foolish people have put their own, and, alas! sometimes their employers' money also, on Snapdragon. Our stablemen are as hard hit as anybody, for they had implicit faith in the horse."

Violet was intensely relieved that just then they were summoned to tea, under a great cedar near the house. Margaret presided with her usual gentle tact, and for once Violet could not help envying her sister's untroubled conscience. Leslie must never know, she kept saying to herself; and she would never, as long as she lived, tell a lie again!

He exerted himself to be agreeable, as Gerald seemed out of spirits, and related his chance encounter with Charlie Collier. Leslie had obtained for him a situation with a firm he knew, who were not only house agents and auctioneers but decorators and contractors as well. "They think a good deal of him already, for he's so well up in old furniture, and the different styles of architecture, that he's very different from the ordinary machine-made clerk, who takes no

interest in anything outside his own narrow groove. It appears he spent his evenings here in studying, and attending technical classes; a young man like that will doubtless succeed."

"Thanks to you," said Margaret softly. Leslie had passed lightly over his own share in the matter, but she guessed he had spared neither time nor pains to rescue yet another fellow-creature from the mire.

"I gathered that his position in this town had been most unpleasant ever since that bank-note affair," continued Leslie. "Although he was acquitted, people chose to fancy he was guilty after all—the moral of course being," and he turned to Violet with a smile, "that young ladies should not put their money into handbags, to be a temptation to thieves!"

"Some people think the real thief was a confederate from London or somewhere, and they shared the plunder," observed Gerald, wondering why Violet had turned crimson.

"Such absurdity would only be possible in a narrow-minded little country town! To anybody who knows Collier the very idea of his stealing is absurd!"

"So I say," returned Margaret.

"I'm sorry to see Gerald looking so seedy," Leslie remarked later to Miss Raynor, when the group had dispersed. "Is he—is he worried about anything?"

"Yes, he's very anxious about father," she responded, unwilling, like him, to utter all that was in her thoughts. "He won't be able to return to the office for weeks, and meanwhile Gerald has everything on his shoulders. Fortunately, old Nash, our managing clerk, is a tower of strength, for he has been with the firm forty years. The doctor says as soon as father is well enough to travel, he must go to Brighton to recruit."

"I hope—I hope," stammered her companion diffidently, "your brother lost nothing over the Derby?"

Their eyes met, equally anxious, in a long look which sent the blood coursing through her veins like fire. Who else, in all the world, understood and sympathised with her like Leslie—though all the time his heart was given to another? But it would never do to embark upon *that* train of thought! "He says he lost only a few pounds," she returned quickly.

"Ah! then he must have hedged very judiciously," said Leslie, puzzled at the same time to reconcile this with Gerald's oft-declared faith in the horse. "I'm very glad he was so fortunate."

"I'm afraid half Woodstead will be nearly ruined," she said sadly.

"I fear it also. I dreaded lest our stables should demoralise the place—and they have!"

She was too truthful to deny it, even to spare his feelings. But little did she imagine how greatly that demoralisation was destined to affect her nearest and dearest. "I fear Snapdragon's failure must be a serious thing for your father," she said, eager then, as ever, to be kind even to the least deserving.

"He takes it pretty easily, but, of course, his losses are tremendous, for he and Mitton both looked upon the horse as a veritable gold-mine. The jockey is blamed for injudicious riding, and retorts that he only followed my father's instructions, whereas, had he been left to his own judgment, he would have won. Oh, it's not an edifying experience to be behind the scenes in a great racing stable! Be thankful, Miss Raynor, *you* were not brought up amongst turf habitués! It is not conducive to generosity and magnanimity, and all the nobler virtues!"

How Gerald lived through the next few weeks he hardly knew; but he took no one into his confidence. Old Nash and his underlings at the office were agreeably surprised by a total change in their young master; for, instead of continually taking holidays on every possible pretext, he stuck to his work with the most praiseworthy industry, spending hours in examining the deeds in the safe, the books, and the papers belonging to various clients. Not a corner was left unexamined by him in his new-born zeal for the interests of the firm; and he questioned Nash closely concerning the ins and outs of everything. The old clerk was jubilant. "You needn't fear, sir, Mr. Gerald's going to turn out a fine man of business one of these days," he assured Mr. Raynor, when at last he was admitted to see him. "He sticks at his work now from morning till night."

"I'm very glad to hear it," said the invalid feebly. He was still very weak. When Gerald came home he told his son what the old clerk had said, adding that it was a great relief to his mind. "I shouldn't like to see the old practice, so honourably begun by my ancestors, going to the dogs in my old age, Gerald," he said kindly. "At one time I feared that the influence of the Harpers might be too much for you, and lead you into extravagance and bad ways. By-the-bye, you never said much about the result of the Derby. Snapdragon lost, I know; but I hope it made no difference to you, my boy? You had not been foolish enough to back him heavily?"

The kind, fatherly eyes looking at him so anxiously shook Gerald's composure for an instant; but he was too cowardly still to own the truth. "I lost—a little," he stammered. "I had won considerably before, over the Two Thousand Guineas; so that was a set-off against it."

"Indeed, my boy? I understood you had only gained a trifle. I'm very glad you had sense

enough not to bet heavily; but I trust this will be a warning to you never to gamble again. In Snapdragon's case you have a glaring illustration of the utter uncertainty of the Turf. I was going to say that, if you had lost, I would, just for once, set you straight—that is, if any sum up to three hundred pounds would do it."

Three hundred pounds! Gerald could have laughed at the idea of such a paltry sum being of any use in straits like his. Ten times that amount would not nearly cover his losses. "Thank you, father, there's no need to trouble you," he said brusquely. And on Margaret entering with some beef-tea, the subject dropped.

But he had to endure some further cross-examination from Leslie, who, from hints dropped by his family, feared Gerald's losses had been severe, and made a point of coming to see him at the office. But he could extract nothing from Violet's brother, who denied that his liabilities were greater than his power to pay. As Lewis Harper was far too shrewd to inform his son that Gerald had already hinted his desire for help to himself, and been refused, Leslie had no means of knowing whether Gerald was telling the truth or not. Only half-satisfied, he sought an interview with everybody's counsellor, Margaret; cautiously endeavouring to sound her without alarming her. But she evidently knew nothing; and whatever she might suspect—and, in truth, she was far from easy about her brother—she loyally kept it to herself.

Violet had gone out to spend the day, and the two were alone in the pretty, old-fashioned drawing-room, where Margaret was pouring out tea. Leslie looked round him with a long sigh of satisfaction. "How much cosier this room is than our great saloon, just like a room at some big, tawdry hotel or hydro!" he exclaimed. "Everything in it has belonged to your family for generations, and not been supplied by some art-furnisher, to meet the modern craze for antiques. I never see it without wishing I belonged to a good old stock myself, Miss Raynor."

She smiled, showing the beautifully even teeth which were one of her strong points. "Ancestors are quite out of fashion nowadays—every man must stand or fall by his own individual merits."

"But don't you believe in heredity?"

"No!" she said sturdily, "I don't!"

"But surely noble qualities are transmitted from generation to generation—and bad ones as well?"

"Can you tell me which of your ancestors it was, Mr. Harper, who was a reformer—a lover of his fellow-men?"

He laughed at this pointed application. "No, I can't! My genealogy goes no distance back at all! But I don't deserve the title of a reformer. I am only one of the humblest of cobblers in the great workshop of the world. And it is no credit to me, because I have seen, and—I know."

He was looking at the wall opposite with the rapt gaze of one who beholds a vision. What a noble face his was, she could not help thinking, with that strange inward light shining through, and illuminating the refined features! "The misfortune is, that there are so many who will *not* see," she rejoined, after a pause. "Or, even if they do see, they do nothing."

"Sometimes, I must own, I despair altogether," he admitted. "All the agencies which try to work for good seem to attain such pitifully small results! At every turn you find the great flaring public-house, with its crowds of miserable victims. In every street the newsboy thrusts his paper under your nose, with the latest betting on every race; and all large employers of labour complain of the ever-increasing difficulty of finding good, honest, sober workmen. Is England altogether on the down-grade? Is the nation's manliness entirely ruined by the craze for sport, and pleasure, and self-indulgence at any cost? I sometimes sadly fear it is."

"Oh, don't give up hope! I know it is very hard to believe, sometimes; but—surely good must prevail over evil in the long run!"

"To anyone who really knows the East-End the hope often seems a very forlorn one."

"Never despair. The British Empire has been built up out of forlorn hopes, by men who have set themselves to do impossible things, and—succeeded."

He drew a long breath as he rose to go, wondering why a confidential talk with Margaret always braced him up, and sent him back strengthened and refreshed to his work again. And this was all the more remarkable, because she was by no means of a naturally sanguine disposition, or one to under-estimate difficulties.

But for her part, she paced the room for a long time after he had gone, unable to settle to anything in the tumult of her thoughts. To know that she was, by nature, exactly fitted to be a true helpmeet to Leslie Harper—and to have to stand aside to make way for another who had no sympathy with his aspirations—nay, who could not even comprehend them at all! What a cruel freak of Fate!

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.]

THE RETURNING HEBREWS.

A Glance at the Work of the Syrian Colonisation Fund.



AN this place, the port of Jaffa, be verily and indeed the sea-gate of the Holy Land? The Mediterranean gleams, doubtless, as blue as it is painted; the distant view is an ideal background for a scene in the calm, unchanging East; but ought not the town that leads to Salem to bear some stamp of sacred peace? Dirt and disease, bustle and beggary, in fact, all the paramount impressions of the first glimpse of Palestine, are calculated to dissipate illusions. Ideals built upon venerated history and tradition are not to be realised on the threshold. The vessel now discharging passengers has imported tourists of various nationalities; are there no returning exiles amongst the men and women being put on shore by the rowing boats?

An interested European scans the faces in search of the familiar features of a son of Israel. It is vain. An order is in force that no Jew may land in Palestine under penalty of a heavy fine. He vaguely watches the baggage unladen. Why one particular sack engages his attention he can hardly explain. He gazes at it with the growing impression that it is endued with animation. It is dumped into the boat, landed, claimed, and opened. Out crawls a Jew. The irrepressible Hebrew started from the country of his adoption with no money for a fine, no interest to secure favour, but no power to resist his craving for the Promised Land.

He is here now, and here he will remain. The Sultan has no personal objection to Hebrew colonists. They give him little trouble and regard him as their protector. There is an element of mercy to them in his prohibition. At present the country has nothing but starvation to offer to a crowd of penniless immigrants; besides, he has reasons for wishing to conciliate France and Russia, and therefore forbids the Jews entrance. But since there are at least 50,000 in or around Jerusalem alone, one more here and there will make little difference. It is not incumbent upon Turkish officials to investigate the contents of every sack discharged upon the coast. A letter written by a Cadi in reply to some inquiries made by a friend of Layard, the explorer, as to commerce, population, and the remains of antiquity of the ancient city in which this head of the law dwelt, is characteristic of the attitude of a Moslem toward a world revolving on an orbit outside his own:—

"My illustrious Friend and Joy of my Liver,—The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants, and as to what one person loads on his mules and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it.

"Oh, my soul! oh, my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto us, and we welcomed thee. Go in peace," etc.

With the calm acceptance of fate, or as he terms it the inexorable will of God, the bearer of the sword of Islam sees with indifference the increase of returning exiles. In the same spirit he submits to the pressure that makes it necessary for him to forbid them to come. From time to time during the nineteenth century, enterprising Jews rose up to call upon their people to go back to the land promised as a hereditary possession to their forefathers. The great bulk of the nation had been cowed into lethargy. Some of the most thoughtful and religious answered that it would be presumptuous to work themselves for the redemption of Israel; they would rather wait for the time when God Himself should prepare the way. During the 'fifties, some orthodox Jews, Leon Alkalay, from Semlin, Hirsch Kalischer, in Thorn, and Moses Hess, editor of a paper in Cologne, sought to convince their brethren that Israel might hasten the fulfilment of prophecy by the colonisation of Palestine. That which religious enthusiasm and patriotism failed to do persecution accomplished. The year 1866 was sadly memorable for the Jews of Roumania. From that date their position in the country deteriorated. This circumstance together with banishment of others from Russia, carried out on a large scale in 1882, compelled nearly a million and a half of Jews to seek a new home. In Palestine they found toleration under the Sultan.

Before the days when the patriots already mentioned sought to rouse the Jews to

return in a body, numbers had already settled in Palestine. In 1846 her Majesty Queen Victoria's Government instructed the late Mr. Finn, the Consul appointed to Jerusalem, to be kind to the Jews. This may have strengthened his hands, but it could have hardly fortified his resolve. He took with him a bride who inherited an enthusiastic interest in God's chosen people. Her father, the late Rev. Alexander McCaul, D.D., a well-known Hebrew scholar, had given up preferment in order to devote himself to the Jews in Poland. For eight years he lived amongst them, and many learned from him the meaning of Christian sympathy. Jews of the East End of London were his care when he became Rector of St. Magnus the Martyr, London Bridge. His eldest little girl had learnt the English alphabet and the Hebrew characters at the same time, and had gained an intimate knowledge of Hebrew exiles whilst living with her parents in Russian Poland and other parts of the Continent. When, as the wife of the British Consul, she arrived in Jerusalem, pitiful sights greeted her. Seven thousand Jews were already assembled in the city. The cry of Naomi, "The Lord hath brought me home again empty!" was not more pathetic than the stories of the refugees. Many, able and willing to work, were suffering from hunger and thirst. Mrs. Finn was the first to supply them with rakes and spades. Jerusalem was then entirely without either trade or commerce. She hired a tiny piece of land just within the city walls, and set two Jews to cultivate it. The work prospered, and in 1852 she bought about ten acres of waste ground on the ancient hill of Goath, mentioned in Jeremiah xxxi. 39, to put it under cultivation. The place looked down upon Jerusalem and towards the east, where the rising sun shines upon the Mount of Olives. From time immemorial it had been known as Kerem El Khaleel—"The vineyard of the (confidential) Friend of God." From that date Abraham's Vineyard has been devoted to the employment of Jews.

"It was a mad scheme," said the practical critic. "It was impious," protested the superstitious; "the land was under a curse, and to attempt to resist Providence was futile. Let the Jews alone until their time of contrition and redemption should arrive." "It was all of no use," said the superior utilitarian who judged the whole nation by his own limited experience of a few failures. "They could not work in the fields if they would, for their constitutions were enfeebled



(By permission of Mrs. Finn.)

THE STAFF OF JEWISH WORKMEN EMPLOYED IN ABRAHAM'S VINEYARD, JERUSALEM, FEBRUARY, 1903.



(By permission of Mrs. Finn.)

A CORNER OF THE SOAP FACTORY: PACKING SOAP.

by want and oppression; they would not if they could, for their dispositions led them to shirk manual labour and only to engage in trade."

The men who applied for work had not the faces of idle loafers; some were indeed so weak from want that their compassionate employer had to give them food before setting them to their task. But they toiled with a will, and the ground which had been cursed with relentless battles and carnage responded gratefully. What was accomplished may be judged from the fact that the piece of waste land which had been purchased for £250 is now valued at £20,000.

For seventeen years Mr. and Mrs. Finn lived in Jerusalem and saw the labour prosper under their hands. In another place near Bethlehem they accepted with other landowners the responsibility of helping to keep the ancient aqueduct, the sole water supply of Bethlehem and Jerusalem, in repair. The Turkish Government has lately again restored the aqueduct, using four-inch iron pipes in the gaps of the old masonry. But pipes of that size cannot convey much water, and most of what they do bring comes into the Temple sanctuary, where Jews and Christians may not enter. They must therefore buy it of the Moslems, and scarcity of water is one of the chief sources of their sufferings. The rainfall has increased since the recent growth of trees; it averages now from seventeen to twenty-five inches, and this year it rose to thirty. That bitter cry of a conquered nation against their enemies, "They have cut down the lofty cedar trees," had more in it than appears on the surface. Water famines with terrible mortality have been the consequence. But now a dream of the time when the clouds shall no longer fly past the land, but gently distil the rain and moisture, seems within measurable distance of fulfilment. Rainwater stored in rock-hewn cisterns is preferred by the natives to any other. It comes straight from heaven, they say, whilst the supply from springs or wells rises from the earth. To employ the starving refugees in making cisterns is mercy twice blest. About seventy are now engaged, according to their strength and capacity, in Abraham's Vineyard in rock blasting, mason work, soap-making and the cultivation of vines and olives. The development of this enterprise is a story covering half a century.

When, about twenty years ago, the tale came to England of the indomitable resolution of the Jews to subdue and replenish the land of their ancestors, Baron Rothschild and other wealthy compatriots gave them land to cultivate, and the immigrants planted fields and vineyards. During the years 1881 and 1882 many Jews, hounded from place to place in Europe by nominal Christians, took refuge under the Moslems. "In token of Christian sympathy," and to extend her efforts to meet the increased need, Mrs. Finn formed the Society

for the Relief of Persecuted Jews, known also as the Syrian Colonisation Fund. With Lord Shaftesbury for its President, confidence in her scheme was established and money came in more freely. Her plan had always been to draft off workers from Abraham's Vineyard to become farmers and cultivators of various parcels of land; but funds have never been sufficient. Nothing, indeed, that could be devised was equal to meet the emergency when the Jews flocked to Palestine, until their entry was prohibited by the Sultan.

If the Englishman who witnessed the solitary wanderer smuggled into the harbour in a sack could stand in Abraham's Vineyard beside Mr. Dunn (son of the late Admiral Dunn), who manages the work, and to whom he related the incident, he would see a sight equally illustrative of Hebrew pertinacity. The eastern side from Jerusalem is occupied by the dead, for the great Jewish cemetery lies on the Mount of Olives, but the other three are overspread with living settlers. About two hundred colonies outside the walls of Jerusalem tell of patriotism revived and prophecy fulfilled. The Yemenite (Arabian) colony lies beside the Pool of Siloam; on the south are a few houses; on the west the Montefiore settlement smiles beside the Gihon Pool.



(*By permission of Mrs. Finn.*)

FIRST HOUSE BUILT BY JEWS AT ABRAHAM'S VINEYARD JERUSALEM, 1855.

"Behind that and near the upper pool," Mr. Dunn says, "are other colonies, and stretching at each side all along the Jaffa road is a string of colonies within colonies, some with water cisterns (such as they are) and synagogues. The unique Box colony and others are on the outskirts of modern Western Jerusalem, continuing to within a stone's throw of Abraham's Vineyard on the north-west. At our eastern entrance is a large Bokhara colony, which adjoins others of Yemenite and Ashkenaze Jews, continuing right on east to another due north of the Damascus Gate; and out beyond the Ash Heaps many Jews occupy houses among the olive trees, and still building is going on in the most remarkable manner. The colony near the Vineyard still increases. Houses are filled as fast as finished by destitute Jews who pay no rent. This is through the benevolence of a Russian Jew lately deceased, whose money was all given for building purposes. Germans and others have built some tenements which are let to Jews. Wealthier brethren in Europe help the poor to pay the rent or to acquire the place by gradual payments. But there are hundreds too utterly destitute to obtain any such shelter. They dig holes in the ground or build up bits of wood with mud and stone, and call these hovels home; even though the burning summer's sun and the storms of winter beat mercilessly upon them, and cause illness of many kinds. Still the refugees from Russia and elsewhere find it "like Heaven" to be in the land of their fathers, and away from all police tyranny and persecution, and allowed at least to die in peace and be buried in holy ground."

The Box colony was built out of packing cases by a resolute set of Jews who used the tin lining for roof or to cover the places where they nailed the pieces of wood together. Mr. Dunn was invited to mount into the balcony of one of the Box dwellings to see the view. He did not gaze long on the sacred landscape, for the edifice rocked

menacingly beneath his weight. The cradle-like qualities of these homes are not their greatest drawback. This was evident on another visit which he describes.

It was the month of February. The snow lay seven or eight inches deep, but the soft white mantle seemed warm and furry in comparison with the hail, rain, and heavy



(By permission of Mrs. Finn.)

A JEWISH WORKER AND HIS BASKET OF GRAPES.

gales that combined to rend and destroy it. Relief in money and clothing had arrived from England, so wind and weather had to be faced. The mud was ankle deep in the ground floor of the Box colony, and some rooms were too wet for habitation. The Jews, covered with any rags they possessed, huddled together for warmth in each dwelling. In many cases the wet had put out the glow in tins of ashes and embers, their scanty attempts at comfort. Sickness had naturally followed the damp; one invalid lay on the floor too ill for effort of any kind. More snow fell, and the case of the Box colony began to look desperate. Wails of hungry babies became more piteous; suffering from influenza, fever, and measles more severe. The charcoal dealers closed their shops; here, however, the authorities interferred and forced them to sell fuel, though it might be at a very high price. The news spread that bales had come from England to Abraham's Vineyard. Over the snow, through the mud, tramped pale, emaciated figures, some quite, others almost, barefoot, and with nothing but rags of summer garments to cover them. The gratitude of thousands was won by the gift of clothing and blankets, for in one year 3,469 were relieved by this means.

Dwellers in the Box colony cannot be said to be worse off than others. Mr R. Scott-Moncrieff's graphic account of a visit to the Holy Land in 1894, when he gave help to the Jews in Jerusalem, has been widely circulated. He described it "as to nine-tenth of the places in which he found human beings dwelling" as a "hole-to-hole visitation."

"I doubt whether there is any city in the world in which men find such places of refuge for the destitute as those to be found in numbers here in the Jewish quarter of Jerusalem," he writes; "so wholly out of sight and as a general rule so much under the surface. It is well known that the ruins of several cities, successively built and destroyed, provide the foundation on which Jerusalem of to-day stands. In courts behind houses of fair outward appearance I have found steps leading down to lower courts; and from these I have gone down to others still lower, in which I have found dark places piercing the surrounding *débris*, fragments of passages and of chambers—solid masonry of past ages. In such places as these Jerusalem of the forgotten past provides shelter for the homeless and poor of Jerusalem of the present."

To follow this relief expedition through the labyrinths made up of caves, vaulted cellars, and passages fills one with great wonder that life can be supported at all in such adverse conditions. The smell from the filthiest English pigsty would be sweet, Mr. Moncrieff declares, in comparison to that which issues from some of these habitations. What wonder, when the old broken cisterns are dry, the ancient wells simply emit a foul odour, and the water procurable is often insufficient even to quench the burning thirst of infants and invalids? All nature's judgments on the transgressions of her laws were found in these warrens: blindness from the darkness, imbecility from suffering, and death from want and disease. One shout of laughter was the only break in the monotony of a dull symphony in a minor key. The intrusion wakened a sleeping old woman; she started in terror, but her discovery that it meant the gift of a franc caused her such a shock and revulsion of feeling that she lost all self-control. Echoes of her delight followed the retreating footsteps of the explorers from the dark cellar where six widows had taken

shelter. This was the only cheerful sound when visiting two hundred adults of both sexes, in fifteen groups of dwellings inhabited by not less than five hundred souls. Yet the relief seemed to have touched but the fringe of poverty in Jerusalem. Mr. Moncrieff's series of tragedies, which might be entitled "De Profundis," is followed by a statement by Mr. Wallace, U.S. Consul, that his account of the misery below ground is well within the truth.

It is a comfort to leave the depths below depths of ancient Jerusalem, with all the life, death, and anguish that they conceal, and come to a place where sounds of real light-hearted mirth are heard in the sweet open air and glorious sunshine. In Abraham's Vineyard building is going on, and heavy iron girders are required. It is a question whether the enfeebled Jews can carry them up the hill. They are not only willing to start off at once to fetch them, but sounds of glee and cheerful talk herald their reappearance with the load. The least skilled employés are paid, according to the ordinary rate of wages of the country, one shilling a day. To give less would be unfair, and to give more would be unwise; for it might tempt men already in work to leave it in order to obtain a post in one of the several industries of the society. On what he earns one day labourer supports his wife, father, mother, and sister, who all share his underground chamber. The wooden gate of Abraham's Vineyard stands between life and starvation to him and others like him, just as it divides a wilderness of stones and pitfalls outside from a cultivated garden within. Skilled workers are paid, of course, at a higher rate.

Around the manager's house there is a vineyard of very aristocratic lineage. The excavations in this place have discovered ancient winepresses, possibly the "king's winepresses" mentioned in Zechariah xiv. 10. The land and all that is found beneath the surface does indeed link together the present with the long past. The Jewish cabinet-makers have made a handsome bureau, which stands in the entrance hall, for curios amongst treasure trove. Old Jewish lamps, tear bottles, and wonderful bits of glass are recognisable; one interesting object, declared by some persons to be a set of false teeth belonging to the Jebusites, suggests a remarkably advanced state of civilisation amongst the Jews' predecessors. But the days when a Roman villa occupied this site are also recalled. A flight of eleven old steps leading to what looks like a bath has been dug out, and below the ground is a quaint circular place, an



(By permission of Mrs. Finn.)

THE "BIRMINGHAM" CISTERN BEING EXCAVATED BY JEWISH WORKMEN IN ABRAHAM'S VINEYARD, JERUSALEM.



(By permission of Mrs. Finn.)

A TYPICAL JEW.

ancient columbarium. But beyond all these relics of the past is the thing which is perhaps of all others chief in importance. Water cisterns, one of them thirty feet deep by fifty feet long, have been blasted by the Jews out of the solid limestone. This is one of seven that they have made for storing water. One of the number was generously subscribed for by a company of people in Tunbridge Wells: it is a graceful and well-becoming gift from a town which owes its prosperity in the first instance to heaven's gift of fresh springs. The cost of two others is being defrayed by Halifax and Birmingham.

Storing rain water in Jerusalem is a work of labour, though a toil that brings a rich reward. The Jews first blast the rock from the top. As it is excavated the pieces are carried away to the stone squarers to be used for building, whilst a certain proportion is left behind to make a solid wall for lining. This wall is then cemented by a compound of crushed crockery, which when dry becomes as hard as the solid rock itself. When the four walls are finished, a roof known as "jamaloon," meaning the shape of a camel's back, is laid over it, and the rain is conducted into it by pipes. From the cisterns in Abraham's Vineyard the thirsty Jews obtain water, without money and without price. If this industry is twice blest, giving them honest employment as well as supplying them with the necessity of life, the same may be said in a lower measure of the next industry, soap-making. The olives and native-grown alkali furnish the materials for the soap, and its purity and other good qualities are said to have cured some sufferers from eczema. The architect of the factory and all employed in building it were refugees. The land known in old days as flowing with milk and honey is so full of possibilities, the Jews have so much interest in cultivating it and so much in themselves to adapt them to develop it, that it is easy to understand an English visitor to Palestine writing:—

"Abraham's Vineyard and its workers are a mine of working wealth, and it would produce the funds for relief as well as its own working expenses if fairly helped to do so. The Jews employed are the kind that will be the backbone of Palestine population. . . . These are the people that it is right to help; they will not need it long: such men as are now working in the Vineyard must rise."

To give employment to seventy refugees is a matter of congratulation; but this is a small proportion of the hungry crowd who come with the piteous cry, "For God's sake, give us work." When refused the privileges of citizens in Christian lands, they find at least toleration under the protection of the "Unspeakable Turk." But they bring to the country teeming with associations with the halcyon days of their history a sense of burning injustice. Only some practical token of Christian sympathy is likely to break down their natural prejudice against the very name of Christianity. The great Queen Victoria was the first English sovereign to give the Jews equal rights with the Gentiles in her dominion, for it was only in 1858 that Parliament was opened to them. At the time of the Diamond Jubilee the employés of Abraham's Vineyard sent her a beautifully written Hebrew address. Sympathy and relief from England tend not only to loyalty, but prepare the way for missionary societies whose rules and constitution limit them to spiritual work; they may on no account lay themselves open to the charge of bribing converts. There are two working in Jerusalem: the Missionary Society of the Free Church of Scotland and the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews. This society has amongst other organisations in the sacred city itself a House of Industry where Jewish converts are trained. Under their deft fingers the native olive wood, that familiar symbol of peace and plenty, is manufactured into every variety of ornamental box, frame, or furniture for the study or drawing-room table, and the proceeds of sale help to defray the expenses of the home. According to the calculation of the Rev. W. T. Gidney, there are altogether twenty-eight societies, with about four hundred and sixty-four missionaries, at work amongst the Jews in various parts of the world. During the past century

224,000 were baptised into the visible church of Christ. Grand as the results of missions to the heathen world have been in the same period, statistics prove that the proportion of converts from Judaism to Christianity have been ten times as numerous.

But spiritual results cannot be gauged by figures. Christian influence, even where it may not be recognised, is leavening various measures of reform. Zionism is the best known and most widespread amongst social, political, or independent movements. It unites between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 Jews who have subscribed themselves as members. The leaders, Dr. Herzl and Dr. Max Nordau, have decreed for religious toleration, and have called for a crusade against ignorance. The Rev. Aaron Sternberg, missionary of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel amongst the Jews, was welcomed at the Zionist Congress at Basle, and has written extremely interesting articles on the subject. The Rev. Isaac Levinson, secretary of the same society, attended the previous Congress. During the discussion, when Zionism was set forth as a means of uniting a nation scattered over the world and divided into numerous sects, he inquired how Hebrew Christians like himself would be received if they should settle in Palestine. They would be welcomed, Dr. Herzl replied, and the leaders would feel it right to help them to build themselves a place of worship. The Zionists at Basle gladly received the New Testaments that Dr. Sternberg took with him. Never before had there seemed so grand an opportunity of circulating the Scriptures amongst the Jews, never before has the spirit of honest inquiry after the truth so taken possession of them. With the Hebrew language, long considered dead, revived; with torpid patriotism quickened; with the units fused together and purified in the furnace of affliction, may not the Jews become as never before, the Israel of God? "Never before" echoes and re-echoes until it finds its expression in Stanley's paraphrase of Cæsar's address to his troops before the battle of Pharsalia:

"Never before, our eager hearts to cheer,
Have such bright gifts of Heaven been brought so near;
Nor ever hath been kept the aspiring soul
By space so narrow from so grand a goal."



(*By permission of Mrs. Finn.*)

JEWISH MASONS, ABRAHAM'S VINEYARD.

A MAID OF HONOUR.

A Complete Story by Katharine Tynan.



AILEEN FERRARS was living at home with a hard and unsympathetic stepmother when she first met the Earl of Kincora at the house of her friend Mrs. Leith.

The Rev. Granville Leith coached young gentlemen for the Services and for the Home and Foreign Offices, and people said that a deal of his success was due to the fact that he possessed a wife as good and charming as Mrs. Leith undoubtedly was.

Men who had been at the University with the Rev. Granville remembered him as the dullest of good fellows. As a coach he was not remarkable for more than a fair number of average successes; but his pupils swore by him. Little Mrs. Leith, who had no children of her own, looked on the young gentlemen as so many big babies. She watched over them just as faithfully and tenderly as though they had been her babies. She looked after their wardrobes, their bodily health, and their spiritual welfare. The boys were all head over ears in love with her, as they might be with a charming young mother of their own.

"Such an excellent moral influence,' said the noble and gentle parents as they recommended the Rev. Granville enthusiastically to others who had sons to be coached. But the influence was Mrs. Leith's. In her pretty, gentle, motherly way she coquetted with her husband's charges and kept them her bond-slaves for their good. More than one golden youth had brought the tears to Mrs. Leith's eyes as she sent him out into the world, with motherly pangs, by assuring her that it was the knowledge of what a good woman was that had kept him from temptations of the baser sort.

Aileen Ferrars used to joke with her friend about the devotion of the boys to her, knowing well that Mrs. Leith was as satisfied with her grey, plodding, bespectacled, dusty husband as ever woman was with any man in all the history of the world.

She came pretty frequently to Lilac Lodge, and had been made aware occasionally that she herself was charming in the eyes of some youth or other.

She was Irish on her mother's side, and had the softness, the gracious, flowing lines, with the air of motherhood about them, that are characteristic of a certain kind of Irish beauty. Her face was hardly beautiful. It was fresh coloured, with large blue eyes, and perhaps rather much suggestion of cheek-bones; but her teeth were beautiful and her fair hair abundant and softly curling. It was the softness, the abundance, in a manner of speaking, which had made some classically minded youth name her Demeter, that gave her something more alluring than beauty.

Aileen at this time had through her friendship with Mrs. Leith such an acquaintance with the budding aristocracy as would have made her fortune if she had chosen to be a society editor to a society paper. The youths talked frankly and freely and hardly needed encouragement for their confidences. However, Aileen was unconscious of her opportunities, and was accustomed to treat the future wearer of the strawberry leaves much as she would treat her own young brother if she had had one, in a humorously affectionate way that put the thought of tender passages out of the question.

"I have to be very careful about my girl-friends," Mrs. Leith had said to her once, "having those boys of rank, at such an impressionable age. I feel it a most responsible trust, really. It would never do to have anyone coming here who would encourage them to fall in love with her. It turns me hot and cold to think of what a designing girl might do. And my poor Granville is so unsuspecting that she might marry the Duke even before he would guess anything.'

"And that is why you make them all in love with yourself?" said Aileen.

"Well, it's safer, you'll acknowledge," said Mrs. Leith unblushingly. "Still," she added handsomely, "I'm bound to acknowledge that I really trust you as I trust myself."

"And seeing I've no Granville, it's all the more creditable to me."

Then, with a change of tone:

"As though I should think of boys of that age in any way but motherly or elder-sisterly. I'll acknowledge they're dear boys and a credit to the country and class that produced them. Still, at my age! . . . I plucked out a grey hair the other day, Meg."

"I could have found any number when I was your age. Twenty-four, isn't it? Twenty-five? Your next birthday, and that is nearly a year away. No, it isn't that you're an elderly person, as you're always trying to make out. It is just because you are so dear and nice and loyal to us. I'd pledge my right hand on your loyalty."

XUM

"If I was a designing minx you'd be putting me in an uncommonly awkward position," laughed Aileen Ferrars. "So it is just as well I am heart-whole and to be trusted."

It was not so long after this conversation that the Earl of Kincora became the Rev. Granville Leith's pupil. Of all things, he was in for the Foreign Office, though anything less like a diplomat than the honest-faced, sandy-haired, freckled youth with his odd air of distinction could not well be imagined. He had the eyes of Don Quixote, said Aileen to herself. Still his grandfather, the old Earl, had been one of the greatest of Ambassadors; and men said had been successful by virtue of sheer straightness and honesty of purpose rather than by the subtler qualities. It was in the blood of the O'Briens of Kincora to be statesmen. Even the Rev. Granville, who was accustomed to titled and otherwise distinguished pupils, was rather fluttered over the acquisition of Kincora.



"'One of the worst criminals in England,' said a policeman to Lord Kincora."—*p.* 1056.

From the first the new pupil stared at Aileen in a way which would have been rude if the transparent honesty and gentleness of his eyes had not put a rude intention out of the question. They had met at the luncheon table and he, sitting opposite Aileen, had hardly taken his eyes from her face.

At first it did not matter.

"He will go the way of the others," said Aileen to herself. "He will fall in love with Meg, and make offerings of flowers and sweets and books and music at her shrine. Why should anybody in his seven senses look at me when little Meg is by?"

Perhaps Terence Festus Laurence Fitzmaurice O'Brien was not in his seven senses, for he continued to look at Aileen, and was quite unconscious of the amusement he gave the other young gentlemen, as unconscious as he was of the growing uneasiness of Mrs. Leith and the object of his worship.

At last things came to a crisis. The fact of Lord Kincora's infatuation could no longer be concealed. It followed Aileen to her own dreary, unloving home and waited there for her in the shape of the most exquisite flowers, bonbons from Paris, and such unconsidered trifles as were wont to be rained about the pathway of Mrs. Leith's pretty feet.

At last the two friends faced the subject which they had been avoiding for some time, during which Aileen had kept away, and the silent, sweet, and fragrant messengers had come in brisker succession to the door of the undistinguished terrace-house in a drab and faded street where Aileen lived with her stepmother.

"The boy has fallen in love with you," said Mrs. Leith tearfully. "If you were not Aileen, it would be the ruin of us. Dearest Aileen, I shall have to ask you to keep away while he is with us. I know it is not your fault, and I shall miss you dreadfully, but he goes up in March, and Granville says he should pass with distinction. I must say I hope he will pass; I don't want him here any longer. But of course poor Granville doesn't know the . . . obsession; it is really that, Aileen dear. Still, if he did not see you——"

Aileen mingled her tears with her friend's. Lilac Lodge had been the one oasis in her life. She felt indignant with Lord Kincora for shutting her out of it.

"He will keep sending me things," she said; "and how can I refuse them since no name comes with them? I never have his flowers or his sweets. Mrs. Ferrars has the flowers, the children the sweets. Oh, Meg, it is no use my keeping away from here and staying in Westerham Terrace, since he knows where I live. I shall go away from home."

"My poor Aileen; it is a shame that you should be shut away from us by this boy's folly, especially as you have no happiness at home. Where would you go to?"

"I shall look for something to do. Indeed, I should have had to do that before long in any case, for now Muriel is old enough to take my place with the children, and Mrs. Ferrars begins to murmur at an unprofitable mouth in the house dividing her children's bread."

"Unprofitable!" A wave of generous indignation shook little Mrs. Leith. "Seeing that she and her children are living in your father's house, on what ought to be yours! Seeing that you have been an unpaid nurse to her children ever since she married your father!"

"I don't complain of that," said Aileen, with a pale little smile. "The children love me. And, after all, the baby is my little half-brother, if the others are nothing to me. But they all love me just the same."

"You dear creature!" Mrs. Leith hugged her friend. "I wish you were married. It is horrible that a girl like you should have to work for bread. This bothering Kincora! Never mind; March is not endlessly far off. As soon as we get rid of him you shall come to us on a long visit."

"Dear! I hope I shall be a working woman by March. I mean a money-earning one."

She smiled a little sadly, looking down at her hands, that were somewhat spoilt so far as prettiness went by the traces of work.

"You would be happier indeed out of it," said Mrs. Leith, following the direction of Aileen's eyes. "Don't be in too great a hurry, dear. We'll find some awfully nice person who will know what a treasure is given to her in my Aileen. And if you can't come here for the present—I only wonder it hasn't happened long ago, you dear—I shall run over to you every other day."

But when Aileen gave up visiting Lilac Lodge it seemed that the real trouble with Kincora had only just begun. While he saw her pretty frequently it had kept him quiet. Now that she absented herself he began to write her letters, to wait for her when she went out of doors, to surprise her by turning up in all manner of unexpected places.

She sent him back his letters; she scolded him roundly when they met face to face; but his patient, persistent intention of saying his say continued, no matter how often she refused to listen to him.

She had an odd dislike and apprehension of the identity of her young lover coming to her stepmother's knowledge. What she was afraid of she did not exactly know. It was possible, on the one hand, that Mrs. Ferrars might try to force her to welcome Kincora's attentions. On the other hand, she might express a bitter disbelief in such a fairy-tale lover.

Aileen hardly knew which point of view she dreaded most. She had refused to read Kincora's letters through; but now and again a sentence seen had brought the blood to her cheek and the long lashes over her eyes.

XUM

"I love you for ever." "It is a tradition in our family that once we love we love for ever." "If I must serve for you twice seven years I shall do it in hope and faith: a love like mine must win love in the end."

It was the remembrance of such phrases that kept her from meeting Kincora's honest, determined, unworldly eyes while she scolded him. She had a conviction that if she once met them she might blush, or cry, or do something equally foolish. So she rated him with her eyes on the ground.

"You make me unhappy," she said.

"By forcing myself on you? Then I shall not do that, for I would give my life to make you happy. But I shall love you all the same. And now and again I shall ask you if you cannot care for me. No matter how often I ask you, and you say, 'No,' I shall not tire until you say 'Yes'."

After that Aileen had no more letters, came no more face to face with him. Mrs. Leith reported that he was working hard, and that Granville was well pleased with him.

There were times when Aileen fancied she saw a tall young grey-clad figure in the distance which might or might not be Kincora. The mere thought made her heart beat. Ah! she did not deserve Meg's praises. The boy's worship had become too pleasant to her. She had been forced to see how simple and chivalrous and high-minded he was; and her heart in spite of her often beat high with pride to think that she, who had never known any real joy and pleasure in her looks since her father, Rudolph Ferrars, the unlucky artist, died, should now be the object of such a devotion.

She fretted at that secret treachery of her heart, although she knew in her staunch soul that she would go to the rack rather than betray Meg's trust in her. If she could encourage the boy—why, he was two years younger than she was—what a shameful thing it would be! Before he had seen the world; before he could know his own heart! He was the only son of his mother, and she was reported to be a very proud woman. Then he was so simple, so true, so generous. It would be like taking advantage of a child's innocence, thought Aileen, with smarting tears in her eyes.

Despite Meg's untiring help, the ideal situation did not come so quickly as that optimistic lady anticipated. She had indeed vetoed one or two places which the less exacting person most concerned was on the point of accepting.

Then things came to a climax. One morning Aileen had left Westerham Terrace after breakfast for a walk to a great open common where in February the larks sang; and this was a tender morning in February. Mrs. Ferrars had been more than usually trying: had indeed suggested that morning that Aileen's hunt for a situation was only a pretence.

The heat and pain which had sent the girl walking quickly through the grimy streets that led to the common were assuaged by the stillness of the great open space, where the noises of the town were only heard like a faint distant murmur; where this exquisite morning the larks were flinging themselves high in the sky on every side of her.

It was almost impossible to remain unhappy on such a morning. Aileen's heart was lifted up after the larks; she had a growing sense of hope and joy. After all, she was still young and it was the spring; and she was greatly loved. It had been a taunt of Mrs. Ferrars that her stepdaughter was likely to be left on her hands.

In her abstraction she had wandered from the most frequented paths and had struck right out on the common, which was a wild place in parts of it. She was quite unaware that she had left the nursemaids and children, the paths and seats, the people exercising their dogs, the railed space for riders, far behind. But suddenly from a clump of bushes the worst possible specimen of a tramp stepped out and approached her with a whine of beggary.

She put her hand in her pocket and pulled out a very empty-looking little purse that only contained a few coppers.

"I am sorry: it is all I have," she said, looking at him with vague terror.

Perhaps her fear awakened the bully in him. Anyhow, his expression changed to one of open insolence.

"Come," he said; "that won't do. A pretty lady like you, my dear, with only a tanner in your purse! You have a watch, though. 'And it over."

She drew back and put both her hands up to protect her watch. It was a beautiful thing which had belonged to her mother, the most cherished and by far the most valuable of her few possessions.

"Don't take my watch," she said. "I have a bracelet——"

At the same moment she remembered that a murder had recently taken place in broad daylight on a common far more frequented, less wild, less great in extent than this.

The man showed his teeth like a bulldog.

"'Ere," he growled, "'and it over. The watch *and* the bracelet too. Maybe you've a few rings on your fingers. No noise about it now, or I'll do for you. I'd as soon swing for you as get taken back to that prison over there."

She had no power to give him the things.

So terrified was she that she was paralysed with the paralysis of a dream wherein one stands rooted to the ground while some horrible danger comes ever closer and closer. It was the horror of a dream. She stared at the fellow, sick and hypnotised, while he stood a second enjoying her terror.

Then he put out a horrible rough, hairy hand. She would see that hand in her dreams till her dying day. Her tongue clove to the roof



"'Ah, yes, you can make me forget.'"—*p.* 1059.

of her mouth. She wondered if he were going to strangle her, or only to seize the chain about her neck by which her watch hung suspended.

But before he could touch her something hurled itself upon him as though flung from a catapult. So great was the force of the attack that the ruffian went over with a gurgling sound in his throat, and his assailant, who had caught and half-strangled him in his dirty neck-cloth, almost went with him.

However, he saved himself and scrambled to his feet. It was Lord Kincora. His young face looked magnificent in its anger.

"Science against brute strength, my friend," he said, with a fierce little sound of laughter.

A policeman came running up at the moment and blew his whistle.

Another appeared and another. The hand-cuffs went on quickly—none too quickly. The ruffian showed fight.

"One of the worst criminals in England," said a policeman to Lord Kincora. "We've been looking for him these ten days back since he broke prison; I'm glad we were in time."

Having given his name and address, Kincora took Aileen away out of hearing of the oaths and foul language of the miscreant as he was dragged away.

When they had gone a little way he turned and looked at her.

She had borne the strain well hitherto. Now she swayed visibly, as though she were going to fall. They were alone in a wild glade of the common; not a soul in sight; not a sound except the sleepy hum of the distant city and the song of the lark as he went up and up an invisible stair.

He caught her in his arms and put her head on his breast.

"If I had not followed you!" he said, kissing her again and again.

For the moment she let him have his way. She felt incapable of resistance.

"I will never let you be by yourself in the world again," he said ardently.

After a time they went on and rested on a seat facing the common. The lover seemed as if he had so much to say of his love and their future together that there were not "worlds enough and time" to say it in. She listened with tears gathering in her eyes but not falling. Her lips, that had been so soft and sweet to his ardent young kisses, took on a cold, unhappy little line of repression. But she said nothing.

He took her back to the end of Westerham Terrace.

"When am I to see you again?" he asked. "To-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow," she answered. "Give me time."

"For what?" he asked jealously.

"Give me three days," she said. "Indeed, I do not know what has been happening to me. I want rest; I want peace."

"You will find them in my love."

She lifted beseeching eyes to his.

"Give me three days!" she prayed.

"I can refuse you nothing," he answered unwillingly. "But remember that the three days will be an eternity."

The morning of the third day brought him a letter. His bird was flown. It was no use

his looking for her. No one would know her address till she was sure he had forgotten her. One day he would thank her and perhaps hold her a little in honourable remembrance because she had refused to let his hot youth bind itself to her.

He went rushing off to Westerham Terrace, and for the first time came face to face with Aileen's thin-lipped stepmother.

"My poor darling!" he thought. "To think that such a woman should have dominated her life!"

Mrs. Ferrars was quite willing to be polite to him when she discovered his rank. She was burning with indignation against her stepdaughter, and could not keep it out of her speech. She had never heard of such a thing as a girl going off and concealing her address from her own family. No other girl could have done it but Aileen, who had always been headstrong and inconsiderate of others. She could not imagine her reason for doing it. As though she, her stepmother, were not to be trusted.

Lord Kincora dissembled his dislike of Mrs. Ferrars. After all, he had the genius for diplomacy which had made his name a famous one. Burning as he was with disappointment and the feeling of his own powerlessness, he made himself charming to the lady, with the result that he had her promise that as soon as she knew of Aileen's whereabouts she would share the knowledge with him.

He went away to think things out, and found himself again on the common. He sat down on a seat in a quiet part away from the children and nursemaids, and set himself to consider what he was going to do.

He knew that Aileen loved him. He guessed at the fine, honourable feeling that had prompted her flight from him. Well—he would prove to her that it was no fantasy of his youth that would pass with time. He could be endlessly patient, he said to himself. Presently he would cease to be *in statu pupillari;* he would have ceased to be a youth. He would be steadfast and would win her.

There was someone else to be won over—his loving and beloved mother. He did not think that she would harden her heart against his choice, or not for long, not for over long. She was very proud; but then Aileen was a lady, and her father had been a man of good family. So much the young fellow, with his odd mixture of shrewdness and unworldliness, had discovered. His mother would not resist him on the score of Aileen's poverty. She would prefer it to the wealth of the vulgar rich who were overrunning society, opening even exclusive doors with a golden key. They would never open Lady Kincora's.

After a long period of sitting still and thinking he stood up and walked back to Lilac Lodge with a brighter face. He had resolved to do the thing that lay nearest his hand, to pass his examination with distinction. Then he would have a better reason to go to his mother and ask her to help him to his happiness.

The grim way he worked during the remaining weeks surprised and delighted his tutors. Now and again Mrs. Leith would send him an odd glance of compassion mingled with irritation. She too was in ignorance about the place of Aileen's refuge.

"She was wise not to trust anyone," she said to herself, excusing Aileen for the silence which vexed her. "Perhaps if I had known and he had come and asked me, I should have forgotten my duty to poor Granville and given him the address."

Meanwhile Aileen had accepted the least desirable of all the situations offered her.

It was a place as governess to the three children of wealthy business people; or at least, they were wealthy according to the standard of the people among whom they lived. To make assurance doubly sure, she had set the width of England and the Irish Sea between her and Lord Kincora. She was in Dublin. Perhaps she hardly knew how important a factor it was in her acceptance of the ill-paid post at such a distance from her few friends that it brought her to Lord Kincora's country. And was it not almost her own, since her mother had been Irish?

The house was in a square of houses which had once belonged to the nobility and gentry of the splendid days before the Union. Decay has set in like a dry rot over all that portion of the city, and although it is not so far to the country, to the smell of the sea and the sight of the mountains, the square had on Aileen the effect of a grave.

The great rooms of the house were dark and sad. The windows were hung with heavy curtains, the walls adorned with gloomy oil paintings, the furniture heavy and depressing.

Her pupils inherited the business qualities of their parents, and had for their main interest in life the swelling of their savings-bank account. Their mother, Mrs. Stanley Peters, was a pasty-faced, pretentious, worldly woman, not altogether unkind, but a little inclined to think that she had been deceived in engaging Aileen when she discovered her possession of that very Irish Christian name and noticed that her English accent was not very pronounced.

"But it never is pronounced," said poor Aileen, "except among uneducated people. The best accent is always the slightest."

However, Mrs. Peters was not to be put off

by such manifest story-telling as that, so she waved it away, and went on to tell Aileen how the last governess she had had went very near to spoiling the children's accent.

The thought of such a feat made Aileen laugh unhappily afterwards. After all, the sense of humour dies hard. And the Misses and Master Peters had the most depressing of flat Dublin accents.

Mrs. Peters entertained to a certain extent in a very dull way. Aileen always presided at the tea-table on these occasions, and was introduced to no one. She was hardly sufficiently interested to wonder over this strange code of manners. If kindly glances were sent her way by some of the maids and matrons, if now and again a youth had a quixotic impulse to treat Mrs. Peters' governess like any other lady, she only noticed it enough to be grateful. Her life was really living itself out somewhere else, wherever her young lover happened to be. She sometimes thought that it was only her body in a kind of automatic way that abode at Murray Square.

She had never been a girl for sentimentalities, had never imagined herself in love with anyone, although, like all girls who are not dullards, she had had intuitions and glimpses and dreams. She could sometimes hardly believe that it was herself who had given up her whole heart so irretrievably to the impossible lover she had sent away from her.

Those young spring months were very sad in Murray Square. Hardly a mile away lay the country. Even in the black, dank, sunless square gardens the thorn-trees were in bloom, as well as a few shabby lilacs and starved laburnums.

She used to long to get away, even for an hour, by herself and out into the free country. But that seemed an impossibility. Since Miss Ferrars had no friends in Dublin, she could have no need of absences from her duties, Mrs. Peters thought. And the children liked the square. While Minnie and Maudie rolled their hoops round and round the paths, and Tommy played at rougher games with his companions, Aileen would sit on an earwiggy seat under a damp arbour and think her thoughts, and they were not happy ones.

As time passed Mrs. Peters began to look in a dissatisfied way at Aileen's pale cheeks. Was it possible that she was going to have a breakdown in health which would necessitate her being sent home? Perhaps this anxiety was not wholly selfish. She had found out that Aileen suited her extremely well, despite the slightness of her accent: it was much slighter in fact than that of many Dublin girls who had been sent to school in England with the express design of catching the accent and had caught it. But also something in the girl's whiteness and listlessness touched her heart. After all, she was a mother, and a fond one, to her uninteresting children. It might be Minnie's or Maudie's case one day.

"When you get to Kilmacshone," she said, touching Aileen's pale cheek with awkward kindness, "these will get colour again."

Kilmacshone was a farm under the mountains which belonged to the children's grandmother. Thither the children were sent yearly while the house in the square was shut up and their father and mother went abroad.

Old Mrs. Peters lived at Kilmacshone. She was a very deaf old lady, with a couple of old servants who had been with her all her life. The place had the pervading melancholy of aspect which is almost inseparable from the beauty of Irish scenery.

"Forlorn! The very word is like a knell," murmured Aileen to herself the first day she laid eyes on Kilmacshone.

What forlorn days she was to spend there! In the wild waste fields with their ragged hedgerows, on one side the mournful beauty of purple-black mountains, on the other the salt marshes and the sea. There was not a human habitation in sight, and few trees. The very voices of the birds were melancholy. The gulls screamed, the plovers called; there were no bowers to harbour the jocund voices of the woods.

The children were often out driving and visiting with their grandmother. She had the solitude she used to long for in town. Now it was an aching loneliness. Of course it was all over. He had passed away out of her life. Her great episode was done: and there was nothing before her now for all the endless, endless years, but to governess children like those of Mrs. Peters.

She had put it before herself that she would not tell the secret of where she was till August. Those months would have given her time to vanish out of his life. By August he would be far away from Lilac Lodge. She could write to Meg. A letter from Meg now would be like food to a starving person.

One day when she was alone she wrote her letter and walked to the village to post it. The next day she wrote to her stepmother, enclosing a little gift of money out of her infinitesimal salary. She was one to forget injuries easily. As she enclosed the post-office order in that letter she remembered how her stepmother had once been kind, when she was ill long ago. After all, they were her kin: the darling baby was her own half-brother. Her heart went out to them as she wrote, and she longed to be with them again.

Before she dared hope for a letter there was one from Meg. It was full of tender chiding because she had hidden away from them so long. "Come back to us," the letter went on. "Why need you be at that great distance? Come to me while you hunt for another place nearer us. He is gone clean away, so you need not fear him. He passed in March with flying colours, and almost immediately afterwards took his mother, who was not well, abroad. It will be the same as though he had never been here."

But would it? How little Meg knew! Aileen had a chilled feeling as though her friend had failed in sympathy. She loved Meg with all her heart, but she hardly longed for Meg now. Even the solitude was better. It was easy for those happy people to talk, said Aileen, unwontedly fretful with her friend.

Her stepmother's letter brought her more comfort, strangely enough. It was more kind than usual, doubtless because of that gift of money which Aileen had thought so little about. At the end of the letter were three x x x kisses from the baby, and a tiny finger-print showed that his little hand had been hovering about the place. At the sight of it Aileen burst into tears, and the tears refreshed her.

August turned to September. The wide fields grew yellow and sere. The twilight fell earlier, and mists began to rise in the afternoon. They were to be at Kilmacshone till the first week of October. The twilights grew more eerie, more haunted than ever. The illimitable fields were lost in mists. The loneliness became so intolerable that the town beckoned, gay by contrast.

"Nothing will happen! Nothing will happen!"

A grasshopper was sawing away in the yellow grass, and that was what Aileen thought he was saying. It was true enough. She had had her great happening, and it was over. She had sent him from her; and she could hold up her head with a sense of her own honourable dealing. But oh! what comfort did the thought hold for her in that desolate hour when the sun was going down?

She was standing on a hill in the midst of the fields, a rath she had been told it was called. It was covered with coarse bents and grasses, and had traces of old buildings upon its summit. She had been told the superstitions of the people. A little door in the hillside was the way to Fairyland. She looked about her. The mists were floating about her feet in little wisps light as thistledown. Below the rath was a floor of mist. What fairy secrets might it not hide!

It was time for her to go back to the house, for the mists were damp and she was thinly clad. Then she turned round and saw *him*.

He looked at once glad and mournful, and many years older than she remembered him. He was dressed in black, which looked strange on him whom she had always seen in grey. It was like heaven to see him, and the wild joy showed itself in her face. She had given him up as completely as though he were dead.

"Comfort me, dear," he said, coming to her and putting his face on her shoulder. "I have come to you from my mother's grave."

She put her arms about his neck and smoothed his hair. The happiness was enough for the moment. And he needed comfort. Would anybody bid her refuse it to him?

Presently he looked up at her.

"Your stepmother let me know where you were, and I have come to you straight from Genoa. I want to tell you that my mother knew and sent you her blessing."

She looked at him incredulously.

"Then——"

"Then no one else has any right to oppose us. She gave me messages for you, and tokens. I am alone in the world."

"What will Meg say?" she faltered.

"Mrs. Leith? She sent you her love. She says you have been the most loyal girl on earth. I promised to bring her to you as soon as possible. She is at Eastbourne, and we can be married there before they return after the Long Vacation."

"It has nearly broken my heart."

"I know. I see it in your face. I will make you forget."

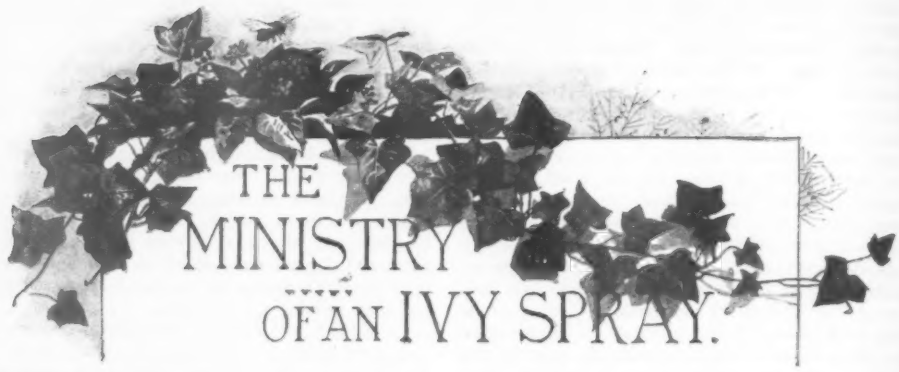
"Ah, yes, you can make me forget."

Her sigh was the expression of infinite content.

"But where do you come from?" she asked presently. "How did you drop down here in the midst of these lonely fields? Do you know that this is a fairy rath?"

"We have found our Fairyland," he said. "But as for other things, I have a lodging at the post-office in the village. I am not going to lose sight of you again. See, I have brought your ring. But now I must take you back to the house. The dews are heavy."

"How beautiful the world is!" sighed Aileen, as she turned and went with him.



THE MINISTRY OF AN IVY SPRAY.

RIVALS in orange and red, the cherry by the well and the small Virginian creeper on the eastern gable, call across the garden to my study window for notice and admiration this bright autumnal morning. The broad square-cornered maple leaves are taking an intense yellow, and are falling in heaps on the violet border off to the right, and the last roses are opening their buds on the Rêve d'Or on the left.

But my attention is caught this sunny forenoon by a claimant in more quiet dress than any of these. The wasps and flies and bees are busy and happy over a boss of ivy that has ventured to show itself above the wall on which the Royal George peach is trained in a great fan; and that boss of ivy is the object which takes my eye most and gives me the most interesting thought to-day. I have watched it long. I saw the first audacious spray which stole over the wall from outside between the bits of broken glass in their bed of cement—terror of climbing boys. It was spared for two or three years, and now it is a green cushion above which stand up boldly flowering spikes of ivy, dully yellow, sticky with honey of a scent not attractive to human beings, but the joy of the insect crowd.

While I have had that intruding ivy under observation for three seasons now, I have learned that it is charged with an object-lesson in Providence which is as useful to me as is the ivy to any bee or bluebottle of them all.

This I have noticed: that, as the long summer creeps on, the ivy is dormant and deserted; no one notices how it is slowly preparing a feast for the days when other flowers, tired of smiling and inviting guests to sip their honey, have faded and fallen. Even the mignonette, now straggling and untidy, but sweet-scented to the last, has been drained of its stores, and has no more insect visitors. The foxglove, the larkspur, the trim phlox, and the broad sunflower, have had their day, and the bees, having exhausted the now browning heather on the moor, might well be getting anxious. August, with its wealth of later summer flowers, is over. Nothing else is promising which is notable for honey. *You* would be taking thought for the morrow if you were placed in the predicament of the bee. But she is not anxious, though the roses are failing. The wasp is not alarmed, though the plums and peaches have all been gathered. The bluebottle whirls about to kill time till the feast is spread which bee and wasp and bluebottle are all expecting in perfect faith, and to which they will all be summoned on the first sunny day in the opening week of September.

I know what to look for, and almost to the day when to look. In one or two "early" years I have seen the little green balls on the branched spikelet of the ivy thrust forth their first stamens as early as the 28th of August in this southern county; but usually it is from the 4th to the 8th of September, on a bright warm day, when the notice is given, the bell is rung, and the ivy says "Now!" to the insect world.

Then what a whirr of wings; what a glad, busy crowd settles on the ivy on my peach wall! Every morning new flowers are opening. "Sticky, mawkish, plain to a degree!" says the maiden who loves lilies and roses. But no rose or lily of the garden has such a charm for the insects as the poor, unostentatious flowers of the ivy which He Who takes care of bird and insect has kept for them. "He reserveth unto them the appointed weeks of the harvest."

And for three months and more the feast goes on. It is not spread all at once—the table is not laden with the whole wealth of

the supply at the same time. For the flowers of the ivy keep on opening in a long succession, on strictly scientific principles, like a good man who has been given a ten pound note for a poor widow, and makes it last, as she could not have done, by a weekly dole.

As you may be reading these lines when and where you cannot visit a flowering plant to learn the lesson of the ivy, I have prepared diagrams for explanation, and a photograph for beauty; and when you study them carefully you will see a lesson of a kind and careful Providence which, in early winter, does not forget the insects, nor, in spring, the birds.


1

The four diagrams show you different courses of the ivy feast. First you find the budded spray consisting of four bunches (there are often six, eight, or ten, as you will see in the photograph). All the buds are closed. The bees and wasps take no interest in the ivy at this stage. They are thinking of other things. But One is thinking of them, and the feast is being prepared. A folded bud is, in itself, a "miracle of design"; for before ever it opens everything is being got ready. It is as if a damask factory produced a beautiful linen tablecloth, with all its fair design, its close web, its high polish, in the form of a roll of linen, before ever it was unrolled and spread. Man makes his linen with great skill, and then folds or rolls it; God makes the fern-frond and the ivy-bud in the folded form first, and afterwards unrolls and opens them, an infinitely finer piece of work.


2

For several weeks in August these cases are being secretly furnished with wonderful things. And on the appointed date the sun, with the peculiar mellow light and glow of a fine September day, shines forth, and one, two, three of the little green balls open. Yellowish-green stamens break loose; a shining disk, spread with honey, lies between; it is the sounding of the gong! From east and west, north and south, the guests assemble in crowds. On the very first morning they are coming in hundreds, and for three months, or indeed until they want no more this year and are gone to their secret homes, the supply is kept up.

In the second figure you have some of the buds of the terminal spray open. These go on opening, one after another, until this spray has served its beneficent purpose, and all the disks have been sucked clean, and all the stamens have fallen off, after having passed their yellow powdered pollen to the ruffs of the bees and wasps, which, in turn, have carried it to the stigmas of other flowers on the same bush or another, preparing the way secretly for the spreading of a second feast for other guests, of which and of whom more anon.

In the third figure you see the terminal spray exhausted of its insect food, and quite without interest now to anything that flies. But the subordinate or secondary sprays, which were quite immature when the first was in flower, have come to the front and taken its place; and the same process is going on in another little head of flowers.

In the photograph the first spray has done flowering in its terminal, three others are coming into flower, and four are still in reserve. The interval between the opening of the first and the finishing of the last is over three months. In the second spray of the photograph the appearance is like that presented by the first just a month before.

I have gathered a spray in the middle of December in which the lower branchlets were still busily flowering, but finding patronage only now and then from a forlorn and belated fly who ought to have been in bed ere this.

But we have not done with the lesson in Providence afforded by my ivied wall. Nature has been kind to the insects, and provided the late and protracted feast for them which I have described. But she is not forgetting the birds. The moment the table is cleared after the insect feast, the cloth is spread for another set of guests.


3

You see in the third diagram the terminal head quite altered in appearance. The stigmas, or pollen-receiving disks, by a wonderful law of Nature, have transmitted a vital power to certain little dormant cells hidden beneath, which immediately begin to grow and swell; and by the time this drawing was made there has been a visible enlarging of the green seed-vessels. These grow slowly and continue hard, green, and unattractive-looking. The birds take no notice of them. Why should they? They still have late worms and (alas!) the poor insects to feed on. Ah! mystery of Nature,


4

why, why must life come through death? Why is not all the world vegetarian? But I must be silent. The haw and the hip, the blackberry, the rowan berry, the honeysuckle berry, the exquisite gem-like berry of the yew, are all over the country. "We shall have plenty," say the improvident birds, and feast and fling half their food upon the floor, for why think of saving? All is in profusion.

But there comes a time when profusion has become scarcity, and the bird tribe are brought as near the end of their varied stores as, in September, was the insect host.

Then the waiting ivy again whispers, "Courage! The feast is getting ready for *you*. In autumn I feed the insects, in spring the blackbirds and thrushes shall not be forgotten." And the wisdom of what we call Nature, concealing our ignorance or scepticism under a big N, holds back the ivy berries till all the others are finished. And then the walls and old trees are black with the swelling seed-vessels. The fourth of our diagrams shows the head of ivy as it is in March and April. The heads are now a dense mass of black seed-vessels, each of which, in a soft and spongy mass of nutritious farinaceous food, buries two hard nutlets which a bird cannot digest.

And so, six or seven months after the ivy has spread its quiet table for the bee, it offers its later feast to the birds which have remained with us all the winter; and the bushes are soon cleared for a second time by delighted winged things which, we must believe, give joy in their enjoyment to the Father of all mercies, Who cares even for these.

And even in the destruction of this mass of ivy berries there is a promise of yet further life; for the birds, providing for themselves, are unconscious ministrants to others yet unborn, as the flies which fertilised the ivy flower when catering for themselves months ago. The birds drop the hard seeds which have been made indigestible with the same far-seeing design that provided in the drupe or berry so appetising a food; and all over the country little ivy plants, which no man has planted, are silently growing to distant maturity to add to the food wealth of the world, to clothe ruined walls with beauty, and to set thoughtful men musing on the Providence which, in their hour of need, will never fail even undeserving and unthankful men.

G. R. WYNNE, D.D.



AN IVY SPRAY



A Complete Story by Ethel F. Heddle.

CHAPTER I.

THE QUARREL.

A CITY, "close and massy, deep and high," its ancient royal palace on the plain, its castle in the air; above, crowning the towers, a wondrously delicate crown of masonry surmounting old St. Giles, and, over all, sweeping and swirling, a bitter March wind.

Edinburgh is a city of the wind, and on the days of which I write—George III. being then in the early flush of his long reign—the Edinburgh wind blew as viciously as now it can, in the reign of Royal Edward VII. Down through the narrow and noisome closes, once the residence of duke and duchess, earl and baron, but given up now to folk of humbler lineage, an elderly woman was passing, her head held down to the familiar angle at which the savage blast could best be withstood, her cold grey eyes half-closed.

Miss Nicky Balgray might have lost her way, had she been less well acquainted with the narrow outlets of Forrester's Wynd, Blyth's, Nairn's and Tod's Closes, but long knowledge had left her proficient, and she turned up at the right entrance, pausing for a moment in the shelter, to draw breath, and to smooth down her skirts.

Hoops were in fashion, but the Misses Balgray could not keep up with the fashion. Gentle and simple in those days lived in the compass of a single close, dividing among them the bygone palaces of the Scots aristocracy. They took much interest in each other, and the gossips were wont to exchange news across the narrow alleys—how Mrs. Ferguson had made over her rose brocade to her grand-daughter Alison, for the City Assembly, or how late the Misses MacAlpine had been in returning, in Sandy Saunders's sedan chair, from the oyster supper at Lady MacDugall's, the night before.

But Miss Nicky and her sister Grizel never gossiped—they rarely even conversed—and people had been wont to let them come and go as they wished. They were poor, and they were proud; they desired only to be left alone. And the Scots character has always a sympathy with this desire; the Scots nature never fails to understand it. So nobody observed the lady to-day, as she climbed the steep spiral staircase, after descending the last alley about thirty yards, and passed through a handsome doorway, surrounded by lofty mouldings, over which was inscribed "*Laus et honor Deo*," and two complicated pieces of lettering, the monogram "M.R."

Here Mary of Guise, for six years Regent of Scotland, had lived and held mild and beneficent sway; across the dark lobby and within the dark door of Miss Nicky's home was a small recess in the wall, supposed to have held holy water, and overhead in the ceiling was a faded coronet, over the defaced and mouldering outline of a shield.

The room was unusually lofty; bare and cold as it was, there was an air of past grandeur, a stately silence, a brooding melancholy left from the long, dim ages gone.

And still under the richly decorated chimney the tongs were fastened by a chain; just

across was the Queen's "Deid room," where those of her entourage who had started on their long journey, lay in state, till carried forth for stately burial in Holyrood Chapel. The "Deid room" was occupied now by Gavin Saunders, a sedan man; the Misses Nicky and Grizel faced life, and grim poverty, in the Queen's banqueting room; there were one or two families in the Queen's oratory, over the way. Long ago, when they first came—they were young then, and good-looking women, going to the famous dancing class at Miss Murray's—they had been very proud of their royal room. They had talked of the Queen. She, whose ancestors had owned Loraine, as a sovereignty, who had wed a Longueville, who had lived in the proud halls of Picardy—and they had taken pains to keep the dim escutcheon free from whitewash, and the *fleur-de-lis* in the corners of the roof carefully dusted, but they had grown accustomed to these things—they rarely spoke of the room's past splendours now. And their minds were taken up at present with only one thing.

For, at the age of fifty, and fifty-one, respectively, the ladies had gained a wooer! Unknown to each other—a dead secret from all the world—something had blossomed in either heart which transfigured life, and all the world. An oasis in a grey desert—a star in a dust heap. And, alas! that it was so, a false man had sown between them both the bitter seed of jealousy. It was so humdrum and sordid a story, that but for the pride of the old ladies, but for the tragedy that entered, one might have passed over it with a smile. He was such a sordid and contemptible villain, this elderly beau—an old soldier, now living in one of the closes near, having seen better days like so many of the tenants—carrying still the faded relics of good looks, the last fragments of a dashing manner, and gay, reckless laugh.

Why he should have taken it into his head to woo the elderly Misses Balgray might have puzzled the close, unless they had heard a conversation which had taken place in a certain wine shop near the Tolbooth. But there, discussing the plan of a certain Mr. John Brown to purchase a piece of ground and feu it out for a residential square, it was added that the notion was certain to prove a golden investment, and it had been whispered that the largest price for a certain share in the ground had been paid to one of the Misses Balgray, whose legacy it was from an elderly relative. The gossip, however, did not know which lady was the heiress. Captain Hector MacDuff knew the ladies slightly, and he made up his mind to something that night. He would wed the lucky owner of the largest share, and secure the substantial sum of money. It was said to amount to about five hundred Scots pounds.

And so the wooing had begun. He plied each lady in turn, complimented her, when the other was out, brought solemn stiff posies, lent her books, and in each case begged her to keep the secret from her sister. But never yet, till to-day, had he dared reach the crucial point, and put the question directly, as to whose was the share. And then had fallen the blow—the bitter disappointment! The share of the field, now to be called George's Square, was not theirs at all! It belonged to a cousin of theirs, Miss Susanna Balgray, late of Balgray, now of Burn's Close, near John Knox's house!

Captain Hector drew himself together with shocked dignity. If his manner froze, and his parting was unusually brief, Miss Grizel noticed nothing. He had bowed over her hand as usual. She was still standing at the window, when her sister entered, lost in thought. He would speak soon! Surely he would speak soon! He had written her such lovely verses! Then she would tell Nicky. Then, then life would be all golden, rainbow-tinted! She would be Mrs. MacDuff, a matron at last, with an adoring and gallant husband. Had not she all her life known, that, missing love, she had missed the best part of life? The heart can be young even at fifty, the heart can be hungry! And the heart can suffer!

Miss Nicky entered slowly, and drew off her shawl and bonnet. She went up to the fireplace and threw on a piece of wood.

"It is a gey cold day, Grizel," she observed, "wi' a bitter wind. I met Lady Elphinstoune, at the Nethar Bow, and she will thank you for your recipe for mealy puddings. She was wearing her grey brocade, wi' a ruffle knot of blue, and twa hainch knots, ahint. She had on a mob cap o' guid lace, and her Holland fan. Lucky walked ahint, wi' her lady's plaid. I wonder she was'na cauld. What is that?"

She had broken off abruptly, her eyes suddenly alert. A button, a brass button she knew, had rolled away from beside the chair she moved, and she looked over at Grizel, with a sudden flash in her eyes. The words escaped her before she knew.

"Has Captain Hector been here wanting me? Tae see me, and you never tell't me? It was ill dune, sister—ill dune!"

"Ill dune! To see *you!*" Grizel ejaculated, turning round furiously, her eyes catching fire from her sister's, "I'll thank ye tae explain yersel, Nicky! Tae see *you!* The captain, when he ca'as, ca'as tae see *me!*"

How did they begin? Who said the first unforgettable words? Whose anger waxed furious first? Whose wrath was the more volcanic?



"He had bowed over her hand as usual."

Neither could say. Neither could remember exactly, what *was* said. Each believed the other to be deceiving her, lying to her, jealous of her good fortune, playing a double part. They broke off, panting, with white lips, and rigid faces, standing upright in the lofty room where the poor Queen Regent had doubtless often fought her grim and losing battle with the rough Scots nobles who so hated and mistrusted her. *They* were each fighting a losing battle. They were at bitter cross purposes. And then Miss Nicky spoke these dreadful and memorable words:

"Verra weel, sister, so be it! I will leave ye till your deceit and your fause and black lees! He was my lover, and nane but mine! I will niver open my mouth till ye again, as long as I live! I'll bide here, but as a stranger! I'll no thole your voice in my ears. I'll draw a line betwixt us, and we'll live the ane on the ae side and the ither on the tither! Ye can cook your parridge, and I'll cook mine. Ye can tak your share oot o' the auld purse, and gang your ain gait! Sae be it. You and me kens ane anither nae mair, frae this hoor!"

Grizel gave a kind of gasping breath, as if someone had struck her in the face, but she stood stock still. She watched with drawn breath, while Nicky marched, with gaunt rigid figure, to a cupboard near the holy water aperture, and fetched from it a piece of chalk. Slowly and solemnly, stooping down, Nicky drew the chalk line! It divided the room into two. It separated Grizel's bed from hers—hers from Grizel's. She divided the cooking apparatus; she divided the fuel, and the food. Then, wordlessly, she went out and closed the door. It clanged with a desolate sound down the dark and dismal staircase. Blank, wordless, frozen, Grizel stood rigid waiting. Anger, pride, burned at a white heat, like a deadly sombre fire, in her heart too. Captain Hector had been hers! Nicky lied! But, as Nicky decided, so should it be. She would accept the chalk line. She, too, would never open her lips, or cross it. And so for ten long years it was!

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW YEAR COMES IN.

TEN winters, bleak and raw, ten gusty springs, when the east wind whistled through the closes and shook the casements of the Regent's room—ten summers, the cold ungenial summers of the North—and never a word or sign, never a look, a glance!

They lived on either side of the chalk line; no Pyrenean range ever separated more finally; ate and slept and worked alone. Never a glance, never a word! It was like a death in life.

By-and-by the air seemed frozen between them—a barrier, intangible but remorseless, grew up; they rarely even glanced at each other. They were each dimly aware of the other's spare figure, of the white hair that encroached over the faded auburn, and the brown, of the fine net-work of wrinkles, of the thin hard line of the cold lips; but they never caught each other's glances. Once, when Miss Nicky had a bad cold, Miss Grizel was wakened by her sister's hacking cough, and she sat up, and after a little, slipped out of bed. She had been dreaming. An odd dream of that past, before they quarrelled, before the chalk line, and the love story of Captain Hector! Nicky had a bad cough. There was liniment in the cupboard, Grizel would hand it to her sister. She was actually on her feet walking towards the other's bed, the bottle in her hand, her eyes fixed on the ground sleepily, and the dream still holding her in shadowy chains, when something struck her eyes as the moonlight flooded the floor, and the Regent's crest and the faded *fleur de lis* in the corners of the ceiling. A thin white line! The chalk line!

She started, and shivered, and stood still. She remembered, and drew herself erect, and crept back to bed.

Never, she could never cross that line! Nicky had said so. They were cut off, for ever. Nicky had lied to her, and deceived her, had stolen her lover.

For Captain Hector had never returned. They had seen nothing of him since the fatal day of the quarrel. Each sister believed the other had stolen him from her. And they were too poor and too old now to go to routs or parties, to oyster suppers, or to tea drinking with the Countess of Balcarres, in Hyndford's Close. The tea took place in the ducal bed room where the ducal party discussed the pedigrees of the ruling families, and decided how many of the baronetcies were real. The "kittle pints" were usually decided by John, the elderly man servant, waiting to hand the kettle, by the bed. According to John, there were only four real baronetcies in Scotland (and these forfeited), for the party was strictly Jacobite!

Miss Nicky was sixty now, and her sister sixty-one. They had aged soon. They looked more, far more than their age. People in the close said they were going down the road fast; any day they might just "slip awa.'" After all, what was there to hold them to life? Two old women whose parents had long slept in Greyfriars' Churchyard near "Bloody Mackenzie's" tomb, with no earthly heritage save a corner in that dreary abode of Death.

To-day it was Christmas Eve, but the old

ladies scarcely noted the fact. They rarely went to church. Religion had been gradually blotted out of their lives, with much else. They merely hung on, as it were, to the skirts of life, their hold gradually and insensibly loosening.

Miss Nicky had been out to-day, for the frugal supply of oatmeal, and had preserved her usual stony and impassive silence during the purchase. A young girl, in a flutter of new ribbons and dainty "hainch" and breast-knots, her dainty "befong" handkerchief of net, crossed over her breast, had been in the shop, and as they had a slight acquaintance Nicky nodded to her, and the girl, who dearly loved to hear the sound of her own voice, looked at the quaint old figure with a kind of curiosity. She had thought the Misses Balgray were dead!

"You live in Hynd's Close, don't you, Miss Nicky?" she said, "Did you see the funeral gang by, the day?"

"What funeral?"

"An auld soldier's. They gied him a grand funeral; there was a regiment doun frae the Castle! An auld reprobate, he was! My Uncle David, Baillie David Murray, he was merrit on my Aunt Jean, was telling us, he was in drinking wi' them at Saundy Paterson's ale hoose only the ither nicht. He was boasting about an auld story o' twa auld maids as were baith in love wi' him at ainee, and hoo he'd tricked them baith makin' up till them baith, and bidding ilka ane keep tryst wi' him unknown to the ither. Auld scoondrel! And him lauchin' i' his sleeve! And it was a' a mistake, he said, for it was a' a bit o' siller he was after. Siller they never hed! Boasting o' the like o' that, and deed and cauld next day!"

Miss Nicky slowly raised her heavy eyes. Something in their horror startled Sousie Jean, and she almost drew back.

"What was his name?" Miss Nicky got out, drawing her old plaid about her with a kind of shiver. "What was his name?"

"Captain Hector MacDuff."

Well, she had known it—from the first words of the story! But she said never a word, and she went home and climbed the worn spiral steps, and stood in the Regent's lofty room, and saw Grizel sewing by the fire, and went up to her own end of the room, and by-and-by cooked and ate her supper.

A leaden weight was in her heart, but her tongue was tied still—she was bound hand and foot.

The dreadful silence of years—the hate of years—it could not he broken up, melted in a day. She was like a frozen creature, only feebly stirred. The habit of years held her in an iron grasp—the chalk line would separate them for ever and for ever!

And yet she could not sleep that night! She could not!

He had been false! tricked them both! False! Hector! He had loved neither, and boasted of it!

Days passed, and it was the night before the new year. People were making "hot pint" in the close—a gruesome concoction of ale and whiskey, and egg and spices—there were loud shouts from the close; around the Tron Church the crowd was already gathering—the aërial crown of great St. Giles was silhouetted against a wonderful moonlight sky; the Castle was like a dream edifice hung high in the night; only Holyrood, haunted Holyrood, lay dark and sombre in the hollow under the shadow of the Lion Hill.

Grizel had not been well all day. She had a dreadful pain in her chest, her cough racked her gaunt and feeble frame. Nicky heard her cough with a strange disturbance in her look. She watched her sister press one wrinkled hand to her side, she heard the quick breath, once she heard a smothered groan.

But her own pride held her still, enchained. She could not speak! She could not own herself wrong! She, Nicky Balgray!

The short, dark day closed. Each, on her side of the chalk line, lit a tallow candle. Grizel's hand trembled. She was huddled in a shawl. In the faint light her face looked grey and pinched.

Something clutched Nicky's heart. She had slept badly for nights. Now she put more fuel on the fire, and took her old high-backed chair to sit out the old year, and then set the door open—free for the new one to enter. It was mere habit. Her mother had done that always.

She fell asleep, lulled by the heat, and she had an odd, confused dream.

She was wandering out on a wide and lonely plain—about her were morass and rock—her feet were bruised and bleeding; she was tired and worn, and cold and hungry. There was an ever-present sense of loneliness—the loneliness of years—the dreary end of life pressed upon her, and its awful coldness, and before her nothing but a still colder darkness—nothing but the grim gates of Death.

"Better be dead, and end it all," she said to herself, with utter despair at last. "If there is a God, I wish He would send me death!"

And then over the shadowy river to which her feet had led her, she saw a vision of light and gladness. There were many people hurrying on towards great gates of gold—people in strange white robes, people who looked back at her with shining faces. People who were happy—who were not afraid.

"Why, there must be a heaven, after all," poor Miss Nicky cried. "Then it's all true! Perhaps—perhaps they'll let me creep in somewhere, and get warm! Any out of the way corner would do!"

She tried to move. Something prevented her. She looked down. A chalk line! A white chalk line! She could not cross it. She could not!

The chalk line kept her out of heaven—barred her way! Sobbing, struggling, she awoke.

The moonlight flooded the room—flooded the chalk line. She looked up and met Grizel's eyes—sad, hopeless eyes, fixed upon her—yearning, lonely eyes.

Miss Nicky struggled to her feet. The ice broke up in her heart. Something was swept away. Slowly, falteringly, she crept towards the cupboard, and took out an old cloth. Tremblingly, she fell on her knees. She was moving the cloth to and fro—she was rubbing out the chalk line!

Grizel watched her, as if in a dream. Speechless—waiting.

Then the gaunt old figure crossed the space—almost tottering as she did so—and stood beside Miss Grizel's grey head on the pillow. Her lips trembled, faltered; then the words rushed out pell-mell:

"Grizel! it's been an awfu' sin, and an awfu' mistake! The Lord laid His han' on us sore, for we sinned against Him! I sinned maist! And it was a'—for naught! Captain Hector deceived us—baith—but we'll never speak o' that or him. He's—deid! Can ye forgi'e me?"

She laid her hand on the other's thin shoulder. Miss Grizel was sobbing. She covered the old hand with hers. They remained thus, looking into each other's eyes. The ice was melting, melting.

"I dreamed I couldna' get near heaven—for the chalk line!" Miss Nicky said with a kind of shudder.

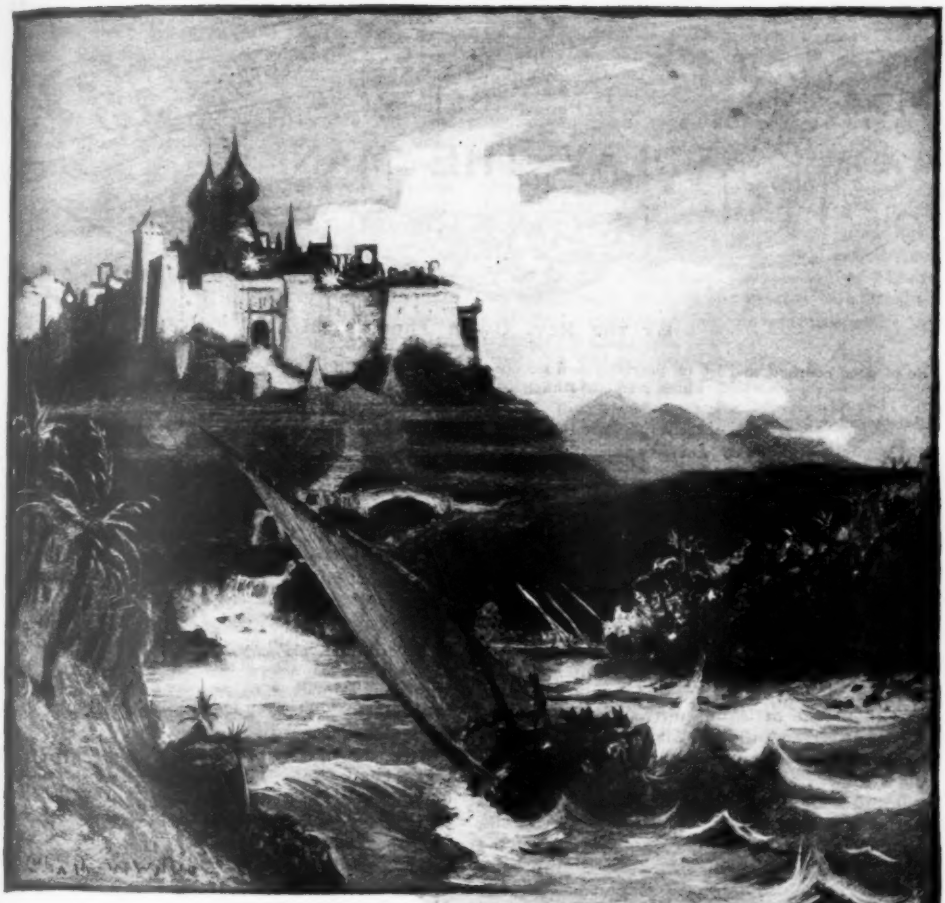
She stood there, in wonderful happiness, wonderful peace. The touch of Grizel's hand over hers meant healing, happiness.

And suddenly through the stately old room, there clanged out the stroke of the great bell. Twelve strokes! A mighty shout went up. Miss Nicky walked across the floor, and threw the door wide. The New Year entered, with its blessing of peace, its promise of hope, its gift of love.

There was no chalk line to bar its way.



(*Photo: J. E. Coath, Liskeard.*)



THE HAVEN.

THERE'S a far-off land, where mariners seek to sail,
For whose dear sake they weather the wildest gale;
Where barks may ride, in anchorage safe and calm,
And a great King's house gleams bright thro' the groves of palm:
Where no night falls, where no fierce hurricanes rise,
But sweet songs ring through the sunny, unclouded skies,
And a stream of life flows down to a golden shore
For weary souls, that never shall wander more!

And some fair ships will enter that haven wide
With all sail set, on the breast of a flowing tide;
And some, half-wrecked, will drift o'er the harbour bar
With tattered shrouds, and wreckage of mast and spar:
And some small craft, that, all through the wind and foam,
They scarce know how, have striven and struggled home;
But welcome waits for all on that golden quay,
For so He brings them whither they fain would be.

The anchor's weighed, the moorings are loosed to-night,
The ship moves out in the track of the sunset light,
Forth we steer, that far-away port to find,
Nor once look back to the lands that are left behind:
The wild wind roars, the billows are raging loud,
But a gold light shines at the edge of the sunset cloud,
And the King's voice calls, to voyagers sore distrest:
"Come unto Me! O come, I will give you rest!"

MAY BYRON.

PLAY THE MAN.

By the Rev. Owen Thomas, M.A.

"Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God: and the Lord do that which seemeth Him good."—1 CHRONICLES xix. 13 (R.V.).

HERE is an interesting story of David's kindness. Nahash, the King of Ammon, had passed away, and his son Hanun was on the throne. When David heard of the death of Nahash he said: "I will show kindness unto Hanun the son of Nahash, because his father showed kindness unto me."

So David sent messengers to comfort him, but the people of Ammon treated these messengers disgracefully. The princes of the people turned to Hanun and said in effect: "Do not think for a moment that David means to do honour unto the memory of Nahash, nor does he really mean to comfort the King. These men are here to search and to spy the country." Believing this, Hanun took David's servants, shaved them, and sent them away disgraced! The report reached David, and he advised them to tarry at Jericho until their beards be grown and then return to fight the Ammonites. The Ammonites gathered an army, assisted by the Assyrians. Joab and Abishai, his brother, commanded David's army, and Joab's command to his men was: "Play the men. Quit you like men." "Be men" is the needful admonition to-day in the great Christian warfare—the war between the forces of good and evil, between righteousness and unrighteousness, between light and darkness.

To play the man it is necessary *to possess grace, the grace that is in Christ Jesus.* We do not often connect grace and strength; but those who are filled with the grace of God are in reality the strongest. Christ Jesus is the ideal man, the perfect man, and He is full of grace and truth. Grace therefore implies all the virtues which the Gospel inculcates. "Put on," says the author of the Epistle to the Ephesians, "put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil . . . that ye may be able to stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

Strength in the Lord, and in the power of His might means more than having a person near us to whom we can look for strength. Christianity does more for us than Judaism, which says, "For the Lord thy God, He it is that goeth with thee." He is at the head of the army, He is the commander of the people, He will scatter the enemy, He will lead on to victory. Certainly to have such a God so near, so accessible, is an encouragement. But the Christian religion teaches more than that. The army of Napoleon was encouraged because Napoleon fought with it. Every follower of Bonaparte was strengthened by the very presence of his leader. But Paul speaks of being strong *in* the Lord through union with Him. "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me." The man who realises this will never be discouraged by the forces of evil, by the presence of the enemy. There is a power working within him which enables him to laugh at all difficulties, and surmount the greatest obstacles.

Real manhood must be played *in the profession of religion.* It is here that there is most failure in the present day. There is lack of the courage of conviction, fear to stand by the truth when it is in the minority. There is too much gliding with the stream. In face of the enemy the flag is lowered and cowardly retreat made. The twentieth century needs men—men and women knit with the fibre of Puritanism—men who will stand by the flag, and wave it at all risks. "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee." To every man a banner is given. What for? To tremble at the thought of unfurling it? "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed

because of the truth." Christian profession is worth nothing without a brave, open profession under all circumstances, and at all hazards. So there must be bravery, great courage in our loyalty to the truth.

To play the man is impossible without "*praying always, with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.*" All great men throughout the ages, all great leaders and reformers have been, to an eminent degree, men of prayer. So time spent in prayer is not time idly spent. An old Latin proverb says "*Orare est laborare*" ("To pray is to work"). Praying is working with a great unseen, though not unfelt, Power. A man who is mighty in prayer is also a mighty worker in the Lord's vineyard, even though his apparent opportunities be small. The invalid woman who prays for the success of the church which she loves does more to build up that church spiritually than many who are much in evidence in church work and life. Why? Prayer brings to bear upon our work spiritual power which is not our own—a power given in answer to a submissive, earnest overpowering desire to learn and to do the will of God. To pray is to invoke His presence—the presence of Omnipotence!

Filled with His presence, we can be strong to play the man in *the power to endure for the sake of truth.* We cannot expect to conquer at a stroke. Great reforms are not easily and quickly brought to pass. It is necessary that we should have much patience and quiet endurance. We have to "endure hardship as good soldiers of Christ Jesus." No man has ever accomplished much without great suffering, privation and agony. We must suffer unto blood, striving against sin. Of the late Dr. Parker it has been said: "His ministry cost him much throughout life. He knew the high prerogative of suffering." In a moment of confidence a friend said to him: "Doctor, you must have had a great deal to bear in your earlier ministry." He turned upon him quickly: "That is a poor word for it. No man has had to endure greater mental agony through his whole life than I have." And this endurance is the lot of the faithful.

Then, when the victory comes, it will be possible to play the man. "Now thanks be to God, Who always causes us to triumph in Christ." "We are more than conquerors through Him Who loved us." Are you, reader, playing the man, or is it the fool you are playing? What a sad confession that was of Saul—a man endowed with splendid talents, but who confessed in sheer despair, "I have played the fool exceedingly." There are men who are playing the fool with their time, their opportunities, their religion—trifling with life. They are moral idiots. Instead of making the best of themselves, instead of developing their highest manhood—instead of using the faculties which God has given them to develop the best in their natures, and to attain perfection of manhood—"the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ"—they are playing the fool! All the fools are not in lunatic asylums. To listen to the Gospel and not obey it, to hear the Word and not accept it, is to play the fool exceedingly. There are such men who even profess the Gospel, and yet religion has never touched the springs of their life.

Whilst the nation is weltering in sin and wickedness, lives are spent on trifles which should play the man for the sake of our country. Men should get into the thick of the fight, to the front of the conflict—where the battle wages hottest, to fight with Intemperance, Infidelity, Impurity, Mammon-Worship, Gambling, and the whole brood of sin which threatens our great cities. Christians should grapple with these great social problems—to relieve the poor, comfort the sick, clothe the naked, shelter the houseless. It should be the ambition of life to leave the world better.

Every man should be a builder. Any fool can destroy and lay waste. But it takes a man to construct. A Liverpool lad who did well in school entered the largest drapery establishment in the town. One night the establishment was in flames. Hundreds of employés had to turn out of bed at the call of "Fire!" Property of immense value was destroyed. In a fit of momentary madness he had set fire to a magnificent pile of buildings and razed it to the ground. What had been the work of years to build, one raw, beardless youth had destroyed in a moment.

So it is in the spiritual realm. "One sinner destroyeth much good." To play the man in understanding, in wisdom, in action, we must learn of "the meek and lowly in heart." Man never plays his part better than when in humility and lowliness he seeks forgiveness, praying in the spirit of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner"; than when, filled with the spirit of self-surrender, he yields himself to the Saviour crying:

> "Nothing in my hands I bring,
> Simply to Thy Cross I cling."

Those who have best played the man for the world, and the Church, are those who have lived at the foot of the Cross. They have become strong and bold and very courageous by the power of sacrifice.



Being the History of the Adventures of Three Englishmen in Spain at the time of the Great Armada. Written by Rupert Hamstead, second son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, situated near Barnet in the County of Hertford, and now first set before the public by

JOSEPH HOCKING,

Author of "Lest We Forget," "The Purple Robe," "All Men Are Liars," "Mistress Nancy Molesworth," Etc. Etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A JOURNEY FROM MIDNIGHT TO MORNING.

"MADRE *de Dios!* Who is this?"

Before he had time to speak another word I had sprung upon the little man who was the keeper of the tower, and held him fast.

"There is nothing for you to be alarmed about, Señor Tito," I said with a laugh, for though I knew dangers surrounded us, the joy in my heart caused me to make light of them.

"But, but——" he struggled to say.

"Be silent, Señor Tito;" I said. "I am in a dangerous mood just now, although I speak pleasantly. This sword is sharp, and with it I could easily silence you once and for all. But this I do not wish to do, for I am not one who can lightly kill such a man as you. Nevertheless, if you make a noise, I must."

As I spoke I saw the señorita gazing eagerly around the room, her eyes gleaming like coals of fire.

"You must obey the señor," she said quietly. "I think he means to keep his word."

"What do you wish me to do?" said Tito.

"You must answer our questions first. Is anyone coming to you to-night?"

"Aye, two soldiers come at midnight."

"What is the hour now?"

"It is past eleven."

"Then, señor," and she spoke to me, "we must bind him securely, and we must gag him so that he cannot utter a cry. After that we must leave him. Before midnight we must be far away."

She spoke almost in a tone of command, and yet because she spoke more kindly her voice was to me as sweet as the sound of a running brook. There was but little light in the room, for only one candle burnt in the tower-keeper's room, but there was enough for me to see her face plainly. It was no longer pale and haunted, as when she was alone in her prison, while the fearful look had gone from her eyes. Her hair hung in waving masses over her shoulders and down even to her waist, and to me she seemed the embodiment of womanly beauty and courage. Hat nor cloak she had none, and while she was not clad in a way befitting her, her very *dishabille* made her to me more lovely.

In less time than it takes me to write I had bound Tito securely, and while he had no difficulty in breathing, I saw to it that he was not able to cry aloud. While I bound him the señorita took an old cape from the wall, and by means of the hood she covered her face entirely. She also took old Tito's sword, and by means of a girdle fastened it to her side.

"Farewell, Tito," I said. "I will not tell you who we are. It will be all the better for you when the soldiers come."

With that we let ourselves out, and, having locked the door behind us, stood by the bank of the river.

"Thank God!" I cried, as I breathed the cool night air.

For a moment the sense of freedom almost stunned me. For long months I had been closely immured and carefully guarded, so that in spite of my most sanguine hopes I saw no means of escape. My mind, moreover, was filled with fears for the maid I loved—aye, and fears for myself also, for even although I might set her free, she would, I felt sure, retain her hatred for me. Even an hour before, only the black night of despair reigned, while now I stood beneath the great dome of God's blue sky, and she I loved stood by my side. It was true we were friendless in a strange city. Were we again captured, no possibility of escape would there be, while cruel tortures, and a ghastly death would await us both. Moreover, we were without money and without horses, neither had I a friend in the whole of Spain, save Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth, who, like myself, were in constant danger. But that daunted me not one whit, neither did it cause one tremor in my heart, for God hath so made man that, when he is beside the maid he loves, he can cast aside fear, and laugh even in the face of death.

At our feet rolled sullenly the tawny waters of the River Guadalquivir, on whose banks, here and there, a flickering light gleamed. Moonless though the night was, we could see the domed roofs of ancient church towers, while, even as we stood there, we heard the deep tones of one of the great cathedral bells.

"Whither go we?" It was the señorita who spoke.

"To Granada," I said.

"Know you the way?"

"No, save that it is due east from Seville."

She spoke no other word, and together we walked away.

"You feel no fear?"

"No, I fear nothing."

And so, regardless of danger and forgetful of all things save that the señorita was near me, I walked by her side. After all, we were but boy and girl, and I, at least, knew not nor thought of the gathering darkness.

I had made up my mind to go to Granada because I remembered that on the day when Mawgan and John Trenoweth took the Englishwoman away the name of this place had been mentioned. In truth, I had heard it even as my senses were departing from me, and the earth seemed fading from my sight. It was little to go upon, but it was all we had. Well I knew that every Spanish port was guarded, and right sure was I that we should be hunted like foxes; but what then? What was the good of being an Englishman if he cannot trust in God, and in His strength fight against odds? Even that night we had escaped, when all escape seemed impossible. In spite of the commands of the King and the anger of the Church, I stood free in the city of Seville, while the woman I loved was by my side.

Even now as I write I can scarce repress a shudder at the perils which faced us; but then I knew no fear. Nay, though I walked with a naked sword in my hand, and expected every minute to be pounced upon by some emissary of Church and King, I could have laughed aloud. For the blood of youth surged in my veins, I breathed the air of liberty, and I trusted in the mercy of a loving God to whom my mother had taught me to pray from my earliest childhood.

She asked no questions, neither did she seem desirous of knowing the plans I made. Perchance her new-found liberty made her heedless of danger, even as it had made me fearless.

"We must get horses," I said presently.

"Yes," she replied, as though the thing presented no difficulty.

"I have no money," I said.

"Neither have I," she replied, and then I laughed aloud.

"You seem merry, señor."

"Aye, I am merry," I replied. "It is good to breathe the air of liberty."

"Do you imagine we shall not be followed?"

"Aye, we shall be followed; but presently we will get horses."

"How?"

"At present I know not; but we will. God will not mock us now."

"Do you believe in God?"

"Aye, I do."

"But you deny God, you mock the religion. How can a heretic expect God to help him?"

"Because he believes in a God of truth, and not of lies, señorita; because his God is not swayed by the caprices of priests and virgins and money-made saints."

At this she made no reply, but I thought I heard her praying. I noticed, too, that a change had come in her manner of speech. She was much more subdued and gentle, and yet it was easy to tell, by the way she had looked at Tito, the tower-keeper, and by the light in her eyes when she had fastened his sword to her side, that the fires of her Southern blood burned in her veins.

We were now well out of the town, and were walking along a dusty track eastwards.

"God hath been very good," I said; "our

escape has not yet been made known. Even when it is discovered they will not know which way to look."

Even as I spoke my heart gave a leap within me, for I heard the bell in the cathedral tower striking midnight.

"The soldiers will be at the Torre del Oro now," she said.

"Yes," I replied, and instinctively we quickened our speed. A minute or so later I turned and saw a bright light in the sky.

"Ah," she said, "'tis the signal!"

"What signal?"

"The fire is lit in the Torre del Oro. See the golden flames! It is always lit so when the city is aroused. That is one reason why it is called the tower of gold. The search for us will begin soon. Hearken, what is that?"

It was the sound of horse's hoofs.

"They are not coming after us, but towards us," I said.

"The fire summons the outlying guards," she replied.

We walked steadily on. She never speaking a word, I puzzling what we should do next, for now I began to realise our peril. Closer and closer came the sound of the horse's hoofs, and then as I saw a horseman only a few yards from us, the sound ceased. A moment later I heard another rider approaching us from another direction.

"Benito! Benito!" cried the man close by us.

"Ah, Enrique. You see the flame of fire. I come."

I did not hesitate a second; had I, perchance I should not have lived to tell my story. After all, we were as yet only man to man, and he did not see us. He was a little man, too, and would have been laughed at were we seen standing side by side. Therefore was my work easy, for I dragged him from his horse as easily as if he were a boy, and by means of the Cornish wrestling trick which my father had learnt from Master John Carew, and which he had taught me, I threw the fellow with a tremendous thud on the ground. It was a somewhat cruel trick, for while it did not break the man's back, it went near to it; moreover, it stunned him so that I knew he would lie still an hour without knowing whether he was alive or dead.

"Take his horse, señorita," I said; "God hath sent us our chance."

Without a word she caught the bridle, and scarcely had she done so when the other came up.

"Where are you, Enrique? There is no time to waste, and possibly there may be booty. The flame burns not for nothing."

"Get off your horse, my little Spaniard," I said. "I need him."

"Get off my horse!" he said; "who are you?"

"For the present it matters not to you who I am, my little man," I replied; "the thing that matters is the loan of your horse."

"Drop the bridle, or you are a dead man," he said haughtily.

"I shall not drop the bridle, neither shall I be a dead man," I laughed. "Get off, I tell you; I am much pressed for time, and your friend Benito is far from well. In fact, I am afraid I have broken his back."

"Who are you?" he gasped.

"I am Señor Hamstead, the English heretic," I said.

With that he struck at me with his sword, but I evaded his blow easily, partly because his arm was entangled with his cloak, and partly because his horse moved.

"I am sorry to have to hurt you, my little señor," I said, as I dragged him from his horse, "but you will have it so," and then I struck him so heavily that he fell like a lump of lead.

"Ah, you have not killed him?"

"I do not think so, though I struck harder than I meant. Mount, señorita; look, the fire still burns."

A minute later we were on horseback galloping eastward.

What I have written may seem like boastfulness, yet have I written down only what took place. Besides, I had done nothing to boast of. It was by no good deeds of mine that I possessed a strength beyond the ordinary, or that I had so learned to use my strength that men said I could fell an ox at a blow. Possibly, had it been a matter of sword-play the fellow might have proved my master (although, in my pride, I doubt it much), but I knew that could I but get in one blow, we should have no further need to fear.

We rode, it may be an hour or more, as hard as we dared. For riding at night is no easy matter in Spain, especially if the sky is moonless. As I have said before, the roads be but tracks, which are full of pitfalls, and great deep pools of mud. Moreover, all around Seville the country is as flat as a table, so that when the rains have been heavy the water cannot run away so quickly as it can in a hilly country. I repeat, therefore, that we rode as hard as we dared; nevertheless we went at no great speed, so that when we at length stopped for our horses to get breath, and I turned around, the flame of fire was still to be seen on the Torre del Oro; neither did it appear far away.

"The country is hilly towards Granada, I have heard," I remarked quietly, although of a truth my heart was anxious.

"Yes, it is," replied the señorita.

"We must get to the hilly country before day-

light," I said. "Here the land is so flat and so treeless that we can easily be seen from afar; besides, our horses can be tracked. You are not weary, are you, señorita?"

"No, I am not weary."

After this we rode for some hours, and presently, when daylight began to appear, I saw that we were not far from the base of a great range of mountains.

"Look," I said. "Once among those there will be a greater difficulty in finding us. There ought to be shelter, too, in some of the great gorges. I have a shrewd suspicion, moreover, that there is food in the saddlebags. Possibly there may be also a bottle of wine."

She spoke not, but rode on, her eyes steadily fixed on the mountain range. Now that the day had dawned I could see her plainly, and then, in spite of her hatred towards me, I fell to feasting my eyes upon her. For she had thrown back the hood of old Tito's cloak, and thus revealed the wealth of her hair and the loveliness of her face, and although the stains of the gloomy tunnel we had passed were upon her, yet was she the most beauteous woman I had ever beheld, not even excepting my mother. As the sun rose higher, moreover, she seemed to throw off her gloom; her eyes sparkled again, while the blood mounted to her cheeks.

Not that she in aught softened towards me, for although she ceased to wound me by cruel words, not one smile did she give me, neither did she say anything in kindness.

"It hath been a wondrous escape," I said as we entered a valley.

"The end is not yet."

"Nevertheless, it hath been wonderful," I said.

"I do not understand it," she said presently. "How did you escape those gaolers?"

"There is but little to be proud of in that," I said. "They had drunk much wine, and their tongues were unloosed. That was how I learnt from them that a tunnel ran from the dungeons to the river; aye, and learnt, too, that you were close by."

"But they looked strong men?" she said questioningly, but keeping her eyes away from me.

"For Spaniards they may be," I laughed, "but then they had been drinking. Moreover, I flattered their vanity, whereupon they became friendly, and greedily accepted the quart of wine which had been allowed to me. Then—well, it is easy to deal with drunken men, señorita. Besides I am said to be strong of arm, and have learnt how to plant heavy blows."

"Then you did not kill them?"

"Nay; by this they will, I expect, be howling in order to get someone to let them out of their prison. Perchance, too, they will have framed a clumsy story in order to explain why they were so easily overcome."

"Could you not have escaped as we travelled from the Escurial to Seville?" she asked presently.

"Not with you," I replied.

After this we rode on in silence for some time, until we entered a curiously shaped gorge. I saw at a glance that it offered shelter as well from rain as from the sun. Besides, grass grew around, and a clear stream of water trickled down its slopes.

"We will dismount here," I said, for I saw that she looked tired and faint.

"No, let us go on."

"We will dismount," I repeated. "You need rest and food."

"I shall go on alone, then."

"No, you will not, mistress. You will have food, and then you will go to sleep. The horses, moreover, need it as well as you."

She looked at me angrily, as if she would defy me; but I think her weariness overcame her, for without another word she leapt from her horse.

"If there be no food in the saddlebags, what then, señor Englishman?"

"I saw a hut yonder; I shall go and get bread from the peasants who live there."

"But you have no money."

"Nevertheless, I shall get it. But there is no need. Here is bread and wine."

I tethered the horses as well as I was able, then I went back to her side. I found her sitting on a stone and looking towards the opposite side of the gorge. I do not think she saw me, for she took no notice of my approach. Into her eyes had come the look I had noticed when I had commanded her to follow me into liberty.

"Is it hatred, or is it worse?" I asked myself. "She seems to fear nothing, and yet she is filled with dread. Why did she brave both the King and the Church in order to save my life, even while she confessed her hatred for me?"

"Señorita, eat," I said.

She looked at me as though she would read my soul, then without a word she took the food I offered her.

"Señorita," I said presently, "you see that peak yonder?"

"Yes."

"I am going to climb it," I said. "From there I shall be able to see if we are followed. You will not be afraid to remain here while I am gone?"

She looked around her like one filled with terror, and then she said, "No, I shall not be afraid."

"If we are not followed, we shall spend

most of the day here," I said. "You must rest. I will come back and sit by you while you sleep."

She shook her head as if in refusal.

"After you have slept you shall watch while I sleep," I said; "then we will ride towards Granada. By to-morrow at this time we should be there."

Without another word I climbed the peak towards which I had pointed, and looked eagerly around me. Away westward stretched the great broad plain across which we had travelled, but no sign of a horseman did I see. A great silence reigned. It might have been an uninhabited land, save for a few peasants' huts which were perhaps a league away. Having thus assured myself I came down again, and I saw that she was anxious to know whether we had aught to fear.

"All is well, señorita; you may sleep," I said.

Thereupon I rolled up my cape for a pillow, and walked to a spot from which I could look down the gorge towards Seville. When I came back again she was fast asleep.

Thus we spent the morning, she sleeping and I watching.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOW THE SPANISH MAID CHALLENGED PABLO TOLEDO.

I HAD passed through some strange experiences while I had been in Spain, but it seemed to me then, even as it seems to me now, that this morning was more to be remembered than any other. Not that aught happened as men call happening. As far as I can remember no sound reached me save the scream of an eagle, or the cry of a buzzard. Not a breath of wind stirred, not a blade of grass moved. The April sun beat down upon the great tawny rocks which everywhere abounded, and had I not cast my eyes towards the horses (which, having satisfied their hunger with the rank grass which grew on the spot where I had tethered them, stood perfectly still), and the sleeping form of the Spanish maid, I might have fancied that I was utterly alone. I cannot say that I feared aught, and yet a nameless dread possessed me.

In spite of our marvellous escape, I knew that we were in danger. Even although the King might cease to trouble concerning us, I knew that Father Parsons and Pablo Toledo would spare no effort to find us. Although the señorita had told me nothing of what had taken place while I had been imprisoned at Seville, I knew that Pablo had not given up hopes of winning her as his wife. I knew, moreover, that the account which Father Parsons had given to the King concerning the scene in El Cristo de la Vega was intended to shield her from danger, and yet to obtain power over her. Therefore it was not to be believed that she would be allowed to escape without a struggle. The Church, moreover, was bitter against heretics, especially against English heretics. Again and again had I been told of their sufferings, for the Spanish Churchman knew not the meaning of mercy. Inoffensive English sailors had been torn limb from limb; their bodies had been tortured with burning irons; their eyeballs had been plucked from their sockets; while every other outrage that furious ecclesiastics could invent had been heaped upon them. It was not likely, then, that I, who had defied them, and who had again and again thwarted their purposes, would be allowed to go free, especially when I had dared to take the Spanish maiden with me. Even as I sat there I reflected that Pablo Toledo and his followers might be near. When such thoughts as these possessed me I would start up frantically, and rush towards the horses, only to remind myself that the part of the gorge in which we were was curiously fashioned for a hiding-place, and that I should place the señorita in far greater danger by riding away in broad daylight.

Not once, but a hundred times, did I cast my eyes to the spot where the woman I loved lay fast asleep. Sometimes as I watched her my heart grew warm and tender. I reflected that again and again she had saved my life, and that it was through her that Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth had been enabled to escape with the Englishwomen. Moreover, as I remembered how, when I stood before the King, she had come forward and declared that she, and not I, was guilty of sacrilege, and this only with the purpose of saving my life, I could have shouted for joy. But, again, as I remembered her words of scorn and hatred my anger grew hot, and I vowed that I would return scorn for scorn, and wound her even as she had wounded me.

But I would save her! I would take her to England! That I vowed. How I knew not, yet was this resolution fixed in my heart. Not that I expected her ever to love me, for although I had boasted to her that I would win her love, I knew that the heart of such a woman as she would ever remain defiant. Sometimes, in truth, I desired not her love, so full of rage was my heart, yet did I long to conquer her, to bend her will to mine.

Often did I think of Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth, even as I had thought of them during the long months we had been separated. Had they ever thought of me, I wondered? Yes, they had, for we had vowed when first we

saw the Spanish mountains that one should never be left in prison without the others seeking to set him free. But they had done nothing. And yet how did I know? Probably even then they were thinking and acting for me. Had they gone to Granada, I wondered? Was the word I had heard but the will o' the wisp of the imagination, or had they spoken it for my guidance?

And so the hours passed, while the sun climbed the heavens, and made even the desolate gorge in which I sat a very paradise of beauty.

I have sometimes thought that this one morning changed me from a boy into a man, for the thoughts that filled my mind came not to me as I was in prison. And especially is this true of one thing which happened to me, and which I can find no words to describe, even as words always fail to tell of one's deepest feelings. It came about in this wise: I had been sitting long, thinking of these and other things, when I fell to musing concerning the religion of Spain, and of the ghastly deeds done in the name of Him Who took the little children in His arms. I remembered, too, the words Padre Sanchez had said to me when trying to cure me of what he called heresy, and as I remembered, a great unbelief came into my heart.

"After all," I said, "there can be no God, or, if there be, He is a great Being Who careth not for the sons of men. Half the wars, and half the cruelty of the world, have been caused by religion. That which I have done, I have done without God, even as what I shall do in the future will be done without Him."

As this thought passed through my mind I seemed to feel a presence near me, and looking towards the sky it seemed to me as though I saw an angel's form with a face like my mother's. Then I heard one word, and only one. It reached me not, as I thought, through the ears, neither was it spoken by a human voice. Rather the whole of the valley was filled with it, even although a man might be by my side and never hear it at all. And the word was GOD, though it belonged to no human language, and was spoken rather to the soul than to the mind. As I heard it my fears and my doubts passed away, even as a summer vapour passes away when the sun arises in its strength, and my heart became light with joy. After that there was a great silence again, so great that it seemed to make a noise.

"Señor Hamstead."

I turned and saw the woman I loved standing by my side.

"It is your turn to sleep, and mine to watch," she said.

"You are refreshed, señorita?"

"Yes, I am refreshed and rested."

"It is noonday," I went on. "There is bread and wine left from our morning meal, señorita. We will eat and drink. After that you shall watch, and I will sleep."

Then we sat down to eat, and neither of us spoke a word during our meal, for she still regarded me with hauteur, while my mind was full of what seemed to me a vision from on high.

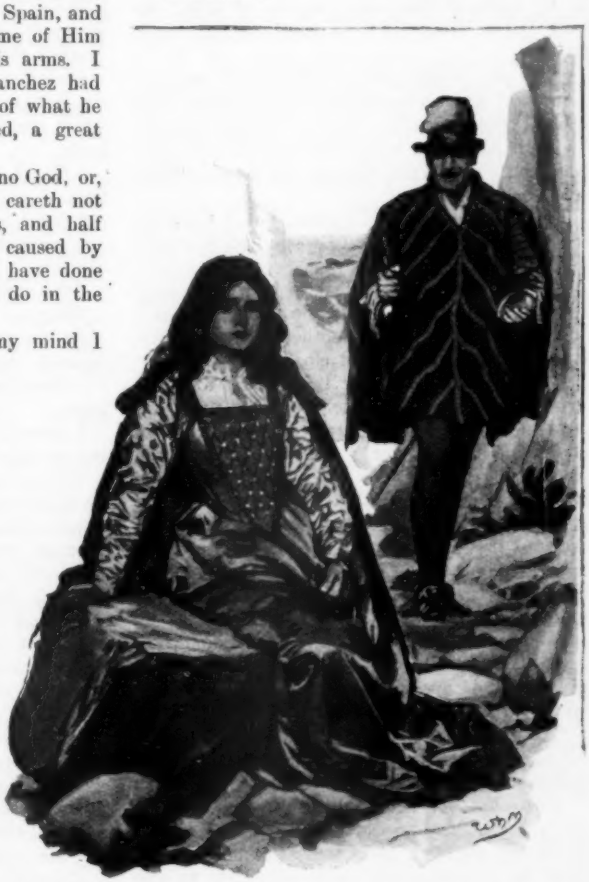
"You will not be afraid while I am asleep?"

"No."

"And you will awake me at the least sound?"

"Yes—but——"

"But what?"



"'Is it hatred, or is it worse?' I asked myself."—*p.* 1075.

"How do you know I shall not leave you while you are asleep?"

"I shall not keep you if you desire to go," I replied quietly. "Nevertheless, you will not go."

"Why?" she asked angrily.

"Because you dare not go away without me," and in spite of myself I spoke mockingly.

"If Pablo Toledo were to come?" she cried.

"Aye," I said, "if he were to come, what then?"

"I could go away with him. I could still be safe—if I would consent to be his wife. He would explain to the King—all—that is, all that hath taken place."

"But you will not," I replied.

"I hate you! Oh, how I hate you!"

"But you would not go away with Pablo Toledo!"

"I would, I would," she cried, her eyes ablaze. "Oh, I have obeyed you because of your kindness to my mother; but only because of that. At least Pablo Toledo is a Spaniard, and a brave man."

"But you would not go with him," I repeated quietly. "Even although he were to come here while I was asleep, and were to beseech you to fly with him, you would still stay by my side. Nay, you would wake me and ask me to protect you from him."

To this she made no answer, but I knew by the trembling of her lips that she had well-nigh lost control over herself.

"And to prove that I believe in what I say," I went on, "I shall go to sleep in peace, señorita"; and thereupon, without another word, I threw myself on the ground, and closed my eyes.

I must have been very tired, for I lost consciousness almost immediately. Perhaps the perfect silence and the warm, balmy air were favourable to this, for I did not expect, even when I boasted of my peace of mind to the señorita, that sleep would come to me. Yet so it was, although my sleep was troubled. I dreamed that I could see the señorita's heart, and that it was full of hatred towards me. Nay, more than hatred, for I fancied that she had murderous intents concerning me. I thought we were away together in a far country, and that while I was busy planning for her welfare, she came towards me with a knife in her hand, and vowed to kill me.

"You said I would not dare to go away without you," I heard her say. "I tell you I would rather die than go with you."

With that she lifted her hand to strike me, while I struggled to defend myself. But this I could not do, for a great weight seemed to rest upon me; nevertheless, in my attempts to free myself from her, I thought the whole heavens were filled with fire, whereupon she became powerless. After that I fancied myself in England. I thought I was lying alone in my father's park, beneath one of the great oaks. While I lay there I thought I saw the señorita and Pablo Toledo walking together towards me.

"You say I love him, and hate you," I heard her say. "I will show you that I hate him. See, this is the knife he gave me when we were in the dungeon together. With this I will kill him, and then I will fly with you whither you will."

At this Pablo Toledo laughed.

"You are no Spaniard; you are afraid to do this," he said.

Whereupon I thought she came towards me with the glittering knife in her hand, while I struggled in vain to rise and defend myself.

"Now you will know what it is to defy a Spanish soldier, Señor Hamstead," I thought I heard Pablo Toledo say with a laugh; "now you will see how a Spanish maiden regards an English clown."

I tried to cry out, but in vain. Then I thought she fastened her black, gleaming eyes on mine, while she bade me feel the sharpness of the knife.

"Ah," I thought, "I wear a steel corslet——" then—

"Señor, señor! Awake!"

I leapt to my feet, and saw the señorita by my side.

"We are attacked!" she cried.

Then my heart grew almost cold, for standing close by me was Pablo Toledo and half a dozen Spanish soldiers.

"Good-day, Señor Hamstead," he said mockingly.

I grasped my sword-hilt tightly, and looked eagerly around.

"Oh, there is no chance for you to escape," he said, with a mocking laugh. "Did you think I was a bungling fool like yourself? The señorita thought we should enter this vile place by the road you took. That is not a Spanish soldier's way. Some peasants saw you come here, and so I crept here quietly by another way, and on foot. That was why I came on you so suddenly."

During this speech I was able to recover my senses. I saw at a glance that the señorita had not connived at this sudden coming. She was evidently as much angered as I.

"Will you be pleased to hand me that sword?" he continued.

"And then?" I asked.

"We will go quietly back to Seville."

"Guarded by six soldiers."

"Aye, by these six soldiers."

I shrugged my shoulders in the fashion I had seen the Spaniards shrug theirs, and although little of mirth was in my heart I laughed aloud.

"Why do you laugh, Señor?"

"I was thinking what a coward you are," I replied.

"Coward!"

"Aye, coward. You have promised that we should meet sword to sword, but you have six soldiers—you are afraid!"

"I afraid! Man, I long to send you to hell. But there, this honour is not for such as you. In a duel none but gentlemen must fall by Pablo Toledo's sword."

"Just like a Spaniard," I replied. "He makes a promise, and then—his little heart fails," and even while I laughed I saw the blood mount to his face.

"My commands are to bring you back alive," he said, biting his lips.

"But such a swordsman!" I mocked, "such a swordsman! If you wound me, disarm me, have you not six soldiers? While I—but there, a coward is always a coward."

"You shall die for that!" he cried savagely.

"Aye, boast! You Spaniards cannot kill like soldiers. With you it is the rack, the torture chamber, the fire! But the sword—ah, the glory of being a Spaniard!"

Even yet he held himself under control, neither do I believe I should have taunted him into a fight but for the señorita.

"You ask the señorita to be your wife," I went on, "as though a woman who hath English blood in her veins could wed a man who with six soldiers at his back is still afraid to fight. Tah!"

At this the señorita laughed also, for she saw what was in my mind.

I saw his eyes rest upon her, and then I knew that I had wounded him more deeply.

"If by fighting you I could win the señorita's consent to be my wife, I would e'en forget my pride, and grant you your request." This he said in English.

"Then fight, Señor Capitan," she cried, "and I will promise that if you kill him, I will marry no man save you."

"And if I will not?" he said.

"I would rather die the worst death that man can invent than marry a coward!" she replied.

At this his passion overcame him, and he commanded his soldiers to stand back. Then my heart beat high with joy, for I felt that all hope was not gone.

"Mine is but a poor gaoler's sword," I said, "while you carry my father's—still——" and then I laughed again, for though I knew my life was not worth a groat's purchase, seeing he had six soldiers at his back, the joy of battle made me heedless of danger.

"Aye, and you shall die by your own father's sword," he said, making it whistle around his head.

Even then I could not help looking at the Señorita, and when I saw that she held behind her back the dagger I had given her, I could not help wondering at the strangeness of a woman's heart.

Upon that we fell to fighting, and we had not exchanged half a dozen passes before I was fully aware that I was face to face, not with a tyro, but a skilful swordsman. I saw, too, by the look in his eyes that he was no coward, but, like many another Spanish soldier, found much of his joy in the clash of arms. Moreover, the sword with which he fought was better than mine, although I had naught to complain of in the blade I had taken from the gaoler.

On the whole, he was a better swordsman than I. He knew more tricks, and was, as I have been told, a great fighter of duels; but then I was not a novice at the game, and the stake for which I played was not a light one. Even as I fought I reflected that could I once despatch Toledo I should find means of dealing with the soldiers. For although they were wild, cruel-looking men, they were still common soldiers, and could perhaps be outwitted. Besides, the señorita was not a helpless child, and side by side we could, I was sure, find means of getting our liberty. So I assumed a wary attitude, until I felt the quality of his wrists, and gauged the danger of his arm.

"Ah," I said presently with a laugh, "I knew not that I should have a boy to fight with. Be all the Spanish capitans of your quality, Señor Toledo?"

To this he gave no reply but a snarl, whereupon I prepared to carry out the plan I had conceived.

"*Coragio*, señorita," I said to assure her, and then I fell back from before his attack. Not rapidly, but inch by inch, just as a weak swordsman yields before his master. This, I saw, gave him confidence, whereupon I gave him the chance he had hoped for, but which I was also fully prepared to take advantage of. Thus, when he made his lunge, I made the stroke I had been planning for, and in a moment his sword went spinning into the air, while he fell before the thrust I gave him.

I had not killed him, but the thrust was so severe that I knew he would not be able to fight again, whereupon, with the heat of battle upon

me, I turned towards the soldiers. Never until then did I realise what one strong, desperate man can do. Fired with a desire for freedom, I made a circle of steel around me, so that for more than a minute I held them at bay, and even when they leapt upon me I threw them from me again and again, and more than one, as I believed, shared the fate of their captain.

But I saw this could not be for long. Strong and desperate as I was, I knew that I must at length be taken, for one man cannot fight many for any length of time and still be conqueror. Still the passion that filled me was so strong, and the stake for which I played was so high, that I fought like a madman; and then the soldiers became more wary, and attacked me with more caution. To my dismay I saw this, for while I was able to defend myself against the two who faced me, I saw one coming towards me at my left side with his dagger uplifted.

"All is lost now," I thought; and then I heard a scream.

"They have struck the señorita!" was the fear that filled my heart, and with that I could not help casting my eyes towards her. Then I saw the mistake I had made, for instead of what I had feared, I saw that she had driven the dagger into the man who had tried to encompass my death.

But this led to my own undoing, as I will instantly tell, for the moment I ceased to regard the soldiers gave them an advantage over me, and before I was able to take my eyes from her I felt a blow on my head which made me see a thousand fires, and caused a roar in my ears like the roar of a stormy sea.

"God save her!" I prayed, and then a great blackness came over me.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOW WE ALL MET AGAIN.

WHEN I opened my eyes, it was to see the señorita bending over me, while near me stood Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth.

"Rupert, get up, my boy," I heard Mawgan say. "You are not a dead man yet."

"Mawgan," I said, my head swimming, and my eyes all dim, "what means this?"

"We have taken the Señor Capitan prisoner, my friend," cried Mawgan. "As for the soldiers, no sooner did they hear me shout than they ran like the cowards they are. You are all right; it was a nasty blow the fellow gave you, but your head is unbroken."

"Aye," said John Trenoweth, "the Lord turned his blade aside, and saved His own."

"Señorita, you are not harmed?"

"No, señor."

"Not a hair of her head hath been touched," said John Trenoweth.

"But how came you here?" I asked, still unable to grasp the situation.

"What would you?" asked Mawgan. "Do you think we have never thought of you since the day we parted? Did you hear me shout the word Granada that day we escaped from the Capitan Toledo?"

"Aye," I replied, "I remember that."

"That was the word the maid Inez told me to cry," he said, and I thought there was peculiar tenderness in his voice.

"And did you go to Granada?" I asked.

"Aye, that we did," he replied; "and ever since that time Mistress de Valencia and Esther Truscott have been living with the gipsies there."

"And they are safe?" I asked.

"Aye, safe and well. You shall see them soon, and, in truth, the sight of them will cheer your heart, for they look ten years younger than on the day we saw them at the Circo Romano. But we did not forget you, Rupert. As soon as the gipsies thought it safe, two of them started out to find you, and after much wary questioning they found that you had been taken to Seville, and put into prison there. Whereupon, the English ladies being safe at Granada among the gipsies, we went to Seville in the hopes of rescuing you. We heard of what happened when you were brought before the King; for, as you see, we have both clothed ourselves in gipsy fashion, and thus passed to and fro in the streets of Seville without harm happening to us. Well, we were sore put to it when we heard you were to be cast into a dungeon under the Alcazar, in order to be kept safe until your burning, which was to take place to-day, for we knew not what to do. John Trenoweth here kept on telling me to be of good cheer, for God would surely preserve you; nevertheless, I was sore troubled. While you were awaiting the King's return we did not fear so much, for we heard you were well cared for, and stood in need of nothing; but when we were told that you were committed to the dungeon, and that your death was determined upon, I well-nigh lost my senses. Not that we meant to let you die. We would have rescued you in some fashion or another, never fear, but how I could not tell. Well, when we heard the King's will concerning you, we set to planning as to what could be done. The gipsies who were with us presently got hold of the two turnkeys who were to be the night guards of your prison, and plied them with plenty of wine."

"Ah!" I cried, for my mind was getting clearer now. "It was you who made them drunk?"



"Never until then did I realise what one strong, desperate man can do."

"Aye, that it was, and we bribed them to take wine to you, likewise. Moreover, we knew that if you had a chance you would make good use of it. So we worked it out in this way. We had arranged with them to come back to us for a night of drinking after they had given you your supper. This done, we intended getting their keys, dressing ourselves in their clothes, and by this means going to you and giving you your liberty. But this plan was, we knew, full of danger, and I was not sure we should be successful."

"But they did not go back," I said.

"Nay, and we had reckoned on that. We said among ourselves, 'If they do not come back, it will mean that Rupert hath seen their condition, and hath taken advantage of it.' So we waited in the Cathedral Square, over against the Alcazar, until a late hour, and when they did not return we felt sure that something was astir. When we saw the fire gleam on the Torre del Oro we were sure you had escaped. And this we soon found was the case, for on going thither we heard a great hullaballoo. Search parties were formed and sent out in all directions, while orders were given to bring you and the señorita back, dead or alive, but alive if possible, for the holy fathers love a burning.

"Well, among the search parties was one headed by the Señor Capitan Pablo Toledo; and while some of the gipsies arranged to follow the other leaders, John Trenoweth and I determined to keep near the Señor Capitan, especially when we heard him say he would take the road towards Granada. Not having horses, we had great difficulty in keeping him in sight without ourselves attracting his attention. When we got to Bobadilla, however, we came across a party of gipsies, from whom we got horses, and then, while not overtaking him, we followed his movements."

"And have you come alone—you and John Trenoweth?"

"Nay, the brother of Inez and two other gipsies kept with us, and gave us much valuable advice. In truth, but for them, I much doubt if we should have found you."

"And where are they now?"

"They are with the Señor Capitan," laughed Mawgan gaily. "And Rupert, the night draws on. Had we not better be making our way towards Granada without more ado?"

"And my mother? Is she well?" asked the señorita, who had been listening eagerly all the while.

"Aye, that she is," replied Mawgan, "and when she sees you her happiness will be well nigh complete."

"Doth she know, doth she understand?" she asked eagerly.

"Aye, she knoweth that all the time you were seemingly playing into the hands of her enemies you were thinking how to save her," said Mawgan quietly.

"And now we must settle with the Señor Capitan," continued the young Cornishman, and the two walked away, leaving me with the Spanish maid.

"Señorita," I said earnestly, "you saved my life a little while ago."

"The man is not dead!" she said; "thank God he is not dead!"

"But I should have been but for you!" I made answer.

She lifted her eyes to mine for a moment, then she let them fall again.

"Let us go to my mother," she said.

I much longed to taunt her with not having escaped with Pablo Toledo, but as I looked at her my heart grew tender, and the words were not spoken.

When we reached the spot where Pablo Toledo had fallen, we found that the gipsies had bound up his wound and that he was able to talk, although with difficulty.

"Curse you!" he said to me as I came up.

"What would you, Señor Capitan?" I answered lightly.

"The end is not yet," he said. "The Great Armada will sail, and then when your little island is in our power I will have my revenge."

At this I laughed, for although I well-nigh pitied him, I could not but rejoice to see him in this plight.

"What will you do with me?" he asked presently.

The gipsies looked towards me as if for direction.

"If you say he is to live, Excellency," said the brother of Inez, "he shall live. The wound is deep, but I have applied some of the balsam known only to the gipsies, and it never fails. Moreover, one hour from here are some of my people; they will at my word care for him until he is strong again. But if your Excellency commands his death, he shall die even now, and before your eyes."

An hour before I would have said "Kill him," but now I could not. Like me, he loved the señorita; besides, we had fought together, and I could not command that he be killed.

"Let him live," I said, "but guard him safely for three months, and then let him do his will."

He gave me a look of astonishment, which was followed by an expression of contempt.

"Tah!" he said scornfully.

"An Englishman is not a Spaniard," I said

to him. "He cannot command an enemy to be killed in cold blood, when he hath fought with him and conquered him! Besides," and I held the blade before him, "I have my father's sword again."

"We shall meet again, Señor Englishman," he said loftily, although I saw that even to speak gave him pain. "We shall meet again—where I know not, when I know not. But the time will come, and the señorita will be mine; I, Don Señor Pablo Toledo, have said it," and then he closed his eyes.

Of our journey to Granada I shall say but little, for of a truth naught happened worth relating. I remember that we passed through a wild, rocky country, in the which had I been alone I should surely have lost my way. The gipsies, however, seemed to know every track and every ravine. Every river, moreover, they knew from source to mouth, and although some of them were swollen with the recent rains, we forded them in safety.

Near me rode the señorita, but she spoke no word to me. Her eyes seemed always turned away from me, as though my presence was distasteful to her. All through the night we rode, and then, when morning came, we dismounted and spent the day at the base of a snow-capped mountain, not many miles from Granada.

When night came on again I drew near to her.

"In three hours from now we shall see your mother," I said.

"Do you believe that I was unmindful of her during those days—in—in Toledo?"

"No, señorita."

"Do you believe, although I asked you to write a letter to—to—Sir John Tremayne, that had you heeded me, aye, and had Sir John yielded to the request which was to have been made therein, one groat of his money would have fallen into the hands of Father Parsons or Señor Toledo?"

For a moment I was silent.

"Do you, Señor Hamstead?"

As she spoke I looked into her eyes.

"No, señorita."

"But you did believe it?"

"Aye, I did."

"Why?"

"Because you are a Papist, and to a Papist the commands of the Church are more than mother or friends."

"And yet you trust me now?"

"Aye, I trust you now?"

"Why?"

"Because I love you."

"Cease to love me, señor. Cease to love me."

"Why, señorita?"

"Because I wish you well. I wish you happiness, although my heart is full of anger and bitterness towards you. You are English, you are a heretic, but you are still a brave man. If I have saved your life, you have also saved mine. I ask your forgiveness for calling you a coward and a fool. Do you forgive me?"

"That is nothing," I laughed lightly. "A man easily forgives the angry words of a woman he loves."

"But you must not love me. You scorned me once, hated me once. Scorn me again, hate me again!"

"I cannot, señorita."

"You must. Listen: If I live, if I escape the anger of the Church, one of two things will happen to me."

"And they?" I asked.

"One is, that I must wed Pablo Toledo."

"Do you love him?"

"Love him!" That was the only answer she gave me, but I knew by the look in her eyes that the very thought of him was loathsome to her.

"And the other, señorita?" I said gaily, for Pablo Toledo troubled me not one whit.

"The other is that I must go into a convent—into religion."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why?" she repeated as if in astonishment; "because I must atone."

"Atone for what!"

"For what?" she asked passionately. "For what? Need you ask, señor. Am I not the daughter of Don Fernando Basilio de Valencia? Am I not the child of the Church? Have I no soul to save?"

"You are also the child of the daughter of Sir John Tremayne," I said, "and although you are a child of the Church you love it not. You hate its impurity, its cruelty, its lies. You have seen its trickery, you know its hollowness, its shams!"

"Silence!" she cried passionately. "Have I not sinned enough without listening to this?"

"It is not a sin," I replied. "All that you have done hath been prompted by honour and a love for right. What sin can there be in seeking to save your mother—or for that matter, those who tried to befriend her—from those who have no honour, no conscience, no compassion? What is the history of this Spain, but cruelty, inhumanity, devilry? Every day the Church in which the Spaniard believes outrages the very name of religion, and is in truth a vile libel on Him whom they profess to follow."

She looked towards me, and in her eyes I saw fear as well as passion.

"Even now, in order to see your mother, you

have had to flee the priests and their minions," I went on. "I say it without doubt, that had we not come hither, both your mother and her serving woman would have been tortured and burnt, just as the Spaniard hath tortured and burnt in the Netherlands, in Mexico, and in Peru, as well as in his own country. Aye, for that matter," and now I forgot all things save my anger, "have not the Papists everywhere acted as devils act rather than as men? Why, my own mother was even dragged from the faggot in my own country when Mary was Philip's wife, and reigned there; while hundreds of others suffered unnameable tortures. Besides, do you think we have forgotten what happened in France barely fifteen years ago, at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew? I was but a boy at the time, and yet I remember how our country was filled with horror as we heard of it. Fancy! Scores of thousands of men, women, and helpless children murdered in the name of your religion, while your Pope caused the *Te Deum* to be sung in memory of a deed, thankfulness for which should only be chanted in hell. Is it a wonder, then, that we sought to save your mother, who is an Englishwoman and of the Reformed faith? Is it a wonder that we love not the Spaniard, whose name is but a synonym for cruelty and devilry?"

She listened in silence all the time I spoke, and then she walked away from me.

"Our horses are ready, señor," she said, "and



"A moment later she was locked in her arms."

I cannot answer you as I would. Remember, the daughter of a Spanish nobleman hath pride."

At this I was much angered, but I spoke no word in answer; nevertheless, I rejoiced that I had told her what was in my heart.

Three hours later I saw the town of Granada standing upon the hill, but we did not enter its streets; rather we kept along the valley which lies at its base, until we came at length to a curious place, the like of which I had never seen before. In truth, what I saw was

nothing more nor less than a city dug out of the hillside. It is true I did not, that night, realise the fact in all its fulness, but when morning came I discovered that the whole countryside was honeycombed with holes and tunnels, and in these places the gipsies lived like rabbits in a warren. That night, however, we saw nothing of the gipsy community save swiftly gliding figures, and now and then twinkling lights which were carried from place to place with great speed. Instead, we were led far up the hillside, until we came to what seemed like one of those holes dug out of the ground which I have since seen dug by the Cornish miners.

"Enter, señorita; enter, señor," said the brother of Inez.

And this we did without fear, for we knew that the gipsies were our friends. Moreover, Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth were with us. We went for some distance along a dark tunnel, until we came to an open space where many lights burned.

For an instant I looked around me like one dazed, for truly the place was strange past the telling. As far as I could judge, we were in the heart of the mountain, while all around us were strangely clad figures, whose eyes gleamed brightly as they watched our approach. I looked around eagerly for some familiar face, but not one did I see.

Two of my companions, however, had sharper eyes than I, for scarcely had we entered than I heard two cries. The one came from the señorita. "Mother!" she said, and I saw her rush towards one of the women, and a moment later was locked in her arms. The other who gave the cry was John Trenoweth, who called his sweetheart by name, and rushed swiftly to her side.

"Excellency," said a voice, "you must be aweary and hungry. Look—such fare as we have is yours."

I looked and saw Inez, who was arrayed in similar garments to those she wore on the night in the northern mountains when she danced with Mawgan Killigrew.

But although she spoke kindly to me, I saw that she had eyes for none save Mawgan Killigrew. As I became used to the light, I saw that she watched him as a faithful dog might watch his master, and then I knew that what I had believed many months before was true.

"You found them, my lord?" she said to Mawgan after we had supped, and the señorita and her mother had left us.

"Aye, Inez, we found them," replied Mawgan with a laugh, and he told her of our adventures.

"And now what will you do?" she asked. "You have gained that for which you came to Spain. You have rescued not only the mother but the daughter; what will you now?"

"Nay, I rescued not the daughter," cried Mawgan. "It is Señor Rupert who hath done that."

She took no notice of his correction, save to look towards me with indifferent contempt, and then she repeated her question.

"What will you now, my lord?"

"We shall all go back to England, I trust," replied the young Cornishman.

"And then, my lord?"

"Then—why, that is all, Inez," said Mawgan; "except that Rupert and I will fight the Spanish soldiers should they seek a landing on our shores."

"But what will become of the English maid?"

"Aye, I know not," replied Mawgan with a laugh. "Perchance she will marry an English lord."

"What English lord?"

"Aye, that I know not," replied Mawgan.

"And how long will you seek to stay here?" asked the gipsy maid, and I saw that her eyes had become softer and more tender.

"Not long," replied Mawgan. "Now that Rupert is with us again, and we have the señora's daughter with us, means will soon be found of getting away. You see, Señor Rupert hath been our leader, and is much cleverer than we."

Again she looked at me with a kind of indulgent scorn, but spoke no word in answer.

"Are we safe here, Inez?" I asked. "If the Spanish soldiers were to come, could they not find us, and capture us?"

"Did they capture you on the northern mountains?" she asked. "How much less can they capture you here?"

"But the way by which we came seemed easy to find," I interposed.

"The way by which you came!" she said scornfully; "but think you that *los gitanos* have not many ways? Did not the soldiers come hither to find my lord and his servant, and the English señoras? But did they find them? Aye, they searched our dwelling-places, and went away satisfied that my lord and the others were not here. But think you we tell our secrets to the world? Here we are in our own domain, and although men searched for those whom we would hide from one harvest-time to another, yet would they not find them."

After this I felt more safe, and, feeling much wearied by the experiences through which I had gone, I asked that I might be allowed to sleep.

"Not yet, if it please you, my master," said John Trenoweth; "there be many things of which we must speak this night," and I knew, by the look in his eyes, that I had better yield to him.

[END OF CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE.]

"Hallelujah!"

Words from the Latin (13th Cent.). *Music by* E. Burritt Lane, Mus.B. Dunelm., F.T.C.L.
(*Organist of Redhill Congregational Church.*)



3. *mf* Hallelujah! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn;
dim Hallelujah! notes of sadness
Best befit our state forlorn;
For in this dark world of sorrow
We with tears our sin must mourn.

4. *mf* But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to Thee;
Bring us to Thy blissful presence,
Make us all Thy joys to see;
cres Then to Thee our Hallelujah
f Singing everlastingly. Amen.

Scripture Illustrations Anecdotes

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

SEPTEMBER 20TH.—**Abstinence from Evil.**

Passage for reading—1 *Peter iv.* 1—11.

POINTS. 1. Sins of the flesh to be abandoned.

2. Soberness and watchfulness to be maintained.

3. Kindness and love to be observed.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Lust should be Expelled.** Although Homer was pleased to extol the beauty of Helen to such a height as to say that it was a sufficient price for all the evils which the Greeks and Romans suffered for ten years, yet it was a more reasonable conjecture of Herodotus that, during the ten years' siege of Troy, Helen, for whom the Greeks fought, was in Egypt and not in Troy, because it is not to be supposed but that the Trojans would have thrown her over the walls rather than, for the sake of a trifle, have endured so great calamities. We are more foolish than the Trojans if we retain our Helen, any one beloved sin such as drunkenness or uncleanness, with, not the risk, but the certainty, of having such horrid miseries and such invaluable losses. "The soul that sinneth it shall die," saith the Lord.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

The Duty of Watchfulness. A Christian's watchfulness is like that of a soldier. A sentinel, posted on the walls, when he sees a hostile party advancing does not attempt to make head against them himself, but informs his commanding officer of the enemy's approach, and leaves him to take the proper measures against the foe. So the Christian does not attempt to fight temptation in his own strength; his watchfulness lies in observing its approach, and of telling God of it in prayer. Then may he be certain of victory.

Kindness a Religious Act. Charles Kingsley on his way to the pulpit at Eversley, after the earlier part of the service was over, stooped one Sunday morning to pick up a wounded butterfly and lay it aside in a place of safety; and his biographer tells us that he considered this as much a religious act as the preaching of the sermon which followed.

SEPTEMBER 27TH.—**Review of the Quarter's Lessons.**

Verse for reading—*Psalm xxvii.* 1.

POINTS. THE LESSONS OF THREE LIVES—SAUL, JONATHAN, AND SAMUEL.

1. **Saul.** The misery of sin.
2. **Jonathan.** The blessing of a good friend.
3. **Samuel.** The example of God's ministers.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Sin its Own Punishment.** A gentleman once said to an evil-living man, "You do not look as if you had prospered in your wickedness." "I have not prospered at it," answered the man, "for, with half the time and energy I have spent I might have been a man of property and character. But I am a homeless wretch, and have neither money nor friends. I have been several times in prison and twice been sent to penal servitude. I have made acquaintance with all sorts of miseries; but I can tell you that my worst punishment is in being what I am."

Faithfulness of a Friend. A young man went into an office on a matter of business. As he was leaving the master said to him, "My young friend, are you a Christian?" He replied, "I regret to say that I am not." That faithful friend then urged him to seek pardon for his sins at once through Christ, and not to delay making his peace with God. The young man thanked him politely and said he would "think of it." In three weeks he died of a sudden illness, and his widow called at the same office to give his dying message. Said she, "He thought much of your advice and acted upon it. He sought and found Christ as his Saviour, and had joy in believing. When taken ill he was able to say, 'Thy will be done,' and his end was peace. 'Tell that kind friend,' he said, 'that I thank him for his faithfulness to my soul; his words led me to think seriously of my eternal interests and to turn my heart to God.' To his father, who had been, like so many professing Christians, somewhat remiss in his religious duties, he said, 'Don't neglect the other children as you have neglected me. Lead them to God before it is too late.'"

A Good Minister of God. A Christian gentleman staying in London asked a friend where he could go to hear a really good sermon. Two places were mentioned. "Well," said he, "tell me the *characters* of the preachers that I may choose." "The one," said his friend, "is a great orator, and is much admired for his pulpit eloquence." "And what is the other?" he asked. "Why, I hardly know what to say of him; he always keeps himself in the background, and you see his Master only." "That's the man for me, then;" he said; "let us go and hear him." Such was the character of Samuel; he put God first. In his teachings and warnings and faithful rebukes he always spake as the servant of God, and he died in a good old age in favour with God and man.

OCTOBER 4TH.—**David brings up the Ark.**

Passage for reading—2 *Samuel vi.* 1—12.

POINTS. 1. Honour to be paid to the things of God.
2. Irreverence merits punishment.
3. God's blessing to the righteous.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Reverence for Christ.** There was a consumptive old man, a member of the chapel

prayer-meeting, whose hacking cough sadly interfered with his powers of speech, but who grew eloquent as he spoke of the love of God, and whose weather-beaten face "was the face of an angel" when he prayed. This poor old invalid, unequal to the work of an able-bodied labourer, was engaged at two shillings a day to help in unloading ships at the docks. The owner of one ship, where the old man was at work, used frequent profane words while overseeing the stevedores, even swearing by the Saviour's name. Whenever he did so the workman raised his hat and bent down his head. The merchant turned with contempt to him and said, "You old fool, what are you bowing at me for?" "I am not bowing at you, sir, but at the blessed name of Jesus, which you are blaspheming."

Everlasting Punishment. A venerable minister preached a sermon on the subject of eternal punishment. On the next day it was agreed among some thoughtless young men that one of them should endeavour to draw him into a dispute with the design of making a jest of him and his doctrine. The wag accordingly went, and commenced by saying, "I believe, sir, there is a small dispute between you and me, and I thought I would call this morning and try to settle it." "Ah," said the minister, "what is it?" "Well," said the other, "you say that the wicked will go into everlasting punishment, and I do not think that they will." "Oh, if that is all," answered the minister, "there is no dispute between you and *me*. If you turn to Matthew xxv. 46, you will find that the dispute is between you and the Lord Jesus Christ, and I advise you to go immediately and settle it with Him."

Blessedness of the Righteous. One day at Court more than one hundred years ago the then Prince of Wales asked Lady Charlotte E——, "Where is my Lady Huntingdon that she is so seldom here?" The lady of fashion replied with a sneer, "I suppose praying with her beggars." The Prince shook his head, and said, "Lady Charlotte, when I am dying I think I shall be happy to seize the skirts of Lady Huntingdon's mantle to carry me up with her to heaven."

OCTOBER 11TH.—**God's Covenant with David.**

Passage for reading—2 *Samuel vii.* 4—16.

POINTS. 1. David's desire commended.
2. David's throne to be established.
3. David's greater Son to reign for ever.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **God is Love Always.** "God is love" is the motto on the weather-cock of a country friend. I have seen many curious vanes, but never one that struck my attention so much as this—"God is love." Our friend was asked if he meant to imply that the love of God was as fickle as the wind. "No," he answered, "I mean that, whichever way the wind blows, 'God is love.' If cold from the north or biting from the east, still 'God is love,' as much as when the warm south or genial west wind refreshes our fields and flocks." Yes, so it is; our God is always love. We saw our friend the other day, when he had lost his dearly loved wife, but amidst his heartache and crushing loss he still said, "My weathercock and vane teach me the truth I wrote over them in the days of my prosperity, when the love of my heart and the desire of my eyes was by my side —'God is love.'"—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

Christ's Empire of Love. The first Napoleon was the man of all others whom vast experience had taught what kind of forces can really produce a lasting effect upon mankind; and the conqueror of civilised Europe had leisure to gather up the results of his unparalleled life, and to know his own true place in history. Napoleon, when conversing, as was his habit, about the great men of the ancient world, and comprising himself among them, turned, it is said, to Count Montholon with the inquiry, "Can you tell me who Jesus Christ was?" The question was declined, and Napoleon proceeded: "Well, then, I will tell you. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and I myself have founded great empires; but upon what do these creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for Him. . . . I think I understand something of human nature; and I tell you all these were men, and I am a man. None else is like Him; Jesus Christ was more than man. I have inspired multitudes with an enthusiastic devotion, such that they would have died for me; but to do this it was necessary that I should be visibly present with the electric influence of my looks, of my words, of my voice: when I saw men and spoke to them, I lighted up the flame of self-devotion in their hearts."

Christ the King. Christ alone has succeeded in so raising the mind of man that it becomes insensible to the barriers of time and space. Across a chasm of nineteen hundred years Jesus Christ makes a demand which is beyond all others difficult to satisfy. He asks for that which a philosopher may often seek in vain at the hands of his friends, or a father of his children, or a bride of a spouse, or a man of his brother. He asks for the human heart, He will have it entirely to Himself, He demands it unconditionally; and forthwith His demand is granted. Wonderful! In defiance of time and space, the soul of man, with all its powers and faculties, becomes an annexation to the empire of Christ. All who sincerely believe in Him experience that remarkable supernatural love towards Him. This phenomenon is unaccountable; it is altogether beyond the scope of man's creative power. Time, the great destroyer, is powerless to extinguish this sacred flame; time can neither exhaust its strength nor put a limit to its range. This it is which strikes me most. I have often thought of it. This it is which proves to me quite convincingly the Divinity of Jesus Christ the King.

LIGHTS AT EVENTIDE.

By the Rev. H. B. Freeman, M.A., Vicar of Burton-on-Trent.



"I not only sinned with a high hand myself, but made it my study to tempt and seduce others upon every occasion; my whole life, when awake, was a course of the most horrid impiety and profaneness. I know not that I have ever since met so daring a blasphemer."—JOHN NEWTON (on his life as slave dealer).

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear.
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

JOHN NEWTON (Curate of Olney and friend of Cowper).

"Disguised himself as an Italian quack doctor."

SINCE Saul of Tarsus saw the Vision of visions on his way to Damascus, that "rose-red city half as old as Time," and since Augustine heard the voice which summoned him, as he mused beneath the plane tree at Milan, from sensuality and scepticism to purity and faith, the Church of Christ has never lacked, amid the trophies of her triumphs, repentances of men who have been brought by the Divine mercy out of a dead past of carelessness or wickedness into the new life of the knowledge and the love of God. There is a double interest in the investigation which we propose, the interest alike of religion and psychology. From the strongly contrasted personalities which we shall sketch, we shall see how the Holy Spirit works upon varying temperaments in different ways, and how it is the original human elements of

the once unconverted character which are finally subdued and consecrated to His will. For the sake of freshness, our examples shall be unconventional, and they will all be selected from within comparatively recent times.

We start with a conversion which it has been the custom to treat lightly, and of which many have disputed the sincerity and depth, but which appears, after candid scrutiny, to be one of the most extraordinary on record. If ever there was a moral atmosphere inimical to plain living and high thinking, nay, to most of the ordinary obligations of life, it was that of the English Court after the Restoration of the second Charles. Of this brilliant and vicious Caroline circle, no transgressor was more outrageous than John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, who—in Johnsonian phrase—"blazed out his youth and his health in lavish voluptuousness" by the time he was thirty. His exceeding iniquity, of which there is testimony too abundant, is impossible of recital. The best things about him were his poetry and his wit, both genuine, though both frequently poisoned. His description of his "merry monarch" as a king "who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one," is unlikely ever to perish; and when such remarkable freedom procured his temporary banishment from Whitehall, one can at least smile at the versatility with which he disguised himself as an Italian quack doctor on Tower Hill, and sold nostrums to half the unsuspecting fine ladies of his acquaintance. But Rochester, at best, was a bad, a really bad man, and this makes the grace of God more powerful in giving him what really does seem to have been a changed heart at the last. Put briefly, the story of his conversion is perhaps difficult to believe; we need the quiet cumulative proofs of the long account left us by that good Bishop Burnet, who won the dying rake's confidence and friendship, and ministered faithfully to him during the last agonising months of his tainted life. Rochester's few good worldly qualities are curiously in evidence as helping him towards an aroused spiritual state. The same courage he had shown in the Navy in his youth now made him face his fearful position. The wit which pierced through the shallow pretences of the degraded clergy he had met at Court, taught him to distinguish, in his own case, true religion from false. The inborn politeness of his race disinclined him to forbid the offices of divines who came to him, more or less uninvited, during the earlier stages of his illness. Burnet deprecates the idea that this strange and true penitence was due to the depression of sickness, for he says that after the severest bodily tortures the Earl's mind would be alert for a quarter or half an hour, to a wonderful degree. He also notes the supreme change as logical and gradual. The conception of a God of power yielded slowly to the adoration of a God of love. The preliminary steps in the conversion were a desire never to dissuade others at least from Christianity, a hatred merely of those acts which brought shame or injury to oneself or others, then a disgust for vice in its nature, as being on a lower plane than virtue. A genuine belief in the Gospel promises, he allowed, must be the happiest condition in the world. By degrees he was brought to see that a life such as the Almighty would approve could not be lived without the inward aid of prayer. His mind, he told the Bishop, was turned to call on God and on his crucified Saviour, so that he hoped he should obtain mercy. Horror, he added, had given him his first awakening, but he was at last grown up into a settled faith. He entirely cured himself of his inveterate habit of swearing, and exclaimed during one of his sharpest paroxysms, "God's holy will be done." He desired to recover only that by his amended life he might undo some of the evil he had wrought, and the Bishop expresses his firm conviction that, had he lived, he would have made good his resolutions. It is a sad fact that the wicked verses he had earnestly longed to suppress were reprinted, in the very year of his death, with worse additions by another hand. "Poet and Libertine" are the titles affixed to Rochester's name in our biggest biographical dictionary. Let us hope that a gentler verdict is written in a Book which contains even more volumes.

The spiritual history of Brownlow North, the lay Evangelist authorised by the Free Church of Scotland, whose preaching produced such abundant results

during two decades of last century, shows how late a full illumination sometimes is in coming to the soul. "The man was about forty years old," as North was fond of saying, "on whom this miracle of healing was showed." His had been a scapegrace, frivolous youth. He discovered a tutor, who had been sent with him to make the "grand tour," playing at a gaming house in Paris, and insisted that all the books should be left behind as the price of his secrecy. Subsequently he won from the wretched man the entire money entrusted for expenses. These, and other vagaries, so disgusted a serious kinsman, that he married again and cut off young North's hope of a peerage. After Brownlow's own early and happy marriage, his faults appear to have been mainly an inordinate passion for pleasure of various sorts, and a feverish delight in wagers. He once rode the eighty miles from Aberdeen to Huntly and back twice in two days, and danced all through the intervening night.

Careless as he was about religion, he asserts that, during his worst days, he never would hear it ridiculed in his presence. Like Rochester, whom it would be a hideous libel to say he otherwise resembled, he had at first a strong conviction of the pains and penalties of sin, with no apprehension of Christ. The good impression was transitory; and he went back to the world as before. His account of his real and ultimate conversion, in 1854, is almost without parallel. He was playing cards one night when he had a seizure of illness so sharp as to make him think death was imminent. He was helped upstairs and flung himself on his bed. His sins rose up black against him, and he always regarded it as the turning point of his life that he found the moral courage to kneel down and pray. He was sorely tempted to wait, he says, till a maid-servant, who was lighting his fire, had quitted the room. The story sounds extravagant, but the strange experience left him with no traces of excitement; only pale and broken, as by prolonged sickness, and with a personality so altered that his friends hardly knew him for the same man. It was only after much wrestling and anguish that he found peace, and it was with immense diffidence that he took up the preaching, which eventually brought such crowds under its sway. Psychologically, as well as spiritually, this case is specially attractive. While we are not without a suspicion that North had an unconscious tendency to exaggerate — as perhaps John Bunyan also did — his early transgressions, an honest biographer hints that certain lesser failings of his unregenerate days, such as over-carefulness for his own comfort, and a marked desire for pre-eminence, could be discerned, under mild and modified forms, in his converted life. These limitations only make Brownlow North's character more credible and human; for there is no question that his last twenty years were a period of whole-hearted consecration and devotion to the cause of Christ.

Our next two illustrations of those into whose souls the true Light has shined, before death's shadows have fallen, shall be men, unlike the two preceding, of perfect outward rectitude of conduct, men for whose younger years the motto, sufficient and sad, would be "What lack I yet?" For ceaseless activity and continual kindness, the late famous physician and surgeon, Sir James Young Simpson, was a power and pride to the Edinburgh of his generation. Devoted as he was from boyhood to his profession, he was at one time tempted towards its abandonment, because he felt unable to endure the misery and monotony of the burden of mortal pain. But he persevered, and became the champion for the introduction into surgical and medical practice of that merciful anæsthetic chloroform, which he did so much to discover. The first glimmerings of his definitely religious life were manifested in a profound, though indefinable, vaster dissatisfaction with himself and with the name and fame which he had achieved. He was conscious that he had been the instrument of good, and he needed "true music as before, but vaster." It does not seem to have been through any distinct crisis that his character, "naturally Christian," received the radiance which is from above. He felt that the full satisfaction for which he craved could only be found in the realisation and appropriation of the promises of Christ. For the last ten years of his noble and beneficent career Sir James was a faithful witness for Him on Whom he had come to believe. He took the chair at one of Brownlow North's

meetings for medical students. "This is my first happy Christmas," he observed to a friend in the year of his conversion, "my only happy Christmas."

There was much mental unsettlement in England during the seventies and eighties, and "doubting saints" may well have been grieved and disturbed as they read a curiously pessimistic brochure called "A Candid Examination of Theism." Its main thesis obtained a wider circulation by being quoted in W. H. Mallock's "Is Life Worth Living?" a clever volume of much vogue at the period. The candid examiner wrote as a man whom fidelity to the teachings of modern science had compelled to make shipwreck of his faith, though he expresses a passionate and profound regret, "when at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it." This anonymous author was George John Romanes, a disciple and friend of Darwin. His life, like Simpson's, had always been lovable and blameless, but it was only a few weeks before his premature death that the full glory of the Faith which scientific inquiries had dimmed enlightened his obscured heart. The stages, so far as they can be traced, of the long and painful conflict through which Romanes passed for some fifteen years, from negation to suspended judgment, from surmise to certainty, would be instructive, if merely on the intellectual side; but they have a value deeper still. Seven years or so after the unsigned booklet, he publicly criticised the materialistic position, though personally he was despondent, and almost in despair. The decease of one whom he loved moved him profoundly, and it seemed as though faith would capture his mind through his affections. He began to concede that instinct is a better guide than reason for following what is right; but, with severe self-discipline, almost with self-torture, he determined never to believe against his reason, but to be utterly true. In a lecture at Toynbee Hall, he emphasised the way in which the supreme character of Christ has gained acceptance for His unique teaching, whether He "be regarded as human or divine." Work among the poor attracted this patient seeker after God, and he maintained a school for neglected boys at his own expense. It was after the health of Romanes hopelessly broke down that a more marked growth was manifest in spiritual knowledge and in holiness. Nearer and nearer he drew to his soul's desire. But his wife, in words which singularly recall those of Bishop Burnet about Rochester (a widely different connection), earnestly combats the idea that her husband's change was sudden, or owing to any undue influence, or through fear of death. "It is Christianity or nothing," confessed this mental and spiritual agonist, whose blank negations as to Theism had once provoked a gentle argument even from Darwin. With the avowed conviction that scientific ambition and achievement, his former idols, are poor assets compared with faith and love, George John Romanes died, holding a firm hope in Christ. The goodness of God granted more than he had asked in lines composed during doubt-driven and gloomier days:—

> "I ask not for Thy love; nor e'en so much
> As for a hope on Thy dear breast to lie:
> But be Thou still my shepherd—still with such
> Compassion as may melt to such a cry;
> That so I hear Thy feet, and feel Thy touch,
> And dimly see Thy face ere yet I die."

But it would be an error to conclude that it is only to men of brilliant intellect or gentle blood that the King in His Beauty has been pleased to reveal Himself in the sunset of their days. Many a rough untutored fellow, with neither the wit nor the wish to doubt, has been lovingly brought to a real and saving knowledge of his Saviour just before he came to die. There is a story, sufficiently far from most modern memories, to deserve repetition, of a "light at eventide" which shone for two poor Scotchmen through the red reek of the Indian Mutiny. A lady was visiting an English soldier, who lay ill in the hospital at Benares. She had there an opportunity of conversing with some of the gallant band of Highlanders, who had come to see a dying comrade. She thanked them for their noble protection of the British ladies and children, survivors of the awful massacre, and reminded them of their own danger, and the need for themselves of a humble assurance of salvation. She commended all these brave men to God, and gave each a manual of simple devotion, except to one soldier, whose Christian name was Walter, for whom no book

was left. So for him she wrote on a sheet of paper some texts from St. Paul's epistles, and the whole of John Newton's hymn, "How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds." She also said, "I shall look for you in heaven." Walter, who was touched by the lady's kindness, often read her manuscript, and he and a companion, named William, to whom he showed it, became good-living and God-fearing men. As he was fighting his path onward in the advance to the relief of Lucknow, he was shot through the lungs, in a garden. His comrade hurried to him to find him in his last agony. Drawing the blood-stained leaf from his breast, Walter asked his friend to read it, and his final words were, "Tell her I'll meet her in heaven. Good-bye, Willie." It was from the lips of William, whom, a few weeks later, the same lady found dying in the hospital at Benares, that she heard how two brave and simple souls had been prepared to meet their God by this one morsel of paper.

We might add to our previous detailed Studies in Conversion, of sinner or sceptic, examples of literary men who have been indifferentists towards religion during the active portion of their career, but who have appreciated its importance when the pen has faltered in their hand. William Hone, the industrious compiler of the "Every Day" and "Year" Book, and publisher of the Apocryphal New Testament, ended by teaching the faith which once he had tried to destroy. Charles Reade came back, in his last year or two, to the fulness of the evangelical creed, from which he had more or less been an alien, and left behind him an unfinished volume on Bible characters. "I have been trying," said Edmund Yates, the journalist and novelist, in conversation a few months before his death, "to think myself back into the religion of my childhood."

The story of late conversion, our survey has shown us, is usually a tale of bitter mental agony; and infinitely "blessed are they" who "yet have believed" without passing through its struggle. But St. Paul and St. Augustine have had many spiritual successors through the centuries since Christ died, souls wandering wearily in the darkness, away from God, Who was their Home, but for whom at eventide it has been light.



"'Tell her I'll meet her in heaven.'"

THE PARABLES IN ART.

THE "SEEKING" AND "FINDING" SERIES.



THE LOST SHEEP.

(*From the Picture by Alfred W. Soord.*)

GIVEN only the twelfth chapter of Matthew and the fifteenth of Luke, we should have the sum and substance of our Lord's mission to mankind. The series of parables therein contained explain its whole purpose: the wondrous scheme of man's salvation.

Turning first to the three parables recorded by St. Luke, we have those relating to the Lost Sheep, the Lost Piece of Silver, and the Prodigal Son. The last mentioned has already been dealt with in these articles.* The pictures illustrating the first parable of the chapter are few in number. Artists seem to have preferred to deal with the subject more in connection with the tenth chapter of John, under the title of "The Good Shepherd." Many have combined the two subjects, representing Christ as a Shepherd with a sheep upon His shoulders. Mr. Soord's illustration of the parable is at once a striking and typical representation of the subject. In a wild, mountainous country, torn with precipices, far distant from the "still waters and green pastures," the strayed member of the flock has wandered stupidly until it has fallen exhausted on the bare rock of the mountain side. The story of the parable is terse and dramatic. "What man of you having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness and go after that which is lost, until he find it?" The incidents of the diligent,

* See THE QUIVER for April, 1903, *p.* 566.

anxious search are all left to the imagination. But it is not a difficult task to form a mental picture of the shepherd searching the countryside for the lost one of his flock. Mr. Soord presents him at the moment of his triumph stretching out his arm to lift the sheep from its dangerous position. The artist suggests that the rescue is effected only just in time, for already an eagle has marked his prey and is hovering near, awaiting an opportune moment to descend upon it.

More than this, Mr. Soord has drawn upon the words of the tenth chapter of St. John, and given the "earthly story" its "heavenly meaning" by representing the shepherd of the parable as "The Good Shepherd" of the later passage. It would have been better, perhaps, if he had omitted the halo which suggests this. Certainly the picture would have been quite as successful—as a picture.

M. Tissot's version of this subject lost nothing in dramatic force by the fact that he painted an Eastern shepherd of to-day as the central figure of the picture. Those who saw this work in the exhibition in Bond Street will remember the wild, lonely stretch of landscape, with the solitary figure of the shepherd carrying the sheep back to the flock. The whole spirit of the parable was expressed in this marvellous little painting.

The parable of the Lost Piece of Silver was illustrated by Sir John Millais firstly in the series of "The Parables of our Lord" published in 1864. It was, without question, one of the most successful of the nineteen illustrations of which the set consisted. The artist himself was so pleased with it that he subsequently



THE PIECE OF SILVER THAT WAS LOST

(From the Picture by Norman Garstin. By permission of the artist, by whom the copyright is reserved.)

painted an oil picture of the subject under the title of "The Parable of the Lost Piece of Money." The work was purchased by Baron Marochetti, the sculptor, but, unfortunately, it had hardly been delivered into his possession before it was utterly destroyed in a gas explosion that occurred in his house. Before this happened, however, the picture had been engraved for Messrs. Graves, and a record of it has thus been preserved. Millais did not attempt to give an Eastern atmosphere to the scene, but painted quite frankly an Englishwoman in the costume of the early sixties. In her right hand she holds a birch broom, and in her left a candlestick and half stooping she gazes wistfully upon the floor for the missing coin. Through a window on the right of the picture the moon shines in a cloudy sky. It is an illustration, pure and simple, of the parable with a modern "setting."

The picture by Mr. Norman Garstin, on page 1095, shows an entirely different treatment of the subject. The figure and surroundings are Oriental, and the moment chosen for illustration is that in which the woman has come to the end of her search, and is eagerly picking up the discovered "Piece of Silver." On her hands and knees she has gone diligently over the floor of the house, pushing her candle in front of her until its light is reflected on the glittering surface of the coin.



THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

(By Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A. By permission of Messrs. H. Virtue and Co., Ltd.)

> "For 'tis a truth well known to most,
> That whatsoever thing is lost,
> We seek it, ere it come to light,
> In every cranny but the right."

Mr. Norman Garstin is one of the well-known artists of the Newlyn School, who for the most part has confined himself to representations of English scenes and subjects. This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1886.

The Parable of the Hidden Treasure



A MERCHANTMAN SEEKING GOODLY PEARLS.

(From the Painting by Geo. W. Joy.)

was another of the subjects treated by Sir John Millais in the book already referred to. The buried hoard has been revealed to the ploughman in the newly turned furrow, and he is kneeling and gloating over it. The drawing is executed with the characteristic love and care of the artist at this period of his career, which marked him even then as one of the master artists of England. These drawings, indeed, heralded that magnificent period of illustrative work which has come to be recognised as the finest in the art history of Britain. Millais imparted to these black and white drawings all the beauty, force, and vigour of his finished paintings, most of which remains in spite of the fact that we have, with one exception to be presently noted, only the interpretation of the engraver of the original works. In the illustration in these pages we are, indeed, twice removed from the original, for this is but a reduced reproduction from the wood engraving. But even here the masterly treatment of light and shade secured by skilful use of line is apparent to all.

The exception referred to in the preceding paragraph is the drawing for "The Pearl of Great Price" which two or three years ago was happily presented to the British Museum. Our reproduction of it is the same size as the original, and of that of the published wood engraving. The drawing was, in 1871, in the possession of the late Mr. H. Virtue Tebb, and in 1898 it was shown at the exhibition of Millais' works at the Royal Academy. In 1900 it was included in the sale of Mr. Tebb's art collection, and purchased by Messrs. Agnew for the sum of fifty-one guineas (a rate representing more than two guineas per inch!) a sum probably equal to that paid to the artist for the entire set.

Millais endeavoured in this drawing to give the idea of an Oriental scene, and was fairly successful so far as the figures of the merchant and his servant are concerned. But those of the pearl fisher and his son and daughter do not at all support the effort. The girl, indeed, is of a purely English type. But that is a minor blemish in what, after all, is a triumphant illustration of the parable. The "merchantman," with money bags in one hand, eager to possess the pearl, as may be seen in the outstretched right hand, yet represses his exultant hopes from his face. He looks merely a crafty Oriental who knows that whatsoever sum he pays for the gem, it will be fully worth it. The servant boy, on the other hand, who knows of his master's anxiety to become its purchaser, leans forward in eager expectancy to learn whether the great price which is being offered is sufficiently "great" in the eyes of the owner of the pearl. On the other hand is the fisherman, who, knowing fully the value of the pearl, is determined to have his price for it. He is greedy for the gold, and has already laid one hand on the bags containing it. It will mean so much more to him than the pearl itself. While his son shares his anxiety for the money, the daughter lays a hand on the father's shoulder, as though she would restrain him in his eagerness to possess it.

It is truly a great rendering of a great subject, and worthy of preservation among the work of the master artists of the world.

The picture of the same subject by Mr. George W. Joy was one of the most striking works in the Academy Exhibition of 1899. The tall figure of the merchant, in his curious yellow robe, examining his purchase by the fading light of day, attracted great attention. One felt that there was something more than a mere illustration of the parable intended in the work. It was not only a picture of a pearl merchant looking with the loving eyes of the connoisseur at a rare acquisition—there was something over and beyond this which marked the picture as a noteworthy and successful effort to give us the whole lesson contained in the story, as well as the story itself. With the idea of ascertaining if this was the case I wrote to the artist concerning it, and he replied to the following effect: "Apart from the subject there was, incidentally, the pleasure of painting a faded old yellow coat sent to me from Damascus. I imagined the merchantman—possibly in some land far off from his own home—taking the pearl which he had bought at such cost in the bazaar into the light of the window to examine it more closely. Nor does he seem disappointed with his bargain, even though he has spent all that he had to secure it. Another and far-off idea in my mind was that of the Saviour of mankind scrutinising a human soul, and his joy in finding such an one, which he

had saved from the mire and clay and kept for one of the jewels of His crown."

When the picture is examined in the light of this statement it shows at once how the "far-off idea" of the artist has influenced the whole of his work. It gives us the key to the mysterious influence the picture exercises, even at a casual glance, and which makes it one of the most successful and forceful religious pictures of recent years.

Mr. Joy is probably one of the most popular artists of the day—popular, that is, in the choice of his subjects, for there is nothing "cheap" in the technique of his work. He is one of the few Englishmen represented in the Luxembourg Museum, his splendid picture of Joan of Arc having been purchased by the French Government for that Collection. He was born in Dublin in 1844, and studied art at South Kensington, the Royal Academy Schools, and in Paris. He has painted several other religious pictures, among the most noteworthy of which are "Mary of Bethany" (exhibited the same year as "A Merchantman Seeking Goodly Pearls") and "Christ Blessing Little Children." All Mr. Joy's work of the last few years has been executed at the delightful little Dorsetshire town of Swanage. His studio is perched on the hillside overlooking the beautiful bay in which the town nestles. ARTHUR FISH.



THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

(From the Drawing by Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A., in the British Museum.)

BLUE BUTTERFLIES

W. E. TICKNER '05

AUNT POLLY lived just up the road. If you leant over the gate with Betty you could see, quite plainly, the mass of salmon pink geranium that climbed all over the front of Aunt Polly's house.

Betty could remember perfectly, how, when she was a tiny mite, her mother would stand at *their* gate and Aunt Polly would stand, laughing and clapping her hands, at *her* gate, and small Bettie would totter proudly from one pair of hugging arms to the other, to show how her walking had improved in one day.

Of course that was when she was quite tiny, about the same time as when she loved to kiss Aunt Polly's soft cheeks as hard as ever her baby lips could manage, just to watch the white mark on the pink that her kissing evoked.

Betty was quite big now, with a pigtail and a satchel of school-books, but she still thought Aunt Polly the most beautiful person in all the world excepting mother.

Only she did wish Aunt Polly's brown eyes were not so sad, and her pink cheeks a little fatter. Mother said it was some trouble of years ago, and not to ask questions. So Betty did not. But as she grew older she could not help hearing people talk, and she found out it was all through a horrid man Aunt Polly had been going to marry, who had quarrelled with her and then run off to sea and got drowned.

Betty was glad he had got drowned — very glad. Her round, pink face used to get quite fierce whenever she thought of the man.

But on this afternoon I am going to tell about she had something far more important to think about. The Lady Mayoress (Betty's great white Persian) had presented her enraptured young mistress that morning with two tiny blind replicas of herself. Betty was sorry about the blindness. Mother said it would be all right, and they would open their eyes in a week, but Betty felt sure that such a bad beginning must augur very short sight at best, in the future. Still, that was only a minor drawback, and cast only a tiny speck of cloud on her pride and joy. The great thing, of course, was to think of suitable names for the two new arrivals.

Whereupon, with a very solemn face, she went off by herself to her beloved cliffs to "think." Those cliffs with their uneven surface, waving grass, and deep silence, were Betty's thinking ground. She never thought —not important, serious thoughts—in public; she always crept away all by herself to her beloved cliffs where no one but the sea-gulls and the harebells could hear. For that was the secret: Betty always thought out loud.

So this afternoon she sat herself down in a grassy hollow, with the yellow sunlight all round her. The sea was blue and the sky was blue, and the cliff was green, and far away, where it rounded into the bay, its snow-white sides went sheer down into the dark blue water. It was all very still and peaceful.

"Now, the difficult part is, to know whether they'll grow up girls or boys," said Betty out loud. "I can think of a lot of pretty names for girls, but if I christen them Fatima and Sheherazade and then they turn out boys after all, they might'nt like it——"

"Not at all, *I* should say," remarked a voice decidedly, just behind her elbow.

Betty was disappointed. She had thought she was quite alone. Still, as he was there, she was much too polite to show his company was unwelcome.

"What would you suggest, sir?" she asked politely.

The man propped himself up in his elbows and rested his chin on his palms, considering.

"Twins?"

Betty nodded. "Kittens."

"Oo-h." He thought hard. "What's their mother's name?"

"The Lady Mayoress."

"Well you might call one the Mayor, anyway, and then if it grew up a girl you could

pretend you meant m-a-r-e — that's a she you know."

But Betty did not like that at all, so he thought again.

She watched him gravely, liking what little she could see of his face beneath the pulled down peak of his cap, and wondering how he came to be up there—on her cliffs. Strangers did not often come to Little Loring.

He pushed up his cap in his thought.

"Your eyes are just the same colour as the harebells," she told him suddenly.

Betty was used to people with troubles and sad thoughts: she was always trying to chase Aunt Polly's away.

She said the only thing that came into her mind on the spur of the moment.

"Let's play at 'Blue Butterflies!'"

The man's whole face lit up: "Let's!"

"Your turn first," she cried.

"Butterfly!" he proclaimed, pointing to a far-off blue speck.

"Mine!" she shrieked gleefully, and waved his plucked butterfly by its slender stalk.



"'John! John!' she sobbed, 'don't go and leave me again.'"—*p.* 1103.

His bronzed face flushed, and with a quick movement the cap was down again.

"Was that rude?" she asked with shame.

He laughed. "Not a bit." He read the question in her eyes. "It wasn't what you said, Brown Eyes, it was an echo hit me. Haven't you ever been hit by an echo?"

She shook her golden head, wide-eyed.

"Let's hope you never will be. They hurt badly sometimes."

His face looked so haggard and sad despite his mocking voice, that instinctively she cast about for the wherewithal to distract his thoughts.

"One to you. Your turn now."

Her eyes were tense. "Where?"

"That one—by the yellow tuft."

"Harebell."

He stretched a long arm and plucked it, laying it beside the other.

"Two to you. My go. Which?"

Her cheeks were brilliant pink, her voice trembled with excitement.

"That teeny one—there," pointing.

"Oh, that," confidently. "That's a harebell!"

She rose, tip-toeing across, and the tiny blue butterfly flew up almost into her face.

"Yours again," he grumbled. "That's three. Well, that one—under that leaf?"

"Ha—Butterfly!" she gasped, and scored again.

At the end of the game his total was three to her twenty.

"You've beaten me flat," he confessed with mock gloom. "Who taught you to play 'Blue Butterflies,' Brown Eyes?"

"Aunt Polly," she told him promptly. Then cried out at his face.

"Another echo," he apologised with white lips.

"Does it hurt—badly?" she questioned awedly.

"Pretty bad," he acknowledged.

She hesitated. Then curiosity overbore the risk of hurting his feelings.

"I—I only know one kind of echo," she remarked tentatively. "The kind that lives in the caves and mocks everything you say. Yours isn't that kind, I suppose?"

"No, mine isn't that kind," he repeated dully, with fixed eyes on the white cliff.

She sighed. Her eyes fell on a long scar running up his left hand and disappearing beneath his cuff.

"Is it—is it wounds?" she suggested round-eyed.

He laughed drearily. "Bull's-eye, little girl. That it exactly. Old wounds that you think are quite better too, which makes the hurt harder to bear."

Her brown eyes mirrored heartfelt sympathy. With reverent fingers she touched the scar.

"Is that one of them?" she almost whispered.

He looked down, then shook his head. "No, not that one. They're not where you can see them, Brown Eyes." He pulled his cap lower still over his eyes. "So Aunt Polly taught you to play Blue Butterflies?" he said with an effort at lightness. "Who is Aunt Polly?"

She opened amazed eyes. "Why—why she's just Aunt Polly!"

He picked up bits of grass and tossed them idly from him. "I'll tell you what Aunt Polly is like—She is short, and fat, with black curls——"

Betty shrieked helplessly. "Oh, no, *no!* You couldn't be more wrong. You play guessing as badly as Blue Butterflies."

"What is she like then?" he demanded.

"Why—why, she's *ever* so pretty. With big soft brown eyes, and yellow hair and the *softest* face——"

"Why she must be just like you!" he exclaimed. "And does she laugh as much and show such a lot of dimples?"

Betty grew serious. "She laughs sometimes," she said with a quaint little dignity.

He drew his breath in hard. "Why doesn't she laugh lots?"

Betty hesitated. People didn't tell their family affairs to strangers.

"She—she's had trouble," politeness wrested from her at length.

His hands were over his eyes now as though the peaked cap were not sufficient protection from the sun's brilliant light. "Trouble?" he said, in a muffled sort of voice. "Why, so have I, yet I can laugh."

Jealousy stung her. "Not so bad as hers," she insisted quickly.

"Worse," he maintained.

"No, no! You weren't going to marry a horrid, wicked, bad man, that quarrelled and then ran away and left you!"

"No, I wasn't," he confessed. "What became of the horrid bad man?"

Her cheeks were scarlet and her soft eyes quite vindictive. "He got drowned," she said triumphantly.

There was a sudden silence.

"Was she glad?" he asked at length in a queer voice.

Betty judged from her own feelings. "Why of course! How could she help being glad?" she cried with conviction.

He groaned, rolling over so that his face was hidden.

She was all sympathy instantly.

"Those old pains again?" she said vexedly. A thought struck her. "When I was poorly Aunt Polly gave me some of her cherry wine, and it did me lots of good," she said eagerly. "Won't you come and let her give you some too? It's only just down the cliff."

He sat up suddenly, breathing fast. His feverish blue eyes scanned her curiously. "But—she wouldn't want to give wine to just a stranger?" He played weakly with his own inclinations.

Betty's cheeks flushed. "She would if I told her."

He set his teeth grimly, and rose with difficulty, leaning on his stick. "So be it, Fate," he murmured below his breath.

For the first time Betty saw that he was lame—so lame that without his stick he was helpless.

Down the cliff they went together, the sunny-haired girl and the limping sailor. "It's only just down the road," said Betty anxiously, noting how his steps lagged. "Are you dreadfully tired?"

He stopped to wipe his brow. His breath was coming in gasps. "After all, little girl, I don't think I'll come," he said jerkily.

Betty cried out in dismay. "Oh, but you must. It's only just a few steps more. And then you can rest under the big apple-tree. I'll run on and tell Aunt Polly you're coming." And before he could say a word she was gone.

He followed her slowly. At the gate

Betty met him. She was horrified at the whiteness of his face.

"You're to come right in," she reported hospitably. "Aunt Polly's gone for the wine and won't be a minute." With careful solicitude she piloted him to the grateful shade of the big old apple-tree.

He groaned beneath his breath as he subsided on to the rustic seat, and leaning his elbow on the table rested his head on his hand, shielding his face.

Aunt Polly appeared at the doorway carrying the tray. She started at the sight of the peak cap and rough blue coat—so horribly familiar in that old spot, but shook herself together with an effort. Sailors were quite an every-day sight in Little Loring; it was only in association with that apple-tree seat that her equanimity was shaken. She advanced full of pretty commiseration, and pressed her famous wine upon him. But he was very unresponsive and taciturn—wholly unlike Betty's cheerful companion of the afternoon. Besides, his voice was different—he hadn't spoken to *her* in those gruff, mumbling accents. Betty regarded him in disappointed and reproachful wonder.

Aunt Polly sat down on the opposite side of the table, and pulled out her knitting. As she did so her ball of wool slipped, and rolled from her lap to the stranger's feet. He stooped awkwardly and picked it up, handing it back without raising his eyes.

"Thank you," said Aunt Polly—then the colour drained suddenly back from her face, leaving it ghastly; her brown, distended eyes were fixed frozenly on his sunburnt right wrist.

On that wrist, pushed up beyond the cuff, out of sight, was a quaint little old gold bangle in the form of two intertwined snakes.

Aunt Polly gasped, putting her hand to her throat.

Betty caught sight of her face suddenly.

"Aunt Polly!" she began in dismay.

But with an effort the brown eyes lifted. The appeal of the white face was unmistakable. Betty subsided, perturbed but obedient.

Aunt Polly wrestled with her vocal powers.

"Are you home from a long voyage?" she asked, with a desperate effort at naturalness.

"Haven't been near England for eleven years," he replied curtly.

She caught her breath. "That—that's a long time. Your people will be glad to see you."

He laughed harshly. "There's not a soul I can claim as kith or kin in all the world."

Aunt Polly was dreadfully white. Her pretty pink colour was quite gone.

She knitted with trembling haste.

"You—are not married then?"

Betty's voice broke in. "He was engaged once—he told me so."

The man's hand went lower over his eyes. "That was—years ago."

Aunt Polly breathed fast. "Oh!" she said very low. "And——?"

"That's all," he said brusquely.

"Did she die?" inquired Betty sympathetically.

"No."

"Then why don't you go and marry her?"

He laughed again, with a note of desperation. "She wouldn't have me, little girl."

"Why?"

"Betty!" Aunt Polly's soft voice shook.

"How could I ask her? A broken wreck like that," and he motioned to his lame leg derisively.

Aunt Polly was knitting furiously. Two brilliant spots of colour burnt in her pale cheeks. "But—if she loved you she wouldn't mind," she said very softly.

He rose to his feet with a muffled groan. "I must be going. A thousand thanks for your hospitality. Good-bye, Brown Eyes, I am beautifully rested now." He bowed to Aunt Polly deeply, with a contrastingly meagre uplifting of his cap.

She rose, too, trembling from head to foot. "Suppose—suppose she has been waiting for you all these years?" she cried almost sharply.

He started, for the first time half-suspecting her recognition. He ground his teeth together. But his voice shook despite himself. "No, no, you do not understand. She thinks I am dead. My very memory must be bitter to her. I expect she is quite happy and content now—it would be the cruellest thing I could do to let her find out I still lived." He passed his hand over his eyes. "You do not understand, dear lady. Good-day."

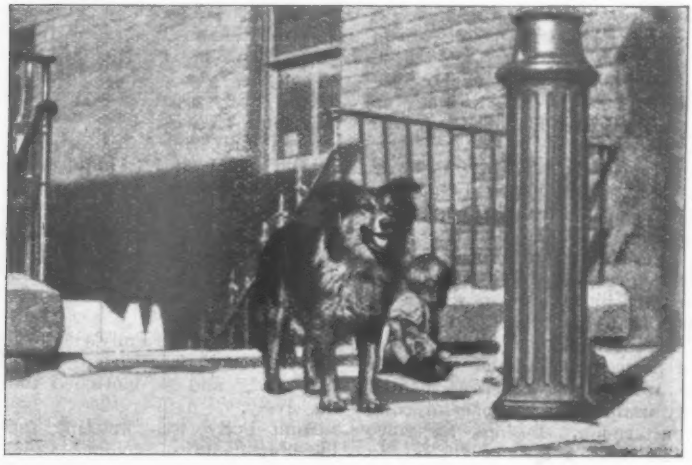
Then Aunt Polly's fortitude gave way. Her knitting fell to the ground and both trembling hands went out to him imploringly. "John, John!" she sobbed. "Don't go away and leave me again!"

Betty stood staring, breathing hard. Her whole small world was sustaining an upheaval. She put both hands to her ears to shut out the clattering of its bricks. A sob climbed into her throat, she did not quite know why.

Suddenly she turned, and ran away as fast as her legs would carry her, pressing her palms to her burning cheeks as she ran fleeing to take comfort of her cats.

MARION WARD.

ANIMAL LIFE IN POOR STREETS.



COLLIE IN OUR ALLEY.

THERE is hardly any street or even slum, amid the purlieus of the poor, however crowded it may be with its human inhabitants, that contains not also some specimen of animal life, if it be only a miserable lark, a ragged blackbird, or drooping thrush, in a cage. The dog, of course, is ubiquitous, whether belonging to the loafer of sporting proclivities or to the honest workman's household. So, to a far greater extent, is untaxed Grimalkin. Here and there one comes upon a goat surrounded by the "kids" of the neighbourhood. Or, perhaps—the sight surprising one in the midst of the stony-hearted town—with its own kid, the pair making, with a stray hen or two, a veritable little bit of *rus in urbe*. And continually to be met with is the poor man's beast of burden, patient Neddy, drawing his master's cart of coke, or salt, or what not.

In prospecting for snapshots with a hand-camera one comes across many interesting bits of such animal life, but the trouble in this, as in other sport, is to bag your game—or should one say, plate your picture? And here, in like case, it is always the prize just missed that would have been the best.

There, for instance, is a cat, a splendid, clean, sleek tortoiseshell, with that air of native distinction Swinburne dwells on. It looks strangely out of place in its slummy environment.

> "Wild in native woods its sires
> Flashed their fires."

And it, poor beast, fallen so low, even into the gutter. It has found some food there which it devours as daintily as may be, glancing half furtively, half defiantly around the while. The title of your proposed picture comes to you in a flash—"A Stray Meal." A hackneyed subject, perhaps, but how convincing! And you advance upon your quarry with something of feline stealth. Just, however, as you are about to press the magic button, unsympathetic Tommy looks up with a curl of his Imperial moustachios, and, relinquishing his gruesome morsel, or perhaps having exhausted its capabilities of nourishment, saunters off with an admirably assumed expression of indifference, his tail, if not his nose, in the air.

A common enough sight, however, in such quarters is this, of a foraging cat; and a plebeian specimen of the genus, intent on business, is presently snapped.

A fruitful cause of failure, other than

the animal's own vagaries, to the would-be photographer of animal life in the slums, is the sudden appearance on the scene of the master or "missis" of the creature whose presentment you covet, and who at once asserts his or her right to "boss the show." And in this case the word "show" is literally correct. You yourself, and your camera, are the show. All eyes are directed at you, those of the animal with suspicion, those of the human by-standers with a somewhat disconcerting intensity of interest.

"Taking my goat, are you, mister?" calls out a jolly-faced woman from the door of a small green-grocer's shop, as you are dancing round trying to focus the volatile animal in question.

You plead guilty to the hard impeachment. For that, at least, is what you are trying to do.

"Good for you!" shouts the delighted dame. You doubt it. Anyhow, she wishes it to be good for herself, and hastily withdraws into the dark recesses of her establishment, intent on turning the adventure to the best account. "Hi—Halgy! Miry! 'ere's a man snap-shottin' our goat. Come and be took as well."

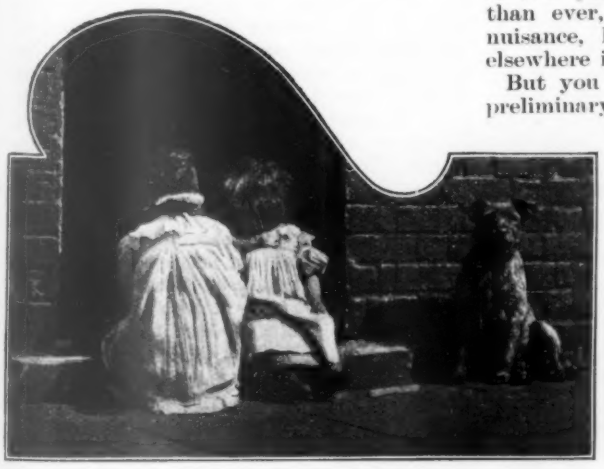
And, obedient to the summons, forth gambol her pair of "kids." You had had your eye on a charming young ragamuffin who would have formed an infinitely more harmonious adjunct to the picture than these well-to-do youngsters, who stand primly at attention on the doorstep, self-consciousness irradiating from their well-washed faces and neatly attired forms. They, it seems, are to be the subject of the picture, and not the goat; the mother herself, moreover,



STRAYS.

good, but hopelessly unpicturesque creature that she is—an utterly impossible "she" from the artist's point of view—hastily constitutes herself a bulky background to her offspring. The goat, for its part, more serenely unconscious than ever, or conscious of us only as a nuisance, has wandered off to browse elsewhere in the gutter.

But you are in for it now, and as a preliminary you invest in a pennorth of apples from the meagre lot you espy in the window of Mrs. Green-grocer, and provide the dignified Halgy and slightly supercilious Miry, whom you have induced to sit on the step, with one apiece. Also you offer one to the goat, who rejects it with disdain, though just a minute ago he had been trying to eat an old tin can, and you are fain to provide for his capricious appetite a succulent cauliflower.



TWO "KIDS" AND A DOG.

The picture is a failure, foregone. The jolly-faced woman appears in it minus her head. Miry sticks out one leg in anything but a graceful attitude. Halgy's look and pose might satisfy his fond mamma. But the goat, the *raison d'être* of the whole thing, has proved too rapid even for your rapid rectilinear lens and extra special rapid plate. Its head might belong to an elephant, an alligator, or a porpoise.

Meanwhile, "Take me, mister!" and "Take me, mister!" the surrounding urchins keep clamouring with distracting iteration, till the poor photographer scarcely knows whether he is standing on his head or his heels, and the question breaks on him with more than a flavour of irony when, "You're doing this only for diversion?" demands the woman with sudden suspicion as—purely on her account—you produce your note-book to take her name and address. For, of course, a copy of the picture had been asked for and promised. Poor body! when she got it the photographer was perhaps avenged.

Here is a charming collie on the pavement; beside it "twa bonny bairns," their soft and not too dirty cheeks forming a pretty contrast to the shaggy beauty of their canine friend. But—alas for the buts of photography!—one of the infants persists in hiding its cherubic form behind an obtrusive lamp-post. If it—the infant—would only peep round, why, then you would have a picture! It doesn't; a fragment of a tiny arm on one side, and a tiny leg on the other, being all it will vouchsafe your camera. You dare not attempt to coax it into position. A squall, and the neighbourhood might be about your ears. So you have to content yourself with the smiling collie and the accommodating babe, not taking into account the fragmentary infant aforesaid. And even thus you feel you have made a hit, if not a palpable hit, and complacently hum to yourself, as you hurry off to the echo of the now awakened alley which you have just managed to escape, and in which you distinctly catch the ominous "'E's taking our dog," of one good wife to another in the clothes-hung area below, the lines of the old song, slightly altered for the occasion:—

> "Of all the dogs that are so brave,
> There's none like handsome Collie:
> He is the darling of my heart,
> And he lives in our alley."

And even if one be not always successful in transferring to his plate the animal whose beauty, or oftener, picturesque ugliness, has caught his eye; if his camera play him tricks, his partner, Father Sol, desert him in the moment of need, or if he prove the victim of any of those numberless ills to which the amateur photographer is heir, he at least gets, in sporting phrase, a run for his money, or, at any rate, a walk, and a walk often full of interest, amusement, or pathos, apart from, or even including, the embarrassments referred to, while peregrinating the slums with a hand-camera in search of animal life.



THE COKE-CART DONKEY.

It is the pathos that preponderates, whether veiled or evident. Evident in the spectacle of the blind man—wise fellow, who knows that charity is less rare in poor than in rich streets—with his dog; of the kids, the omnipresent human kids, playing, perhaps, with a kitten or puppy on the doorstep of some public-house; innocence—and a background. So common a feature is the public-house that in many a scene in taking which its presence has been overlooked it appears on the plate being developed. Whatever else may be scarce in such quarters, it is not drink, the "pale ale" (many a child's cheek the paler for it), the "nourishing stout" (many a child going unnourished on its account), the "fine Old Tom" (the commonest and most powerful animal in

poor streets), all, with blatant distinctness, advertising themselves on one's negatives.

If one could only pursue one's picture-hunting into the interiors! But if snap-shots of animals are difficult in these dingy streets, to photograph them in the still dingier dwellings would be well-nigh impossible. And yet behind these uninviting portals might be found the most attractive pictures of animal life in relation with human; and there within, too, one occasionally picks up some pretty stories of their pets from the lips of the poor. A wife will tell how "the master," a struggling labourer, brought home to her in his pocket, or dinner-basket, a stray kitten, scorched or maimed. And she, all oblivious of the addition to her own toil the untrained waif has entailed, will proudly draw attention to its improved condition as it basks on her hearthstone, or laps up his share of the children's ha'p'orth of milk.

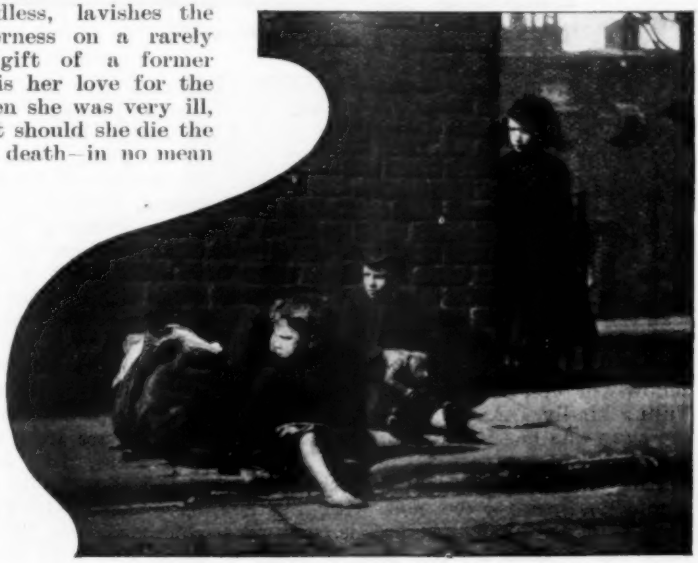
"He's terrible loving-hearted to anything like that, is Jim," is her half-grudging comment on the matter. For it might have been but the other day that this same loving-hearted Jim had blacked his wife's eye. But then the kitten could not give him back-answers or otherwise "irri-*tate*" him, as Mrs. Jim herself, according to her own confession, was prone to do.

Another wife, childless, lavishes the wealth of her tenderness on a rarely beautiful dog, the gift of a former mistress. So jealous is her love for the animal that once, when she was very ill, she had arranged that should she die the dog should be put to death—in no mean spirit of selfish sutteeism, but to save her darling Queenie from the chance of unkindness or neglect.

Of somewhat similar flavour was the story of an old woman in regard to her Yorkshire terrier. The dog had belonged to her nephew, whose young wife died at the birth of a baby. "And ten months after," quoth the old woman, "he died himself, and left the baby and this 'ere dog"—fondling the silky-haired beauty at her feet—"and," she pensively concluded, "we," (that is, her old man and herself) "took the dog, for fear it should be knocked about." The fate of the forsaken baby was evidently quite a secondary consideration in her mind.

In another house a dour-faced Scotswoman has constituted herself temporary nurse to her sailor-lodger's lively young monkey, "an awfu' wee beastie" she had first considered it, with its wild chattering and startling leaps, but which she had come to love. One can see the queer pair now—the weird, brown, hairy baby twined about the woman's brawny arm, the sleeve upturned for washing, and on some soft spot of which its withered cheek is laid confidingly, the anxious, wrinkled old-man face composed to slumber, with what strange dreams flitting, perchance, through its little brain, who could fathom?—while the woman's eyes are bent motherwise upon it.

One of the last live things one might expect to see in the back parlour of a small butcher's shop in the slums, to penetrate into which one has to dodge the most gruesome paraphernalia of animal mortality, would be that creature of the waves and winds, the sea-gull.



LAND-URCHINS.

Yet there it was, a gull with a broken wing, submitting with a good grace to the ministrations of the butcher's only son and heir, a fair-haired, blue-eyed child of some half-dozen summers. The bird stood, as one recalls it, on a wooden chair within the ruddy glow of the fire, small, sturdy Sonny kneeling before it, supporting the maimed creature between his chubby hands; the kindly granny, the hard-worked mother, the pretty little sisters looking admiringly on.

The sea-gull was to be restored to its native haunts when the equinoctial gales had spent their fury. But when I last saw Sonny, outside his father's shop, and asked him of his nursling: "Dead," the little fellow answered mournfully.

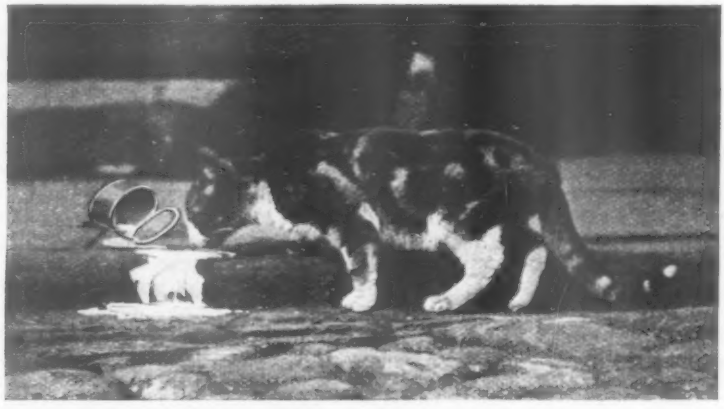
Strange that it should be so, but the slaughterman's son is notorious for his love of animals. All his chance coppers at one time would go to provide biscuits for the dog-mother who lay with her pups in the backyard; and Sonny would sit by her side, singing her to sleep.

In the butcher himself there is a strain of mercy. One knows, from his denunciation of the practices of some of his fellow-workers, that, at least, he does his killing kindly. And he was one of the very few one has heard express sympathy for a bird in a cage.

This, a bird in a cage, is perhaps the commonest pet to be met with in the homes of the poor. A bird is such an easy pet to keep, a cubic foot of space—or less—a crumb of food, a drop of water, is all it wants. And should it die, when work is pressing, from failure of supply even of these small needs, why then birds are cheap, and there is always another to be had—and the cage remains.

The troubles of a caged bird are naturally greater in poor dwellings than in the houses of the well-to-do. The cages are smaller, the air closer, the "aggrawations" and the "wilence" more "wilent" and more "aggrawatin'," as—so Dickens has it—is always the case in crowded quarters.

It is a pitiful sight when passing some window at night in a shabby bye-street to note the shadow on the blind of a bird in its cage, usually a thrush. There it hangs in the smoke of fire, paraffin lamp, pipe, or all three combined, with the sounds of brutal, it may be, drunken voices, about it; silent, drooping on its perch, hopping back in fright from some lurch against its cage, or, if it be a freshly-caught bird, dashing frantically from side to side against the bars in a paroxysm of helpless terror.



FORAGING.

There is at least this to be said for these dwellers in the nether world, these crowded denizens of the town, who keep birds in cages that, shut off as they are from the sweet refreshments of Nature, they covet some reminder of the rustic life to which they may once have belonged. They cannot live in the country, so a little bit of the country must live with them. And they cannot realise that they are condemning these

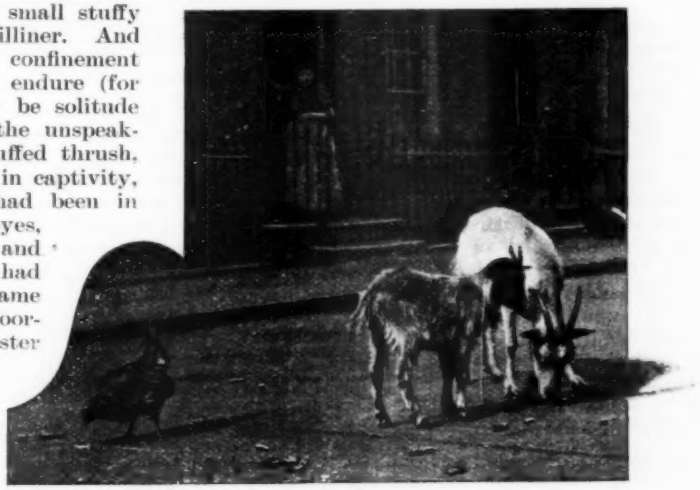


THE PET GOAT.

little winged beings, to whom the freedom of the skies belongs of right, to an imprisonment more irksome than their own. Poor Susan of Cheapside, Whitechapel, or Paradise Row, must have her reverie of the woods and dales even at the cost of a thrush's liberty.

I have marked that sable prince of the woods, the blackbird, forlorn of all his native state of tree and earth and sky, degraded to a pitiful existence in a small cage in the small stuffy parlour of a poor milliner. And with not only the confinement and the solitude to endure (for human company may be solitude to a bird) but with the unspeakable outrage of a stuffed thrush, his erstwhile partner in captivity, as perhaps it once had been in freedom, before his eyes, to confront him day and night. The thrush had died of the self-same draught from the doorway to which Master Merle himself must inevitably succumb. There, even now, in a dark recess, is a pale canary dying of asthma thus contracted; its tiny breathless and incessant "cheep-cheep, cheep-cheep," being horrible to hear.

For our gentle milliner is "awful fond of birds." In yet another cage a faded macaw, reduced to the condition of a creeping thing, crawls listlessly to and fro. There is no need to keep its cage door shut. Miss Stitchaway holds out to it an inviting forefinger and coos



RUS IN URBE.

alluringly. Unhappy love-bird!—so called (*vide* "Nuttall") for its affection to its mate. It has barely strength or spirit to creep forth, cling for a moment to the proffered perch, and be replaced—one hopes to die.

To Miss Stitchaway the idea of there being any unkindness to a bird in caging it, provided it be cared for, in a way, is as incomprehensible as it might seem to blame one for plucking flowers from the woods or garden and confining their sweetness to a vase. And in this she is by no means peculiar. "*I* think it's very heartsome," was the answer of an old Scotswoman with regard to her own wee winged prisoner, as if some slur had been cast on her pet by the suggestion that a cage (hateful word!) in her tidy kitchen was not the most natural of homes for it.

Campbell's "true story" of a parrot from the Spanish main, who being hailed by a stranger in the tongue familiar to his youth, replied in the same language, and then dropped dead from the effects of his emotion, came to one's mind on seeing a parrot in a poor widow's kitchen, whither it had been brought to her by a sailor from some Spanish port. I essayed to address the feathered exile in a word or two of that language which has been called the language of the gods. The bird moved with eager interest, inspected me curiously with either eye, and then burst into a torrent of unintelligible speech which may have been Spanish slang-words for all I knew, but which certainly seemed charged with strong emotion. It undoubtedly sounded more musical than the usual vapid utterances of pretty Poll.

Here is another parrot story as told by a woman dweller in one of the poor quarters of a large town in the North. It was early on a grey and cheerless morning, and all was grey and cheerless about her, as she trudged along, heart-heavy, on some depressing business, when suddenly there broke on her ears the opening notes of the old doxology:—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow:
Praise Him all creatures here below."

The street was deserted. The woman looked about her wondering, in search of the singer. There was none in sight. Again the voice rose. It was close beside her now; and looking over a wall she saw a parrot walking leisurely up and down the gravelled path of a small back-yard, uttering its matin song.

So here at least was one of God's creatures here below, and amid but sorry surroundings, taking its brave part, though it were unconsciously, in the universal song of praise enjoined. And the woman walked on with a lighter heart. She had been within no consecrated walls, and yet her heart had been attuned to praise. And the preacher was a parrot.

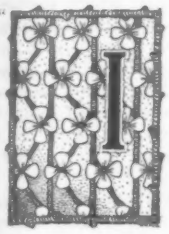
P. W. AND D. C. ROOSE.



THE SALT-CART DONKEY

THE STAR GARDEN: THE STORY OF A BOY'S LOVE.

By Olive Christian Malvery.



"I DO love 'oo, Dim."

Jim was suddenly translated to regions of bliss. With the help of his black crutch he rose from his seat and limped towards the door, where a bit of blue sky seemed to have dropped down. Out of the blue a bird-like voice chirruped coaxingly—"I do love 'oo, Dim."

The blue and the voice resolved themselves into little Nestie Rachell, the five year old daughter of Jim's master. She was clad in blue, and shod with blue-tasselled shoon, and she laughed in sweet birdling notes as Jim came to greet her.

They were busy up at the farm where the baby lived. The flower season was at its height in the little isle of Scilly, and every inhabitant of the Garden-land was engaged one way or another in the flower trade. Nestie's father owned one of the largest flower farms in the island. And though the child was idolised by her parents, they were over pressed with work in the busy season, and unable to devote themselves entirely to the restless mite. The steamer lay ready at the rocky pier, to bear off to distant markets the gorgeous floral tribute of the island. Carts from the "farms" had brought in great loads of blooms, and all hands were requisitioned to tie and pack the flowers.

Nestie, wandering disconsolately in and out among the workers in the packing rooms, could find no one whose exclusive attention she could claim. She turned away in disgust, and trotted off as fast as her fat little legs could carry her, in quest of Jim, her faithfullest friend.

One of Mr. Rachell's farm labourers owned Jim for a son, and it must be confessed the possession was never made a subject of boast. Indeed Mrs. Pett, Jim's volatile mother, frequently referred to him as a "limb of darkness," a "cuss and a judgment." The boy was the one weak chicken of her healthy, striving brood. He was crippled, nervous, and full of strange imaginings—ill able to ruffle it with the nine strong creatures who shared the parental cottage.

The sensitive, passionate child had spent his few years of life in almost ceaseless conflict with the rest of his small world, till Mrs. Rachell, noticing his sufferings and wild, hopeless rebellion, took him up to the farm when Nestie was yet a precious morsel in white robes. She hoped to give him some new interest—some object to love. The little cripple adopted the baby on sight And from that day the burden of his life was lifted from time to time, as he spent himself in her service, receiving in return erratic expressions of her appreciations and affection.

Now, as had happened often before, Nestie broke in upon Jim's discontent.

"It's Bluebell," he said, with a glad catch in his voice, as he heard her coaxing words, and he went to her at once.

She grasped his crutch, worn smooth with much use; and the two went off together.

Under Bluebell's wiles Jim's bad temper and soreness of heart vanished. All his naughtiness melted as quickly as did the little lady's own dolls on one occasion when she set them in a staring row before the fire, gravely inquiring, as they turned to waxy trickles and vapours of unpleasant odours:—"Mummie, why does my dollies cwy wif all their faces at once, and Nestie cwy only wif her eyes?"

Mrs. Rachell, perceiving the phenomenon, was roused to vexation, and slapped her bewildered offspring by way of answer. But Jim never rebuked his chosen empress, and he was as wax in her hands.

"Ef oo' div me somefing velly nice, I'll tiss 'oo," she remarked with simple condescension as they walked together.

Jim instantly bartered an easy conscience for the red pottage of the baby's sticky kiss. He produced from some mysterious pocket two scraps of sugar, star-shaped and pink. These he presented to the small Eve, receiving as recompense a sudden kiss from her round wet mouth. The temptress's mother had warned Jim against nourishing her upon "unwholesome sweets," but as he had expended his last ha'penny on those brilliant delicacies, he stilled his accusing spirit with that testimony to their excellence—and the temptress herself was radiant.

Presently the children reached their favourite haunt, the grass-clothed hill-slope beside the sea, where within sheltering flowering hedges grew the "Immortal Garden." In that spot, under the quiet white stones, slept those who had done with life's enduring. And the children loved the still, sun-kissed place for its solitariness.

They were tired with their walk. The boy, dropping his crutch upon the soft grass between two cool, white graves, sank down

beside it; and Nestie promptly arranged herself "cock-a-horse" on his one sound leg.

"Tell me a buful toly, Dim," she demanded.

Jim's worshipping eyes sought the eager bright face framed in a bonnet of blue, with wide frills flapping about the gold-curled head like the petals of some azure blossom.

"Away up in the Morning Star," began the faithful narrator, "there is the beautifullest garden as ever was. No one can see it, because great high walls of silver are round it. Outside the walls there is the sea. The Garden Gate is all golden, and a bright angel stands at each pillar. One angel has a little boat with shining sails always ready, and the other angel has a long, sharp sword. When God wants someone from over the sea, He sends out the angel with the boat to bring the soul in. Then if the soul that comes in the boat is a brave, splendid soul, God says: 'Welcome to the Star Garden,' and the angel writes the new name on the pillars of the gate with his sword. Oh, it is such a lovely land!" the boy went on dreamily. "Everyone is strong and brave there, and all the boys grow up into Prince of Waleses, and the beautiful little girls grow up into Princesses. And then they just go and get married, and all live so happy."

"Ess," murmured Bluebell contentedly. She felt sure of her claim to the Star Garden.

Jim's leg meanwhile had gone to sleep, and he was suffering "pins and needles"; but he would not disturb Nestie, and presently she inquired somewhat anxiously—

"Will 'oo cally me 'bout on 'oo's back in the Tar Garden, Dim?"

A quiver went through the prostrate form. It was the bitterest part of the boy's affliction that he could render Bluebell such scanty service with his poor crippled body. The baby, with imperious ignorance of his physical disabilities, often made angry complaints, and occasionally even battered him with small clenched fists. She had never been able to prevail upon Jim to carry her even when her little feet were quite tired and the pretty shoes all dusty; and she wondered if his devotion would run to back-rides up in the Star Garden. She put her question with some displeasure, and Jim tasted of tribulation. He turned his great eyes with adoring gaze upon the baby face, and answered:

"Yes, always, Bluebell—always. I shall never be tired in the Star-Garden, and my back will never ache any more. Jim will be a great big soldier up there, and carry you about all day long," he said proudly. Then, with unconquerable jealousy, he added: "I'll pound any other fellow who touches you there."

Bluebell clapped her hand ecstatically. To see someone pounded became the instant and absorbing desire of her heart. She imagined it would be like a picnic with a tea party to follow. "Pound" somehow suggested cake to her rapid fancy. And she immediately began hungering after the enchanting land where the "pound" was to happen.

Suddenly, however, there rose a big figure against the sky, and two long arms opened in large invitation. With a shriek of delight, Nestie sped away towards it, and in a moment she was riding proudly on her father's broad shoulders.

Jim's face grew white and his eyes darkened as he saw Mr. Rachell carry Nestie away. He rose up slowly and turned homeward, but the though of the stuffy cottage and noisy family made him hesitate. Besides, Nestie might return to him. He had learned to wait always for her coming. So he lingered on. But the baby came no more. Her father had set her down some little distance off and bidden her run to Jim, but seeing a bird hopping along in the grass, she tried to catch it, then chased it as it flew along the shore by the sea. The water and the bird allured her, and the child scrambled on to some distant rocks, forgetting all about Jim.

"Gone home, I expect," he half sobbed. "The Governor might have let me take her."

His hungry heart held but one love, and when she was separated from him he starved. But Bluebell had many loves, all more or less ardent. And Jim suffered torments when others claimed his dear; she, however, left him with charming frankness to go after new attractions.

In the holiday season, when the farm was full of visitors, Nestie revelled in admiration. In the season of her gorgeousness she flouted Jim. She had looked down upon him scornfully from the heights of some cyclist adorer's machine, as she was being wheeled up and down the street. But when idle folk went off, and business again held sway, she grew lonely, and returned to Jim with shameless affability, and he was always ready at her behest.

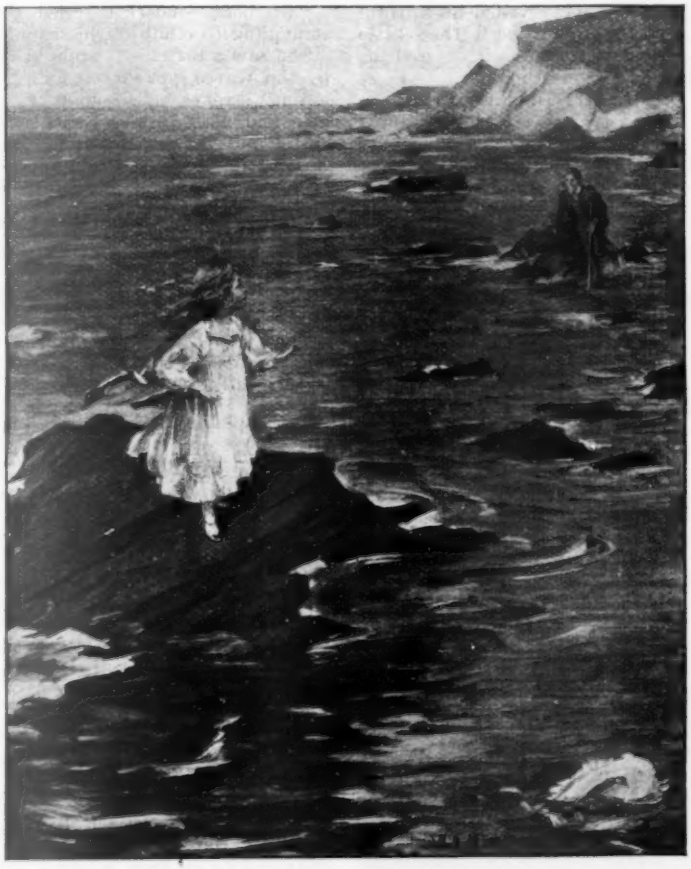
She had forgotten him now, and the boy's heart grew sorrowful in the garden of graves by the sunlit sea. Clouds were rising in the sky, and the tide washed up the waters above the rocky ledges of the island. Jim turned homeward, taking his way by the iron-bound headlands.

Rocks that lay like little islands when the tide was low, now only showed their ugly black fangs in a foam flecked mouth. Jim watched the roughening waters, and hobbling down the narrow path, he came to a bend in the land where the sea rushed far in at high tide. Out in the rising waters were several

rocks, to be reached almost dry-foot at certain hours, but now divided from the land by an ever widening sea. Upon the farthest rock a scrap of colour gleamed. Jim's heart gave a wild bound, and his starting eyes grew fixed in frozen agony. Poised like a veritable blue butterfly upon the farthest rock was Nestie, his little love. The sun flung rains of gold upon her shining head. She had thrown the stricken dumb beneath the curse of his affliction. Desperate thoughts surged into his heart. He must save the baby—but how?

"God—God help me!"

The water was rising so fast that, long ere his dragging steps could reach the town for help, Nestie would have been washed off the rock. Those little feet could never hold the slippery stones when the waves broke over



"She caught sight of Jim, and screamed imperious invitations to him."

blue bonnet into the waters, and it tossed about like a fairy boat, rising upon each great wave, and the child clapped her hands gleefully as she watched it. Turning her face shoreward she caught sight of Jim, and screamed imperious invitations to him.

"Tum cally me out, Dim!"

The clear, shrill voice smote his ears, and the cripple put his hands before his eyes. He was them. If the child grew afraid she would surely fall, and then—oh, terrible thought! To reach Nestie, to hold her, to be between her and the sea, was Jim's one wild desire. There was no other help for her. A terrible desolation was round them.

With parched throat and trembling voice Jim called to the little one, encouraging her to sit still.

"I am coming to you, Nestie. You shall ride on my back, dear."

Then, with unhesitating courage but faltering feet, he started towards her, helping himself from rock to rock with his crutch. Slipping often, bruised, and sick with weariness, he reached the child at last.

She was singing a bubbling song of joy. The wind blew her curls about, and kissed her happy face.

"I'd die for her," Jim said to his heart. Tears as misty as the spray veiled his faithful eyes. He knew the awful peril that little child was in. No fear for himself entered his heart. Nestie was his one thought.

"Naughty Dim! Dirty Dim, all wet!" she said disapprovingly.

But the water was even now breaking over them, and the dainty blue shoes were wet also. Jim bent low with infinite pain, and Nestie clambered upon his back. A deadly faintness seized him. The agony of the child's weight turned him giddy. But she, charmed at this sudden sign of grace in Jim, was entirely happy, mounted now on his trembling shoulders. Oh! brave young heart, how it prayed, how it endured!

"Oh, God, send someone stronger to save her!"

The strangled prayer was forced through those white lips, as the water swirled about his frail form. Nestie made frantic demonstrations of delight as each huge wave dashed upon the rock. Then the waters swept up, till Jim was almost covered, and Nestie, grown weary of the rough play, pulled his brown hair.

"Tum home, Dim—tum home!"

He turned his stedfast eyes up to her and smiled, but no words would come. With passionate eagerness the boy clung to the jagged rock. One slip—and the waves would close over that darling shining head. He looked with hungry longing eyes towards the shore, praying for deliverance.

"Don't let me fall, God—oh, don't let Bluebell be drowned—she's so little, and so sweet! She'll be so frightened, God—oh, don't let her be hurt! I don't matter—I'm only a curse and a judgment—but Nestie's so beautiful! Oh, God—yes, darling, yes," he gasped, turning his face with infinite love up to the child.

"Nestie wave pocky hanky?" she asked, with a delicious little thrill of excitement.

"Yes, dear—and shout, Nestie—shout loud, dear."

Then the brave eyes closed in deathly weariness—the fainting voice died. Yet the boy stood firm, and the loyal heart yearned itself out in beseeching prayer for its love. The baby, grown bewildered and indignant at his silence, pulled vigorously at the thick brown hair.

"Go boatie—boatie!" she screamed angrily.

But Jim nor moved nor opened his eyes He would not see his baby die.

"Don't let it hurt her, Oh, God," he was silently praying.

"Go boatie—boatie!" cried Bluebell again, struggling to climb off his shoulder.

She saw a little boat approaching—buffetted by the waves, yet driven forward with swift, strong strokes. Scillonian men, strong of arm and used to the sea, manned the little craft; but they found it hard work to drive it into the teeth of the billows—into the nest of rocks, where they saw the two children almost swallowed in the sea.

Mr. Rachell was in the boat. He groaned aloud and strained every nerve at each stroke.

"God help us!" he whispered; "shall we ever reach them?"

That little, drenched object on the rock held all his heart.

"My bairn, men—my bairn! We must save her!"

Jim put up one torn hand to grasp the struggling child, straining at the rock with the other. He could not open his eyes, and only broken words of anguish came from his white lips.

"Don't let me slip, Oh, God. Nestie will be so frightened—she is so little! Oh, save her!"

His feet slipped, and the waters went over the two. A strong hand grasped the flying blue sash ere the baby sank—and Bluebell was in her father's arms, her face white and wet, and her blue eyes wide with terror and indignation.

"Naughty Dim frow me in water," she said, and dropped asleep instantly, with one hand securely in her father's beard.

* * * * *

And Jim was asleep too, in the angel's boat on the way to the Star Garden; so they had to go back without him.

* * * * *

On the fragrant hillside, where the children had played together, those that loved them set up a stone for a memorial of a deed of golden valour, and on it is graven:

"JAMES PETT—HERO."

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.



(Photo: Tetley Bros., Maidstone.)

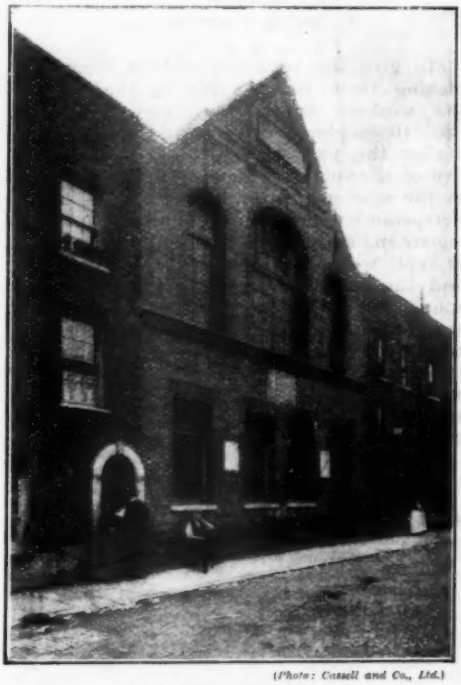
MR. CHARLES SMITH.

THE Executive of the British Temperance League had no easy task in selecting a Secretary in succession to the Rev. H. J. Boyd, resigned. They are to be congratulated, however, on their choice, for Mr. Charles Smith, who has received the appointment, has for many years been a prominent worker on the lines of the venerable association. Their methods, aims, and loyal allegiance to first principles are akin to Mr. Smith's views as shown in all his public work hitherto, so we may reasonably anticipate that the operations of the British Temperance League will go steadily forward on the lines which have been so successful in the past. Mr. Smith was born in 1859, and as a lad of sixteen signed the pledge in order to encourage a man who was ruining himself by drink. In 1876 he joined the Good Templar Order at Newark-on-Trent, with which body he has been connected ever since. The writings of the late Dr. F. R. Lees made a great impression on Mr. Smith's mind, and few men have a more intimate knowledge of the teaching of the great Temperance philosopher. In 1895 Mr. Smith was appointed Secretary of the Kent County Temperance Federation, a position of much difficulty and responsibility. When he commenced work the Federation consisted of 78 societies, with an income of £114, and 122 subscribers: he leaves it with 130 societies (of which 20 are district organisations), 450 subscribers; and an income of over £300 per annum. The Kent County Temperance Congresses, which have proved of great service in promoting an increased interest in practical Temperance work, owe much of their success to Mr. Smith's tactful organisation. He is a thorough believer in the power of the Press, and through the columns of the newspapers has frequently crossed swords with some of the most able defenders of the liquor interest. Mr. Smith carries with him to his new work the heartiest wishes of troops of friends.

A BRIGHT SPOT IN EAST LONDON.

In the very heart of the East End—Dove Row, Haggerston—a splendid Temperance work has been carried on for over thirty years. The honorary superintendent of the work, Mr. G. H. Simmons, commenced his labours in 1869. A Band of Hope was founded in 1870, and there is also a Senior Branch, and an Adult Temperance Society. Meetings are held regularly every week; and the attendance aggregates over a thousand as a weekly average. Of the results of the work many gratifying testimonies have been received. A poor, fatherless boy who joined the Band of Hope some years ago recently wrote to Mr. Simmons:—

"I am glad to say that I am still in the right path. I am still with the same firm I started with fourteen years ago, and am



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

DOVE ROW MISSION HALL.

now managing one of their shops and find plenty to do. It is a large place—I have nine men and boys, and six horses and vans, under my control. Since I have been here I have increased the trade £1,000 a year, on an average. I am doing almost £10,000 a year now. The shop was only doing £5,000 when I started five years ago."



(Photo: London Stereoscopic Co.)

MR G. H SIMMONS.

To give the boys and girls a chance of making their way in life is the aim of the workers, and it says very much for the thoroughness of their efforts that during the past twenty-five years, twenty-five of the young people have become workers in the mission or in other places. The Adult Temperance work is maintained with great vigour and enthusiasm. "Signing the pledge" is kept well to the fore at every meeting, and the work is carried on "all the year round," there being no summer vacation, as is so often the case with adult Temperance societies in poor neighbourhoods. Mr. Simmons is a splendid example of perseverance in well-doing. The following statistical summary of one quarter's work this year tells its own story:

	Aggregate Attendance	*Weekly Average*
Junior Band of Hope (children)	8,303	638
Do (workers)	325	24
Senior Band of Hope	401	33
Adult Total Abstinence Society (adults) ..	1,583	122
Do (young people under 16) ..	390	30
Total for Temperance Meetings	11,005	847
Youths' Lantern Services	1,612	124
Children's Services (Monday)	1,858	443
Young Men's Bible Class	574	44
Prayer Meeting	290	22
Total	15,339	1,489

"POOR JACK."

In the noble building which has been erected in the East End of London as the head-quarters of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, mainly through the princely munificence of Mr. Passmore Edwards, aggressive Temperance work has happily found a place. Our sailors, the moment they come ashore, are a prey to land-sharks, and the Good Templars have not only founded a "Jack's Palace Lodge," but have endowed a bed in perpetuity, with the inscription, "Good Templars' Bed, Joseph Malins, C.C., G.C.T."

FIFTY YEARS' WORK.

Elaborate preparations are being made to commemorate the jubilee of the United Kingdom Alliance. Sermons are to be preached in Manchester Cathedral, on October 18th, by the Bishop of Hereford and the Venerable Archdeacon Wilberforce, who will also address a great meeting in the Free Trade Hall, at which the other speakers will be Lady Henry Somerset, the Honourable Mrs. Eliot Yorke, and Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P. The arrangements for the Grand National Temperance Bazaar, in aid of the funds of the Alliance, are well in hand, and the promoters have been greatly encouraged by the hearty co-operation of friends in all parts of the kingdom.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

A few additional testimonies from leaders of medical opinion may not be out of place. Sir B. W. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., remarks: "I say that an agent such as alcohol, which carries with it a false necessity, a false idea of happiness, false action, false organisation, false belief in self, self-deception, is a bad agent. In another age it will be a wonder that such arguments as those which we are obliged to use were ever necessary to convert an unwilling world." Dr. James Edmunds writes: "Alcohol has a paralysing effect upon the nerves, and it commences with the loss of control over the conversational faculties. The use of alcohol is simply a result of habit, and if a man wishes to give up the use of alcoholic drinks he must abstain from them for as many weeks as he has taken them for years, before he begins to feel any good effects. Alcohol is not a food, and I strongly condemn its use as a stimulant." Dr. J. J. Ridge says, "The assertion that alcohol is necessary for some constitutions or under some circumstances, rests on no well-ascertained or incontrovertible facts or figures, but is a mere assertion, rendered more than doubtful by the same claim being made for other narcotics. Further, it is totally disproved by the experience of millions of total abstainers of all ages, of both sexes, and under every conceivable circumstance."

SHORT ARROWS

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

Cornered.

"HOW do you know you have a soul?" asked a cantankerous objector, whose face was swollen with toothache, of a mild-looking street preacher. "Can you see it, hear it, smell it, or taste it?" "No," was the quick answer, "I *feel* it. Can you see, hear, smell, or taste that pain of yours? I expect *you* find feeling about enough!"

"A Dip of Ink."

"A SHORT story, headed as above, in this month's (June) QUIVER interested me," writes the Superintendent of the Ham Yard Soup Kitchen and Hospice.

"Small charities, like small businesses, are apt to be overlooked, or crushed out by large combines, trusts, armies, etc., and to suffer from 'a lack of funds,' so few of the Good Samaritans come along and ask for 'a dip of ink' with which to cheer the heart of a Charity Secretary. One or two incidents may be encouraging. Recently our funds got quite low, through relief having been freely given during the long winter. Bills came in and funds went out. The extra cost of materials—bread alone being a halfpenny dearer than the previous year—absorbed £45 more. Meat, coals, etc., were higher. We found that we should need £100 to carry on the work until subscriptions again became due. An advertisement setting forth our need was inserted in the *Times* of 16th June. The next morning a cheque for £100 arrived from an unexpected source, not, I am sorry to say, in answer to the advertisement; but still it was a very Providential gift, and made one think that God is very good to this old charity.

"On another occasion, years ago, a quiet sort of gentleman, a celebrated author, laid down a cheque for £100 and simply asked for a receipt. It is seldom such luck comes our way, but 'A Dip of Ink' bids us hope."



(*Photo: E. W. Savory, Ltd., Bristol.*)

"WE HAVE SENT OUR HALF-SOVEREIGNS."—*See p. 1118.*

Keeping Young.

JUST before he died the American poet Walt Whitman said, "As I grow older I am more and more ready to take the good there is in men and authors, without concerning myself about the bad." It is pleasant in this way to feel in oneself and to notice in others the sourness of immature and unripe youth disappearing with the advance of years. It is only poor wine that

grows sour with age. Those who become again like little children because their hearts have been made glad by the new wine of the Heavenly Bridegroom may be called young old men and women until the last day of earthly life.

Wanted: More Half-Sovereigns.

THERE is at least one question connected with the Elementary Schools of London upon which



(Photo: E. W. Savory, Ltd., Bristol.)

WHAT THE HALF-SOVEREIGNS DID.

men and women of all kinds can agree, and that is the desirability of giving the scholars a summer change of air. Through the Children's Country Holiday Fund this can be done at an expenditure of a half-sovereign for each child, thanks to the economical management and the payments made by the parents and friends of the little ones who are benefited. Think of it! Half a sovereign opens the door for a London mite to the fresh air, green fields, and myriad delights of the countryside and, above all, to the best of God's earthly gifts, health and strength. In some favoured households, where a long journey to the sea is an annual matter of course for the happy little ones, it is customary to send a donation to the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P., who is the Treasurer of the Fund, to help one or more less favoured little ones to a more modest holiday. Would that such thank-offerings were more generally collected and more promptly applied to such good purpose. The little ones who can say "We have sent our half-sovereigns" will enjoy their own holiday all the more, and will have learned a useful lesson of sympathy and kinship. Even now it is not too late, and ten shillings will do now what ten pounds would not achieve later.

A Contrast.

THE poet Moore was presented to George IV. when that monarch visited Ireland. The King asked Moore, "Are you related to the Marquis of Drogheda?" whose family name was Moore. "No, your Majesty," replied the poet, "I am the son of a humble grocer." Hearing this, the "First Gentleman of Europe" turned on his royal heel and walked off, but did not vouchsafe another word to the poet. Contrast this King with the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Jesus Christ thought that the equality which He had with God was not a thing to be grasped as a robber does his booty, but emptied Himself, taking the form of a bond servant (the carpenter's son) in order that He might better sympathise with and help the masses—those dim millions who are despised by George-the-Fourth kind of people.

Wretched Substitutes.

As the dead are believed by the Chinese to be unable to see their way in the other world, after death, when a man dies, his friends immediately provide candles to enable him to find and keep the right path. A lighted lantern is carried with the coffin when going to be buried even in the daytime to light the spirit on its way. Those who can afford it, too, buy a fine pearl, and put it upon the forehead of the dead to give more light; and for the same reason a pair of small mirrors are placed in the coffin. These are the sort of substitutes that people are driven to use who have not the Light of the World to guide them through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

A Curious Catechism.

IT is difficult for us to realise the intense feeling which agitated Christian England, less than two hundred years ago, with regard to the horrors of slavery in the West Indies. In a clever little old book called the "Abolitionist's Catechism," the subject is put forth in the form of question and answer, and the duties of an abolitionist are said to

be, amongst others, to abstain from rum, sugar, coffee, and all forms of West Indian commerce, as produced by the ill-treatment of slaves. The two last items are surely heavier sacrifices in a great cause than those demanded from our latter-day friends the semi-teetotallers. Was it not General Booth who said that it took him a dozen years or so not to feel the loss of sugar in his tea?

Native Races and the Liquor Traffic United Committee.

Lord Milner's recent legislation, prohibiting the drink traffic to natives in the Transvaal, has given this Committee very great gratification. The legislation is indeed regarded by the Committee as one of the greatest triumphs of its special work, which is the prohibition or diminution of the liquor traffic among native races. The Committee was formed some fifteen years ago, and consisted of representatives from most of the chief Missionary and Temperance societies, also Members of Parliament, and others; it has committees affiliated with it in Scotland, Germany, the United States, and South Africa. The Society is absolutely non-political and unsectarian, and while steadfastly aiming at its main object, is very broad and liberal in its methods, so that it secures the assistance and assimilates the work of many men who may differ in their reasons for promoting the aims. Other characteristic features are extreme care in making its statements, the avoidance of all exaggerated language, and the unostentatious manner of its proceedings. Its first striking success was in 1890, when at the special request of the Committee, Lord Salisbury invited the Brussels Conference—which had met chiefly to consider the question of slavery—to take up this subject. The result was the Brussels General Act of 1891, which provided for absolute prohibition in certain parts of Central Africa, and for a minimum duty in other districts. The duty was, by another conference in 1899, raised to two-and-ninepence per gallon, while in all the British colonies it stands at three shillings per gallon. So great indeed has been the improvement, that some over-sanguine persons consider the Committee's work is done, and it may be dissolved; but the honorary secretary, Dr. Harford Battersby, will have no difficulty in showing that there never was a time when greater vigilance was required, if only to see that the prohibitory enactments are enforced.



(Photo: Carr and Flopperton, Tunbridge Wells.)

THE REV. H. SINCLAIR BROOKE, THE CLERICAL FIREMAN.

A Clerical Fireman.

Clergymen are often called upon to fulfil curious *rôles*, but the individual seen in the accompanying picture is said to be the only clerical fireman in the country. He is the Rev. H. Sinclair Brooke, M.A., vicar of Pembury, a pretty little village in Kent. For some months now he has occupied the somewhat responsible post of captain of the local fire brigade. The brigade consists of ten men. It is under the control of the parish council, who, when it was founded some eight months ago, asked the vicar to serve as chief officer. Mr. Brooke drills his brigade at regular intervals, and they are a smart body of men. At practice and at fires he wears a fireman's uniform, and our photograph depicts the popular parson in this garb. Mr. Brooke is one of those who believe in exercising the body as well as the mind, and is an all-round athlete. He is captain of the Pembury cricket team, a strong village eleven which supplied a new player, Seymour, to the Kent County Eleven.

Asiatic Seamen in British Ports.

The many and great opportunities for the evangelisation of the heathen on our own shores are little realised. Under our own flag 30,000 Asiatic seamen, of whom 10,000 are Chinese, annually enter the principal ports of the United Kingdom, and serve in British ships. The Japanese seamen come mainly under their own flag. Once a fortnight a large Nippon Yusen Kaisha steamer, manned by about 110 sailors, spends a week in Tilbury Docks, and then proceeds for a week to Middlesbrough-on-Tees, and after going to Antwerp comes back to London before returning to Japan. Smart Japanese men-of-war's men frequently come over to take back the destroyers and new battleships built in England. A Japanese Christian of ten years' standing was engaged by the Missions to Seamen in 1898 as a reader and friend to these strangers, too often, like other sailors, a prey to land sharks. "You my friend," one of them had just sufficient knowledge of the English language to say to an English voluntary worker when he

found himself and his money rescued from crimps. "I have heard of Christianity in Japan," another remarked in the presence of forty of his own countrymen who had been listening to an address in the Seamen's Institute at Poplar, "but I never paid much attention to it; now, however, that I find it makes Christian people so kind, I will study it more, and I will become a Christian." He was one of a number who had come to England in the light garments suitable for the Land of the Rising Sun, but which were no protection against the damp and cold of a London winter, and they had been much gratified by gifts of warm mufflers which kind hands had knitted for sailors and despatched for distribution in the Port of London. Charity is a Christian virtue that the shivering Buddhist strangers could appreciate. Many have written their thanks from their own country. It is interesting to know that systematic work has been started for Japanese sailors in other ports, and that at Yokohama a Japanese reader is employed amongst native crews. Japan bids fair to be one of the greatest maritime powers, and to make her influence felt throughout the world. It is important that that influence should be in support of Christianity.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from June 30th, 1903, up to and including July 27th, 1903. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* "A Friend," 10s.; L. R., Newcastle, 5s.; W. H. M., 5s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "Bradford," 5s., 2s. 6d.: "Anonymous," Great Barrington, 3s. 11d. The following amounts have been sent direct:—"Reta," £5; "Gracedieu," £1 7s. 6d.; J. Smith, 3s. 6d.; A. W., 2s. 6d.

For *The Children's Country Holidays Fund:* "A Reader of THE QUIVER," 10s.; "An Old Ramsay Reader," 5s.; M. Smith, Blackheath, 2s. 6d.; B. S. S., 1s. 6d.

"THE QUIVER" WAIFS' FUND.

Balance Sheet for the Year ending June 30th, 1903.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand on June 30th, 1902	20	0	2	By Amount paid to Dr. Barnardo	16	0	0
Subscriptions received and acknowledged in the pages of THE QUIVER since last Balance Sheet	17	4	0	,, Miss Sharman	15	0	0
Transfer from THE QUIVER Christmas Stocking Fund, December 31st, 1902	1	18	10	Balance in hand on June 30th, 1903	8	3	6
	£39	3	6		£39	3	6

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

121. In what way does St. Peter say that suffering is beneficial to us?

122. What character does St. Peter give of the Greeks and Romans at the time in which he lived?

123. By what means is the Christian to conquer the lusts of the flesh?

124. What was the effect on King Saul of his disobedience to God's commands?

125. What was remarkable in the character of Jonathan son of Saul?

126. What word used by Samuel expresses the guiding principle of his life?

127. In what way did David desire to give glory to God after he had been crowned King?

128. What breach of God's command caused a sad disaster at the bringing up of the Ark?

129. What preparation did David make for the reception of the Ark at Jerusalem?

130. What was the great desire of David after he was finally settled as King in Jerusalem?

131. Why was not King David permitted to build the Temple?

132. What promise of the Messiah as coming of the seed of David was given to the King?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 1024.

109. Jealousy because of David's popularity, which was shown by Saul's frequent attempts to kill David. (1 Sam. xviii. 7-11, 25).

110. Saul's jealousy of David was so great that it changed his whole character, and he became possessed of an evil spirit of revenge. (1 Sam. xviii. 5, 9, 12).

111. Because a great friendship had sprung up between Jonathan and David. (1 Sam. xviii. 1-4, and xx. 30-33).

112. That Jonathan should protect David from his father's anger and enable him to escape, and that David when he became king was to show kindness to Jonathan and his descendants. (1 Sam. xx. 8, 13-17).

113. He caused all the priests of the city of Nob to be put to death, together with the women and children. (1 Sam. xxii. 13, 18-19).

114. Twice—once at Engedi when Saul was asleep in a cave, and afterwards when Saul was encamped in the wilderness of Ziph. (1 Sam. xxiv. 3-5, and xxvi. 7-10).

115. To the country of the Philistines, where Achish, King of Gath, gave him the town Ziglag in which to dwell with his six hundred followers. (1 Sam. xxvii. 2-4).

116. They cut off the head of King Saul and sent it round about to the idol temples as a proof of their victory, and finally placed it in the temple of Dagon. (1 Sam. xxxi. 9, and 1 Chron. x. 16).

117. They went by night and took down the bodies of Saul and of his three sons from the walls in the street of Bethshan and brought them to Jabesh and buried them. (1 Sam. xxxi. 11-13).

118. The word "Bow" is to be understood as the name of the song or lamentation which the people were to be taught to sing in memory of Saul and Jonathan. (2 Sam. i. 18).

119. David was crowned king first at Hebron, where he reigned for seven years and six months as King of Judah only. (2 Sam. ii. 4, 11).

120. After a civil war of five years, at the death of Ishbosheth the son of Saul, the whole of the tribes came to David and anointed him as their king. (2 Sam. iii. 1, and v. 1-5).

XUM

UNIV. OF MICH.

XUM



FOR THE FOLD.

(From the Painting by W. B. Fortescue.)

BIBLE BLOOMS.

By the late Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

THE charm of association is more powerful than any other charm, idealising and beautifying the humblest object. Memorial plants which grow amid scenes consecrated by the poet's song, or the hero's devotion, have ever a wondrous power of appeal to our deepest sympathies. Especially is this the case with everything connected with that unique land whose very dust is dear to all Christian hearts, whose flowers attracted the admiration of our Lord, and were canonised by Him in lessons of undying wisdom. The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley are more precious to us because they were deemed worthy to form emblems of Him Who was altogether lovely. As the streams in an Alpine region run conscious of the mountains, as every flower and moss has something more than its own beauty or charm, when it grows in the shadow or in the light of those purple ranges that seem the commingling of heaven and earth, so the light of that remarkable Book—so human, yet so divine—sheds a halo of the deepest interest over every plant on which it rests. We gather with the flowers, over which the shadow of the God Man must sometimes have fallen, more and other beauty than that which the dew and the sunshine of heaven had nourished in them.

The Holy Land is one of the richest countries of the world in flowers. Dr. Tristram called it "the Garden of Eden run wild." The season of universal bloom lasts only a few weeks, but the visitor who happens to be in the land at the time sees the ground everywhere almost hidden by a perfect blaze of flowers, which impart form and colour to regions that would otherwise be tame and monotonous. Even on the barest and stoniest spots they suddenly open up, by their glowing coronets and graceful foliage, strikingly contrasting with the nakedness and sober hue of the land-



THE SCARLET ANEMONE.

scape, Bethel revelations of a higher world of beauty, as if the Elysian fields of asphodel and amaryllis had come down to earth.

And yet living in such a land of flowers, engaged in the various employments of rural life as shepherds and farmers, and therefore necessarily brought into closest contact with them, the strange thing is how little mention is made of them by the Bible writers. It would seem that when they felt the impulse of inspiration, their love of Nature and their use of natural imagery were kept within narrower limits than they might otherwise have preserved by an all-compelling sense of God's majesty. Each writer, wholly occupied with his consciousness of the Divine presence, hurries on from the natural object to something higher beyond it, of which it is the mere shadow, from the illustration to the spiritual truth which it is intended to convey and enforce. There is no artistic admiration of Nature as Nature; no dwelling with fond subjectiveness upon any of its beauties, as we find in the works of our own poets. The poetic materials borrowed from the natural world which are strewn over their pages were employed by them only to express their higher thoughts of God—as a pictorial language of trust, prophecy, or prayer, never for the sake of their own intrinsic interest or individual peculiarities.

This is the sublime characteristic of Hebrew literature, which separates it from all other literature; and for this very reason there is a certain indefiniteness about Scriptural illustrations derived from the vegetable kingdom when they are treated as independent subjects of research. They are floated so rapidly past us on the impetuous stream of the narrative, that we obtain only a hurried and vague glimpse of their forms. In that solemn majestic drama in which mankind and angels, and God Himself, are actors, we have not that minuteness of detail, and that rich fulness of colouring, which characterise other less important histories.

Our Lord's words enjoining us to consider the lilies of the field how they grow, are the only tender ones about flowers in all the Bible. Trees and their products, their foliage and fruits, harvests of corn, and vineyards of grapes, and fields of grass are often alluded to, but hardly anything is said regarding blossoms. The literary world of Scripture does not reflect, as in a mirror, the gay variegated hues of the natural world in the midst of which it was formed. Rather is it a uniform green realm which meets our eye on the sacred page, like the flowerless sombre world which preceded the coming of man upon the earth ere Nature turned her smiling countenance, radiant with the dawn of blossoms, to the sun. Even in the descriptions of heaven we read only of the beauty of flashing gems, and see nothing of the soft living beauty of flowers. We behold, indeed, in the midst of the streets of the heavenly city a tree of life, with medicinal leaves and twelve manner of fruits; but we miss in the fields of living green, and around the living fountains of waters, the flowers that have no purpose to serve but to delight the eye and bring sweet thoughts to the mind by their beautiful idleness.

To Christianity we owe our modern intense delight in the beauty of Nature. The coming of Christ has brought the world of flowers into a new and closer relation to the human world. He Himself loved the blossoms which cast their lovely crowns at His feet, as He walked over the weary pathways of Palestine; and many a sorrowful hour did they soothe and sustain by their heavenly suggestions, which He alone could interpret. He lifted the veil which before His advent had obscured their significance, and revealed them to us in their true nature. He Who knew the mind of their Creator and Preserver had invested them with a new and higher interest, as not only the handiwork of God, but also as the token of His smile, and the expressions of His heart, no less fully charged in their own way with His communications to mankind than the pages of the Written Word.

Instead of mentioning all the flowers alluded to in the Bible, let me single out and describe more fully three of the most characteristic and significant, viz. the lily of our Lord, the almond blossom, and the pomegranate. What was the identical flower that attracted the special admiration of Jesus, when He bade His disciples "Consider the lilies how they

grow"? His custom always was to draw His teaching from the object that happened at the moment to be under His eye; and He must therefore have wished the particular flower upon which He gazed to form the text of His great generalisation in regard to the whole order to which it belonged. Various conjectures have been formed as to this; but the probability is that it was the *scarlet anemone*, not a lily in the technical sense at all, but with a lily-like or petaliferous calyx. I saw it flourishing in myriads on the Horns of Hattin, where the Sermon on the Mount was delivered; and it must have been in full bloom there when our Saviour stood on the spot. Red was the royal colour in the East; and therefore the scarlet anemones must have suggested to our Lord the robes of Solomon; and certainly never on any king's garments was there such a wealth of glory diffused as on the Mount of Beatitudes, decked with a wonderful profusion of these flowers.

On the plains of Sharon, which we traversed on the way to Jerusalem, there was a still more lavish wealth of anemones. I never saw such a gorgeous spectacle in all my life. It was worth going all the long way from home to see this alone. The fields for twenty miles, uninterrupted by a single hedgerow or division wall, were covered with them, as if the land was on fire. They glowed in the vivid sunshine, that made their soft velvety petals almost transparent, like flames in the heart of a furnace. Our party began to gather them at first at every halt, completely intoxicated with delight at their dazzling beauty; but so vast was the abundance that familiarity had its usual effect upon us, and they subsequently retreated into the background of our consciousness, though they added vastly, all the same, to our insensible enjoyment of the Palestinian landscapes.

A deeper meaning may be discerned in our Lord's reference to these flowers than appears on the surface. In botanical language they are known as *naked* flowers; for they have no green calyx or ruff behind the petals as in most other flowers. And it would seem as if our Lord drew special attention to this peculiar feature of nakedness; for it is antithetically to it that He says that the flower is *clothed* with more than Solomon's splendour. It looks naked for want of the usual clothing of flowers; but God has given it in compensation a petaliferous calyx—a calyx which, instead of being green and sober as is usual, is as bright and gay with colour as the flower itself—nay, brighter and gayer. So that literally when unadorned the flower is adorned the most, and the part that has least honour has the most bestowed upon it. If it requires special knowledge to appreciate the full aptness and significance of this point in our Lord's reference, it teaches us that the deeper our study of God's works, the more we shall find in them, the greater will be our insight into their meaning. We shall see wonderful things out of God's law in Nature and in grace. He who is the Truth embodies all truth in His words; and if we know all that can be known of the flower in the crannied wall, its root and stem, its leaf and bloom, we shall know, as the poet says, what God and man is.

Then, too, what wonderful significance lies in the little phrase in which our Lord draws our attention to the floral spectacle. He does not say that the whole Mount of Beatitudes around Him, blazing at the time with myriads of scarlet anemones, was more glorious than the royal array of Solomon. He says, on the contrary, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like *one* of these." He does not look with admiration and tenderness merely at the general aspect of the whole crimsoned field before His eye, at the common mass of flowers. He singles out the individual flowers—"like one of these." What loving special regard! What profound, far-reaching significance is there in that one little sentence! He Who spoke the beautiful parable of the lilies spoke the equally beautiful parable of the good Shepherd, who left the ninety and nine sheep in the fold, and went out into the wilderness in search of the one that had strayed; and said it is not the will of your Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish. He enters into personal relations with each human being. He knows us not in the mass only, but individually. He calls each human being by name, and leads him out of the crowd, and distinguishes him by special personal dealings.

One of the most charming flowers of Palestine is the almond blossom. It is

the first to awake from its winter sleep, and to announce the dawn of the floral year by its faint roseate hues. The Hebrew name of Shakaid, or Watcher, was given to it owing to this circumstance. It watched for the earliest signs of Nature's renewal; and whenever its shell-like pink blossoms unfolded themselves to the February sunshine, it indicated that the dangers of the stormy season were over, and that the calm settled weather had come when the tenderest growths of Nature were safe from the frost and the snow.

Over the low stony hills of Judea it grows, as it always did, in great luxuriance. The village of Bethany in early spring is embosomed in roseate masses of almond blossoms, which look like sunset clouds fallen from the sky and entangled among the trees, and whose living beauty contrasts vividly with the hoary ruins among which they spring up. And four miles northward on the Damascus road is the lonely, desolate site of the ancient Anathoth, the birthplace and priestly inheritance of Jeremiah. In the days of the prophet it was covered with almond trees, whose blossoms appearing on the naked branches, before the foliage, suggested the form which the heavenly vision assumed, in which the prophetical call was addressed to him. It was the spring-time of the year, and the almond trees were in full blossom; and He Who had formerly appeared to Moses in a flame of fire in the midst of an acacia bush, one of the ordinary bushes that grew on the side of the mountain, now appeared to Jeremiah associated with a branch of an almond tree that blossomed with symbolical significance, and a mysterious voice came out of it, assuring the prophet that as Nature was true to the exact times of her annual renewals, so God would hasten His word to perform it. What a beautiful association! Whenever the prophet again saw the almond in blossom, he would be reminded of the certainty of God's fulfilment of His promise.



THE ALMOND BLOSSOM.

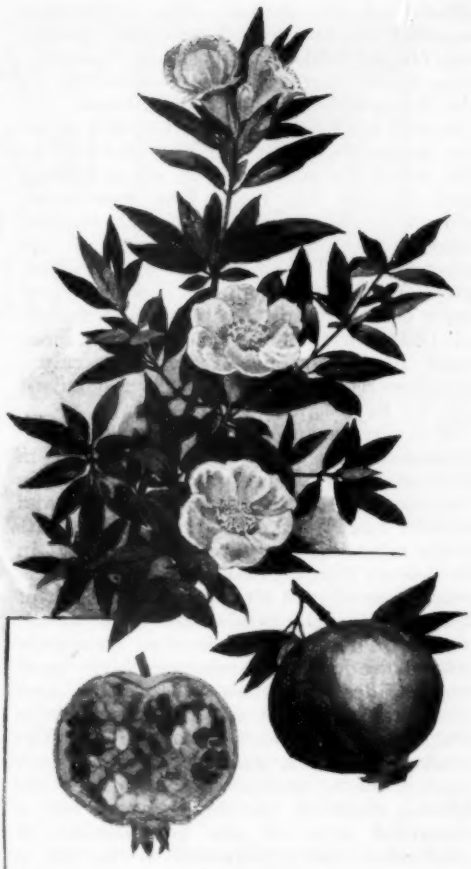
The almond tree that budded was preserved as part of the regalia of Israel in the Ark of the Tabernacle, to serve as a memorial of the Divine settlement of the dispute that had arisen as to which tribe of Israel was entitled to the high priesthood, with all its honours and privileges. Each head of the great houses of Israel was required to bring his ancestral staff, the symbol of his authority, made of the branch of an almond tree, and lay it up all night before the ark of the Lord in the Tabernacle. In the holy place, in the darkness that was in a peculiar sense the shadow of God's wing, the heap of rods was piled up, long cut from the parent tree, utterly dry and dead, away from the sunshine that quickens the vital actions of the living branch. And in the morning the only rod that had blossom on it was the one that belonged to Aaron. In this way the question was decided for ever that Aaron and his house were to be the hereditary high priests of Israel. What an appropriate symbol of the Divine election was the blossoming rod! It indicated the spirit of self-sacrifice which belonged to the priestly office.

What is the meaning of every blossom in Nature? Is it not self-sacrifice? So long as a plant puts forth branches and leaves only, it lives entirely for itself, and can perpetuate its selfish existence indefinitely. But when it puts forth a blossom it has regard to another life that is to spring

from it, and in this unselfish effort terminates its own existence; for every plant, when it blossoms and ripens its fruit, has fulfilled the great end of its life.

A blossom is an abortive branch, the vegetative, selfish growth being arrested and metamorphosed into the unselfish, reproductive growth. And is it not instructive to notice that it is in this self-sacrifice of the plant that all its beauty comes out and culminates? The blossom and the fruit in which it gives its own life for another, are the loveliest of all its parts. God has crowned this self-denial and blessing of others with all the glory of colour, and the grace of form, and the sweetness of perfume, and the richness of nourishment. And so the almond rod of Aaron was to blossom and fruit under the blessing of God, not for its own good alone, but for the good of all Israel. The conspirators sought the office of the high priesthood from selfish motives of ambition. It was the honours and endowments connected with it that they coveted. They cared not for the privilege of Divine service and doing good to their fellows which it conferred. They lost sight altogether of the spiritual nature of the office, and valued only its material advantages. They were thus seeking their own, not the things of others, and their rods, in consequence of their utter selfishness, continued barren; they produced no buds or blossoms, or fruit, which are the symbols and the rewards of self-sacrifice. The ancestral staff was to be used by them merely as a rod of power to rule over their brethren, for their own glory and aggrandisement.

And the analogy of self-sacrifice indicated by the conversion of a leaf into a blossom in the case of every flowering plant, is in the almond blossom made more emphatic by the blossom appearing not instead of but before the leaf, and thus postponing the claim of the present to that of the future, Nature being more careful of the type than of the single life. For the safety of the plant being endangered by the severe variable weather of early spring, Nature hastens to do the most important thing first—to produce the blossom upon which the propagation of the plant depends, and afterwards, when more settled weather prevails, she can produce the foliage at her leisure.



THE POMEGRANATE.

Another of the prominent blossoms of Palestine is the pomegranate, which is the product not of a tree, but rather of a large bush, common everywhere over all the land. The beautiful appearance presented by its scarlet flowers, its dark green glossy foliage, its rosy-cheeked fruit filled with pearly seeds enveloped in a luscious crimson pulp, appealed strongly to the imagination of Eastern people, and caused it at a very early period to be invested with mystical qualities. It was one of the most characteristic plants of Palestine, and summed up in itself all the beauty and fruitfulness of Nature, and therefore in the worship of the sun, which was the oldest and most widespread superstition of the land, the blossom and fruit were

offered at his shrine. The indigenous name of the sun-god among the Syrians was *Hadad*, which was bestowed upon the king as the highest earthly authority—in the form of Benhadad, Hadad-ezer, etc. Coupled with *rimmon*, the Hebrew name for pomegranate, it pointed him out as the god of the pomegranate, whose beauty and richness his beams had nourished, after whom places like Gath-rimmon, Emrimmon were called, on account of the abundance of pomegranate trees which grew in their vicinity. Temples were built in its honour, like the great temple at Damascus where Naaman the leper paid his devotions. With its calyx-crowned fruit the tree is easily recognised on the Egyptian sculptures.

It is a remarkable thing that the pomegranate, which was so conspicuous in ancient Nature-worship, should have been transferred to the religion of Israel, and should have had carved models of its fruit adorning the tops of the pillars in Solomon's Temple, and embroidered representations of it in blue, purple, and scarlet ornamenting the hem of the high priest's ephod. Thus what the heathen aborigines had degraded in connection with their impure ideas and rites was purified, and consecrated anew to a higher symbolism in the service of the God of Israel. The alternating of a golden bell with each pomegranate around the hem of the official dress of the high priest was a beautiful type of the combination of profession and fruitfulness in the life of him who becomes the servant of God. Not fruit alone without profession, and not profession alone without fruit, but the harmonious union of them in all our walk and conversation; and our fruit itself should be like that of the pomegranate, in which the seeds are enveloped in a sweet, juicy pulp, each seed having its own pulp; not all sweetness only, but all sweetness and seed; not all seed only, but all seed and sweetness; sweetness to mark the beauty of the Christian character, and seed with which to disseminate and perpetuate it.

And He Who appeared to the beloved disciple in the heavenly vision at Patmos, as walking among the seven golden candlesticks, is clothed with the same priestly dress; for in the original Greek of the Revelation it is *poderes*, which is the name given to the robe of the ephod in the Septuagint. It must therefore have had on its skirts an alternating bell and pomegranate, symbol of the most perfect and harmonious manner in which He as our representative fulfilled on earth, and carried up to heaven, the profession of His faith and the devotion of His life. And He is pictured as coming out of the holiest in this significant dress to investigate the character and ways of His churches on earth; and saying of each of them, notwithstanding the loudness of its piety, "I know thy works."

It is curious how a flower and a fruit in ancient times sacred to religion should have come in our day to be associated with the most common uses of everyday life. The Portuguese give to the pomegranate a modification of its old Phœnician name, *roma*, *romano*, which is manifestly derived from the Hebrew *rimmon*; and from this word, too, come the Italian and French names for the steelyard, *romano* and *romaine*, because the Syrian counterbalance had the form of a pomegranate.

From the Greek name of the blossom, *balaustion* (probably also an oriental importation), it is well known that the Italian *balustrada*, and our English word balustrade, have come. It got this name from the top of the rails of which the balustrade is composed being originally carved in the shape of the pomegranate blossom. Thus it may be said that the balance of our equity, and the balustrade that guards our way, are shaped after the similitude of the pomegranate blossom and fruit which is on our robe of profession, and is the symbol of the fruitfulness of our Christian character. The city of Granada, founded by the Moors or Phœnicians, is called after the pomegranate, or *Pomum granatum*, the figure of which is adopted in the arms of the city, and adorns all its streets and public buildings. And so the place where every Christian dwells should be a Granada, and have for its symbol the grained apple, stamped upon all the things with which we have to do!



Being the History of the Adventures of Three Englishmen in Spain at the time of the Great Armada. Written by Rupert Hamstead, second son of Sir Richard Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor, situated near Barnet in the County of Hertford, and now first set before the public by

JOSEPH HOCKING,

Author of "Lest We Forget," "The Purple Robe," "All Men Are Liars," "Mistress Nancy Molesworth," Etc. Etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LOVE OF A GIPSY MAID.

"WHAT are these matters, John Trenoweth?" I asked, as soon as we three were alone together.

"This," said John Trenoweth: "the Great Armada is in the mouth of the Tagus, and ready to sail."

"How know you?" I asked, for I had heard that it was not to leave until August.

"The Lord hath been good to us," replied the Cornishman. "Again and again hath He delivered us out of the lion's mouth. Think of it, my masters, think of it, and let us rejoice."

"Aye, we do rejoice," I replied; "but how know you that the Great Armada is in Lisbon Harbour? It is true I learned but little while in Seville, but a gaoler told me that owing to the illness of Don Alonza de Guzman, Duke of Medina Sidonia, it would not sail until August."

"Aye, so it hath been diligently reported," replied the Cornishman, "for we heard the same news at Seville; but there hath been brought to the gipsy camp this night one who knows."

"Who?" I asked.

"He to whom we owe our liberty, if I am not mistaken," said John; "the young priest who visited us in Toledo, he whom the señorita prevailed upon to obtain clemency for my dear Esther's mistress, and who brought a letter from the King on the day of the burning at Toledo. Aye, and he who caused the arm of the wooden image to be raised in the Papist church where we were judged."

"Padre Iago Alicante!" I cried; "is he here?"

"Aye, he is here. He followed us from Seville."

"It is strange we should not have seen him" I said.

"He was afraid," replied the Cornishman. "In truth, the man is well-nigh bereft of his senses, seeing he is a priest, and an honest man at the same time. Well, scarcely had we reached this hill, than he came to the brother of the maid Inez, and asked that he might see the señorita. This the gipsy refused; then he asked that he might see Master Killigrew or Master Hamstead. Again the gipsy refused, for he said you were all at supper, and might not be disturbed by a begging friar. At this he pleaded so hard that the gipsy at last consented for him to see me."

"And have you seen him?"

"Aye, I have seen him."

"And why did he tell you of the sailing of the Great Armada?"

"Because he desires to see you and the señorita. I fancy he thought that, as the

bearer of such news, you would give him a hearing."

"And where is he now?"

"He is in one of the many caves with which this mountain is honeycombed."

"Shall we see him, Mawgan?"

"Aye," replied the young Cornishman, who had been listening, I thought, absently. "Say, Rupert, do not all these things mean that we must now seek means to return to England, and with all speed?"

"That they do," replied Trenoweth. "It is true we have been safe and well treated here, but we be living like rabbits instead of men, and although they have been so kind I love not these gipsies."

"But for them we had not been alive by this," replied Mawgan sharply; "think well of that, John Trenoweth."

"Aye, I have thought of it," replied the Cornishman, "but I long to take my dear maid to a Christian land, and to marry her in a Christian church. And I do long to take her dear mistress back to her father."

"Aye, and I believe you would have tried to go, leaving Rupert and the señorita here in Spain, had we all been willing," said Mawgan, a little angrily, I thought.

"As to that, Master Mawgan," said John Trenoweth, "I do not deny that my heart is fair sore for the sight of a Christian land. I want to hear a Christian tongue, and eat Christian meat; but I say it plainly that, though you be my master, that you do tell a lie when you say that I would go home without Master Rupert. I do not say anything about the Spanish maid, for I believed that she was willing to sell her own mother for the sake of the lying Jesuits; but in this I was mistaken, and I take leave to ask her pardon. All the same, I like not these gipsies, and now I say it is time for us to plan how to get back home."

"The gipsies have been good to you," retorted Mawgan.

"Aye, Master Mawgan, in their own godless way they have, and that is one reason why I do wish to get back, for I have not lived with closed eyes."

"What do you mean?" asked Mawgan.

"I do mean that the black-eyed maid called Inez is dangerous," replied John; "I do mean that she hath been good to us, because of her fancy for you, and, what is more, you have begun to make a fool of yourself, Master Mawgan."

I saw the blood mount to the young Cornishman's face, and so, to bring the conversation back to the business in hand, I asked John Trenoweth to bring the young priest to us.

A few minutes later we stood face to face with Iago Alicante, and as I looked at him my heart was moved with a great pity. He was worn almost to skin and bone, and so much had his mind been wrought upon that he seemed well-nigh out of his senses.

"God bless you, Ruperto Hamstead, for letting me speak to you," he said; "but hath the Lord softened your heart towards the Church?"

"Do you think my heart can soften, knowing what I do?" I asked.

"I cannot understand it," he said, like one musing. "I cannot understand it. For many months you have borne a charmed life; even when the anger of the Church hath been aroused you have——But who am I that I should question these things? God grant that He may not allow you to suffer the greater damnation because of this. Oh, señor, is it not better to suffer the flames here than eternal flames in hell?"

"You are over-wrought, Padre," I said, "and I care not to talk with you concerning these things. You told our friend here that you knew many things concerning the Great Armada."

"Nay, I know nothing, save that it is to sail without delay, perhaps in two days, perhaps in twenty. This I know, because directly after the King passed judgment on you three days ago Father Parsons and Father Sanchez started for Lisbon that they might meet the rest of the Holy Fathers in the *Iglesia Major*."

"Why desire they this?" I asked.

"Because the Armada is going to England in a holy cause," answered the young priest; "because their work is like unto that of the Crusaders of olden time. Therefore the Standard is to be blessed by Holy Church, and afterwards committed to the charge of the well-beloved Don Alonzo de Guzman El Bueno, while every galleon is to be made not only a ship of war, but a temple of the Church. Would to God I were worthy to take my place with the rest, and in the day of battle perform the rites of the Church to the wounded and the dying."

"And are you not worthy?" I asked.

"Worthy!" he cried. "I who am now a fugitive from the Church's righteous anger, I who have been a Judas to my calling. But what can I do, what can I do?"

There was such madness in his eyes, and such agony in his voice, that no man, however hard hearted he was, could help pitying him.

"Señor Hamstead," he continued, "can I speak to you alone? I have that to say which is only for your ears. Ah, God forgive me!"

When we were alone together, I thought he seemed more calm and collected; nevertheless, the same tone of agony was in his voice, while his whole body trembled like fallen leaves in autumn time.

"Brother Ruperto," he said, "ought I, think

you, to see the Señorita de Valencia again, to look into her eyes once more before the darkness falls on me?"

"Why may you not?" I asked, for I understood not what was in his mind.

"Ah! you do not know. I am a priest, Brother Ruperto; I have taken my vows. And yet I love her—ah, how I love her! Not that I have spoken of it to her—I have not sunk so low as that. But I worship the ground she walks upon, I live only in the light of her eyes. Because of that I have been her slave, because of that I have done her will, even when it hath been sin—blasphemy, sacrilege! I, a priest of God, knew that she sought to outwit the Jesuits, and save her mother; and yet I aided her. I was the man who brought the King's message on the day when the English serving woman was to have been burned. I, God forgive me! caused a false image to be placed on the altar of El Christo de la Vega! I caused the arm to be raised—aye, I did, I did! And all because I love her, and because her slightest will is law to me! I ought not to have been a priest, for at heart I am a soldier. And yet what could I do? Oh, I have fought and struggled and prayed! I have vowed again and again that I would refuse to do her bidding, and yet have I been but a child when she hath expressed a wish. Thus I brought your swords on the day you left Toledo, I arranged everything; aye, God forgive me, I did all these things!

"Oh, do not mistake me, neither by word nor sign have I told her of my love; yet must she know of it, for I have obeyed her as blindly as a dog obeys its master. Oh, you can pity me, Brother Ruperto, for you love her also! But she is not for you, and she is not for me. She hateth you—that I know; while I am but the instrument by which she hath worked her will. I am no more to her than the key by which she openeth a door, a mere instrument by which she worketh her will. Yet for her have I been false to my vows, for her I have lost my soul. Yet God knows I could not help myself. I could no more help loving her than a bird can help flying."

"Then will God forgive you," I said.

"Ah, you are a heretic, and know not the truth, Brother Ruperto. Why, knowing that my love for her meaneth everlasting perdition to me, yet have I followed her here!"

"How knew you she was here?" I asked.

"I followed Pablo Toledo; besides, I knew of the gipsies in Seville, and then—Oh, God help me! but I seem to know where she is; I am drawn to her even as a needle is drawn to a magnet! I long to speak to her again, and yet ought I, brother, ought I?"

"If you feel it a sin, ought you?" I made answer, for although he was so sad, so helpless—aye, and although I pitied him—jealousy was in my heart.

"And yet would I love to speak to her again. I would love to tell her that no sin attacheth to her, I would love to absolve her from those things which weigh upon her heart. I can do that, I can do that; I am still a priest!"

"And after that," I asked, "what will you do?"

"Ah, yes, I must tell you that. There is one hope for me, Brother Ruperto. I have a brother in Lisbon. He is my eldest brother, and a great lord. He hath much power, and could I but gain his ear he would send an escort to take me to a monastery in Castilia, where I could perchance, by a life of prayer, escape the doom I have brought upon myself. But I cannot go to him, for I am a fugitive from the anger of the Church, and I know I am being sought for. Yet that is my only hope."

Concerning this and other matters we spoke long and earnestly, for the desire he had uttered was one which I wanted him to realise.

Now concerning many of the things which took place while we were in the gipsy caves in the hill outside Granada, I will not speak at length, for they have naught to do with this history. Never once did I go into the city, for I felt sure that the King's spies would be there; yet could I see the Alhambra from the gipsy encampment, although the beauties of the wondrous palace which the Moors had built were unknown to me. Moreover, I spent only three days there, because Mawgan Killigrew had a plan whereby we could all go back to England. And this, as I afterwards discovered, was suggested to him by the king of the gipsies at Granada, who was the uncle of Inez.

"It is a fine plan, Rupert," said Mawgan eagerly. "The old gipsy knoweth of a man in Almeria, which is a small port only a night's journey from here, who hath a vessel which trades between there and the coast of France. When we once touch French soil we shall be safe. There is but little friendship between France and Spain, and so we can travel from Marseilles to Bordeaux right speedily. Think of it, man! I shall be back in time to strike a blow for our country."

"But when we land at Marseilles," I said, "what shall we do? We shall need horses as well as money, and we have neither."

"They will be provided," said Mawgan, but he looked not straight into my eyes.

"How, and by whom?" I asked, noting his downward gaze.

"The gipsies are rich," said Mawgan, "and Inez hath much power."

"And what is to become of her?" I asked.

"I shall ask her to go with us," he replied.

"To England?"

"Ay, to England, as my wife."

"Mawgan!"

"Ay, but I shall, Rupert. Already have I spoken to the old king here, and he is willing."

"But, Mawgan, think of your father, think of what you owe to your name."

"I have thought of it," said the young Cornishman, "and I am determined. I have learnt to love her, and no man was ever loved as she loveth me. That I know, Rupert. Already have I spoken to her, and she hath consented to come with me."

Concerning this we talked much, but I could not alter his determination, and at length I desisted, for Mawgan was not a man to be thwarted when his heart was fixed.

And yet his hopes came to naught, for not long before the time came when it was arranged for us to take our departure she told him she would not go. Concerning much that she said I have no knowledge, for Mawgan would never tell me, but I knew that she told him that she loved him too well to wed him. That she was but a gipsy maid, and he a great English lord; therefore would she live her life among her own people, and in the sunny land where they had made their home. The young Cornishman's face was almost as haggard as that of Iago Alicante when he realised that she was in earnest, but although he pleaded ardently she did but turn a deaf ear.

"It is written in the book of fate, my lord," she said. "Last night, when the stars were shining, I inquired of him who readeth the heavens, and he told me it could not be. My lord remembers the night we first saw each other, when we danced together. Ah, my lord, the story we told in the dance was our story. My heart will beat only for my lord, and never shall another live by my side; but it is written that I cannot be my lord's wife."

During the three days we were in the gipsy encampment I did not once speak to the Señorita de Valencia. Neither for that matter did I see her, for so she had desired. She remained with her mother and Esther Truscott, and although I pleaded hard to hold converse with her, not one word would she speak until but an hour before the time of our departure.

"Señorita," I said, "a long, weary journey is before us, but I trust your troubles will soon be at an end. Once in England, we shall no longer need to fear."

"I go to England for my mother, and only for my mother" she said; "but for her I would dwell here, even though remaining here meant my death."

She looked so scornfully towards me as I spoke that my anger rose in me in spite of myself.

"You still love Spain, then?" I said bitterly.

"It is the land of faith," she said.

"When once you are in England," I replied, "your thoughts will be changed. Some day, when I see you in Cornwall, you will tell me that your life here seemed but a nightmare."

"If I see you there it will never be by my wish," she replied; "if ever I speak to you, it will be against my desire."

"Perchance my presence during the journey thither will also be hateful to you," I said.

"Surely there is no need for me to tell you that," she made answer; "you must know that the very thought of it makes life a burden."

At this I well-nigh lost control over myself, for her words cut me sorely.

"You need not fear, señorita," I said; "you shall not see me during the journey."

"You mean that you will not go with us?"

"I mean that," I replied, in tones as proud as her own. "Did I believe you would be in great danger I would still brave your anger, and accompany you. But the Spanish ships of war are now in Lisbon harbour, therefore will your passage from Almeria to Marseilles be peaceful. Besides, Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth will see that no harm comes to you."

"What will you do, then?" she asked, almost eagerly I thought.

"That can be naught to you," I replied. "Enough for you to know that since by your will you will not see me again, you will never see me against it. Our next meeting will be of your seeking and not mine."

"But your life is not worth a real in Spain," she replied. "You will be searched for everywhere, and—and——"

"That can be of no interest to you, señorita," I replied, and without another word I left her.

Of what I said to Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth I need not write; enough that I made them understand what was in my heart to do; and they, although they liked it not, yielded to my desires.

An hour after the gipsies led the way towards Almeria. I left the encampment carrying a letter written by Iago Alicante.

"I shall stay here for twenty days," said the

young priest as he gave it to me. "If no one comes to me during that time I shall know it is the will of God that I go back to Seville and suffer according to the Church's will. If, on the other hand, you be able to see my brother, I shall be able to spend my days in the monastery, and thus expiate my sins."

"I will see your brother," I said; "do not fear. You have done much for me, and now ——"

"Nay, I did nothing for you, Brother Ruperto; it was for her, all for her. But she is for neither of us—it is the will of God."

"*Adios*," I said, holding out my hand.

"Oh, if you would only repent," he cried, "then might we meet in Paradise. Even as it is I cannot believe that—that——"

But he did not finish his sentence; rather he turned away from me, and then fell on his knees to pray.

"He shall be guarded safely, Excellency," said Inez, who came to me as I left him. "He is but a mumbling monk, but my lord hath spoken his will."

"Good-bye, Inez," I said; "I must be in Malaga before morning."

"Aye, the night is full of clouds, yet shall you go in safety. Two of my people shall go with you, Excellency, both of whom are wary and strong."

I spoke not. Somehow I could not, for there was a tone in her voice which I had never heard before.

"You love my lord?" she said presently.

"Even as my own brother."

"It is well. Your Excellency hath a bleeding heart, even as I have."

"Aye," I replied, "you have spoken the truth."

"It taketh a wise man to read a woman's heart, Excellency, whether she be a gipsy or a dame of high degree. But there is a to-morrow, as well as a to-day, and in the land of silence the books of fate will be unrolled. A strong man must ever wait until his time comes. God go with you, *señor*."

"Go you also with God, Inez," I said; and then, with a sad heart, I started on my journey southward.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW I SAW THE GREAT ARMADA IN THE RIVER TAGUS.

IT may appear to some that I acted a madman's part when I refused to accompany my companions, simply because of the caprice of a half Spanish maid. And in truth, as I think of it now, I can well see how my determination was capable of such an explanation, especially in view of the fact that the plan to get from Almeria to Marseilles was well conceived, and easy of execution. I have not entered into any explanation of the details concerning this journey, seeing there is no need; nevertheless, everything was carefully thought out, and so well did it promise that I had no doubt but that they would reach French soil in safety. On the other hand, going to Lisbon was like putting one's head in a lion's mouth. The city was full of Spanish soldiers, to whom the very name of an Englishman was offensive, and as it was their purpose to sail to England in order to destroy English Protestants, root and branch, I knew that, should I be discovered in Lisbon, they would think they were doing the will of God by torturing me and burning me.

Nevertheless, when the señorita spoke in the fashion I have described, I felt there was no other course open to me. Nay, more; even before she avowed her hatred of my presence I had seriously contemplated this step, so that now it seemed to me as though the hand of God pointed in this direction.

The two things which determined me were these: First I desired very greatly to help Iago Alicante. I reflected much concerning the way he had served me, and although I felt like laughing at his fears concerning the anger of God, yet did I pity him sorely. It is true I heeded not the curses of the Church one whit, but to him they were weighty with unspeakable terror. When, therefore, as we talked together again and again concerning his desire to gain admission into a monastery, where his brother had great power, and where he could find peace through prayer and penance, I greatly longed to bring about the thing he desired. But this was not all. I wanted to see this great Armada, *La Armada Invencible*, as the Spaniards called it, and then get back to my own country with all the speed I might and tell Admiral Drake, and Sir Richard Grenville, and the rest of them, what we should have to fight.

Of my adventures in getting to Lisbon there is no need that I should write, nor, for that matter, is there much to relate, for truly I found but little difficulty. I arrived at Malaga the morning after my departure from Granada, where I found a Portuguese vessel just starting for Lisbon. As chance would have it, moreover, the captain was short-handed, and gladly availed himself of my offer to work my passage. Neither did he suspect me of being an Englishman; indeed, he took me for a gipsy rather than aught else, for not only did I wear the garb common to gipsies, but the two who accompanied me on my journey thither, also went with me to the wharf where the Portuguese boat was anchored.

I soon discovered, moreover, that although Portugal had been annexed to Spanish dominion, the Portuguese loved not the Spaniards; rather they hated them, and were even at this time planning to break away from Philip's power. Had I told the captain I was an Englishman, therefore, I doubt whether he would have betrayed me; nevertheless, I held my peace, for it is never wise to run foolish risks.

"When arrive we at Lisbon?" I asked one of the Portuguese officers, when at length the vessel had set sail, and the great castle on the hill just outside Malaga was fading slowly out of sight.

At first he hardly understood my question, for he knew but little of Spanish, and as I knew scarcely a word of Portuguese, I had to ask him in that language. At length I discovered that if the wind continued in our favour we ought to arrive there in three days.

"I fear we shall have much trouble in landing," he informed me presently.

"Aye, and why?" I asked.

"Because the Tagus is full of great ships of war," he replied, "and all other vessels will fare badly until they sail to England. Especially Portuguese vessels."

"But I thought all were under Spanish law, Portuguese as well as Spanish?"

"Aye," he replied; "yet doth the Spaniard treat the men of Portugal as though they were dogs. Curse them! You who have no country cannot feel as we do. Nevertheless, you too must hate the swaggering dons, for they have treated the gipsies with much cruelty."

"Aye," I replied; "think you they will conquer the English?"

"Ah, I hope not, I pray not. The English be not Catholics, but they be a brave people. Think of what the great Drake did not a year ago at Cadiz. But now—oh, it is a great fleet, a mighty fleet! Perchance we shall see it before it sails."

"When sails it?" I asked.

"Men say on the twenty-fifth day of the month," he replied. "If the wind continues with us, we shall enter the Tagus the day before."

"And how do the Spaniards treat your vessels?" I asked.

"Ah, they shrug their shoulders, they spit on us, but they let us pass. They say it dirties their hands to touch us. But there is a to-morrow."

Now this was greatly pleasing to me, for it gave me hope that I should enter Lisbon without trouble. In this, moreover, I was not disappointed; and, as the officer had predicted, we entered the mouth of the Tagus on the night of April 24th in the year of our Lord 1588. We made but slow headway up the river, and when day broke we were in the midst of a great sea of masts, and surrounded by the greatest display of battleships the world had ever seen.

No sooner was our boat anchored than, according to my arrangement with the captain, I went ashore, and then began to cast about in order to find Don Guzman de Alicante. I felt that I must act warily, or I should immediately be suspected; yet I did not feel that I was in the midst of enemies, for I was not long in discovering that the Portuguese in Lisbon neither hoped nor prayed for the success of the Great Armada. Nevertheless, as I looked at the mighty fleet, my heart sunk within me, for how, I thought, could even Drake, and Grenville, and Raleigh overcome such a mighty host?

It was barely daylight, and not many people were on the quay, but presently, seeing a man who looked like a Spaniard, I spoke to him.

"The quay is well-nigh empty, señor," I said.

"Aye, but the streets be full," he replied. "You be a stranger, or you would know."

"I have but lately come from Malaga," I replied, "and men there know not of the great doings here."

"Ah! that is so; yet soon shall the standard be blessed in the Iglesia Major, and in a few hours the great fleet will sail."

"To England?" I said.

"Aye, to England—where else? Are you a sailor, señor?"

"I have just come from the sea," I replied, noting with satisfaction the clothes I wore, and which I had obtained from one of the men with whom I had sailed.

"Was ever such a fleet known?" he said proudly. "I have come here to see it now before the great crowds come. Aye, but who can resist the Spaniard?"

"Think you they will overcome the English easily?" I asked.

"Can you doubt it, señor? Is there not here the might of the world? And yet——"

"Do you doubt?" I asked.

"The Duke of Medina!" he said scornfully. "A landsman—a fool! Fit to play with children, or to drive cattle to market—but to fight—tah! Still, what would you? Who are the English—who is any man—that he should resist the Spaniard? Besides, the cause is God's, and the battle will be His! What would you? The monks and priests and nuns have been praying for years, so what doubt can there be? Then look at the flags. See

the crosses, see the images of the Madonna, and the saints."

"Aye," I said quietly.

"Ah, you think of Drake and Cadiz," he said. "Ah, well, and so do I. But think of all the prayers; think of the army of priests who go. No cards, no dice, no pleasure. Every soldier and sailor hath been confessed and shriven. All quarrels are made up. Every morning the ships' boys will sing 'Good Morrow,' and every night the *Ave Maria*. Then think of the watch-words laid down for every day in the week: Sunday, Jesus; Monday, The Holy Ghost; Tuesday, The Holy Trinity; Wednesday, Santiago; Thursday, The Angels; Friday, All Saints; Saturday, Our Lady. What would you, I say? And yet I had more faith if we had another leader; aye, and if they had better provision and more powder."

"Have they not enough of these things?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Who can complain when the King speaks?" he said. "Besides, look at the vessels. See that galleon, with the great banner floating? That is *San Martin*, in which the duke shall sail! Aye, but one hundred and fifty priests to sixty doctors! it is badly arranged; but then I am not so religious as I should be—so the priests say."

"Still, it is a mighty fleet."

"Aye, a mighty fleet. One hundred and thirty ships. See those galleons, every one of them can carry a thousand tons, and the galliasses, the galleys! Think you, was ever the like seen before? Then, think, nine thousand seamen, all old sailors, and seventeen thousand soldiers, the best the world can produce! What can the English do? But I am told they are a brave people. They have kicked out the priests too! Ha, ha! But Padre Iago tells me I am not religious! Would you see the procession come from the *Iglesia Major*, señor? Now that I have looked on the great fleet, I go back and watch!"

Whereupon I went with him into the city, where every street was lined with soldiers, and where a great crowd stood hushed and expectant.

Presently we saw the procession, concerning which I have been asked many times to describe, for I am one of the very few Englishmen in the world who saw it. And in truth it was a great procession. First of all came many churchmen, before whom were carried banners portraying the glories of the Church, and after them came a great number of other ecclesiastics, who chanted prayers on their way. After these were princes, and nobles of high degree, who were followed by knights and squires from every part of Europe. In truth it was a gay company, and yet as they marched to the chanting of the priests it looked more like a great funeral procession than a mighty army going to battle.



"'Oh, you can pity me, Brother Ruperto.'"—*p.* 1129.

"There, that is the Cardinal Archduke!" said my companion. "Ah, he loves good wine! On his right hand is the Duke of Medina, while behind him is one of the faithful English. He is hated much there, I am told—Father Parsons!"

"Yes," I said quietly, although my blood ran cold as I saw him. "He looks more dead than alive, eh?"

"Ah, yes, but the English are a strange-looking race. Then what would you? Have they not defied the Church? Do they not allow a Jezebel to sit on the throne? Ah, there is Don Guzman de Alicante!"

"Doth he sail with the fleet?"

"No. Would that he did, aye, and commanded everything. But he hath quarrelled with the Duke of Medina."

And so he went on talking, while the great procession went from the church to the palace, where guns were fired, and from whence, after some little time, all the soldiers and sailors, together with their leaders, marched to their boats, and presently boarded the great galleons that lay anchored in the river. I had been told that they willed to leave Lisbon before noon, yet it was well-nigh sundown before the great fleet had left the harbour, and slowly sailed down the river.

As the Spaniard had said, it was a mighty fleet, and yet, the more I considered it, the less did I fear the results. And this not without reason, for not reckoning upon the fact that the English sailors had vastly gained in courage and confidence during the reign of our beloved Queen, and that they never knew when they were beaten, the Spanish sailors did not look as though they had great hopes. Report had it that many tried to desert, while there seemed little doubt, mighty as the fleet was, it was badly provisioned, both with food for the men as well as powder for the guns. Nevertheless, I longed greatly to hasten back to England in order to tell of what I had seen and heard, the which I presently, and without delay, set out to do.

Now, concerning my visit to Don Guzman de Alicante I will say nothing, save that after passing through many dangers I accomplished my purpose, and gained the assurance that the young Padre de Alicante should, at all events, be saved from the anger of the Church. Neither will I attempt to describe my journey from Lisbon to England, for while it was full of adventure, as well as many narrow escapes, it is not vitally connected with the body of this history. Moreover, were I to begin to describe what took place, I should find that I had committed myself to a recital well-nigh as long as what I have previously written. Suffice to say that after much hardship, and after facing many dangers, I arrived in Southampton waters, much wondering what the future would be, yet with a good heart within me withal. For during my own journey I had heard that the Great Armada had fared badly through bad weather and sickness. Report had it that the fleet had become scattered through great storms, and after losing a vast number of men through the lack of proper food, the Duke of Medina had put into Coruña, where he remained some time in order to hearten the fleet. I had also learnt that more than once the Admiral had been minded to give up the whole business, believing that God was against him, and showed His anger by sending bad weather. These, with many other things, did I learn, and I was about to start for Plymouth Hoe when, as chance would have it, I learned that a boat was about to set sail for Falmouth Harbour. As may be imagined, after telling something of my story to the captain, I found no difficulty in getting a passage thither; but though I pleaded hard I could not persuade him to land me at Plymouth, where I learned that my old friends were.

"I tell thee, Master Hamstead," said the captain, "right gladly would I call at Plymouth, but I must e'en go to Falmouth as fast as wind can carry me, for if what thou sayst be true, then if I get not there quickly I get not at all. If I have a chance to land thee I will, but if not, then must I take thee to Falmouth, where thou canst get a horse and ride to Sir Richard Grenville and the rest of them."

With this I had to be content, whereupon we set sail, and in due time we reached Falmouth. Now, seeing that it seemed the will of God that I should go to Falmouth, I made up my mind that I would go to Arwennack the same night; for, as will need no telling, I had wondered oft and much whether Mawgan Killigrew and John Trenoweth had succeeded in bringing the women home. In truth, as we passed the great headland which stands north of Pendennis Castle, I found my heart beating like mad at the thought that I was, perchance, near the woman I loved so much, although she had heaped such scorn upon me.

"Perchance I may see her in an hour or two," I said to myself, for it was now early morning, and I reckoned that by seven o'clock the people at Arwennack would be stirring.

This being so, I eagerly looked towards the great house as we sailed into the harbour, which, since Raleigh had spoken about it to Queen Elizabeth, had come somewhat into fame; and so intent was I upon what lay landward that I scarcely noted the sailors who stood on shore with their eyes seaward. When we drew up to the quay, however, I noted they were thinking of matters other than that of our incoming, and presently we found the reason.

"What may it be, Captain Retallick?" said one.

"Gor jay," said another, "but et might be as ef another country 'ad comed up out of the say droo the night."

I therefore looked in the direction towards which their eyes were set, and then my heart rose in my mouth.

"A boat!" I cried; "row me across the mouth of the bay and let us climb the headland"

At this, we made our way towards St. Anthony's point, and when we had reached the highest place I looked long and steadily seaward.

"What do 'ee make out ev et?" said one.

"Iss, maaster, do 'ee tell us, then," added another.

"The Spaniards!" I cried.

"Es et, then? Well, we be'ant afeard, maaster."

"No, thank God," I cried; "but Master Killigrew must know?"

"Iss, to be sure. What time es et now, then?"

"'Tis just turned six," I replied. "He will be abed yet; but you must go. Aye, and tell him that Master Rupert Hamstead hath come back from Spain, and that the first thing he saw on coming into the harbour was the Spanish fleet. It is miles long, and is shaped like a half moon."

"Aye, but Maaster Mawgan will be fine'n glad?"

"Is he back?" I asked eagerly.

"Iss, to be sure. He comed home a month agone, he and John Trenoweth, and three women; but he went off more'n a week agone to meet Admiral Drake at Plymouth."

"Well, go and tell Master Killigrew what I have told you. Master Rupert Hamstead, mind; don't forget the name. As for me, I must get a horse without a moment's waiting, and ride to Plymouth that I may tell Admiral Hawkins and Drake and the rest of them what we have seen."

"Aye, and God speed you Maaster Hamstead. I'll tell 'ee where you can get a hoss. Come with me to Penny-come-quick, and Maaster Luke Trevise 'll laive 'ee 'ave a hoss."

Half an hour later I was flying away from Falmouth as fast as a good horse could carry me, my heart all ablaze with the news I carried, yet sad withal because I had not set eyes upon the maid I was longing to see. It was, as I have said, a good horse I rode, and strong into the bargain, but I was not a light man, and so I could not ride him as fast as I longed. Yet did I cover the ground at a good rate, as may be expected. Only once did I stop, and that was at Lostwithiel, where I rested an hour, not for my own sake, but that the horse should not have to gallop on an empty belly, and because I did not believe that I should gain aught by killing the poor beast.

When I reached Plymouth the bells were ringing, as though there was the crowning of a new king.

"Ah," I thought, "they have not heard the news, or the people would not rejoice so." Still, I did not stop to tell any man what I knew, for I must needs tell my news first to Hawkins or Drake.

I rode straight to the Hoe, for I knew that much of the British fleet lay in the harbour beyond, and when I reached it I saw that the people were all agog with some great news.

"Who's this?" I heard a deep voice say.

"It's I, Rupert Hamstead, Sir Francis," I cried.

"Aye, and so it is," cried the great admiral. "You remember him, Hawkins—son of Sir Richard, and as good a fighter as I know of. Welcome lad, welcome! Aye, and what do you think, I've beaten the Port Admiral here, aye, beaten him hollow. I always told him that he could not match me at bowls. Now, then, tell me how you've fared my lad, for I've heard how you went to Spain to outwit the Dons in their own country, and to bring home English women."

"Another time I will tell you everything, Sir Francis," I cried, "but now I may not. I saw the Armada this very morning, Sir Francis, and Admiral Hawkins. It was coming up the Channel. I saw it off Menach Point, near Falmouth, and I've ridden like blazes to tell you."

"Aye, good lad; but we know it. A roystering fellow called Fleming was before you; nay, it is but half an hour since he was here. He saw it off the Lizard. We scarce knew if he spoke the truth, he is such a long-tongued rogue; but now we be sure. Well, thank God, I say."

"I did not think you could have known," I cried, all taken aback by the cool way he spoke.

"Why, lad?"

"Because you and the admiral were——"

"Playing bowls, eh? Ha! ha! You thought I should get flurried and not finish my game. I thought you knew me better, Rupert, lad. Why should I hurry, I say? We have a good cause, and we've good men. Why should we fear these Dons? I say God is on our side, and we fear not."

Now this put heart into me right away; for here was heartiness and courage which I did not see that day in Lisbon, and I felt that these men could no more be beaten than a lion could be beaten by a dozen yelping terriers.

"Nevertheless I have much to tell you, Sir Francis," I said. "I saw the Armada before it sailed out of Lisbon harbour. I know how many vessels there be, and how they be manned. I saw the Spaniards embark, Admiral."

"Mercy on us, did you! Then you be a lad who can tell us something. So come right away with us, lad, and tell us all that is in

your mind, for I can see that your eyes be blazing on account of the hotness of your heart."

After this I told him what I have written down here, and a great deal more concerning those things which I saw and heard in Lisbon, as well as of what I have been told concerning what took place when Admiral Medina had put out to sea.

"Thank you, lad, thank you!" they both said when I had done. "What you have told us is great news, and valuable news, and shall not be forgotten. And we shall beat them, lad, never fear! God hates this slavery of Popery, and hath decreed that England shall be once and for ever free from it. I tell thee, we will follow them to their doom; and although Pope and King have boasted, we will, by the blessing of God, show them that the Lord is on the side of freedom and of true religion."

"The Spaniards still smart because of what you did at Cadiz, Sir Francis!" I laughed, for somehow these sea-lions made my heart as light as a feather and as fearless as an eagle.

"Do they?" he laughed. "Eh, I said I would singe King Philip's beard, and I did. We could have done more, too, if her Gracious Majesty would have allowed. But a woman is a woman, queen or no queen, my boy; and that's no treason, eh, Hawkins?"

"I would we had more powder, though, Drake," responded the Admiral.

"Aye, aye," said Drake with a sigh. "But we did our best. Besides, we've enough to blow up the Dons, and by the mercy of God we will, too! Now then, Rupert, I have room for you—aye, and a place for you on my own vessel."

"Thank God!" I cried.

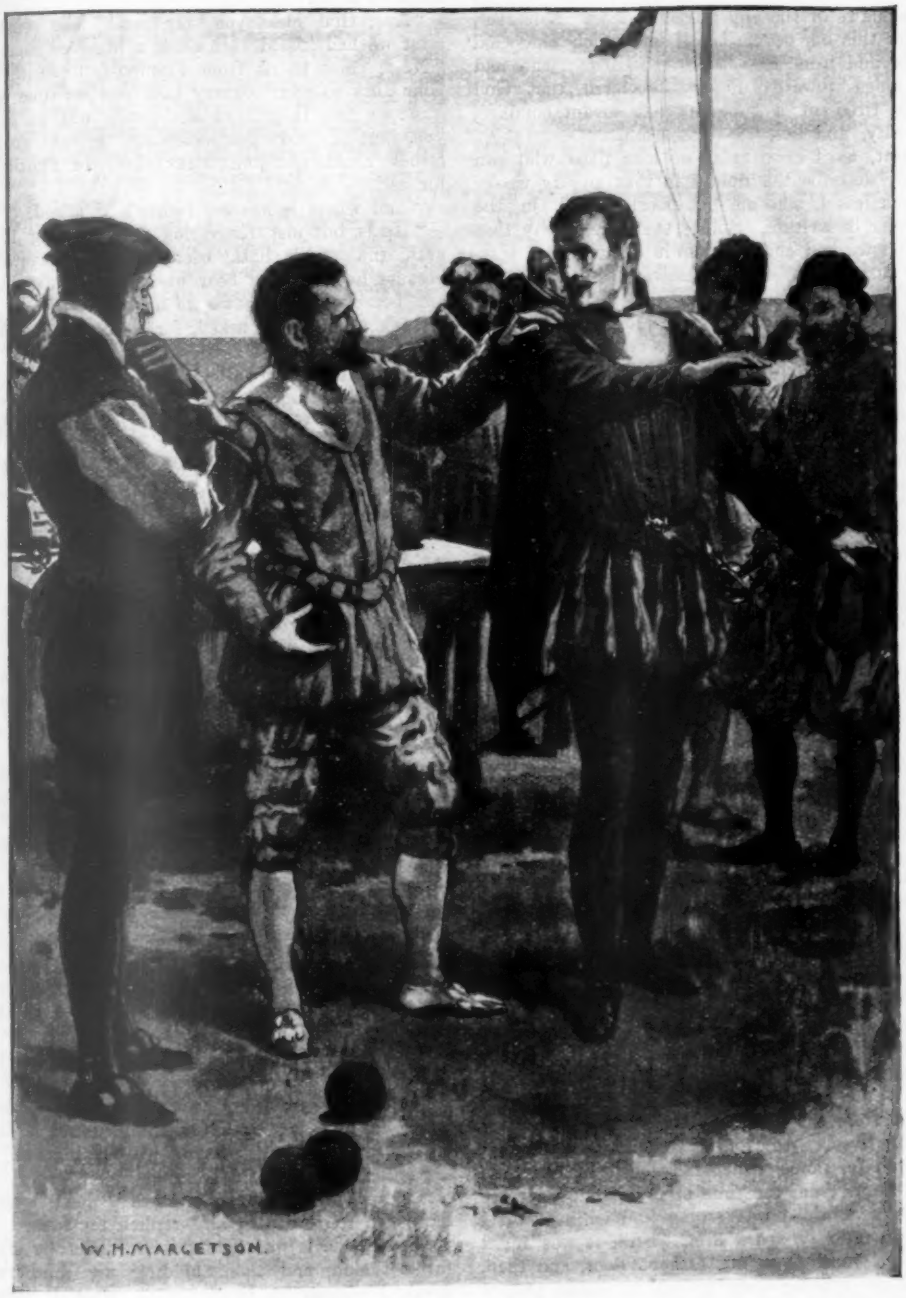
"Aye, thank God! for we fight on His side; but thou must feed, man, and feed well. Then will we follow the Dons, and God will give us the victory."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A FLAME OF FIRE.

Of the coming of the Great Armada, and of the way we fought them and chased them I must not pretend to write, for when I think of it my pen falters. My brain becomes all dazed, too, for that fight was surely the greatest the sun ever shone upon. Besides, I could write only of the doings of the vessel on which I sailed; while the telling of that story would be the work of many men, not only English, but Spanish. In truth, the Spanish story would be even more thrilling than ours, for although we chased them with right good will, pouring cannon balls on them on every side, the vessels we accounted for were but few in number—that is, when we bear in mind the great fleet Philip sent to us. Not that we did not cripple them sorely; nay, we gave them such a taste of our quality as the Spaniards never dreamed of, and we should have made greater havoc of them had the Queen been less stingy of food and powder. In truth, when I think of this, and when I remember the unnecessary suffering of thousands of the bravest men into whom God ever breathed the breath of life, I find it hard to forgive our virgin Queen. Not that I believe in aught of the vile stories which the Jesuits diligently reported concerning her; thank God, no honest man can doubt her chastity; nevertheless, in the matter of generosity and gratitude she was sadly wanting, and thus well-nigh broke the hearts of those who were giving their lives for their Queen and country. For not only did she accuse her bravest and noblest servants of dishonesty, but she did it even when they were impoverishing themselves that the English sailors might have food to eat. Moreover, in the matter of ammunition we were sadly lacking, and had each vessel a full supply but few Spaniards would have escaped to tell the tale of their woes. Still, we did whip them, and right badly; and he whose brain and heart did, under the blessing of God, lead us to victory, was Sir Francis Drake. And this I say boldly, and every honest man in the English fleet who fought with us will say "Aye, aye," to my words. As I learnt while I was in Spain, it was their habit to call him "the great sea-dog," but afterwards, when the scattered vessels began to arrive at Coruña and San Sebastian, having lost hosts of their men by fight, and famine, and sickness, they cried out that Francis Drake was a devil, and no man.

But in spite of all this it was God, and not Drake, that saved England, for when we had driven them northward He Who holds the winds in His fists, and the seas in the hollow of His hands, took up our cause, and humbled the proud Dons to the dust. This, as it seems to me, no man can deny. It is true they came to us blessed by Archbishop and Pope, who commended them to angels and saints. Their vessels were named after saints and apostles, who they thought were on their side; but all this availed them nothing, for the God of truth and right gave us strength to drive them before us. Nevertheless it was the great seas of God that broke their power. The Spaniards claimed that the elements would be on their side, yet did God break their great timbers like match-wood by the aid of rocks and rolling breakers, until presently they were whirled on the most



"'I saw the Armada this very morning.'"—*p.* 1135.

dangerous shores in the world, and the few who crawled ashore did so only to fall prey to the maws of the angry Irish wolves. Moreover, after this our people learnt on which side God was, and from that time thousands who had leanings towards Popery declared that God was tired of a religion that meant bondage, cruelty, and lies.

But, as I have said, no man lives who can truly describe the doings in that mighty week; much less I, who am but poorly gifted in the matter of writing. Suffice, therefore, to say that when we had chased them into the Scotch seas, we turned our faces southward. And this we did for two reasons. One was that we knew they dare not come back to fight us, and second, because through the stinginess of Her Majesty we were so ill-provided both with food and ammunition that it was madness to chase them further in seas that grew wilder and wilder.

It was a black, stormy day when, after much hardship and suffering, we presently sailed up the Thames towards London Town. We were worn and weather-beaten, yet did our hearts rejoice because of our great work, and because God had so blessed us. Moreover, men had it that the great Admiral had brave stories to tell the Queen concerning me, not only concerning what I had told him when I came to him on Plymouth Hoe, but what I had done during the great fight. And this I will here say, that though the English heroes who fought the Queen's battles were never rewarded according to their merits, to me Her Majesty was both kind and generous, bestowing upon me not only rank, but riches, so that although I grieve at the way she treated others, I have naught to complain of concerning myself.

The church bells were ringing finely when we entered the town, and the rejoicings were great, as indeed they should be, although the day for universal gladness had not come. I might have been made much of also, had I so desired; but I did not stay one minute longer than was absolutely needful. And this was not to be wondered at, for a year had passed since I left my father's house, and I was but fourteen miles from the town of Barnet, near which my father lived. As soon as I might, therefore, I started for home, which I reached in less than two hours from the time of my starting, for the horse I obtained was strong and willing, and I did in no way spare him. Still, it was night when I rode up to my father's door, and then, without waiting even to call a stable boy, I made great speed into the house.

"Mother! Father!" I shouted aloud, and quicker than it takes me to tell it I was in my mother's arms.

"Aye, God bless you, my son!" she cried, after we had kissed each other a hundred times. "News came to us from Plymouth town that your duty to your country gave you no time to come to us. It grieved me sorely not to see you, but I did not complain, seeing your father could not join with others in fighting for us."

"And where is he—my father?" I asked.

"He is but just recovering from a long illness, the which hath been much aggravated because he could not bear his part in the fight, and because of the news we have heard."

"What news?" I asked, for I liked not the tone of her voice.

"Come to your father, my son," said my mother; "and remember always that you are the child of God, as well as the son of Sir Richard Hamstead!"

At this, and without another word, she led me to my father's room, where presently I saw him sitting up in his bed.

"Aye, Rupert, my lad," he said, "this repays me for being chained here like a dog to a piece of wood. I have fretted sorely that I could not strike a blow for my Queen and country, but God is good; He hath raised up unto me a son who hath taken my place, and He hath helped him to fight His battles."

At that my father held me closely to him, and I heard him say many times, "God bless the dear lad! God bless the dear lad!"

"Now then, father, tell me the news which hath troubled you," I said, after we had talked together some little time.

"As to that, my boy, I may not until I know what happened to you in Spain," he replied.

"Hath your news aught to do with that?" I asked.

"Aye, it hath, or so it seems to me," he replied; "but the man John Trenoweth stayed only long enough to tell me half a story, for when he found you were not here he hurried away like a madman."

"John Trenoweth! hath he been here?" I asked.

"Aye, only yesterday was he here, and the story he told me hath so troubled me that to-day my head hath been like a burning fire."

"Tell me! tell me!" I cried.

"I can tell you no sense until I hear what happened to you in Spain," replied my father.

So, hard as it was to do, I sat down by my father's side, and then, holding my mother's hand, I related in brief outline what I have set down in these pages.

"Then you love this maid!" cried my mother.

"Aye, mother," I replied, "I love her!"

"Oh, my son, my son!"

"Nay, mother, but I love you not one whit the less—rather more."

"It is not that, my dear son. God save me from ever being jealous of my own son. She is a brave woman, too—aye, and I think a good woman, although she hath Spanish blood in her veins; but Rupert, she—she—tell him Richard, for I cannot."

"It is this, Rupert, my lad. That man's son—Toledo, I mean—hath come to England!"

"Aye," I said, "and what then?"

"He hath been to Cornwall and hath taken her away; at least, so I gathered from Trenoweth's wild words."

"What, taken Isabella to Spain!"

"Aye, it would seem so. She was, I fear, left unprotected. Old Sir John Tremayne is but little fitted to deal with a wily Spaniard; while, as you know, Mawgan Killigrew was given command of a vessel."

"Aye, I know of that, although I saw him not; but that was no wonder. We were too busy fighting to know aught concerning our comrades."

"Ah! I can well believe that; but this, I imagine, gave the Spaniard his chance. You see, Tom Killigrew's hands were full with affairs of State, while John Trenoweth was fully occupied; and thus, Mawgan Killigrew being on high seas, the fellow was able to work his will."

"And you say he hath taken her away?"

"Aye, so I gathered from John Trenoweth; but in truth he seemed so mazed that I could scarce make out what he was saying. Your story, however, hath made it all clear. He knew that you loved her, and came here to tell you concerning what had taken place."

"Went she with him willingly?" I asked, as quietly as I could, yet was my voice husky, for my heart was well-nigh bursting.

"Nay, I know not. The Cornishman could tell me nothing plainly. This only he said as he rode away: 'Tell Master Rupert, the hour he returns, to make straight for Falmouth, or the devil will prove too strong for him. Tell him I have seen the devil, although he eludes me like a cloud, and that she hath seen him, and that he hath tempted her. Tell him that I have not enough cunning to match him, and that it is for him to fight his own battle.'"

"Then she hath not yet gone with him?" I cried.

"It would seem not; yet from other things he told me, I judged that they were gone away together."

"It cannot be. Else why should he bid me come to Falmouth. Father, you will lend me a good horse, and I will get it saddled?"

"Not to-night, Rupert!"

"Did you wait when you heard that my mother was in danger?"

"No, my God, no! Away then, lad. Faith, see to it that Rupert hath all things: Money and good clothes, and—and everything. But tell me something of the great battle before you go, lad! Are the Spaniards conquered?"

"Aye, I think so."

"We have heard that they were driven northward; but they may return, my lad!"

"They never will, father!"

"I pray not. Already have I had great stocks of faggots placed on every hill on the estate, as have a hundred other owners of land, all over the country. We await only the signal from London town to light them, my boy!"

"Aye, and the signal will come soon, father, fear not!"

"And the great Admiral, what will he say when thou returnest not to duty?"

"I know not; but I must do the bidding of John Trenoweth. I tell you, father—I—I——"

But I could speak no more, for my mind was all of a daze, and then without more ado I left his bedroom, and a few minutes later I was on horseback, riding for dear life.

Of the things which happened on my way to Cornwall I have but little remembrance. This I know: when one horse was exhausted, I sold it and bought another, recking nothing of the fact that I wasted money like water. Of food and rest I had little, so eager was I to know the truth concerning what John Trenoweth had said; yet I felt neither hunger nor weariness. By my side hung the sword my mother had given me when I started for Spain, and which I had taken afterwards from Pablo Toledo. Often and often did I half draw it from its scabbard, and then thrust it back again, at one time longing to thrust it into the heart of the Spaniard, and at others telling myself that had I been in his place I would do even as he was doing. Often did I upbraid myself for going to Cornwall at all, even although I rode all the faster while doing so.

"Why do I go?" I asked myself. "She hateth me; she hath told me so a hundred times. She hath mocked me, scorned me, repulsed me! She is a Papist, and half a Spaniard. She careth more for Toledo than for me, even although she hath no love for him. She told me she desired never to see me again, while I told her I would never come to her side save at her own call. Why should I go, then?"

But still I urged my horse forward, and vowed never to rest until I met her face to face.

When I had passed Truro town, I tried to bethink me of some plan. Where should I go? What should I do? I did not know where she was,

even although she still remained in Cornwall. Neither could I tell where Pablo Toledo might be hiding himself. Presently I bethought me that her mother would go to Sir John Tremayne's house, and it would be thither that Pablo Toledo would repair; so, presently, when I had left Truro far behind me, I struck into the road which led to Tremayne Hall.

The time, I remember, was evening; and although it was not yet dark, the shades of night had begun to gather. All around were great woods, and these, the leaves not having yet fallen from the trees, made all things sombre.

"There be many Papists still in Cornwall," I reflected; "that is why Pablo Toledo is able to hide. The county, moreover, is so cut off from the rest of the country that things may be done here which would be impossible farther northward. Mawgan Killigrew told me that, even now, there are many Papist chapels up and down the county where the priests administer the rites of their Church to faithful Catholics."

These thoughts, I remember, passed through my mind as I crossed a valley where a little stream of water gurgled its way to the river which lay a mile or two northward, and as I climbed the hill on the other side two men passed me, who made me feel as though I had seen a ghost. The one I saw plainly, while the face of the other was somewhat hidden.

"Father Parsons!" I almost exclaimed aloud; and a man might well count a hundred before I could recover from my surprise. When I was able to collect my thoughts, I turned to look for them, but they were nowhere in sight. For a moment I reflected whether I should follow them, but only for a moment. She was not with them, and therefore I had nothing to say to them.

"Was the other Pablo Toledo?" I asked myself. "It looked like him, yet am I not sure. But things augur well if it was. She hath not yet left England."

Upon this I rode hard to Tremayne Hall, my heart all of a flutter, for I felt that soon God would decide whether aught of joy would come into my heart again, or whether I should have to spend my days under a great black cloud. I had scarce entered the house when I knew that something was afoot.

"Master Mawgan Killigrew hath come back," I heard one of the serving men say; "and the Spaniards which we did not kill have all been drowned in the northern seas. To-night the fires will be lighted. Praise God, and three cheers for the Queen!"

So excited was the fellow that he did not heed me; so I crossed the hall, and placed my hand upon his shoulder.

"Where is your master?" I asked.

"They be all in there," he said, pointing to a doorway, and then like a man beside himself he tore away from me.

By this time I was almost as much wrought upon as he, and, without waiting for ceremony, I entered the room which the fellow had indicated.

"Aye, Rupert Hamstead!" cried old Sir John as he saw me. "Hast returned to Cornwall, then? God bless thee, lad! Thou knowest everything! Think of it! Welcome, lad, welcome! My daughter here — with her daughter! Aye, and the Spaniards all dead! Think of it!" And the old man walked around the room like one mad, and fairly cried for joy. "Aye, and we owe much to thee, too. Here is my dear daughter. God bless thee, Rupert! As for Isabella—where is she? It is but a moment ago that she was here. She must have gone out."

But he had no need to tell me this, for I had seen her start up as I entered, and then take a step towards me as though to welcome me. Then I had seen a look of ghastly terror come into her eyes, whereupon she had left the room like one who would fly from a pestilence.

"Ah, Rupert, my lad," went on the old Cornishman, "this is a glad day, a glad day! I am twenty years younger than when I saw thee last. As for my daughter, a few weeks in a Christian country have made her a new woman. Look at her, she looks strong and well now! And Mawgan Killigrew hath come back. As for the Spaniards—but thou knowest! Half their vessels sunk by our guns, and the rest driven to the north seas, where God finished our work. In an hour from now every hill shall blaze with the fires. But where hast thou come from, lad?"

"From home, Sir John, but I must not stay longer," I said in a husky voice. "Is John Trenoweth here?"

"Nay, nay, John is wedded. He lives at—but art ill, Rupert, lad—art ill?"

"Nay," I replied. "I rejoice with you," I continued, trying to overcome the blow which had fallen on me. "It is a glad day, a glad day! I rejoice with you; but I must go and see Mawgan—to-morrow I may come again! Good-night, Sir John, good-night."

I mounted my horse like a man in a dream, while my heart lay cold within me, as though it were a stone; but I had not ridden far when it began to grow hot with rage.

"If I cannot have her, he shall not," I said. "I will kill him," I shouted in my madness, "even as my father should have killed his father years ago. It was him I saw. Of this I am sure; he and Father Parsons—two devils in counsel."



"I turned . . . to see her holding Father Parsons' arm."—*p.* 1142.

I turned my horse's head towards the valley near which I had seen these men, and when I approached it I heard the sound of voices.

"It is they!" I said. "God is good to me! He hath delivered them into my hands!"

I drew my sword from its sheath and dismounted; then I went towards the spot from whence the sound of the voices came. Hearing nothing, I stopped and looked around me.

"They heard me coming and are gone," I said; then my heart beat wildly, for I heard voices near me again, and one of them was that of Isabella de Valencia.

"It is your only safety my child"; it was Father Parsons who spoke. "No Catholic will be safe in England now—and remember that you are a Catholic, and can never be anything else. The English hate Catholics now—they will not let one live, especially if they be Spanish, and you have Spanish blood in your veins, my child. Besides, it is your duty. The Church wills that you shall wed Pablo Toledo; it commands it. Come, then, to the little chapel close by, and you shall be made husband and wife even before——"

But I heard no more. I rushed towards them, and cried aloud in my frenzy, "Fight, Pablo Toledo; fight, you priest of darkness!"

At this Pablo Toledo, for it was he who stood there, drew his sword with an angry oath, and we fell to fighting. I scarce knew what thought I had in doing this, for hope had died out of me; only I felt that the world had not room for me and this man at the same time. I was a desperate man, and Pablo Toledo yielded before me inch by inch. In three passes I sent his sword flying into the air, and then, he having fallen, I held my blade close to his

throat. I had wounded him before, but now I determined to kill him. I lifted my hand to strike the blow, when I heard a cry of terror behind me, and then my hand became nerveless.

"She loves him," I thought, "She is pleading with me to spare him! Well, let him live," and with that I turned my eyes towards her, only to see her holding Father Parsons' arm even while he struggled to free himself from her.

"Let me kill the heretic," he cried. "I will kill him; it is for your soul's salvation!"

"No, no—never!"

At that moment I heard the peal of a gun, and from the headland near I saw a flame of fire shoot heavenward. This was followed by a mighty shout, the shout of thousands of men who had gathered together!

"Hurrah!" they cried. "Hurrah! We've beaten the Spaniard! Hurrah! God be praised!"

But Father Parsons paid no heed to this: neither did he note that I had not yet killed the Spaniard, even though I held him at my mercy.

"You love this heretic dog," he cried savagely.

"Aye, I love him! I can help myself no longer. I love him!" and at those words I was lifted into heaven.

"Root it out of your heart: it is of the devil. It will mean your soul's eternal damnation!"

"I cannot help it. I love him! I love him!"

"Then *you* shall die!" he cried, mad with rage. "You shall never wed this vile unbeliever, who hath again and again thwarted me."

With that, he turned upon her, his hand uplifted to strike.

"Rupert, Rupert come to me!"

In a moment I was by her side, and in a moment more Father Parsons lay upon the ground like a man dead.

Above, the full moon shone almost as brightly as the sun, and thus I saw her face plainly.

"Isabella, Isabella!" I said, trembling like a leaf, for even yet I could not realise the meaning of the words she had spoken. "Do you still hate me?

For a moment she stood looking at me, as though she knew not what to do. I saw that her eyes were burning like coals of fire, while her whole body trembled like a leaf in the wind.

"Will you that I go away?" I cried, not knowing what I was saying, and scarce had the words passed than she threw herself into my arms, and fell a-sobbing.

"No, no, Rupert," she cried. "Never, never!"

Even as she spoke I could not help looking at Señor Toledo, who had half risen from the ground, and was binding up the wound I had made in his right arm.

At the sight of them she shuddered, and then, not being self-contained and reserved like many of Northern blood, she spoke out of a full heart. Besides, she seemed to think I was still angry with her, and now, having confessed her love for me to Father Parsons, she kept nothing back.

"Come away," she cried; "I cannot bear to be longer near them. I bore it as long as I could. For months they have tortured me. For months they have told me that loving you was being false to my faith; for months they have made me fear the anger of God. But I could not help loving you, could I? It came to me that day when I first saw you in Toledo, and it hath been burning in my heart ever since! I tried so hard to destroy it, but I could not. I loved you, even when I believed I should burn in hell even for my love; and I did the things I believed you would have me do, even when I tried to hate you. I told you that you were loathsome to me, when all the while I was ready to die for you. When I parted from you in Granada, my heart burned to beseech you to come with me. I longed to have you near me even when I drove you from me. Through you I have lost my faith in the religion which I was taught to believe. I could not believe it, when, in the name of that religion, you were to be put to death. Oh, Rupert, my love, my love, will you forgive me?"

And there, while the great flame of fire on the headland leapt heavenward, and while thousands of brave Cornishmen thanked God that we were freed from the Spaniard, I clasped her to my heart, which was also a flame of fire, and I told her of my great joy.

"Oh, it was so hard to free myself from the chains they had bound round me!" she cried again presently. "Oh, I tried to hate you, I tried to be true to the faith I had been taught to believe; but how could I? All the time my heart was burning for love of you, and the more I loved you, the more false did those things which the priests urged upon me become. All the cruelty, the torture, not only of body, but of mind, became—but you can understand, Rupert!"

All this did she say to me and more; for now, after all the dark months of sorrow and danger were over, she could no longer restrain herself. The fires of love which had been burning in her heart, even while she tried to destroy them, now burst into a flame, and I knew that no man since the world began was ever loved as my love loved me.

Of Father Parsons and Pablo Toledo I took no heed. All my anger for them had died away in the knowledge of the love of my dear maid. Away on the headland the great flames still shot into the sky, while the shouts of the Cornishmen echoed among hill and dale.

"You would never have wedded him?" I said presently.

"No, no, not that—but I was afraid. When you came into the room to-night you frightened me. Through all the long months I have believed that my love for you meant the loss of my soul Father Parsons made me believe this, even although I knew my faith was becoming less and less. That was why I fled; that was why I—but you know. When you came to us and bade them fight, I could neither speak nor move until I saw Father Parsons lift his knife to kill you. Then I could bear it no more. Then I knew everything. All their threats concerning the fires of hell became as nothing to me, and—and——"

Then my dear came to my arms again, while I vowed to God that I would be true to the great love which burnt in her heart, even as it burnt in mine, a love which was stronger than death or the fear of hell.

Of my return to Tremayne Hall with Isabella by my side, and of the great rejoicing which followed, I will not write, for this is one of the things which a man cannot tell without spoiling. Neither need I describe my meeting with Mawgan, nor tell of the happiness of John Trenoweth and his wife Esther. Any man who hath read this story from the beginning will know what is in my heart to write. For that matter, I will not describe at length how my dear father and mother, as well as my brother Dick and my little sister Faith, travelled all the way from Barnet town to Cornwall for our wedding, nor of the meeting of my mother and of my dear maid. Enough that I have told truly the tale of our journey to Spain and of the way I won my dear wife, a tale which, whatever those who read it may think of it, still stirs my blood and sets my nerves a-tingling.

Many said when I led her to the old parish church at Falmouth that a marriage between an Englishman and a maid who was half Spanish could never be a happy one, even although she had given up her false Papist faith, and had embraced the true religion of Christ; but they do not know that true love is a flame of fire, burning up the dross until nothing that is impure can remain. But I knew it then even as I know it now, for the which I thank God with all my heart.

THE END.



TALKS TO MEN.

By the Rev. H. B. Freeman, M.A., Vicar of Burton-on-Trent.

IV.—AS HUSBANDS.

"When one is married it is for a lo g time."—FRENCH SAYING.

"FOURTEEN divorces were granted in ninety minutes in a Kansas City Court last Saturday," happens to be an item of news which caught my eye an hour ago in the morning paper. This intelligence, abnormal and shocking as it reads, even in an age of conjugal laxity, helps to strike the note which must dominate all that a Christian man has to say to Christian people concerning the making or the marring of married life. If the most solemn responsibilities which can be entered upon between man and woman could be shuffled off in six or seven minutes, with the apparent ease and insouciance of certain western communities, the humble hints we hope to give would seem trivial and out of place.

Civilisations which advance towards licence as they retrograde from Christianity have found a shorter cut than any we can offer. A Christian standpoint completely alters the permissible view; for, even if minor matters are in dispute, we shall all agree that the Founder of our Religion explicitly stated marriage to be a life-long compact, legitimately terminable only by death. This is why heroic efforts must be made, and have been made, by noble-hearted men and women, times without number, to keep faithfully a bargain which, as they are bitterly conscious, has brought them on the whole more unhappiness than joy. Honour and duty are dearer even than the realisation of human ideals the love that bears all things and hopes all things is the only lawful clue to their matrimonial maze. What the Frenchman probably intended as a piece of amusing cynicism enshrines a vital truth, which might be profitably pondered by young brides and bridegrooms amid the sunshine of nuptial salutations and the glamour of wedding finery.

The very seriousness of our foundation principle of the permanence of marriage will allow us to talk, without flippancy, in a lighter vein; for it is not of ghastly shipwrecks, with their whitened bones of man's loyalty and woman's purity, that we have to speak; but rather of those gusts and gales, and April tempests, and injudicious tackings or veerings, which have spoilt the serenity of many an ultimately prosperous voyage. For it is our firm belief that an immense amount of what passes, often with gross exaggeration of language, for married misery, can be largely remedied by a reasonable amount of forbearance and common-sense The fact that a couple who find, or who fancy that they find, their paths diverging, genuinely loved each other to start with, is a distinct advantage towards future adjustments, for real affection, especially on a woman's side, is the hardiest of annuals.

It is to such people, and such only, that we are speaking. For those who have become united from motives of constraint, or convenience, or position, or commercial consideration, or because they supposed it was their "last chance," we have no sympathy, and small counsel.

Though one must forego, in talking to husbands, the natural temptation of gallantry to take it for granted that all wives (especially our own) are faultless, it is certain that the average man, after years of self-centred and undisciplined bachelor life, settles down into the new and constricted conditions imposed by marriage less easily than does the average woman. Unless even a well-meaning husband is careful, home happiness may soon be blurred by some form of the hydra-headed selfishness of his sex. I do not mean that he will help himself to the liver-wing of a chicken, and give his wife the leg—(though I wish I could say this was an imaginary instance)—or that he will smoke in his wife's drawing-room (I have known this habitually done), but that, in subtle ways, half unsuspected by himself, he will seek to make his own whims and pleasures paramount. There is selfishness in unlimited indulgence in perfectly innocent

diversions such as long cycle rides, or protracted forms of sport or games, which a wife may be unable to share. The wives of most professional and business men spend about two-thirds of their waking lives, especially in young married days, to a great degree alone; for a sociable girl, or one of a large family, this is more of an ordeal than an unsympathetic spouse other agreeable lady into whose society he might be thrown. Long possession and fixity of tenure are too apt to blunt a masculine appreciation of life's choicest blessing; yet these are mean excuses for the careless attire, the slipshod manners, and the pre-occupied or abstracted demeanour which some men deem sufficient for the privacy of their domestic hearth.

But the husband who would not think of sinking into the moody seclusion of his



"'We are too old to quarrel.'"—*p.* 1147.

suspects. After the welcome latch-key has grated in the front door at six or seven in the evening, we should think poorly of the husband who was content to gobble his dinner and be off to his club; but it does not occur to every well-intentioned man that it is his duty to be as bright, as interesting, and as polite a companion to his wife as he was in the hours of courtship, or as he would be to any

Look or newspaper would be well advised to study his wife's tastes and character before he expected her to be absorbed in the, to him, engrossing details of his profession. I once knew an exceedingly clever surgeon who married a charming creature of sensitive and fastidious temperament, to whom he was passionately devoted, and yet he used to terrify her half out of her senses at late dinner with vivacious accounts of the various horrid operations he had performed during the day. Every sensible wife is interested in her husband's progress, but

it is unreasonable to grumble if the interest be general, and if the particulars be contrary to her bent, and beyond her grasp.

The tact which my surgical friend so conspicuously lacked, and in which so many of our unfortunate sex are deficient, is the quality, almost above all others, which oils the griding wheels of matrimony. Women are so wonderfully affected by, what seem to men, the little things of life. A small personal attention, like the notice of a birthday or other anniversary, or the remembering a favourite colour, or the size of a pair of gloves, will usually give more gratification—and certainly to the best type of woman—than any number of careless, costly gifts. It was Sir Walter Besant who said of Charles Reade that, beyond all novelists of his generation, he knew womanhood. When the heroine in "The Cloister and the Hearth" is dying, she never doubts that he who had been her husband loved her through all those sad years of separation, but, being a woman, she could not die easily until he had *told her so*. Men without tact or imagination can be, unconsciously, terribly cruel; what we said in talking to fathers about the treatment of their grown-up girls applies here; except that daughters are usually more defenceless. The husband of no imagination has often trampled underfoot some cherished piece of feminine sentiment, with a brutality as painful as that of an open blow. Little things—little courtesies, little sympathies, little kindnesses—often make all the difference between success and failure in marriage; and when a woman has paid a man the greatest compliment—herself—which it is in her power to bestow, he should not grudge her small change for it during the remainder of her days.

Insight and tact will discover and smoothe away special difficulties which may be troubling peace. At no period in England was the servant difficulty ever as acute as it is now, or so able to cause conscientious mistresses anxiety and strain. In households of moderate means, unless the wife is positively a domestic genius (which some very good wives are not), the husband may sometimes be compelled to stretch his forbearance to limits which will make demands upon his Christianity. To sit down to what might have been a good meal, massacred by an extravagant and well-paid cook, to find a really hot plate about as rare a commodity as a First Folio Shakespeare, to have to consider the making of a decent cup of coffee a secret unattainable as that of the ancient alchemists;—these paltry misfortunes and the like are keen aggravations, in hours of weariness, and longing for a little luxury; but there are crises in the culinary regions when they are practically beyond the average mistress's power to avoid. Few men realise that there are times when some women get deadly sick even of domesticity. It is the truest kindness to whisk them off, if possible, for a week end, or at least to an occasional restaurant dinner. The chivalry which refuses to be unduly ruffled by domestic failures and catastrophies, and which knows that they are probably more galling to the wife than to the husband, is worth a good deal of romantic but unpractical stuff, which goes under a loftier name. Many a brave youth has marched to the altar with his head full of heroic ideals, fancying himself (in his white waistcoat) a King Arthur, "from spur to plume a star of tournament," who, in later days, has looked uncommonly glum at the tearful face opposite his own, when the soup is greasy, or the mustard stale, or the soles have come up gritty or half raw. Prosaic? Yes, but we have been content to grovel along the ground in these Talks, if perchance we could discern where (to extend the metaphor) the shoe actually pinches.

If I were asked, looking back upon my experience of life, what I thought had made most marriages miserable that might otherwise have been moderately happy, I should answer, undisciplined temper, first on the part of the wife *or* the husband, and afterwards on the part of the husband and the wife together. For about evil temper there is this peculiar bane, in addition to its other curses. It rouses up its like, and is extensive. When unchecked, it takes to it other spirits more wicked than itself. It would not be just to say that temper is more a man's failing than a woman's; but, on whichever side the fault may be found to lie, the problem must be tackled at once, unless the joy of two existences is to be lost. The cloud of a sullen, unforgiving nature broods over a home like a desolating blight. The sole redeeming merit of long engagements is that they

do afford some opportunity for mutual knowledge. But this cleavage of temper is one of those matrimonial plagues of which we spoke at first, as capable of remedy. I know a couple who were at one time always sparring with each other, and then sulking, but who have since come to a better mind, and now rarely have a wry word. The achievement of adaptability is difficult but not impossible. Husbands can at least recollect that a sudden burst of feminine temper is often due to disordered nerves. To take seriously such a physical ebullition is weakness unworthy a man. It was once my painful lot to hear a most lovable and gentle lady break into a reasonless tirade against her husband, himself a neurotic; and I shall never forget the magnanimity with which he bore it, and the discretion he showed.

Parents should make it a sacred rule, unbreakable at the risk of biting their tongues out, never to quarrel in the presence of their children. The cruelty that has been inflicted in this way upon young, loving, and plastic natures, and the harm which has been done, are, within my knowledge, incalculable. To bicker, or worse, before strangers, shows a lamentable lack of self-respect. Here the husband, who, presumably, possesses the stronger will, must resolutely draw the curb. "What is the worst thing I said to her? *Do* come and dine to-night. I can't face her alone after this," was the terrible but authentic appeal once made to a most unwilling spectator of a certain open-air matrimonial duel.

The strict guard which has been placed upon conflicting tempers in early married life may have to be maintained up to old age. There is a beautiful, though doubtless unhistorical, example of this in a pretty story published last year, called "A Romance of the Tuileries." Louis Philippe, the elderly and homely king, and his queen, Marie Amélie, the ex-governess, have a sharp squabble before the Court. When the awkward scene is at its height the wife relents, and exclaims, "We are too old to quarrel, are we not, after all our happiness and all our troubles?" "Never mind about the troubles," replies the softened King, "we have forgotten them in the happiness. I beg your pardon, Madame, and I beg the pardon of your ladies." And the moral is good for humbler folk. Most married people have memories which are sacred links, and joys which have outweighed their sorrows. They can afford to be patient and forgiving.

The toughness and tenacity of the matrimonial bond are remarkable: the length to which it is occasionally stretched without positively snapping. Humour, like tact, is a marvellous lubricator of domestic dissensions. I hardly think that the perfectly true incident which I am about to relate could ever have happened unless one at least of the parties concerned had possessed a sense of humour. An English lady I have known married a French gentleman. Their tempers did not happen to agree, and, as time went on, they imagined themselves to be so ill-matched and wretched that they gravely decided to negotiate a divorce. In pursuit of this drastic cure, they paid a visit to the British Consul of the French colony in which they lived. The Consul, who knew his couple (and who was not an official of Kansas City), gave the pair a good-humoured scolding, and showed them, alike, the ridiculousness and the gravity of their position. The culprits wept; and the interview ended in the lady gratefully kissing the Consul (who had known her from a little girl) and the French husband making the same affectionate overture to the representative of Great Britain—an attention that was rather impatiently repulsed.

Husbands who have accepted matrimony under Christian sanctions, and who have promised before God and man to cherish faithfully, till death, the weaker creature committed to their charge, will do well to consider the religious significance of their wedding day. For responsibilities so sacred and, in their entirety, so difficult to fulfil, we have every reason to hope that the help then asked for will be given. The Apostolic ideal of marriage is of a moral and spiritual education. Not only is this compact, as explained to us by the Founder of our Faith, permanent for this world; but there lies upon its earthly blessedness or bitterness the shining shadow of Eternity. Those who have been linked most closely here below have felt themselves to be bound by bands which are immortal. "We never in our lifetime loved one another so much," once said a survivor of the departed, "as when we saw how we both loved God."

THE MOTHER.

A Story in One Chapter, by Katharine Tynan.

IT was a charming room in a charming house in a bewitching garden. The day was an exquisite day of March in a year when the spring had come full-grown in the very first month of spring. The garden and the little orchard beyond were a tangle of white blossom. The blue sky of March overhead, the green freshness of the early spring on all the world. Sunshine and the sparkle of late rain on the hyacinths and wallflowers outside. Blackbirds and thrushes singing in the trees. A tangle of larks in the sky over the little paddock beyond the orchard.

The owner of house, garden, orchard, and paddock was standing by the mantelshelf, with one slender foot on the fender, staring before her with eyes in which there was a hard and tearless despair.

She was still a very pretty woman, with fair skin and waving bronze-brown hair, and brown eyes as faithful as the eyes of a dog. She was wearing a loose morning gown, of fine pink woollen stuff, which became her excellently. Mrs. Chilton had hardly an article in her wardrobe that was not delicately pretty. One does not in our days put on sackcloth and ashes because one's heart is broken; and Mrs. Chilton's toilette showed no signs of neglect.

She caught sight of her own face in the glass as though it were the face of a stranger. She looked at it with a momentary wonder that a woman who had endured such pangs should show so little trace of them in anything but the haggard eyes.

She lifted a tress of the waving hair which had escaped its bondage, and held it to the light. A thread of silver showed here and there, hardly perceptible unless the hair was closely inspected.

"It ought to be white by now," she said to herself drearily.

A year ago she had, to her own happy and grateful heart, possessed the world. It was true that long ago she had been heart-broken in her girlhood, when word had come to her from India that her lover had forgotten her and married another girl. She had thought then that she could never again be happy, and within the year had married—to please her father—Bernard Chilton, a barrister of a few years' standing, who was carrying all before him at his profession.

Bernard had been ardent enough as a lover, but, like a considerable number of people, he thought less well of a thing once he possessed it and the pursuit was over. He was a handsome, brilliant person, much in demand in society of a smart kind, and accustomed to go his own way without considering other people. The last thing he would have thought of would have been that he should stay at home any evening of the week with an ailing wife; and, as Alice's two daughters were born within three years of her married life, she became accustomed to loneliness, and as patient of bearing it as only women can be under such circumstances.

Then Bernard Chilton died. It was possible that if he had been given the opportunity he might have gained a fuller appreciation of a wife whom most people found charming. Alice had made up her mind to do as her husband did and go where he went. Before she could put her resolution into effect he died, after a few days' illness, of pneumonia; and left his widow with a memory of one for whom she had entertained a certain wistful admiration and regard, yet who had never for an hour been to her the heart-close companion of ideal married life. She always thought of him as one formed to dazzle in the world, unfitted for the intimacies of home. She had no resentment at all; but she did not pretend to herself, after the first shock of his death was over, that it had left her desolate. She was grateful for the married life that had given her her two children: for the rest, he had never awakened her love, although, being what she was, he doubtless would have won it if he had made the effort.

Indeed, Alice only really began to be happy when she could give up her life entirely to her children. They were brilliant little morsels of humanity from their babyhood, with very much more of their father in them than of their gentle mother. Alice adored them: their dark, richly coloured little faces, their beautiful eyes, their night-black hair, their grace and vigour, the perfect moulding of their little limbs, were perpetual delights to her. They were born to exact love rather than give it. Their nurse, Jane, who came when the eldest, Bertha, was born, was her slave and Rhoda's just as much as the mother was.

From the first Alice had wanted the country life for her children. To be sure, they bloomed like little poppies in town; but Alice, who was a passionate country lover in her gentle way, had a profound pity for

everything that was denied the country joys, from the parched and dusty trees in the square to the grimy sparrows and grimier children.

Her husband's death left her free to choose for herself. He had left her little enough money, since his career had only been in the making, and his expenses had been disproportionately great. But her father's death in the preceding year had left her with enough money to buy Stork's Nest, as her new home was quaintly called, and to provide a comfortable income, since her wants were not many, for herself and her children.

She was obliged to give up the friendships her sweetness had made for her in town. One by one the old friends ceased to follow her to the inaccessible, fascinating part of the world in which Stork's Nest was situated. She hardly grieved for them. Her life was an oblation of motherhood. Having the children, she had everything.

She was a clever as well as a sweet woman. At Stork's Nest she did not allow her mind to rust. She said to herself that she must keep her wits bright for the sake of the children. Presently she would have to conduct their education. This she jealously resolved to have in her own hands; and, with it in view, she kept up her music, her languages, her reading, lest, to her own judgment, she should prove wanting, and be obliged to supplant herself by someone more efficient.

Bertha and Rhoda, in the beautiful country, watched over by unsleeping maternal love, more than fulfilled their early promise of grace. As they grew to be young women they manifested, more than in their days of childhood, a certain brilliant selfishness which was startlingly like their father's. Alice would not have acknowledged it to herself for worlds in a way which should lower her idols. She was angry with Jane one day when that devoted worshipper expressed in the crude way of her kind, her conviction that the young ladies existed for themselves, and were very little dependent on anyone else.

"My bonny girls!" Alice said to herself with a throb of maternal pride. "They walk as though they owned the world. And why shouldn't they? It is the right of their youth and beauty to be arrogant."



"'They walk as though they owned the world.'"

She was a little troubled as she said it, for she had an apprehension that presently they would cease to be contented with the quiet life at Stork's Nest; and when they asked for the world, how was she to give it to them? For the first time she doubted the wisdom of her choice long ago. She should have kept the old friends, have made new friends, for the sake of the children. Had she not been selfish in her choice of the country, thinking rather of her own delight than of theirs?

What life was there for the two beautiful girls here, in this neighbourhood, where there was no society, no one within even driving distance, except old people?

They were so pretty. Something whispered at her ear, "And soulless." She turned upon the thought as though she would have rent it, and tried to drive away the memory of some of Jane's speeches. Jane adored the girls without illusions; probably adored them the more because they were selfish and inconsiderate of others.

Alice had begun to plot and plan for a winter in town, had begun to search in her memory for the old friends, to imagine pretty frocks for the children, to furbish up her old knowledge of London and its sights, when the whole matter was taken out of her hands.

There came to stay at the Vicarage a certain grave, distinguished, middle-aged soldier, a younger brother of the Vicar. From the first he was fascinated by Bertha. Alice could not but see it; but in the beginning she felt no alarm. He was old enough to be the child's father. What could there be but a middle-aged man's admiration for a beautiful child?

At the same time the Vicar's son, Harry, returned from the China station, where his ship was, for a long holiday. The children had been brought up with Harry Venables, and he had been good to them, as a tall boy is to tiny girls—had played with them and mended their toys, and carried them about on his shoulders, and given them rides on his pony.

Five years before, when he had been at home on leave, Alice had noticed what looked like the beginning of an attachment on the young man's part for Rhoda. But Rhoda, aged fifteen, with a thick pigtail down her back and a propensity for tearing her pretty smocks, was too young to excite alarm in her mother's mind. Now it was different. Rhoda at twenty was another matter; and so also was the responsible-looking naval captain who had emerged from the brown-faced and still ingenuous lieutenant of five years before.

The ball once set a-rolling, the young ladies took matters into their own hands with as much rapidity as might have been expected of them.

Alice had hardly got over the shock of having Bertha's hand asked in marriage by Sir Rawley Venables, when his nephew made the same request for Rhoda.

The suitors, apart from Sir Rawley's age, were unexceptionable, although, even if they had not been, it is doubtful whether the young ladies would have been said nay by their mother.

When it was done, and she had two pairs of lovers on her hands, Alice fell to thinking of what a wrench it would be to give up Stork's Nest. Her eyes wandered over all the pretty things bound up with twenty exquisite years. Of course, the children would expect her to make her home with one or another of them. She supposed it would be with Bertha, whose lover held a command in India, rather than with Rhoda, who was looking forward to the strange, brilliant life of the Chinese port where she was to make as much of a home as is possible for a naval captain. Yet, perhaps, poor Rhoda would want her most, since Harry would have to spend so much of his time on his ship. They would both want her. Perhaps she could go from one to the other. The thought that she could not be everything to both, and be always with both ever again, smote her with a sharp pang, although she tried to smile over it. Even alone she would not be the kill-joy at her daughters' betrothals.

Little by little, by slow and agonised degrees, it was borne in upon her that neither daughter expected her to follow them into exile. So completely were they engrossed with their lovers and the new life opening before them that her love of many years might have been a dream.

At first she fought as one fights a nightmare against the overwhelming terror of being left alone. The children *couldn't* do without her; why, she had always done everything for them; they knew her too well to think that in the new life she would demand all that she had had in the old. Just to see them, to be near them, to hear the sound of their voices, would be enough. They could not be thinking of leaving her. She would die in the lonely house. Her little girls, the little soft creatures whose baby limbs she had kissed, they couldn't have the heart to leave her behind! There were times when she was in the mood to fling herself at their feet and implore them not to leave her all alone, with only her memories.

The terror put everything else out of her mind. While she had been sure that she was to go she had sometimes wondered if she might not meet her old lover, Allan Mowbray, in India. He, too, was high in the service, and she had learned from a newspaper paragraph of a few months back that he was at a station in Northern India which was not so far from Sir Rawley's headquarters. It was probable the two men knew each other. She was far too shy to ask. Long ago she had forgiven Allan Mowbray the pain he had caused her, had come, indeed, to believe that the mystery of his forgetting her had been capable of explanation. She remembered the chivalrous, simple-hearted boy who had been her first lover and had awakened all of her

heart she had to give. Anything were easier to believe of Allan than that he should have coldly forgotten her and left her to suffer.

But these thoughts belonged to the time before she realised that her children were going to leave her, and then everything else was swept away. She had moments of absolute abandonment, when she cried out that she could not let them go—that she would follow them to the ends of the earth; when she realised the primal passion of the animal robbed of its young.

But those hours when she lay on the floor and cried out against her fate, feeling it all the time as unyielding as brass, were in the dead waste and middle of the night. By day she went pale and heavy-eyed, and, when her altered looks were noticed, put them upon that convenient beast of burden, the weather After all, she could not ask the children to take her, although their leaving her was her death-blow. In those days she began to have a little fear of them, the beautiful, heartless young creatures, who were so satisfied with their lovers, and never seemed to know that they were breaking their mother's heart.

She bought their pretty trousseaux and made all the arrangements for the weddings as though her heart were not breaking. She would not be a cloud in the general happiness, in which she and Jane, the children's nurse, were alone miserable. Jane had spoken out again in one of her short, sharp speeches. It had been Alice's dream that when she went to Bertha or Rhoda, as the case might be, she would take Jane with her. Poor Jane, who loved the children nearly as well as she did!

"They are like their father," said Jane, coming into her mistress's bedroom one night with the most perfunctory knock. "They never cared for aught but themselves, and they'd walk to their fancy over me—or over you, for the matter of that."

Alice saw the haggard anguish in Jane's eyes and forbore to rebuke her, although, indeed, she did not wait for a rebuke, but stalked out as fiercely as she had entered.

The wedding day came round. It was almost the last moment of the two brides' stay under their mother's roof.

"Well, we shall come home some day," said Bertha's high, joyous young voice. "Meanwhile, take care of yourself, dear mater."

And Rhoda repeated the speech.

The mother heard them as though from a great distance off. She had given up asking herself how she was to live in the dreary house without them. She had a deeper wound even than that in her heart. Last night Sir Rawley had spoken to her tenderly and anxiously about her altered looks.

"I had hoped you would live under our roof," he said; "but Bertha assures me that you would be miserable; that you will not hear of leaving your pretty house and garden. Perhaps she is mistaken; you look miserable enough about staying. Change your mind, and come out to us as soon as you can get ready."

A few minutes later the other bridegroom had almost repeated the speech, imploring her, even at the eleventh hour, to change her mind and come with them when their short honeymoon was over.

Rhoda listened to her bridegroom in silence. The mother never knew what she answered. She had thought that she was proof against further pain, that her heart was dead in her and could not be hurt any more. But now the sword turned in it. The bitterness of death was nothing compared to what she had to endure.

When they had gone, she thought at first that she would not be able to live. It was not that the house was so lonely. She had often dreamed that the children were dead, and wakened from her dreams sick with horror and fear. But if they had died—if they had gone out of the house, leaving it and the world an empty shell, from which the beautiful birds had flown—it would have been nothing beside this cold betrayal of her. Somehow or other, the winter dragged by. There were cheerful, scrappy letters from the brides, full of the joys of their new lives, the gaieties in which they took part, the triumphal progress their days seemed to be.

"And to think," wrote Bertha, "of this time last year at Stork's Nest! The dreariness of it! We must have taken after papa. We have nothing at all of the country feeling that makes you happy in such a dreadful place."

"Harry is always urging me," wrote Rhoda, "to ask you to come out to live with us. Men are so impracticable. He cannot believe that you are satisfied with your garden and your reading, and your dogs, and all the rest of it, and that it is better for people to lead their own lives. He is thoroughly good to me; and lets me do what I like. I never knew before how happy life could be made for one."

Bertha, too, sung pæans about her husband's tenderness.

"I feel that I never knew before what it was to be taken care of," she wrote, with the naïve self-pity which is common to much-petted women.

But by this time Mrs. Chilton felt past being hurt further. After that revelation that the sons-in-law had wanted her, and the daughters to whom she had given herself utterly had not, no turn of the screw meant acuter torture. But fortunately, in mental as in physical suffering, there comes a time when pain ceases to be felt, and she had reached that time.

The spring had come again, the exquisite early spring. Alice worked in her garden, and was much out of doors. In her way she was very young; and to her amazement the flowers, the scents, the songs of birds, the young green of the trees, filled her with little sudden throbs of delight, as though her own heart were pushing out delicate leaves, tiny folded-up blossoms. When she had had these moments she felt in a sense guilty. Of course, as soon as she re-entered the house, the nightmare of her trouble again took possession of her. Yet the moments of respite brought a faint wild-rose colour to her cheeks, softened the strained look of her eyes. She began to have a feeling that the children she had loved were dead. She was afraid to go back to the memories of them; but perhaps some day—some day—that would be possible.

She had known all the time that Jane was suffering after her manner. They had not spoken of things: neither she nor Jane were the talking sort. When an Indian or Chinese letter came, she showed the contents so far as might be to the nurse. Jane did everything for her. Often during the days of that intolerable winter she had had a fancy that she and Jane were two ghosts lingering on in the place where they had once been so happy.

She had thought that her capacity for pain was over. Then this day of March Jane had come in and announced that she was about to be married.

"I gave him up," she said, "for *them* when I was young. Now we're no longer young; but he has asked me again, and I'm going to take him. I can't bear this house no longer. 'Tis longing and longing I am, and loving and hating them, till I've often thought I'd go mad."

"Oh, Jane!" said Mrs. Chilton. "And what am I to do?"

"You'd better go back to town, ma'am," said Jane. "You didn't ever ought to have left it and your friends—not for them. They'd have thought more on us if we hadn't given in in all things to them. Another winter here I can't endure, nor yet the long evenings of the summer. He's got a fishmonger's shop, and I'll see the people and sell in the shop, and have no time to be thinking.

Mrs. Chilton said no more. When Jane made up her mind, there was nothing else to be said. She had always known that Jane's love was not for her, but for the children. All her years of kindness counted as nothing against the children, for whom Jane had the half-savage instinct of her kind which is like the love of animals for their young.

But, with Jane gone, everything would be swept away. The last link with her old heaven would be snapped. She and Jane had been in Paradise together; they had been in the cold and dreary world of exile together. Now Jane was going. She had not realised what it had been to have a companion with her in her desolation.

What was she to do? She never even glanced at Jane's suggestion that she should return to town. Why, she would be a ghost in its streets after those twenty years. She would stay on at Stork's Nest. The village girl who had been Jane's assistant could do her simple cooking. When all was said and done, she was better at Stork's Nest than she could be away from it. It is possible to love a place more dearly and more sacredly because one has suffered there than if it held only memories of happiness.

For a day or two after she knew that Jane was going she suffered acutely. It was on one of those days that she fell to wondering that her hair was not white. The third day she returned to her gardening. As she stooped above a violet-bed a thought came to her which made her straighten herself suddenly and gaze away up to the sky, where a lark was winging his way, as though she could pierce the blue and reach the very throne of God. The thought was that perhaps one day Bertha or Rhoda, or both, might send their children home to her.

It was as though through the black desolation of her life a little seed had suddenly thrust up a flower. It was characteristic of her that she was eager to begin it all over again, the years of patient service, when her love hardly slept even when her body slept. She forgot the wicked selfishness which had repaid her so badly. She was greedy for the crumbs of happiness from her daughters' tables, ready to be grateful to them for the sweet burdens they might lay upon her.

She stood there, following the flight of the lark, and her eyes were like one who sees Heaven open. It was as though God had put out a finger to lead her back to sanity. She felt she could endure ten years alone at Stork's Nest if at the end of that time a child should be sent to her to keep. Her mind went back to the old days, when she had pondered wise books upon the rearing of children, and had been terrified by the recital of symptoms, and the thousand and one fears that come to the inexperienced mother.

After that day a subtle change came to her. She was a devout woman, and she believed the hope had been sent to her from God Who had had pity on her because she had suffered so much.

Jane, watching her jealously, said to herself that the mistress was "getting over it" as

she never would have got over it. It quieted any small voice in Jane's breast that might have reproached her for leaving her mistress alone; it also diminished her gratitude for the gifts with which her mistress loaded her. She resented that apparent "getting over it."

Alice Chilton set out with a brave heart to meet the years in which she might or might not, as God willed, find comfort. There were times when the loneliness was almost more than she could bear, when she recalled with terror those early days after the weddings when, if she had not had the belief in God, she would have found an easy solution to her troubles. There were days when the hope seemed an illusive one, when the promise seemed withdrawn, days when she was abandoned, left to herself; when even the sky and the breeze, the birds and the flowers, had no message for her.

It was on one of those arid days, endured with the patience to make a saint, a day of June with an afternoon and evening interminably long, that a card was brought to her where she was weeding in her garden.

She let the little village maid go while she looked at the card. Then she drew off her gardening gloves slowly. Allan Mowbray, after all those years! Her heart seemed to grow quiet for an instant, then to go on with heavy, dull thuds against her side. He had not broken her heart, after all. He had left it for her children to break. But why did he seek her out now? What could he have to say to her?

Mechanically she put up her hand, and patted the waves of her hair. She looked down at her holland gardening smock. It was held in by a lilac sash, an artistic touch on the part of its maker. It was clean and uncrushed. Colonel Mowbray must forgive a gardening woman.

She had to come along a narrow path, between box borders under the glinting light and shade of apple boughs, to reach the half-glass door which gave admittance into the drawing-room. The lean, lantern-jawed, melancholy-looking man in the darkness of the room watched her approach. He was standing holding his hat in his hand. The hand closed on the brim of the hat with a force which was not at all advantageous to an article purchased only since the owner had set foot once again in the capital of England.

"Time has dealt gently with her," he said to himself; and then, catching sight of his own visage in a glass, he turned away with an air of dissatisfaction.



"She came with a lagging step."

She came with a lagging step, as though she were dead-tired. If she had come in the ordinary, conventional way, things might have been quite different. As it was, he advanced to meet her; saw, all of a sudden, the network of lines in the soft skin, the tragedy of the eyes.

"Alice!" he said; and was holding her two hands in his.

She had been so unspeakably lonely that at this first touch of human sympathy the tears rushed to her eyes.

"It is good to see an old friend," she said, while her lips shook. "I did not know you were in England. How did you find me out?"

"I heard from Venables—Rawley Venables: he is an old friend of mine—where you were, and that you were alone. I have always wanted to see you, Alice, to ask you to

forgive me. I couldn't help it, dear. Poor Muriel! they said her life depended on her being happy, and for some reason, poor child—indeed, it was not my fault—her happiness depended on me. After all, I did not keep her very long, though I think I made her happy. And then you were married, Alice, and I was all alone. I had no idea that you were alone too till Venables came back with a wife from England. To think that the beautiful Lady Venables, that enchanting creature, is your daughter!"

"Yes; isn't she pretty?" said Alice, with a throb of the maternal pride that would only die with her death. "It nearly killed me when they went out, Allan."

"I know," he said, still holding her hands; "you look as though something had nearly killed you."

At the tenderness of his voice the fountain of her tears, long sealed, began to flow. She turned away sobbing, and tried to hide her face, but he would not have it so.

"I too have been lonely," he said. "If you must weep, Alice, weep here, in the arms that should have sheltered you long ago."

So the old romance lived again. What it was to the bruised and buffeted woman to rest, for perhaps the first time, in a real love, who shall say? To her Allan Mowbray's honest, soldierly face, furrowed by sorrow, was more fascinating than the fresh, bright face of the boy she remembered. As for him, the woman with the traces never to be wiped out of those last eight months was more beautiful than the Alice Chilton of his boyhood's dreams.

There was nothing to delay for. Colonel Mowbray was not returning to India, and had a comfortable furlough before he had to take up the command of his battalion at home.

"We shall spend our honeymoon in Italy," he said. "I want to remove some of the lines of suffering from this dear face."

She smiled, and touched wistfully with her finger the lines about his eyes and the hair at his temple, which was thickly powdered with grey.

"We both need happiness," he said.

Within a month after Colonel Mowbray's first visit to Stork's Nest Alice Chilton stood up at the altar of the church where she prayed to be made his wife. So this was what God had had in store for her! She knew now why the happiness that she had thought dead had sent out little green shoots of hope in the spring-time.

In the strange new placid happiness that had come to her she even lost the ache which the children's want of love had left in her heart. She began to forgive them entirely. The poor children! perhaps they could not help it, perhaps the fault lay in herself that she had not been able to make herself necessary to them.

Even now she had not forgotten her dream of having their children with her. Her husband, who could refuse her nothing, had already promised her that they should keep Stork's Nest "to come to when I am compulsorily retired," he said, laughing; and, indeed, that time seemed far enough off, looking at the deep-chested, clean-limbed soldier.

"The children will send us home their babies one day," she said, with a wistful smile at him. "The thought of those babies led me out of the darkness after I had lost the children."

"Why did you not go with them, Alice?" he asked. "Venables told me that you would not. He was troubled about you. Women have such strange ideas of self-sacrifice; but it was not like you, dear."

She did not answer him; but neither then nor at any time did she enlighten him as to her reason for letting the children go without her.

But, after all, before ever a child of Bertha's or Rhoda's did more than look into the world and slip out of it again, Alice Mowbray had a strong son in her arms, a child who was to make her world over again, who inherited the sweetness of his mother, the strength and honesty of his father.

It was several years, indeed, before the first weak little sapling came home from India for Alice to rear into a strong child for his mother. Great and various sorrows came to these girls who had been so brilliant and selfish. When at last mother and daughters met again, it was the mother who looked the younger.

"That horrid India!" said Bertha, who was the first to return to her native land. "It withers one. No one would ever believe I once had such a complexion. You are a prettier woman than I, mother."

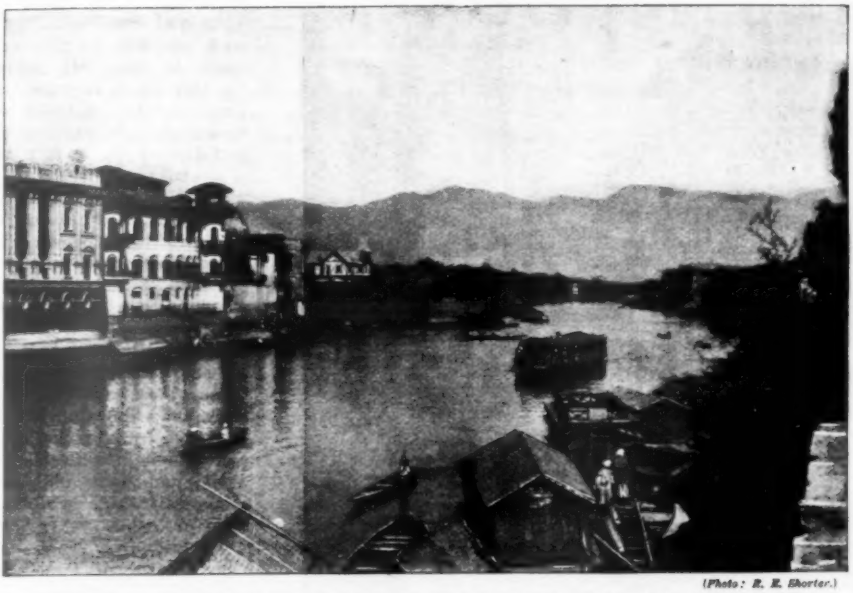
Later, talking about the children who had died, she suddenly flung herself upon her mother.

"You were a thousand times too good to us," she said, "when I think of what we were to you! I only realised when I had children of my own. You wasted yourself on us, dear, and we were wretches to you. I think God has forgiven us. You see, poor Rhoda suffered as I did. It was so strange. Can you forgive us?"

"I forgave you all the time," said Mrs. Mowbray, mingling her tears with her daughter's.

AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACE OF HEALING.

By A. V. Stewart.



(Photo: R. E. Shorter.)

VIEW OF THE THELUM, WITH THE MODERN PALACE OF THE MAHARAJAH TO THE LEFT.

RIVERSIDE scenery, wherever it may be, seems always to possess a certain charm and attraction of its own; but perhaps one of the most fascinating river trips that can be taken is that which covers the few miles between the seven bridges which, crossing the broad Thelum, connect the various quarters of Srinagar, the picturesque capital of a country whose very name is synonymous with beauty and romance.

On either side of the river queer old wooden houses, with carved balconies and latticed windows, overhang the water. No two are alike: here one leans forward heavily on its massive props, and there another is hopelessly out of the perpendicular.

In odd corners a *ziarat*, or shrine, stands out prominently, its roof a veritable garden of wild flowers, which have taken root in the soil and grasses with which time has covered the wooden shingles and rafters.

The gilded temple of the Maharajah shines resplendent in the noonday glare, till the wearied eye turns for relief to the cool white minarets of the great mosque on the opposite bank.

The lighter craft of the curio vendors, shawl and wood-carving merchants, fruit sellers, etc., paddle merrily up and down, propelled by the heart-shaped paddles, in the use of which a "mange" boatman becomes proficient whilst still a little lad or lass.

One sees a tiny girl of five or six years taking her turn at the paddles and the



(Photo: R. E. Shorter.)

A BOAT BABY.



(Photo: E. E. Shorter.)
AN OFFSHOOT FROM THE RIVER, WITH OLD HOUSES.

women are regularly included in the hired crews.

After the last bridge, avenues of tall poplars and groves of the royal chenar trees take the place of houses and streets, and the river winds round the base of a curious precipitous hill—Takt-i-Suleiman, the Throne of Solomon—whose summit is crowned by an ancient Hindu temple, reputed to have been founded before the Christian era.

Dirt and ignorance lay the foundations for much sickness among the Kashmiris, and there is a wide scope for medical work, of which the missions have been quick to avail themselves. Near the Fourth Bridge, in the heart of the city, an excellent work is carried on among the women by the Mission ladies, in response to whose cordial invitation I was paddled down to the broad landing steps. Thence, piloted by my head boatman, I plunged into a labyrinth of narrow streets which recalled to my mind the wynds of the Fife towns in bonnie Scotland, many a "lang Scots mile" away. Finally up some queer old flights of steps, and we are at the "Place of Healing." As we enter, the patients, "all sorts and conditions" of women, are seen in the waiting-room to the left, squatting on the floor in the patient Eastern way. A short, simple vernacular address and prayer is followed by a distribution of tin tokens, duly armed with which the patients may mount the stairs and present themselves in the dispensary, where a capable trained nurse listens to each sufferer's "tale of woe," enters in the register the name and treatment given, and gives tickets of admission to the Mission hospital to those whose condition requires more than the simple remedies provided by the clever nurse. Nurse is helped in her duties by a handsome old lady, a Brahmin Sikh's widow, who has for some years been a Christian, and is an invaluable aid in the "medical department," performing the various duties of an out-patient nurse with a smartness and neat-handed dexterity of which a real London "pro" need not be ashamed.

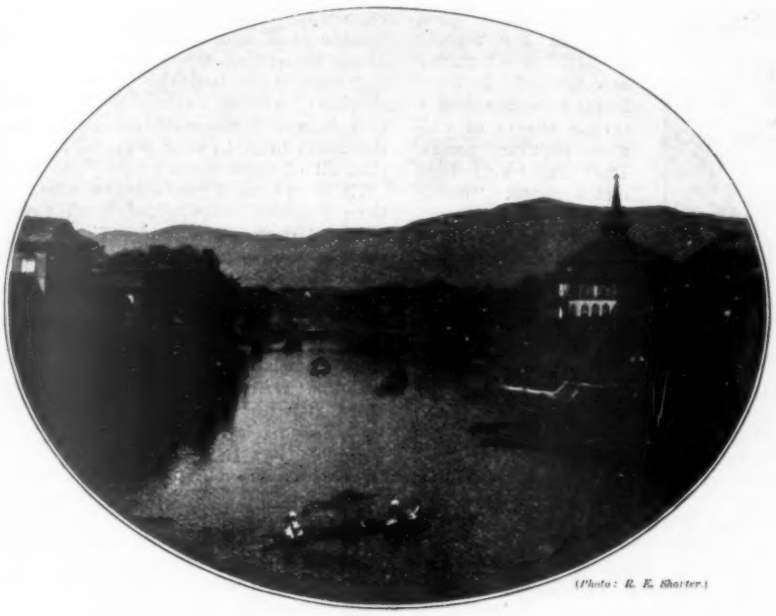
One case was particularly interesting—a woman of marked beauty, quite young, but evidently a victim of mitral heart disease, with advanced dropsy. Four neighbours, "strong men," have carried her to the "Doctor Miss Sahib." Poor girl, young as she is, there are four little ones dependent on her, and medicine without rest will not give her more than temporary relief. She takes her medicine gratefully and with a questioning, pathetic look in her great dark eyes, salaams, and gives way to the next patient, a Purdah-nashin woman, with a skin as white as an English girl's, and pink cheeks, and a baby boy to match. Baby is the patient this time, and suffering from nothing more dangerous than ringworm. I am surprised that this high-caste woman should equal in dirt her poorer sisters; but Nurse tells me that they put on their dirtiest clothes to come out thus in public. Their men folk are of the opinion that cleanliness, by its rarity, would attract too much attention to be perfectly respectable!

Sore eyes, sore heads, fever, and dyspepsia bring the clock round to nearly one o'clock; so I run upstairs to the upper room, where another Mission lady carries on a school for girls.

My first impression this time is not "dirt," but "beauty." Cleanliness is evidently the first thing taught in this school, and, freed from the usual outer "epidermis," one realises how very handsome many of the children are. They all wear the universal "smock" common to Kashmiri men and women alike, and sit round the teacher mastering the intricacies of stocking-knitting, to which they take very readily. I am much struck by the soulful face of a little beauty of eight years, but find that in her case the smock hides a poor thin pair of bent, rickety legs. The circle of smiling faces endorses the fact, and presently they all scamper downstairs to expend my "largesse," not forgetting a chorus of delighted thanks. The elder girls get tea with their money. Tea-drinking goes on to an alarming extent among the Kashmiris. Green tea from Ladakh, "strengthened with salt," and drunk *ad lib.* out of the pretty little Kashmir tea bowls, lays the foundation of the frequent dyspepsia from which they suffer in such large numbers.

This select school possesses a matron, who for a consideration picks up the children at stated corners, brings them to school, and sees them back again.

The missionaries are expected to cure everything. One day a mother arrived with a



(*Photo: R. E. Shorter.*)

VIEW FROM THE THIRD BRIDGE.

poor maid's mother is in the class, with the last baby playing on the floor beside her; and, in reply to my inquiry as to why little Karima had not been taken to the hospital for the doctor to straighten the poor legs, protests that Karima cried and would not stay in the hospital without her, and she must be at home to look after the "babies." Reading and writing are next in progress, and finally I question the lassies as to the possibility of "sweeties" being secured in the neighbourhood if the "necessary" were forthcoming. A noticeably handsome daughter, suffering from flaxen hair!

"Would the Doctor Miss Sahibs make her hair black? Everybody laughed at her strange hair!" The ladies tried ineffectually to persuade the vexed pair that such hair was really beautiful. They reckoned it a deformity, and were finally made happy by a harmless decoction of permanganate of potash which might darken the tresses.

Up to date the Mission has heard nothing of its patent hair dye.

Pilgrim Sŏngs

By the Rev. Joseph Woodhouse, Chaplain to Horton Asylum, Epsom.

FREQUENTLY I pass men in the streets of London — "gutter merchants" I have heard them called— selling sheets of vulgar popular songs. They are songs that street boys, "hooligans" and street singers, delight to shout at holiday time. To me they do not seem at all worthy of the trouble the singers have taken to learn them. There is no beauty in them that they can be desired to my mind. Never would I learn—never would I sing one of them.

But I know, however, a number of lovely songs, many of them short, graphic, pithy, and inspiring, that everybody should learn to sing. I want to say a little about *them*, because I know most of them quite well and love to sing them.

There are just fifteen of them that I wish specially to consider here. They have been called by different names — "Step-Psalms," "Songs of the Upgoings," "Pilgrim Psalms," "The Traveller's Hymn-Book." I prefer to call them *Pilgrim Songs*.

In the Book in which I first found them each of the fifteen is headed "A Song of Degrees," and in a more recent edition of the Book where they can be seen, each is named "A Song of Ascents."

Naturally the reader would like to know what this means. Perhaps he will also ask, "Well! where are the songs to be met with?"

Jewish expositors think that these Psalms were appointed to be sung in the Temple on "the fifteen steps between the court of the men and the court of the women."

Most likely, however, the word "degrees" or "ascents" refers to the "successive stages of the pilgrimage" which the Jews in olden times were wont to make thrice every year to the Temple at Mount Zion. What would be more likely than that the pilgrims would be glad to "beguile the tedium" of the journey with singing? And at their nightly encampments how it would cheer them, gathering round the camp fires, to sing some of the "ballads" that all of them knew!

There can hardly be a better name for them than *Pilgrim Songs*. And I have very little doubt that they are "a brief collection of the popular songs" which were used in the way I have stated.

Dr. William M. Thomson, in "The Land and the Book," describes what he himself saw when he was in the Holy Land.

"From the customs of Orientals still prevalent," he writes, "I think it highly probable that such an explanation of the title may be substantially correct. Nothing is more common than to hear individuals and parties of natives, travelling together through the open country and along mountain paths, especially during the night, break out into singing some of their favourite songs.

"Once, descending from the top of Sunnin, above Beirût, with a large company of natives, they spontaneously began to sing in concert. The moon was shining brightly in the clear sky, and they kept up their chanting for a long time. I shall not soon forget the impression made by that moonlight concert as we wound our way down the eastern side of Lebanon to the Bukâ'a, on the way to Ba'albek.

"Through the still midnight air of that lofty region the rough edge of their stentorian voices, softened into melody, rang out full and strong, waking the sleeping echoes far and wide down the rocky defiles of the mountain.

"Something like this may have often rendered vocal this dreary ascent to Jerusalem. It is common in this country to travel in the

night during the summer, and we know that the Hebrew pilgrims journeyed in large companies, and it would be strange indeed if sometimes they did not seek relief from the oppressive solitude by singing the beautiful songs of Zion."

Although I cannot relate any of the street songs to which reference has been made, I can give specimens of the *Pilgrim Songs* that are so dear to me. Here is one of them:—

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills:
Whence shall come my help?
My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, He that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper;
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
He shall preserve thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in
From this time forth, and even for evermore."

If I quote another, the choice beauty of these songs, which ought really to be popular religious ballads, will be quite evident.

"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion,
Which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.
As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,
So the Lord is round about His people henceforth even for ever.
For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous;
Lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.
Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good,
And to them that are upright in their hearts.
As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways,
The Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity:
But peace shall be upon Israel."

While in the last but one of this series the excellence of union in matters of religious belief is sung:—

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is
For brethren to dwell together in unity!
It is like the precious ointment upon the head,
That ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard:
That went down to the skirts of his garments;
As the dew of Hermon,
And as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion:
For there the Lord commanded the blessing,
Even life for evermore."

Songs like these can never be improved upon, inspired as we know they were by God. They should take, and keep, a prominent place among the *Pilgrim Songs* of our own generation.

One of the best things about them is that they are never out of date. The Christian pilgrim can sing them to-day with a whole-hearted gladness, as he travels to "the city which hath the foundations whose Builder and Maker is God." The undertone of the Gospel of Christ whispers through them all.

Another fact in their favour, for those who wish to learn and sing the holy ballads for themselves, is that they are found in their own Bible. They form part of the third collection of sacred poems known as the *Book of Psalms*.

This third collection embraces Psalms XC. to CL., while the *Pilgrim Songs* range only from Psalm CXX. to Psalm CXXXIV. inclusive.

With songs like these so ready to hand, so easily learnt, and throbbing with the faithful soul's sweetest music, the entire upward way to the Father's House should echo and re-echo with most jubilant praises of the Lord. Difficulties besetting the pilgrim way will be lightened, rough places will be made smooth, darkness will be turned into day, if the heart is ready to sing amid all the perils of the homeward travel:—

"The Lord hath done great things for us;
Whereof we are glad."

Bereaved hearts will find their sorrows melting away when they make the glad theme their own:—

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Certain it is that through the infinite love of the Divine Redeemer the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto the heavenly Zion: "and everlasting joy shall be upon their head; they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The Rev. H. F. Lyte has put into more modern stanzas some of the thoughts that glow in the earliest *Pilgrim Songs*, in his rapturous hymn:—

"My God, my King,
Thy praise I'll sing,
My heart is all Thine own:
My highest powers,
My choicest hours,
I yield to Thee alone.

"My voice, awake,
Thy part to take;
My soul, the concert join;
Till all around
Shall catch the sound,
And mix their hymns with mine.

"But man is weak
Thy praise to speak;
Your God, ye angels, sing;
'Tis yours to see,
More near than we,
The glories of our King.

"His truth and grace
Fill time and space,
As large His honours be;
Till all that live
Their homage give,
And praise my God with me."



THE LIST OF THE SAVED.

(From the Drawing by W. H. Humphris.)



A Story for the Boys, by Thomas C. Smith.

"NOW, Donald, idling your time again instead of learning your lessons! How often have I warned you of the evil consequences of such conduct! If you don't alter you will certainly end your days with the Might-ha'-beens."

Donald Raeburn was a boy who attended the Grammar School as a day scholar; but his great failing was his habitual inattention to his studies, accompanied by a disposition to loaf about; and it was these bad qualities that drew the above reprimand from his schoolmaster.

A few days later, on a beautiful summer's afternoon, Donald thought it would be ever so much nicer to have a ramble in the woods than to sit in the schoolroom under the watchful eye of the master. So instead of going to school he sauntered away into the bye-road which led to Fairleigh Woods, a very treasure-trove of birds' eggs, squirrels, weasels, snakes, and lizards; and by the time his companions were learning that which would be of use to them when they grew up he was climbing a tree in search of wood-pigeons' eggs.

The climb and the heat made him rather tired, and he was very glad to rest a little while on a limb under the shade of the thickly leaved branches.

After a few moments he thought he noticed that the trunk of the tree was hollow, and leaning forward to see if it were so, he lost his balance and tumbled headlong down the dark passage!

"Oh dear!" the thought flashed through his brain. "Here's a pretty go. However shall I get out again? I shall not be able to turn round, and I certainly can't walk up with my feet where my head ought to be. I wish I hadn't climbed up the horrid old tree!"

He put out his hands to try and stop himself, but there was nothing to hold to.

"Wherever can I be going?" he continued in alarm, as well he might. "I must surely be falling straight through the earth or I should have stopped at the roots of the tree before now. And, oh dear! what an awful knock my poor head will get when I *do* stop; for I learnt yesterday that the farther a body falls the greater the force will be when it comes into contact with anything.

"But perhaps"—and here a bright thought

struck him—"I shall come out at Australia, then I shall be all right. At least, I'm not quite sure even of that, for I don't know anybody in Australia, and I believe they take boys who have no homes to the police-station."

The thought of being taken after leaving his comfortable home to a police-station and being brought before a stern magistrate—Donald felt sure he would be stern, especially if he knew what led to his being up the tree—frightened him more than ever.

But he didn't knock his head; and if he came out at Australia he didn't notice it. He continued falling farther and farther still, however, until at last he found himself falling no more, but suspended in space. At that moment he felt someone grasp him round his ankles, and with a deep sigh of relief he realised that his headlong flight was arrested.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "Pull me out, please. I thought I was falling ever so far. It certainly seemed like it, too; but I suppose I must have fancied it."

"Pull you out!" exclaimed a voice. "Pull you *in*, you mean. If not, I can let you drop a bit farther."

"No, no; please don't!" cried Donald, hastily. "Pull me out—in, I mean—of this tree, though that doesn't really sound correct."

"Never mind about the sound," returned the voice. "I expect you haven't worried much about speaking grammatically before."

Then, somehow (Donald was so dazed that he could not tell how it happened), he found himself standing on his feet again, and saw a mournful-looking man regarding him with a curious stare. Behind the man an immense wall rose upwards as far as the eye could reach. It was built something like a huge factory chimney cut in half lengthwise. Opposite the man was an opening through which Donald had been pulled in. Continuing from the edges of the structure were walls that extended right and left and completely encircled the land where the boy found himself.

"Where on earth am I?" gasped Donald. "And who are you?"

"In answer to your first question—Nowhere," replied the man. "To your second—I am chief watchman of the Might-ha'-beens, and my duty is to take in all those who fall off the earth."

"Off the earth!" reiterated Donald in astonishment. "That's impossible. Besides, I was falling *through* the earth when you pulled me in here. If I hadn't stopped I should have come out at Australia."

"Bless the boy!" cried the man, "you left Australia long ago. It was at that point you fell off the earth."

"I couldn't do that," protested the boy. "Our schoolmaster says nothing can fall off the earth owing to the laws of gravitation."

"I don't care what your schoolmaster says," returned the man testily. "As for laws, we haven't any here. But perhaps," he continued sneeringly, "if you're not off the earth you can tell me where you are.

"Of course you can't," he went on, seeing that Donald remained silent; "if you searched every map in your school you wouldn't find this place marked. Your schoolmaster, clever as he may be, couldn't tell you where the land of the Might-ha'-beens is."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Donald. "He mentioned the name a few days ago, so he must know where it is."

"It makes no difference now you are here," continued the man. "But I mustn't stop here talking any longer. I must report your arrival to the King and then take you to the classifying department, though what they will do with you I don't quite know. You see, it's quite unusual for a boy to become a Might-ha'-been. Men and women we have in plenty—they were men and women when they came—but there isn't a boy in the place."

"Then I don't think I shall stop if there's nobody to play with," cried Donald.

"Ha! ha! rather good, that," returned the man, making a wry grimace in an attempt to smile. "But once you get here, my lad, there is no going back. You can fall down easily enough, as you've just experienced; but how are you going to fall *up*, eh? That's a poser that none of us can tackle. As for playing about or loafing, you can get any amount of it here, and you will find it hard work."

"I wish I had gone to school this afternoon," said Donald dismally.

"No doubt," responded the man laconically.

He now took the boy's hand, and together they walked away inland, as it were. Donald now looked around to see what kind of country he was in. On either side of the dusty road they were in were stumps of trees on which not a solitary leaf was to be seen. There were no hedgerows, and what grass there was grew rank and in patches.

"How is it there are only stumps of trees?" asked Donald.

"It's the spirit of the Might-ha'-beens," answered the man. "But for that, which blights everything in the land, they would be beautiful trees. Now they will be never anything more than stumps."

A little farther on they came to a dirty stream, beside which was a pile of stones partly hewn into shape and obviously intended for building a bridge across the water.

"This stream," said Donald's companion, "might have been sparkling and fresh and filled with fish. But the same spirit affects it and makes the water bad, so that fish, even if there were any here, could not live in it."

On the other side of the stream, which they had to cross by means of stepping-stones, they came to a dilapidated fence, on which a man in a ragged military costume was seated. He had a large rattle in his hand with which he was supposed to frighten away some evil-looking birds, who were pecking up seed that had been so carelessly planted that three parts of it was left uncovered by soil.

"That's Private A. Failure," explained the man as they passed. "He might have been, and could have been, a general had he cared. But the spirit got hold of him; he slept at his post, and would not obey orders. So they drummed him out of the army, and he had to come here."

The houses, which now were appearing more thickly studded over the country, were all unfinished and almost in ruins. Some had partly finished roofs, others none at all. The horses and cattle were all dwarfed and half-starved, and were straying among the wildernesses that might have been gardens.

There were no girls and no boys—nothing young and fresh, for the spirit of decay had settled on everything. There were no birds singing, whilst what few feathered creatures existed looked bedraggled and miserable. It was the most depressing place Donald had ever visited, and he heartily wished himself out of it. Presently they saw lazily approaching them a man dressed in the tattered costume of a policeman.

"Hello!" exclaimed the watchman, "here's the Constable coming!"

This somewhat alarmed Donald, who held back a bit.

"Don't be afraid," said the man assuringly; "he won't interfere with you. He never catches anybody here. He's one of the worst Might-ha'-beens we have. He had a great dislike for work when he joined the police force; but as a policeman he had exceptional opportunities for distinguishing himself as a detective. The spirit laid hold of and mastered him, however; and by gross neglect of duty he was dismissed the force. But for that he might have been chief inspector by now."

"How silly of him!" remarked Donald.

"Well, you may think so, not being a true Might-ha'-been yet. But all inhabitants of this place look upon failures as the greatest success."

"Then they're sillier still," promptly decided the boy.

"I advise you not to let anyone hear you say so," cautioned the man. "It's high treason to express such thoughts here."

A little way on they passed an old man seated by the roadside trying to mend an iron wheel with some gum. He was engineer Might-ha'-been. Not far from him a carpenter was attempting to saw a piece of wood with an old table-knife. Close beside him sat a tinker stopping a leak in a kettle with a piece of soap, whilst at no great distance a tailor was gazing ruefully at some ragged garments he had to repair.

Passing on they saw an artist seated on a milking stool. He was painting vermilion grass in a landscape in which birds were grazing and horses and cows perched in ridiculous attitudes in the branches of the stumps of trees.

"All these men," observed the watchman, "neglected their studies and duties in youth and early manhood. The result was that employers who wanted no inefficient workmen discharged them. Then, being too indolent and careless to mend their ways, they had to come here."

At last Donald and the man came to a dilapidated building which a signboard outside proclaimed to be the royal palace of the King of the Might-ha'-beens. When Donald saw it he was so disrespectful as to stop and have a hearty laugh.

"What!" he exclaimed, "call *that* a palace! Why, a scavenger at home wouldn't live in such a place."

"Perhaps not," responded the man; "but if he came here he'd be jolly glad to."

At the gateway where they entered a sentry was sitting half asleep in an old armchair. His rifle—or the remains of it, which looked like Rip van Winkle's gun at the end of his long sleep—was lying on the ground. As they passed in he lazily raised his eyes, and muttering something about "Who comes there?" dozed off to sleep again.

Entering the palace itself scores of floating spiders' webs brushed unpleasantly against their faces as they walked up the passage, where the dust lay almost as thick as on the roadway they had just left. Passing through several doorways—the doors had long since rotted away—they at length came to what the man called the grand assembly hall. And there at the farther end was the King reclining on a sofa, through the covering of which the upholstery was bursting in numerous places.

The King himself looked worse than a tramp, so Donald thought. He was wearing a ragged gold-laced trimmed coat, patched knee-breeches, dirty stockings that once were white, and a pair of much-worn shoes. On his head was perched a crazy sort of crown,

battered and twisted out of shape. It had once been gilt, but the gold had long since disappeared, and now the base and tarnished metal of which it was made was all that was left of its glory.

"Who's that?" he demanded, in a voice that sounded like a creaking door.

"A new arrival, your Majesty," answered the watchman.

"Ah!" said the King. Then, raising himself partly up, he turned to the other side and cried, "Boblot! wake up, you rascal, and enter the particulars of the new arrival."

In response there came a long yawn, and presently a grotesque head appeared from behind a screen.

"I think you might speak a little more respectfully to your Prime Minister," drawled the man. "Where did you put the register?"

"You had it last," replied the King.

"No, I didn't. *You* had it last to enter the arrival of the might-ha'-been millionaire," returned Boblot. "I remember it distinctly because you blurred the writing so."

"That shows you're wrong," rejoined his Majesty. "You couldn't remember it distinctly if it was blurred. Don't argue, please. Find the book at once; I want to go to sleep again."

After a deal of rummaging that created such clouds of dust that it was impossible for some time to see either King or minister, the register was found. When the dust had settled Boblot said he was ready.

But here another difficulty arose, for no pen could be found.

"Well," said the Prime Minister indifferently, "I don't know that it matters much, for there's no ink left."

"I have a pencil, if that will do," suggested Donald.

"Oh, yes, that will do," responded the minister. "Anything does here. What's your name?"

"Donald Raeburn," was the reply.

"Age?" asked the King.

"Eleven," answered the boy.

"Eleven?" repeated his Majesty in surprise. "That must be wrong. You can't become a Might-ha'-been at that age. What have you previously done for a living?"

"I haven't done anything. You see, I haven't left school yet," said Donald.

"You must have done that or you wouldn't be here," interposed the minister. "But perhaps," he added, as a brilliant idea struck him, "you might have been a failure at school?"

"I am sorry to say I have," was the shame faced reply.

"Sorry?" exclaimed the King. "You will never become a prominent member of our society if you're going to repent. But never mind. We will apprentice you to one of our people, and by constant attention to the neglect of every duty there is no reason why you should not become as good a Might-ha'-been as Boblot here."

"But I——"

"Don't interrupt, please. Your duties for the first year will be to loaf about doing nothing for ten hours every day. The second year you will be allotted a post in the shirking department. At the end of that time, if qualified, you will be initiated into the grand order of Might-ha'-beens."

"That I will NOT!" shouted Donald defiantly. "I would sooner die than live in such a wretched place as this. Only let me get a chance to get home again, and I'll work harder than any boy in the school, and never shirk anything as long as I live."

"You will?" gasped the King and Boblot.

"I will! *I will! I* WILL!" shrieked Donald. And he stamped after each exclamation with such violence that the third time he did so the rotten floor suddenly gave way, and the King, Prime Minister, the watchman and himself went tumbling down together in a cloud of dust.

* * * * *

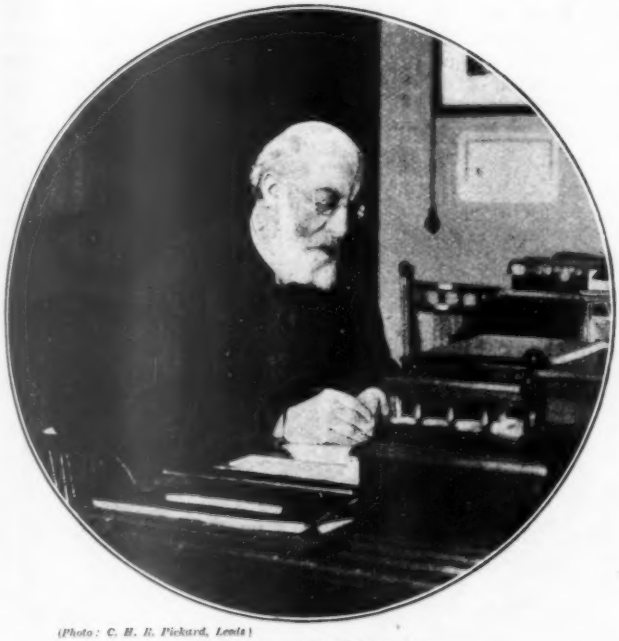
"Be 'e hurted much, me lad?" was the next thing Donald remembered. And looking up he saw the kindly face of the squire's gamekeeper bending over him.

"Why—where am I? Where's that dirty old King and his rotten old palace gone? And the Prime Minister and the other chap?" cried Donald.

"I don't know anything about that lot, me boy never 'eard of any like that," said the keeper. "But I guess I know as 'ow you've been birds'-nestin', and that it's a mighty lucky thing you 'aven't broken your neck. I 'ope it will be a warning to ye not to play truant again, and to leave birds' eggs alone."

Of course Donald's visit to the land of the Might-ha'-beens was no more than a dream whilst unconscious and sleeping off the effects of his tumble from the tree. But it showed him the evil results of indolence and carelessness, and made him resolve to reform his habit. And now there is no more successful, bright and happy boy in the school than Donald Raeburn.

THE WESLEY DEACONESS INSTITUTE.

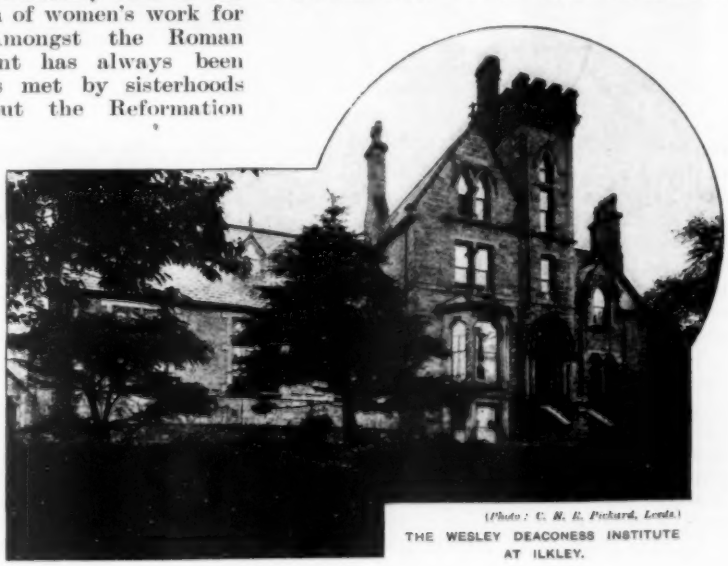


(Photo: C. H. E. Pickard, Leeds.)
THE REV. DR. STEPHENSON.

ONE of the most definite notes of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is undoubtedly that of the organisation of women's work for the churches. Amongst the Roman Catholics this want has always been recognised, and is met by sisterhoods and nunneries, but the Reformation churches have not responded to the need until comparatively recent years, partly perhaps because they dreaded the abuses to which nunneries and sisterhoods have given rise in the past, and partly because their ideals have always been rightly extended to marriage rather than to a celibate life.

It is quite possible, however, to use a good thing without abusing it, and it must be obvious that in a country where women so greatly preponderate over men some must necessarily remain single whether they will or no, and it is certain also that women, like men, work far more thoroughly and effectually when organised and trained than when left to their own devices as solitary units; and these considerations have led to a change in the attitude of the churches.

The Church of England, for instance, has not hesitated to re-establish sisterhoods—sometimes, one fears, with a return to old mistakes in some measure—and other associations, such as the "Greyladies," are witnesses to the useful work which has been found for women within its borders.



(Photo: C. H. E. Pickard, Leeds.)
THE WESLEY DEACONESS INSTITUTE AT ILKLEY.

Methodists, as a whole, have always employed the services of women more or less; but until quite lately they have not made special efforts to organise them, at least in England, though this has been done in Germany for some time past.

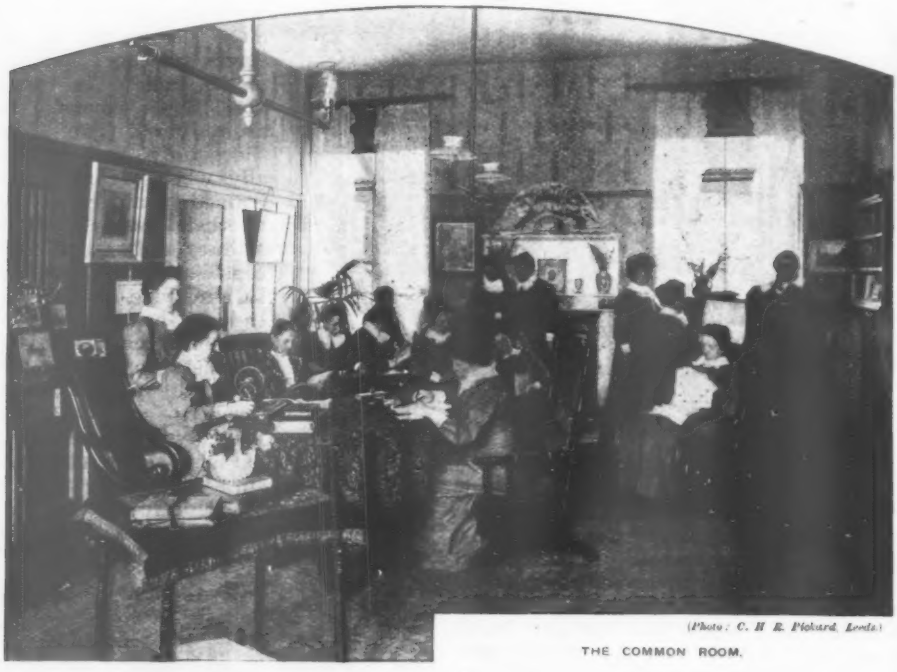
There are now, however, various settlements and sisterhoods in the Nonconformist churches, and one of the largest owes its existence to the Rev. Dr. Stephenson, of the Children's Home—from which, indeed, the idea arose, for women's care and tenderness were absolutely necessary for these waifs and strays, and it was soon discovered that the work was far better and more efficient in every way when some kind of training could be given first.

Thirteen years ago, therefore, the Deaconess Institute was begun in a small and experimental fashion, and proved so useful that a large building has been bought during the past year, at Ilkley, Yorkshire, to be used as a training school and college for Wesley Deaconesses, Dr. Stephenson being appointed Warden.

In this College or Institute women are selected, tested, and trained for service in mission work both at home and abroad, as well as in nursing the sick, the care of children, and in parochial work generally, including such practical matters as invalid and artisan cooking, physical exercises, etc. There are now one hundred Wesley Deaconesses.

When a would-be deaconess enters the College, she is first expected to go through three months' preliminary trial, then to pass through a year's training in the College, and another in outside work.

After at least two years' probation, she is set apart for the work in a Consecration service, no vows being taken, though it is understood that her life is to be devoted to the service unless unforeseen causes arise to prevent it, in which case she would be free to leave—family needs, a wish to marry, etc., being recognised as legitimate reasons. When thoroughly trained, deaconesses are sent to districts applying for their help, and can be removed as occasion requires, so that they can ask for a change of work if this is felt to be needful. Those who are able



(Photo: C. H. E. Pickard, Leeds.)

THE COMMON ROOM.

to do so are expected to contribute to their board and lodging during the first year, either entirely or in part, but these are provided free for such applicants as cannot afford this. No one, however, receives a "salary"; though where needful board, lodging, and uniform are provided, as well as an allowance which is just sufficient to secure clothing and other necessary expenses. A wise provision is a superannuation fund for those who are no longer able to work after a lengthened term of service, and to this each deaconess contributes a small amount when on active work, an annual payment to the fund being also made by the committee for each sister employed. A capital sum of £900 has been invested for this object.

Of course, there will be many expenses, such, for instance, as those of training, maintaining fellowship and intercourse, and possibly, as it is hoped, the sending of deaconesses to places either at home or abroad which are too poor to contribute to their support, and this unavoidable outlay will probably amount to about £1,500 yearly.



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

SISTER DORA.

The College is a large building, containing lofty rooms which will be useful for meetings and offices, as well as for other purposes, and well repays a visit. There are delightfully home-like cubicles for the students, which, though small,



(Photo: C. H. E. Pickard, Lincoln.)

A GROUP AT THE INSTITUTE.

look most cosy and convenient, and accommodate twenty-seven residents. Lecture-rooms, a most comfortable sitting-room, a large hall, a prayer-room, and the Warden's apartments are all to be found here; and there is also a gymnasium, which will doubtless add much to the health of the probationers. Talking of health, indeed, this is an ideal spot for attaining it, for the College is close to the Ilkley moors, and the air is most bracing and pure, being widely known and famous for these qualities. It may also be counted as an advantage that there are many large manufacturing towns within easy reach, where the deaconesses can obtain practical knowledge of the work they are to perform, and their ministrations are warmly welcomed in Leeds, Bradford, and other grimy cities in the vicinity.



(Photo: C. H. E. Pickard, Leeds.)

A CUBICLE.

Much of this work consists of nursing, visiting, conducting classes, clubs, and meetings, as well as missions. Those who



(Photo: C. H. E. Pickard, Leeds.)

A LECTURE IN PROGRESS.

manage the latter are known as evangelist deaconesses, and one of them tells how in her special mission "the people came—many of the worst characters in the village—and the meetings were from the first deep and powerful. Yet they held out, and I was afraid they would only get hardened. However, on Saturday and Sunday there was a general breakdown, and I am so glad I stayed on. It has undoubtedly been God's work, for there has been very little human pressure—they have thought it out for themselves, and I have been glad to stand on one side, just helping when I could."

A few deaconesses are at work abroad, and it is hoped that the number may increase. In Ceylon a dispensary has been opened—a great boon to the native women, for they will suffer and die rather than be treated by men. In Africa the Colonial Dutch attend the services in the little meeting-room at Vrededorp, and it was often quite full on Sunday during the war. In New Zealand a great future is opening, and everywhere the deaconesses are welcomed.

There can be no question that the work is hard and wearing, but the



(Photo: C. H. R. Pickard, Leeds.)

FIRST AID.

In attempting to describe the work of a deaconess, it is really difficult to know what *not* to include, for, as one energetic sister expresses it, "We are often the only representatives of the Wesley Deaconess order for miles around, and in such a position we are called upon to be sometimes preacher, class leader, adviser, doctor, nurse, cook, housekeeper, organist, soloist, banker, secretary, friend, reprover, temperance advocate, dentist (!), head of labour bureau, and helper in such other ways as opportunity and necessity require."

wonderful happiness of being of use, not to speak of a deeper religious feeling, more than counterbalances this; and the contrast between such a life and one which is idle and desultory points its own moral without need of words. United labour has many advantages, and not the least of these is the feeling of belonging to a community in which all are interested in each other's work, and all are joined in comradeship and loyalty, for this effectually destroys the miserable loneliness which presses so hardly upon single women.

Just as I am.

By the Author of "Beneath the Banner."

I.—THE DISASTER.

"  —H!"

It was a long-drawn "Oh!" and little Jack gave a frightened glance around to see if anyone had witnessed the disaster.

The door was nearly closed, there was no one passing outside, and the boy drew a breath of relief as he climbed a chair and picked up the piece of Worcester porcelain that father so often showed to visitors. There lay the beautiful two-handled cup with a little triangular piece which had been broken from its rim, clear cut as if it had been carved out with a knife.

Jack's whip had somehow just caught the cup and upset it. The cup had struck a bronze statuette in its fall, and, alas! there it lay, whilst Jack's heart was going pit-a-pat with fright and his wits were frozen with apprehension as he contemplated the mischief he had done. His first thought was fear; his second, a resolution to rush and tell mother. Then he remembered that she was out!

"Broken, broken, broken!" he murmured distractedly, as he picked up the piece which had been chipped out and replaced it in the cavity.

"It fits perfectly," he murmured. Then he got down and surveyed it, saying to himself, "Why need anyone know?"

He loved dadda with all his heart, and knew how vexed he would be.

Why should he know at all?

And thus Jack resumed his whip, a little sobered, a little comforted, and yet with a spot of discomfort in his heart.

Poor little Jack, so bright and imaginative, he little knew that in trying to conceal this act of carelessness he was binding a burden on his shoulders as heavy as that which weighted Christian when he set out from the City of Destruction.

II.—A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

LITTLE JACK had enjoyed his nightly revel. To-night dadda had told him the tale of his early days, when he had endeavoured to ride a donkey with a string halter, how the donkey had kicked and thrown him off, how grandfather had seen him, and a beating had followed. The story, illustrated by a ride on dadda's knee and with tumbles to add reality to the conception, had made Jack laugh again and again. Oh, what fun it was to hear dear dadda!

And now father and mother had been listening as little Jack sang the first verse of the hymn he had just learnt:

> "Just as I am," without one plea,
> But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
> And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
> O Lamb of God, I come."

The voice was so full and sweet that it lifted them far, far away from place and time, and they felt anew the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. They saw anew the heavens opened and the glorified Burden Bearer.

When Jack had finished, the doubt that had been growing in his mind welled up.

Father was turning down the gas just above Jack's head, preparatory to going downstairs, when the little boy whispered:

"Dadda, I want to tell you something."

His heart was beating wildly and his mind alive with terror at the thought of the confession he was about to make; but he would make it!

"Never mind to-night, tell me to-morrow, Jack."

"No, dadda, now."

He kept repeating softly, to keep his courage, "O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God I come!" To-morrow he might be afraid.

But father, looking down on the flushed little face, and knowing nothing of the struggle going on within, kissed him and whispered, "You must go to sleep now, darling. Tell me to-morrow."

What could Jack do?

He sighed a sigh of relief that the struggle was useless, and was soon fast asleep.

III.—THE TANGLED WEB.

LITTLE JACK was descending softly in his slippers to have a last kiss from dadda. He had reached the hall and was about to enter the dining room. He was rubbing his eyes sleepily, for, truth to say, he was not more than half awake. He was feeling as if he had had a bad dream, though why, he couldn't have said, till his conscience was awakened into life by hearing his father say:

"Mr. Grey is coming to see my Worcester cup this evening."

"I can't help wishing," mother replied, "that you would have a glass case made for it."

"But why?"

"Well, when I saw old Martha dusting it yesterday I thought—if she should let it slip!"

"That is not likely."

"No, but her hands are getting shaky. She let one of our thin glasses drop from her hand yesterday."

"Well, dear, you must not let her dust it again."

"Then there are the children."

"It is quite out of their way."

"I think, dear, now the children are getting big and we have a new servant, you should guard your earthen or rather your porcelain treasures with more care."

"There is no need; see, this beautiful specimen has escaped the devices of servants and of children for over a hundred——Why, what's this?"

Jack trembled, for he heard a note in his father's voice which was seldom heard. It reminded him of the time when he had told a lie and father had found it out.

"Broken!"

"My dear, how can it have happened?"

"You said Martha had been dusting here." A hardness had crept into his father's voice.

"Yes, she was here yesterday, but I don't think she could have done it."

"Well, anyhow, she broke a glass, and her hand is getting unsteady; you said so; I shouldn't have her here again at present."

Jack crept up softly to his room.

Why should he tell now? he thought: he wasn't suspected, and someone else was. He covered his face with the sheet as though he would blot out his thoughts. A few minutes later dadda's cheek was pressed close to his and a voice, so different from the one he had heard downstairs, said:

"Bye-bye, little Jack. God bless father's boy all day long."

And Jack was left alone to ponder in his misery.

IV.—A TIME OF TROUBLE.

"Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come."

As Jack finished this verse his voice choked, and he laid his face against dadda's breast, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"What is it, little darling?" asked father, much alarmed.

"I—I—want—I mean I don't—I—oh, why can't I come?"

"Come where?"

"Why—come and tell every bad thing I've ever done."

"Hush, dear, Jesus knows all."

"Yes, dadda, but I want you to know, too, and I can't tell," Jack said piteously; "but wait one little minute and I'll try to."

Just then mother's voice was heard. "Supper is waiting, dear—are you ready?"

"Hush, Jackie, father trusts you always. You shall tell me all later on, but go right off to sleep now."

It was no use. Jack had tried again, and was worse off than before.

Next morning he looked pale and ill. Again he had heard father deploring the broken cup, and each word added to his wretchedness.

During the week that had passed since the accident he had often heard father refer to the broken cup, and had also heard strict instructions given that Martha should not be employed in the house again at present.

Every day his misery increased, and both father and mother were looking anxious about him.

"Send Jackie out to-day for a good walk," father had said that morning, "and if he is not better to-morrow we will call in the doctor."

V.—A VISIT TO NANNA.

THE sun was shining brightly, the wind blowing half a gale from the south-west, when Jackie and nurse started out for their constitutional. What fun it was to see the wind seize the baker's hat and blow it across the road, and to see the man rush after it, only to be forestalled by a terrier, who caught the hat and ran up the road, the baker-man following and shouting at the top of his voice!

Jackie laughed till he cried.

He forgot all his troubles and trotted along to the shops, his fingers embracing two pennies which mother had given him to spend.

Going along they overtook little Alice, old Martha's niece.

Jackie knew her very well. She often came with her aunt when the latter paid her weekly visits to mother's on washing day.

Jack and the little girl were the best of

friends. They were the same age. Martha had been mother's nurse years and years ago, and had been his nurse too. He loved "Nanna" ever so much.

So these two walked soberly along. Jack, producing his two pennies, offered one to the little girl, who took it gladly enough.

"I'm going to buy chockies with my penny," said Jack. "What are you going to get?"

"Oh, I shall get a big bun, the biggest there is for a penny, for auntie."

"Why not take her some chockies?" suggested Jackie.

"Oh, I know auntie would prefer a bun, because she hasn't ——" Here the little girl hesitated.

"Hasn't what?" said Jack.

"Oh, well, hasn't been eating much of late."

Jackie was thoughtful. Nanna didn't come last Tuesday to the house. He knew she used to take away all kinds of good things.

"A nice jam tart, please," he said.

"A big, big bun—the biggest you have," said little Alice.

"Let's go and see Nanna," the boy said when they got outside.



"She was praying God to bless him."

Somehow the day had clouded over for Jack. The old feeling of dread and discomfort he knew so well had come over him.

When they reached the cottage where the old nurse lived, Nanna was not in her little room downstairs.

"Let me go up and see her," said Jack.

Alice was quite content, so Jack ascended the little winding stairs with his beautiful jam tart.

Treading softly, so as to surprise Nanna, the little boy arrived at her bedroom door, which stood ajar.

He paused on the threshold. Nanna was speaking to someone.

The voice was very earnest.

"Help, O help, Thou Friend of the helpless. Give bread to Thy servant who is in want. Give us this day our daily bread,—open the doors of heaven. Send bread." There was a pause. "And send grace to bear the trouble. Thou knowest I am innocent, and that I suffer, oh, so heavily. . . . Give grace to Thy little child, who did no wrong. He knows not how the trouble has come upon me by what he has done. Bless him and make him altogether Thine own. Thou hast been so good to me that though I am hungry now I will trust Thee to the end."

Jack stood petrified. Nanna had seen him! He had been the means of stopping her weekly visit which meant food to her. He, Jackie, had stopped the supply. Nanna was hungry, yet Nanna loved him so much that she was praying God to bless him.

He crept softly down.

VI.—PEACE.

"Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come."

THERE was penitence in every word of the verse, but no distress. Jackie no longer feared to make his confession to father.

Grief had made him sorrowful all day long and given him strength.

Twenty times he had been on the point of confessing to mother. But no, mother would tell father, and father's anger would be broken. Perhaps father wouldn't come and bid him good night, and Jackie would rather be whipped as he had been when he told a lie than that dadda should not bid him good night.

Anything but that.

"Dadda, I want to get up and sit in your lap" he said, as father was putting down his face for his usual kiss

Thinking he wanted "just one more story," father replied, "No, dear, it is late already, and you must go to sleep."

"Dadda, I *must*. No, don't kiss me yet. Perhaps you won't when I've told you *all*."

Something in the voice went home to dadda's heart. He took little Jackie from his bed, folded a shawl round him, and gathered him in his arms.

"Now, little Jackie, what is it?" he asked softly.

"Dadda, I did it." And his strength, which had borne up all day, now broke down, and Jackie sobbed as if his heart would break.

The confession was over, full and complete. There was no sparing of his deceit, or of his gladness that someone else should bear the blame. He told, too, the story of Nanna's love and of her distress.

"Dadda, can you forgive me? I think Jesus will, as I am very sorry, and have been for days and days. And though I've been very wicked, I do want to come to Him and be His own child."

The distress had gone out of little Jackie's voice now. He had confessed all, and he waited to hear what father would say.

The forgiveness was full and free—not a trace of the tone which he had heard in father's voice that morning he had listened at the door—and father kissed him again and again as he laid him again in his bed.

"Will Nanna have a big lot of things to-morrow?" he asked dreamily: "buns and all sorts of nice things?"

And father replied, "Yes, Jackie, all sorts of nice things."

"Ah, that is very, very good," said the little boy contentedly, as he nestled into his pillows.

Father lingered a few minutes till he heard the regular breathing, so different from the restlessness which had been Jackie's during the past few days, and then he whispered softly to himself:

"Thy Love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone
O Lamb of God, I come."



SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES.

FOR BIBLE READERS AND TEACHERS.

BASED UPON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

OCTOBER 18TH.—**David's Confession.**

Passage for reading—*Psalm li* 1–17.

POINTS. THREE PRAYERS.
1. For pardon.
2. For cleansing.
3. For renewed peace and joy.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Pardon for the Worst Sinners.** There is a case on record of a man in Scotland who had been one of the worst of sinners. He had lived a life of theft, drunkenness and uncleanness, and at last murder. He was sentenced to be put to death in the town of Ayr. This man had been so stupid and brutish a fellow, that all who knew him thought him beyond the reach of the ordinary means of grace. But while he was in prison the Spirit of the Lord worked wonderfully in his heart, and in such full measure showed him his sinfulness, that he fell on his knees and, for the first time in his life, called upon God for mercy. His prayer was not in vain. A true repentance followed, so that when he came to the place of execution he could not cease crying out to the people, under the sense of pardon and the mercy of God, "He is a great forgiver! He is a great forgiver!" and he added, "'If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.' I have been a great sinner, but 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'"

Cleansing. "What are you doing here by yourself?" asked a man of his neighbour one day. "I am reading a book that has only two leaves," was his answer. "Then it won't take you long to read it," said the other. Months passed away and they met again. "Well, what are you doing now?" "I am still reading my little book." "What! and only two leaves in it?" "Yes, a white leaf and a red one." "I don't understand you." "Well, the white leaf is the holiness of God and the red leaf is the blood of His Son, Jesus Christ. When I study the white leaf and see my sin in the light of God's holiness, I am glad to turn to the red leaf and rest my eye on the blood of Jesus shed on the cross for my sin. And when I realise that pardon for all sin comes from the 'precious blood of Christ,' then I have a longing for holiness and turn to the white leaf. This little book of two leaves will occupy me all my life." The man was right. Foul linen must first be washed and then bleached. A sinful soul must first be pardoned and then made holy by the Holy Spirit of God.

Joy after Repentance. In India there is a tomb of wonderful architecture. Twenty thousand men were engaged twenty-two years in erecting it and the buildings round it. Standing in that tomb, if you speak or sing, after you have ceased you hear the echo coming from the height of 150 feet. It is not like other echoes. The sound is drawn out and prolonged as if the angels of God were chanting on the wing. Would to God that many souls now in the tomb of sin would lift up the voice of penitence and prayer. If they would only cry unto God, as David did after his great sin, the echo would drop from afar—not from the marble cupola of an earthly tomb, but sounding back from the warm hearts of angels, flying with the news; for "there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth!" *(Talmage.)*

OCTOBER 25TH.—**David's Joy over Forgiveness.**

Passage for reading.—*Psalm xxxii.*

POINTS. THE EFFECTS OF REPENTANCE.
1. Pardon of sin brings blessedness.
2. Confession of sin gives ease to the conscience.
3. God's promises bring joy.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Power of Mercy.** A soldier heard of the severe illness of his wife. He applied for leave of absence, but was refused. He left without leave, but was retaken and brought in as a deserter. He was tried, found guilty, and summoned to receive sentence. He stood perfectly unmoved while the officer read his fearful doom—"To be shot to death on the next Friday." Not a muscle twinged, not a limb quivered. "I deserted my colours; I deserve it. Is that all, sir?" "No," replied the officer, "there is something more"; and unfolding another paper, he read aloud the doomed man's pardon. The undaunted spirit, which severity had failed to move, was completely broken down by mercy. He dropped to the ground shaking, sobbing, and overcome; and, being restored to the ranks, proved himself grateful for the mercy shown him, and was afterwards promoted.

An Honest Confession. In the reign of Louis XVI. a German prince, travelling through France, visited the arsenal at Toulon, where the galleys were kept. The commandant, as a compliment to his rank, said he was welcome to set free any one galley-slave whom he should choose to select. The prince, willing to make the best use of the privilege, spoke to many of them in succession, inquiring why they were condemned to the galleys. One after another spoke of injustice, oppression, false accusations, as the causes of their being there. In fact, they made out that they were all injured and ill-treated persons. At last the prince came to one who, when asked the same question, replied, "I have no reason to complain, for I have been a very wicked man. I deserve to be broken alive on the wheel. I count it a great mercy that I am here and allowed to live." The prince fixed his eyes upon him and said, "You wicked wretch, it is a pity you should be placed among so many honest men. By your own confession you are bad enough to corrupt them all; but you shall not stay with them another day." Then turning to the officer he

said: "This is the man, sir, whom I wish to be released."

The Secret of Happiness. There was once a famous King. He had great riches and honours, but he found, as others have done, that these things do not always make people happy. He heard of an old man, famous for his wisdom and piety, who could tell people what to do in order to be happy. So the King went to see him. He found him living in a humble way in a cave near a wilderness. "Holy father," said the King, "I have come to learn the secret how I may be happy." The old man rose and asked the King to follow him. He led him to the foot of a high rock. On the top of the rock an eagle had built its nest. "Tell me, O King," he said, "why has the eagle built its nest on yonder high rock?" "No doubt," said the King, "it wants to be out of the reach of danger." "True," said the wise man. "Then follow the example of the eagle. Build your nest high, make your home in heaven."

NOVEMBER 1ST.—**David and Absalom.**

Passage for reading—2 *Samuel xv.* 1—12.

POINTS. ABSALOM'S TREACHERY.
1. He steals the hearts of the men of Israel.
2. He pretends a vow to the Lord.
3. He plans a conspiracy against David.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Desertion of a Son.** Franklin's son was a devoted Loyalist. As might be expected, his opposition to the cause of liberty caused an estrangement between him and his father. Dr. Franklin's reply to a letter from his son shows the depth of his feelings on the point. "Nothing," he writes "has ever hurt me so much, and affected me with such painful sensations, as to find myself in my old age deserted by my only son; and not only deserted, but find him taking up arms against me in a cause wherein my good name, fortune and life were all at stake."

The Influence of Hypocrisy. Many years ago there lived in the North of Scotland a man who long and resolutely forsook all religious observances. When expostulated with by a minister he made this remarkable statement regarding a well-known professor, whom he once greatly honoured for his piety—"That man's proved hypocrisy, after such a profession, was the beginning of my ruin, and ever after I could neither bear religion nor professedly religious men."

A Wayward Son. A very tender parent had a son who, from his earliest years, proved headstrong and dissolute. Conscious of the extent of his wrong doings, he dreaded and hated his father. Meanwhile, every means was used to disarm him of these thoughts, so unworthy of the tenderness and love which yearned in his father's bosom, and of all the kindness and forbearance which were lavished upon him. Eventually the means appeared to be successful, and confidence, in a great degree, took the place of his ungenerous suspicions. Treated by his family in the same way as one who had never trespassed, he now left his home to engage in mercantile affairs, and was assured that if in any great need he would apply to his father, he would find his application kindly received. In the course of years it fell out that he was reduced to extremity; but instead of communicating his case to his father, his base suspicion and disbelief of his tenderness and love again conquered him and he neglected to apply to him. More than that, he told untruths about his father and incited his friends against him. Who can tell how deeply that father's heart was rent at such depravity of feeling, and how sadly he mourned for him when he heard of his death away from home? Yet this is the case of the professing Christian who refuses to trust his heavenly Father, gives up his filial confidence, and joins company with those who fear not God.

NOVEMBER 8TH.—**David's Grief over Absalom.**

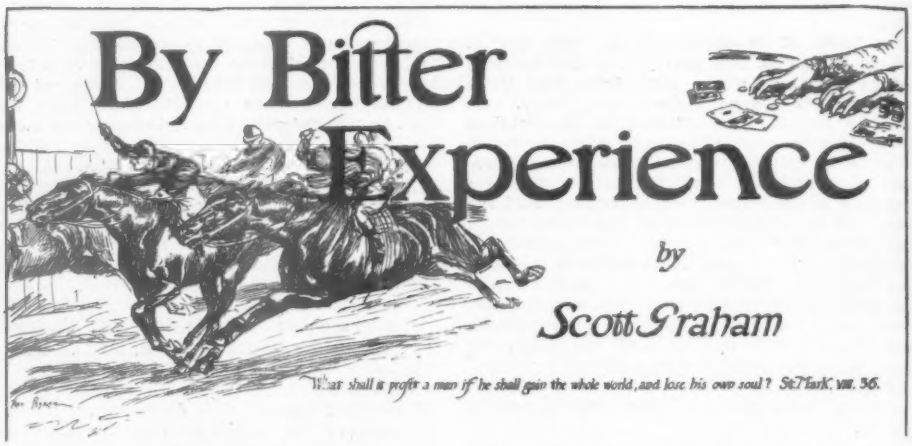
Passage for reading.—2 *Samuel xviii.* 24—33.

POINTS. 1. David's fatherly love.
2. David's anxiety for Absalom.
3. David's grief at his son's death.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **A Father's Love.** A grey-headed and pious father had a very wicked son. The old man had often prayed and wrestled with God on his behalf. But the son became worse and worse. Never did the father close his doors against him. One day one of the old man's neighbours addressed him with considerable severity, saying, "Why do you harbour that reprobate son of yours? Why don't you turn him out of doors and banish him from your house?" "Ay, ay," said the old saint, his grey locks trembling with emotion, "*you* can all turn him out of doors, but not his own father."

A Father's Anxiety. A father in London had an evil-minded son who ran away from home with a large sum of money. Some time afterwards he heard that the lad had returned to London, and was very ill in a house of shame. The father thought, "Shall I go and see him there?" At length with a detective he went. He was horribly disgusted when he entered the house, especially at the companions with whom he found his son. But when he looked at the bed and saw his son asleep, he noticed his eyelash tremble, and then there came from under it a tear. This moved the father's heart and he said, "I am his father and he is my child!" The father put from his mind his disgust at the whole surroundings, and awakening his son looked tenderly upon him, saying, "My poor boy, will you come home?" It was a sad coming home, but all the way the old man kept saying, "He is my boy!" and the youth kept saying, "It is my father."

The Blessing of Sorrow. "Blessed are they that mourn." Sad are they that are without sorrow. He must be a very exceptional man who has lived in this world without having had any trouble. Steamships do not care whether the wind blows or not, because they have within themselves a motive power, but we are not steamships, and we need troubles as winds to bear us on. How heavy was David's trouble over his wilful son and how sore his grief at his death! But David was a better man afterwards for this great trouble; he says of himself—"Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word."



CHAPTER XXII.

LILIAN IN HER TRUE ASPECT.

MEANWHILE, things with Gerald Raynor were rapidly approaching a climax. He had staved off the evil day for a moment, but only by a course of action which, sooner or later, must end in ruin. His father's continued absence from the office rendered it fatally easy to deal as he chose with valuable documents entrusted by various clients to the custody of the firm. Growing utterly reckless, he betted again to a considerable extent on the Ascot meeting; but the Cup race again proved a disappointment, owing to heavy rain, which soaked the turf and militated against the success of the favourite; and so he was again a loser, though to nothing like the previous extent.

To increase his anxieties, an old and wealthy client, whose business matters the Raynors had managed for many years, died very suddenly; and in the coming settlement of his affairs, and division of his property, Gerald had the best of reasons for seeing dire trouble looming ahead. But for this sudden calamity, he quite believed, with the fatal optimism of the gambler, that he might have weathered the storm by judicious betting on Goodwood and the St. Leger. Now he knew not which way to turn to gain time, or raise the necessary capital.

His father had recovered sufficiently to go down to Brighton with Violet, Margaret remaining to keep house at Elmfield. There was absolutely nobody to whom Gerald dared to confide his perplexities. Even had Mr. Raynor been at home, Gerald would not have dared to confess his folly to him, after his father's repeated injunctions never to risk a farthing on a horse. How heartily his son wished, now it was too late, that he had followed those kind, fatherly counsels! He would have been able to sleep at night then, without waking in a cold perspiration of fear.

Margaret, noticing his haggard looks, and loss of spirits and appetite, tried to find out what was the matter; but he invariably declared he was "all right," and he wished she wouldn't worry so. Telling her, he knew, would be equivalent to telling his father; for she was too loyal a daughter to keep a secret so momentous from the head of the house. His assurances, instead of allaying her fears, only increased them. For a long time she had been uneasy about his continual association with the Harpers, fearing they would make him a confirmed gambler like themselves. She knew how pitifully weak he was, afraid of being thought a Pharisee, or stingy, or a milksop if he said "No." Like many another foolish young man, he always took his tone from the company he happened to be in, because it made him popular, and was easier than to swim against the stream of public opinion. But in the long run, a man who tries to please everybody by pandering to their worst tastes, generally only succeeds in earning their contempt, and ruining himself besides.

Again and again, in his sore straits, Gerald found himself thinking of Lilian Harper. If she would promise to be his wife, surely that would be a way out of his worst difficulties at once. Lewis Harper was the owner of such colossal wealth—or appeared to be so—that he could

XUM



"'Do you think I'm going to be such a fool as to throw myself away?'"—*p.* 1178.

surely deny nothing to his only daughter. Lilian would only have to use her good offices with her father, and the plutocrat might relieve Gerald by a few strokes of the pen. Considering that it was entirely by following the Harpers' advice to back Snapdragon heavily, that he was in his present unpleasant position, he surely had a right to expect help from them.

Lilian had certainly been very gracious to him of late, despite his turf losses. The truth was, she was cleverly playing him off against another admirer, the heir to a baronetcy; and to pique his jealousy, she permitted Gerald to dangle about her. Matters came to a crisis one day when he and Lilian were alone in the always deserted library at The Lodge. It was raining heavily, and she beguiled a tedious hour by playing off all her favourite coquetries upon him, those veiled glances and modest down-droppings of her eyes, which had originally taken him captive. In fact, they had become such a habit that she used them to nearly every male creature, above the rank of a gardener or a postman, who approached her. Suddenly he came close up to her, and took her hands in a masterful grasp.

"Lilian!" he said hoarsely, "I'm quite sure you love me!"

She drew back, with a pretty pout. "You take things too much for granted," she said demurely, with a mock-bashful side glance.

He dropped down on the sofa beside her, very pale. "Lilian, for mercy's sake, don't play with me! I'm in the most frightful trouble, enough to drive any man mad! I come to you as a humble suppliant, hoping your kind heart will take compassion on me! For you *do* love me, darling, don't you?"

"And if I do," she answered, with the calmness derived from much experience of similar scenes, "what of that? And don't come so close—you're crushing the chiffon on my dress!"

That should have warned him; for a true woman does not think of her flounces when the man she loves is about to propose. But he never even noticed the speech, in his intense agitation. "You must know I've loved you from the first, Lilian!—I shall love you till I die! Won't you say you love me in return?"

"What is the use, when we can never marry? You said you were in trouble—about your turf losses, I suppose?"

"Yes, but—but all that could easily be arranged if—if some kind friend would help me for a time. I'm sure your father would do it, if—if we were engaged. And if I were once put straight, I solemnly promise I'll never bet again. Oh, my dearest, won't you take pity on me? If you loved me as I love you, you couldn't hesitate! There's nothing I wouldn't do for you, if you were in trouble!

"It's misery worse than death to have to come to you like this," he continued, as she did not speak. "Heaven knows, I wouldn't ask help from anybody, least of all from you, if I were not in such awful straits! I daren't tell my father, for he would never forgive me. But if you will promise to be my wife, I'm sure your father would help me. It's only a temporary loan, I require. There's property to come to me eventually, which would repay it twice over! Oh, my darling, say you will marry me! It will save me from utter despair!"

Poor infatuated Gerald! In days gone by, the finished coquette had given him every possible encouragement—had allowed him to pay her endless compliments, to load her with expensive presents, to press her hand, nay, even to kiss her cheek! Gerald, accustomed to the downright ways of the unsophisticated Woodstead girls, who would have looked upon all this as the inevitable prelude to an engagement, firmly believed that Lilian returned his affection, and meant to marry him. Not even her avowed preference for men of fortune and position had been able to shake his sanguine belief, incredible as it may appear. But a man so utterly infatuated is quite incapable of reasoning calmly.

She rose with a cold, cruel laugh. "You must be out of your senses! You acknowledge that you are in difficulties which render assistance necessary; and yet you have the effrontery to expect me to marry you under such circumstances! Pray, what do you take me for?"

As pale as death, he stood gazing at her as though her beautiful features, lovelier than ever in her anger, selfish and ignoble though it was, were the death-dealing countenance of the fabled Medusa. "But Lilian, I—I thought you loved me!" he stammered piteously, at last.

Again she gave a mocking laugh. "I liked you as an acquaintance; but as a husband, you would be impossible! Do you think I'm going to be such a fool as to throw myself away on a man who can't even pay his gambling-debts? No, I shall only marry somebody very rich, who can give me all the luxuries to which I'm accustomed in my father's house!"

And, with the air of a Duchess, she swept out of the room.

Gerald, utterly crushed, made his way home somehow, through the steadily-falling summer rain; but how, he never knew. The sodden landscape was only too aptly in consonance with his own

gloomy thoughts; for Lilian's mocking laugh still rang in his ears—would ring there, he believed, until he died. And this was the girl for whose sake he had flung all prudence to the winds, in his endeavour to become rich! To gratify her greed, he had sacrificed honour, credit, family, and all else; only to find in the hour of need that she was as devoid of feeling as the marble which paved the entrance-hall of The Lodge! Truly, great as his fault had been, his punishment was equally great; and worst of all, he felt in his guilty conscience that it was as yet only beginning.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SNATCHED FROM THE ABYSS.

HERBERT RAYNOR, regaining strength at Brighton, was agreeably surprised to find Gerald unselfishly eager for him to remain there as long as possible. Everything in the office was going swimmingly, he assured his father, and he and old Nash managed admirably. Once or twice Gerald ran down for a week-end, accounting for his pale and haggard looks by pressure of work at the office.

But things were really very far from satisfactory. Old Nash complained of the strange disappearance of bonds and other valuable securities from the safe; and some title-deeds urgently required could not be found anywhere. The upshot was, that late one evening he came to Elmfield asking to see Gerald. What transpired was never revealed; but happening to encounter her brother just after parting from the old clerk, Margaret was struck by his ghastly pallor. But in reponse to her anxious inquiries, he merely bolted upstairs to his bedroom, and slammed the door.

Restless and uneasy, though she hardly knew why, she resolved to see Nash herself in the morning, to ascertain whether anything was being kept back which her father ought to know. Gerald did not appear again, sending to say he was tired, and had gone to bed. Margaret felt more than ever convinced something was wrong; but he would not see her, when she tapped at his door.

At breakfast-time he did not appear, so at last she went to his room, to find the bed had not been slept in, and a letter addressed to her father lying on the table. A mass of torn papers littered the grate and the floor. The gardener reported that he had seen Gerald, carrying a portmanteau, slip out "stealthy-like" by the side-gate an hour before. Bitterly reproaching herself for not having been on the alert, Margaret, at her wits' end, sat looking at the sealed letter for her father, wondering what it contained. Dare she open and read it? Or rather, dare she hesitate, when Gerald's whole future might be at stake? Her father would, at least, give her credit for the best intentions; and to write, or even telegraph to Brighton first, would lose precious time which might never be regained.

She drew a deep breath as she finally opened it; and grew as pale as the paper itself. A more miserable record of sin and folly was never penned. In despairing terms Gerald briefly announced he was ruined, and must fly, to save disgrace to his family. He had lost heavily over the Derby and other races; and to appease the bookmakers had, in his father's absence, appropriated valuable securities belonging to clients, and raised money on them to pay his debts. He enclosed a statement of the amount; which made Margaret gasp. He concluded by saying it was useless to expect forgiveness, and the only atonement he could make was never to come back to trouble his family again.

Shocked as she was, Margaret had never felt her brain clearer. It grieved her to break in upon her father's holiday, but he must be consulted without delay; so she telegraphed saying urgent business required his attention. She sent a note to Nash saying her brother was taking a rest for a few days, and her father was returning. She fully grasped the vital importance of keeping what had happened from everybody in Woodstead and at the office.

She visited Gerald's room again, and began searching amongst the confusion there in the hope of discovering some clue. Presently a railway-guide, flung open face-downwards on the floor, caught her eye. It was open at the trains to Southampton. Surely, here was a hint worth following up; and though it seemed a desperately forlorn hope for her, alone and unaided, to seek to discover and stop him, she dressed rapidly, and rushed to the station, just catching a train. It was clear that he had left when he did to catch an early train to London, as the first step in his journey to some distant port.

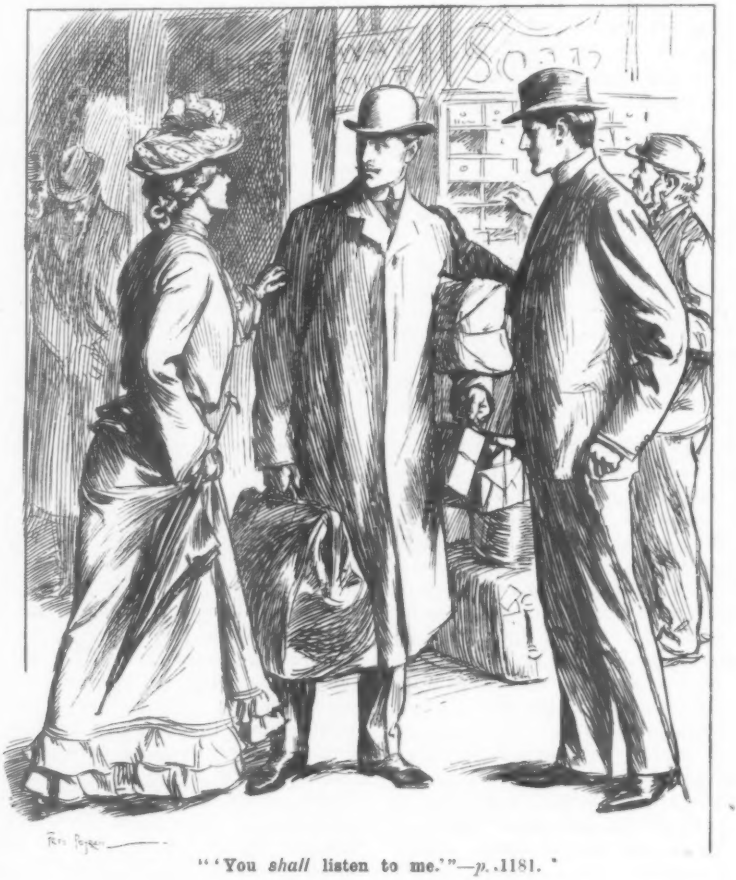
It was a horrible ride, short as it was; and when she reached the terminus, to find herself alone in the vast roar of London, her heart sank like lead. Trains for Southampton left Paddington, as well as Waterloo; and she certainly could not be on guard at both places at once. Besides, Gerald might not really be going to Southampton after all, and she might lose him altogether. However, not knowing what else to do, she chartered a cab for Waterloo, whence there was a Southampton train in half-an-hour. As she

rolled through the busy streets, mournfully eyeing the passers-by, her eyes were suddenly arrested by the blessed sight of a friend—Leslie Harper!—walking along the pavement.

She stopped the cab, and scrambled out in haste to run after him. He was visibly astonished, but very cordial. "This is a most agreeable surprise, Miss Raynor! It's very odd though, it

"Yes, I think so. I went up to inquire after your father, and he absolutely jumped at hearing my voice. He was in a great hurry, with shopping to do, he said, and couldn't spend the day with me, as I wished. Then he rushed off to a hansom, and I lost him."

The impulse to confide in Leslie was irresistible. First pledging him to secrecy, she began



"'You *shall* listen to me.'"—*p.* 1181.

makes the second meeting with one of your family this morning! I wonder Gerald never told me——"

"Gerald!" she caught her breath painfully. "Have you seen him? Oh where?"

"I stayed the night with some friends at Richmond, and when I got out at Waterloo this morning who should be on the platform but Gerald, depositing some luggage in the cloak-room——"

"A bag?"

her pitiful story, only concealing the precise nature of Gerald's wrongdoings by saying he had got into difficulties. She represented the urgent necessity for arresting his mad flight; and lamented that Leslie had not discovered his destination.

"I don't think that matters much," said the clear-headed young lawyer. "His depositing his bag at Waterloo makes it almost certain he will return to claim it. He would hardly start on a long voyage without buying some additional

outfit, and no doubt it was true he was going shopping. If we keep a watch on the left-luggage office at Waterloo, we can't miss him if he returns for his bag."

"But suppose he never *does* come for it? Seeing you may have frightened him."

"Why should it? He would never imagine I knew anything about his affairs, and I noticed he put the bag-ticket carefully away. Besides, since the bag was all he brought from home, it doubtless contains things, and probably money also, he would be unwilling to lose."

"How long is it since you saw him?"

"About an hour."

"Oh, I must go at once! He may have done his shopping already, and be back at Waterloo! There's a Southampton train soon." Margaret beckoned to her wondering cabman, and jumped in, followed by Leslie.

"Do you think I'll allow you to be hanging about the station all alone, perhaps for hours?" he said, in answer to her questioning look. "No, I mean to see this thing through. I consider myself like—like one of the family!" She could hardly keep the tears back; the comfort of his presence was so great. With Leslie beside her, she felt nerved to bear anything Fate might have in store.

Arrived at Waterloo, Margaret kept an eye on the left-luggage office, whilst Leslie patrolled the platform, scanning every carriage of the Southampton train. But Gerald was not in it, and had not appeared when the train steamed off.

"Next thing, Miss Raynor," advised Leslie, "you'll come and have something substantial in the refreshment room. I expect you had very little breakfast, and feel about done. We can keep a look-out just the same, you know."

She herself was surprised at the hearty appetite she developed in his cheerful company. But she obstinately refused to leave the precincts of Waterloo, though there was no other Southampton train for two hours. At any moment Gerald might return, and she could never forgive herself if she missed him. Waterloo Station is hardly the ideal spot to spend a happy day in; but Leslie's kindness made the waiting pleasant enough. He brought her books and papers, chatted brightly of every-day things, and repelled the curiosity of stern officials anxious to know what train "Madam" was waiting for. He saw that she had some afternoon tea, but it was six o'clock before Gerald at last appeared, carrying another large bag and several parcels.

Margaret's knees absolutely knocked under her as she went with Leslie to meet him. Suppose he refused to listen to her, or to abandon his mad scheme? Nothing seemed more likely, he looked so sullen and despairing.

His gloom changed to absolute horror at the two unexpected apparitions. He looked round as if meditating escape, but Margaret laid her hand firmly on one arm, and Leslie on the other. "You *shall* listen to me, Gerald," she said, with a firmness which excited young Harper's highest admiration. "If you refuse, I shall acquaint the station officials with what has occurred."

"You mean you would be willing to disgrace your own brother?" he muttered angrily.

"Only if you refuse to give up this mad idea of going abroad. There is a Southampton train in ten minutes. If you attempt to get into it, I will have you stopped by the police. But if you will come quietly home with me, nobody shall ever know what I know. I opened your letter this morning in father's absence, and that's why I'm here."

"It's no business of yours, anyhow," said Gerald, trying to bluster. "My letter was for father alone, and you'd no right to open it! If I leave the country, surely that's the best thing I can do!"

"Not in this hole-and-corner way, Gerald! I'm a Raynor, and I'm not going to stand by and see my only brother run away like a coward! If you'll only come home, I'm certain father will arrange everything, for the honour of the family!"

Here Leslie added his entreaties; representing that if Gerald suddenly disappeared without warning, a frightful scandal would arise. They were still arguing when the train puffed out of the station—so much gained, at any rate. And in the long run, the persistence of the two prevailed. Margaret, knowing Herbert Raynor would spend his last penny rather than see his only son branded as an absconded thief, pledged herself that Gerald should be borne harmless. He was very reluctant to return to Woodstead—which was hardly surprising. But she contrived to work upon him with pathetic appeals to his compassion for his still delicate father, until he unwillingly agreed to return home for a night or two.

Though he saw his presence was most unwelcome to Gerald, Leslie would not leave them till they were safely off in the Woodstead train. He had his reward in the grateful look Margaret gave him at parting. He found himself giving unstinted admiration to this girl, usually so quiet, who had risen to the emergency with a firmness and tact worthy of a veteran diplomatist. That long day spent with her, when in her distress she had laid bare many of the hidden anxieties of her

heart, had taught him much. Her beauty might not appeal to his senses like that of Violet; but in all the qualities which go to make a noble woman, he acknowledged her second to none.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JUSTICE AT LAST.

MARGARET felt intensely sorry for her father, when she broke to him, as gently as she could, the reason for his sudden summons home. The task devolved upon her, for Gerald refused to face his father until it was done. Violet was not told; for it was vitally important that the scandal should reach as few ears as possible.

Heartbroken though he was, Herbert Raynor uttered few reproaches to Gerald. He made allowance for the evil influence exercised over him by the Harpers, whom he held answerable to a great extent. But he made him give a solemn promise in writing never to bet again, before he set to work with old Nash's assistance to clear away the wreck. It would take every halfpenny of his private fortune to do this, and nothing but concern for the family honour could have induced him thus to sacrifice his daughters' marriage portions, and the provision for his old age. Margaret was as resolute as he that restitution must be made at any cost. So, though there were vague rumours in the town, nothing was ever really known; for old Nash was implicitly to be trusted.

Gerald refused to remain in Woodstead, within sight of Lilian's fair, false face; so his father placed him in the office of a relative at Liverpool, where he would be strictly supervised, and have to work hard. The next few years would be anxious ones to those who loved him; for they would either make or mar his career. Hitherto, he had weakly yielded to every temptation; but perhaps, away from the Harpers, he might do better. Margaret was quite startled to see how white her father's hair became in a few weeks; but he persisted in doing the work of two men at the office in his anxiety to save a little money for his girls. Various economies were instituted at Elmfield, whereat Violet grumbled greatly, though she had been told her father had had business losses. A cloud seemed to brood over the house, and she determined to accept Leslie Harper the instant he proposed to her. She made such palpable overtures to him one afternoon at The Lodge that when she had gone Lilian drily observed:

"If you're intending to marry that girl, I advise you to think twice about it! You know you don't like people, especially women, who gamble!"

He turned upon her indignantly. "Violet is no gambler, Lilian, though she may play cards for money when she comes here, because that is the rule of the house—unfortunately!"

Mrs. Harper, who had previously discussed the matter with her daughter, laughed contemptuously. "Poor innocent, how little you know about it! Why, your precious Violet is as arrant a gambler as anybody—or would be, if she had money enough! She backed Snapdragon heavily—for her—for the Two Thousand Guineas, and won; and lost it all again over the Derby! I believe she has bets on now for the St. Leger."

"That I can't believe, mother! You are mistaken. She herself assured me she never betted a penny on Snapdragon."

"Then she told you a big lie," retorted Mrs. Harper, reverting to the crude English of her early years. "Ask Lewis, if you don't believe me. He knows all about it, for he put the money on for her himself."

Leslie looked staggered, with Violet's positive denial still fresh in his memory. "It seems incredible!" he exclaimed.

"Ah, you think she's an angel, but I assure you she's a nasty sly cat," said his mother viciously. "But go and ask Lewis; he's somewhere about the place."

Leslie found his father in the stable-yard, conferring with Mitton over a colt with a weak foreleg. As he petulantly exclaimed, he had had no luck with his horses lately. Besides Snapdragon's egregious failure, he had lost heavily by valuable animals which had died, or been injured; and whether he backed his own or other people's horses, he now almost invariably met with disaster.

He returned to the house with Leslie, and produced his betting and memorandum-books, proving beyond all question that he had laid wagers for Violet both on the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby. The evidence was too plain even for Leslie to doubt; and could be corroborated, Mr. Harper said, by others of the party who went to the races.

Leslie returned dejectedly to the drawing-room, where Lilian greeted him with a malicious: "Well, who's right now?"

"Don't you have anything more to do with her, Leslie" advised his mother. "She hasn't a farthing, and you *must* marry money."

"There's another thing," remarked Lilian. "I've always thought it was a precious queer affair about the handbag Violet professed to be robbed of last winter."

"Professed to be robbed of!" he exclaimed

indignantly. "Why, she *was* robbed of it, undoubtedly!"

"How do you know? You've only her word for it, and you know now what that's worth! How is it the police never traced the mysterious young man in the brown overcoat, in a small place like Woodstead? Furthermore, that very afternoon she pretended to be robbed, she came to see us here. The Hillingdon-Pooles were spending the day, and as it rained we had some Nap, with pretty high stakes, and Violet lost and lost. A funny thing was, she had quite a lot of money with her in a bag, and she lost the whole, or nearly the whole, of it. Afterwards she wrote to me, begging me not to say anything at Elmfield about her losing so much at cards."

"If you don't believe Lilian, ask the Pooles," added Mrs. Harper. "I'm positive it was that same day she said she met the thief—quite positive."

Lilian had gone to her dainty Sheraton writing-table, and was rummaging in the pigeon holes. "I thought I might as well keep it," she remarked, handing Leslie a letter. "Read that, and judge for yourself."

He grew pale as he perused Violet's hasty scrawl. It was a piteous appeal to Lilian to say nothing about her card-table losses; and the date, in January, upheld Lilian's theory. "But how could one of the notes come into the possession of young Collier?" he asked, feebly trying to defend Violet.

"I'm pretty certain it was one I won that afternoon, and afterwards gave to my maid Perrin to pay a bill with," said Mrs. Harper. "I didn't take the number, but I believe it was the same."

"Then, why didn't you come forward to say so, mother, when the poor fellow was unjustly accused?"

"I daresay! *I* didn't want to be mixed up in the affair—young Collier was nothing to me. And if I *had* spoken, Leslie, things wouldn't have looked very well for your adored Violet! Don't forget that!"

"She could never have held up her head in Woodstead again," observed Lilian trenchantly. "I haven't the slightest doubt she invented the whole story of the man and the handbag, to screen her gambling."

"You had no right to let a young girl lose so much money in this house," Leslie said, biting his lip and evidently much disturbed. "I'll keep this letter for a little while, Lilian," he added, as he went to the door.

He had hardly disappeared when she executed a joyous pirouette about the room. "I've upset *that* apple-cart, without a doubt! I told you, mother, if the worst came to the worst, I'd put a spoke in Violet's wheel, and stop her marrying Leslie! He'll never marry her now—I'm certain of it!"

"You're a clever girl, Lilian," said Mrs. Harper approvingly. "But I don't want to quarrel with the Raynors. Lawyers have a good deal in their power, you know." In his chequered career, Lewis Harper had had extensive experience of the legal profession, and preferred to be on good terms with them, never knowing when next he might need their good offices.

"Why, the very last thing Violet would dare to do would be to tell her father!" was the disdainful reply.

Leslie went straight to Elmfield. Shaken though his confidence was, he would not condemn Violet unheard. She should have the chance of justifying herself; and he fervently hoped she could.

So little did she anticipate the coming storm, that when he was shown into the drawing-room she felt delighted, being sure he had followed her home to propose. It was lucky Margaret was out, and her father at the office. She blushed as she gave him her hand, looking so bewitching that, but for that fatal note in his pocket, he would have liked to take her in his arms then and there.

"I'm so sorry Meg's gone over to Coxton," she said demurely. "I'm afraid you'll have to be satisfied with my society, and only hope it won't bore you too much!"

Ignoring this hint, he looked at her so gravely that her eyes fell. "It was you I came to see," he said quietly. "I want an explanation of certain circumstances."

"An explanation?" she exclaimed, turning pale, as he noticed with a sinking heart.

"Do you remember, a few weeks back, after Snapdragon had lost the Derby, I said I hoped you had lost nothing over the race, and you answered you had not betted a farthing—only a few gloves?"

She coloured and hesitated, avoiding his eye. "I—I—you—misunderstood me. I—I—did lose a little money."

"A little? You lost a large sum for a young girl," and he named the amount. "You had previously backed Snapdragon for the Two Thousand Guineas and won, and that encouraged you, I suppose, to bet on the Derby. Yet you assured me, more than once, that you had never betted in your life!"

"It was all the fault of your people for persuading me into it!" she cried peevishly. "How could I resist, when they were always dinning Snapdragon's perfections into my ears night and day? It was their doing entirely!"

"Was it their fault that you told me a lie about it? Pardon me for using the word to a lady—but no other term seems to fit the case."

She was silent. She felt afraid of Leslie in this new aspect—no longer the indulgent admirer, who thought everything she did was right, but an inflexible judge, with a rigid code of morals. After a pause he continued: "Allowing that you were unduly influenced by bad advisers in this instance, you can hardly use that plea in reference to another matter, which I am sorry also to have to mention. That letter is yours, is it not?" And he placed it in her hand.

She grew as pale as death; for she had believed it destroyed long ago. Poor Violet had not the nerve to make a successful deceiver. "Why do you ask?" she stammered guiltily.

"You notice the date? I am told that that same day you lost a large sum at Napoleon in our house. I regret my family should have allowed their young guest to do so; but that money had been given you by your father to pay some bills. To account for losing it, you accused an imaginary assailant in a brown overcoat of snatching it from your hand. Your accusation nearly ruined poor innocent Charlie Collier, yet you persisted in it. Oh, Violet, Violet, that the day should ever come when I should have to say such terrible things to you!"

"You are very cruel" sobbed she. "You seem determined not to make any allowance for me! I never meant to do any harm. How could I foresee the police would be so stupid as to suspect Charlie Collier?"

"It was only likely they would try to discover the culprit. He has had to leave Woodstead, and was in terrible straits when I met him in London. If he had died, his death would have lain at your door."

"But you won't tell him about me?" she cried piteously.

"I shall never tell anybody—not even your father—and I shall bind my own people over to silence also. But from henceforth, you and I can only meet on a society footing. I had hoped to have you for my wife one day; for I believed you as good as you are beautiful. But a wife with a taste for gambling, whose truth and honour I could not implicitly trust, would be the worst calamity which could possibly befall me, and I thank heaven my eyes were opened in time."

"Oh, Leslie, you are too hard on me!" she moaned.

"I hope not—but I'm not a man to go on worshipping a fallen idol. I loved you dearly—but that's all over now. I wish to make every excuse for you, for I know you were led away by bad advisers, but——"

"I don't see how anybody could be much at The Lodge without being tempted to gamble!"

"Exactly; but it did not follow that it was right to resort to falsehood to conceal your losses. That's why I have such a horror of betting; it seems to bring every other kind of wrongdoing in its train."

"I'll never bet again!—never!" she urged.

"I sincerely hope not. Surely, you've seen enough of its evils already, and when you hear anti-gamblers derided—as they often are—as prigs and ridiculous faddists, think of the events of the last few months, and don't join in the chorus. It is the last favour I shall ever ask of you."

"Then are you never coming here any more?" she asked miserably.

"I shall not be much at Woodstead now—my work in London from henceforth will be my chief concern. That's one comfort—there's always one's work."

He took up his hat and turned away abruptly as he spoke; for he had truly loved this girl, weak and deceitful as she had proved, and his heart was sore for his fairy-tale princess. But now that he knew she was no fitting wife for him, however he might admire her beauty, he resolved to tear her from his heart. And the best way to effect this, as he knew, was by hard work.

She watched him going down the drive, with a disconsolate face. Here was a humiliating ending indeed to her hopes of securing a rich and indulgent husband, whose wealth would procure her a high place in London society! Clearly, Mrs. Leslie Harper's fine clothes and fine dinners would never now be chronicled by the society papers. Instead, there was nothing before her but this humdrum Woodstead, where none of the young men had any money, and a dinner-party was talked about for weeks as quite an event.

She tried to soothe her wounded pride by thinking that, after all, Leslie wasn't much loss; he had absurd ideas about poor people, and it would have been a horrid bore humouring all his fads. But she knew in her heart that she was really very sorry, very mortified, at losing him as she had—nay more, that she would infallibly regret it all the rest of her life.

CHAPTER XXV.

EXIT THE HARPERS.

IT cannot be said that that exceedingly pig-headed Briton, Daniel Horn, was much gratified when his stepson, instead of fulfilling all his dark forebodings, proved to be doing well in London, thanks, as he gratefully acknowledged, to Leslie Harper. Charlie

as a ne'er-do-weel, had been a convenient topic about which to bully his wife; but Charlie, well and flourishing, and with influential friends, was quite another matter.

To increase Daniel's discomfiture, a rumour arose in Woodstead that Charlie had been shamefully treated about the five-pound note: being made the innocent scapegoat to screen another and more highly placed offender. Nobody ever traced this rumour to its source, or identified the person referred to; but it certainly caused a reaction in Charlie's favour in the little town.

When young Collier had been six months in London, he revisited Woodstead; taking lodgings instead of going to his stepfather's house. He had written some time before to Madeline, expressing his thanks for her kindness, and saying he was flourishing in his new sphere. He received a graceful little note in answer, saying the writer would always be glad to hear he was doing well. And on this visit he meditated no less important a step than seeing Madeline, and asking her to be his wife, if she did not object to a long engagement.

Her sister, who had all the antiquated prejudices of a country town, was highly indignant with Madeline for stooping to notice an auctioneer's clerk, and would have dismissed the presumptuous suitor with a flea in his ear. But Madeline resolutely refused to listen. "The Colliers were as good a family as the Turners, a hundred years ago," she urged. "And I don't see how a daily governess can look down on an auctioneer's clerk—especially as he's very unlikely always to remain a clerk! If we wait till dukes or princes come along to woo us, I'm afraid we shall wait a long time! And what's more, I'd rather have Charlie for my husband than any man I know!"

And, though Maud Turner fretted and fumed, Madeline granted the interview Charlie had written to ask for. "You believed in me when nobody else did, and the thought of you has nerved and sustained me as nothing else could," he said, with tears of feeling in his eyes. "I can't afford to marry yet, but if you'll give me a word of encouragement I'll work night and day to make a home for you. My employers have raised my salary once, and will raise it again at the end of the year; and all my spare time I spend in studying old furniture and china and engravings, to qualify as an expert some day. I have wonderful opportunities in London, Madeline; but I only value them because they bring me nearer to you, my sweet! I know some people will think it the height of presumption for me to raise my eyes to you, seeing I'm a Collier, with that dreadful Daniel Horn for my stepfather——"



"But I say 'No!' to that—most emphatically 'No!'"—*p.* 1187.

But she silenced him quickly. "It isn't a question of other people, but of ourselves! I'm what they call 'well-connected'; but that doesn't save me from having to drudge as a daily governess! Some day, perhaps, people may even sneer at your wife because she worked for her bread before she was married! So I think you and I are quits, Charlie!"

So that was all happily settled; and the lovers enjoyed a few hours of bliss before stern necessity called Charlie back to town. Maud

was sublimely contemptuous of the whole thing, demanding to know whether Madeline proposed to be on familiar terms with the Horns. But her sister good-naturedly answered that she was to marry Charlie, not his family; and it was unlikely the Horns would show themselves intrusive.

"All the same, I consider you've completely thrown yourself away!" snapped Maud.

"You won't in a few years' time," said Madeline confidently. Charlie was evidently going to make a spoon, and not spoil a horn; and she had no fear of the result.

The next sensation to agitate quiet Woodstead was the news that Lewis Harper had "gone smash." I do not apologise for the English; which is Woodstead's, and not mine. The Nemesis which awaits nearly all such men had overtaken the plutocrat at last. His severe losses on the turf, and his "persistent bad luck" in his stables, owing to his racehorses having lost those essentials to high prices, fashion and prestige, had led him to speculate wildly in various ways, his enormous household expenses leaving him no ready money at all. The climax came when a syndicate he had formed for exploiting the dominions of a dusky potentate suddenly collapsed ignominiously. The dusky potentate unexpectedly turned rusty; repudiated the documents he had stamped with his own royal thumb, and gave the agents of the syndicate twelve hours' notice to quit his territory. He was not the sort of person it was wise to argue with, so far from civilisation; but the failure of the syndicate, which had attracted a good deal of public attention, was the last blow to Lewis Harper's already tottering credit. Ugly paragraphs—quite true—appeared about him in the papers; and soon demands from impatient creditors began to pour in at The Lodge, which he was obliged to leave.

The rage of his wife and daughter may be imagined. They poured out the vials of their wrath upon the unfortunate man, whose indebtedness was largely owing to pandering to their extravagance; Mrs. Harper exclaiming at last:—

"It was an unlucky day for me when I consented to marry such a fool! Oh, why *did* I leave my happy home, where I was so much admired and thought of, to throw myself away on you?"

"Yes, why did you?" returned her husband, with little perceptible alteration of his bland manner. "When you were Polly Binks, daughter of old Binks of the Red Lion at Newport, you were a nice, pleasant-spoken girl, and very handy in the bar! And for my part, I heartily wish you were back in that bar now!"

For that was the origin of the lady whose horror of "common people" has already been noticed in these pages.

In a short time the Harpers disappeared from Woodstead, and the great training stables were abolished; though not until they had done incalculable harm to the neighbourhood. And now that they had gone, everybody of course united in condemning their vulgarity and purse-proud airs, and wondered how the exclusive society of Woodstead could ever have tolerated such horrors for one day. Violet Raynor, be it remarked, was one of the loudest in her condemnation of "those detestable snobs." Relations between her and them had been decidedly strained since her memorable interview with Leslie; though it is needless to say she had never revealed what transpired on that occasion to a living soul. When Margaret had once or twice expressed her surprise that Leslie never came to see them now, Violet never made any remark whatever. Not for worlds would she have had her father and sister even suspect her wrongdoing.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

A YEAR had gone by; during which Herbert Raynor had aged so perceptibly that many people wondered why he did not summon his son home to help him. But Gerald was doing well in Liverpool, and he now detested Woodstead, where everything reminded him of false, fickle Lilian. Report said that she had married a very vulgar old man for his money, and her mother and father were living in a flat in London, to be near "their dear daughter." Leslie had thrown himself heart and soul into his profession, and was beginning to make a name at the Bar; but now he was no longer a rich man's son his Settlement work could only be done in his spare time, which he gave ungrudgingly. Violet, in these days, was rather subdued. Leslie's desertion had been a great blow to her vanity, and even now, as a rising London barrister, he was a tempting prize to an ambitious girl. She had other suitors, less eligible, whom she rejected with contempt.

Margaret was just the same. Her father leaned upon her more and more, and sometimes said he should not know what to do without her. It made him very angry when Violet once pertly remarked that he was not likely to be asked to do without her. He and Margaret had been through the deep waters of affliction together, and he knew her worth.

So seldom could Margaret be spared from

home that there was absolute consternation at Elmfield when her aunt, Mrs. Lumsden, invited her to come and stay in her pretty house in Sloane Street, for a fortnight's shopping and sightseeing, that summer. But her father strongly urged her to go, Violet's grumbles at being left to do all the housekeeping being unheeded.

Margaret, in her quiet way, loved the distractions of London, and the time flew fast in her aunt's cheery company. One afternoon the two were at a private view of a small "one man show" of pictures in a Bond Street gallery, when an exclamation of pleasure made Margaret turn round, and there stood Leslie, his refined face aglow with pleasure at this unexpected meeting. She introduced him to Mrs. Lumsden, and they made the tour of the walls together, the elder lady admiring a small water-colour very much, and saying she felt half-inclined to buy it.

"Oh, do!" implored Leslie earnestly. "I know the poor chap who painted these, and every penny is of importance to him. The war has made things terribly bad for artists, and unless most of these pictures are sold he'll have to turn out of his studio, and goodness knows what he'll do then. He told me so himself; and I'm trying to persuade all my friends to buy a picture, or, at least, to come to the show. The frames cost so much that they swallow up half the profits; and yet a man must exhibit his pictures if he wants to make a name."

Margaret looked at the speaker, whose noble face was aglow as he eloquently urged all this upon Mrs. Lumsden, and thought of a hoarded five pounds she meditated spending upon a new evening dress. Several of the sketches were priced at less than that; and indeed, considering their elaborate frames, their cost was exceedingly moderate. She rapidly reflected that, after all, she required few smart evening dresses in Woodstead. Her pink satin would clean, and her black net, done up with fresh ribbon and flowers, would last some time yet. Better do a kindness when she could!

So she turned to a pretty woodland scene, saying, "I'll buy that: I always take home a present for father, and I know this is just what he'd like. Is there somebody here to take my name and address?"

"Just as kind-hearted as ever, I see, Miss Raynor!" remarked Leslie, with a flash of admiring comprehension in his eyes. Her secret thought was that *he* too was just the same—always anxious to serve a poor man, if he could.

"And I'll buy that view of Como," put in Mrs. Lumsden briskly. "The woodland bit shall be my present to you, child, as you don't seem to care for jewellery."

"I shouldn't object to jewellery," returned Margaret quietly, "if everybody else could afford it too." It was a speech Violet would have greeted with unsparing ridicule; but on Leslie the effect was as if the speaker had taken his heart into her little soft hand.

Mrs. Lumsden invited him to call, and to come to dinner; and he came, and came, and came again. Margaret's visit lengthened itself by a week, and before it ended the inevitable happened. The observant Mrs. Lumsden slipped away one afternoon, and left them together—and was not missed in the very least.

* * * * *

"I'm quite sure I've always loved you, Margaret," Leslie said, at the close of half an hour's delicious talk. "Only, like a silly young man, I fell captive to a lovely face—not that yours is not a lovely face too, my sweet!—and never stopped to ask whether its owner was in sympathy with my aims or not. But my eyes were finally opened that day when you and I waited so long for Gerald at Waterloo. Forgive me for reminding you of such a painful episode, darling! It was then I saw what you really were—self-controlled, clear-headed, and unselfish to a degree. Never, during all that long day of anxiety and wretchedness, did a peevish or impatient word escape you. I felt then I could safely trust you with my life, my honour, and all I had in the world; though I was still under the spell Violet had cast over me. And I feel this more than ever now. I should have told you so, long ago, but I'm only a poor man now, with little to offer except my love. Dare you take me, dear, poor as I am, and face the risk of privation and hardship, like Sophy and Traddles, in 'David Copperfield'? Will you be generous enough to overlook the fact that I'm a Harper, and the name of Harper is not, I fear, in very good odour at Woodstead? I feel I am asking a great deal from you, and can give you very little in return!"

"Little! Oh, Leslie, I have loved you ever since I knew you!" she cried, no longer fearing to reveal the inmost secret of her soul. "We have never differed upon a single subject, from the very first!"

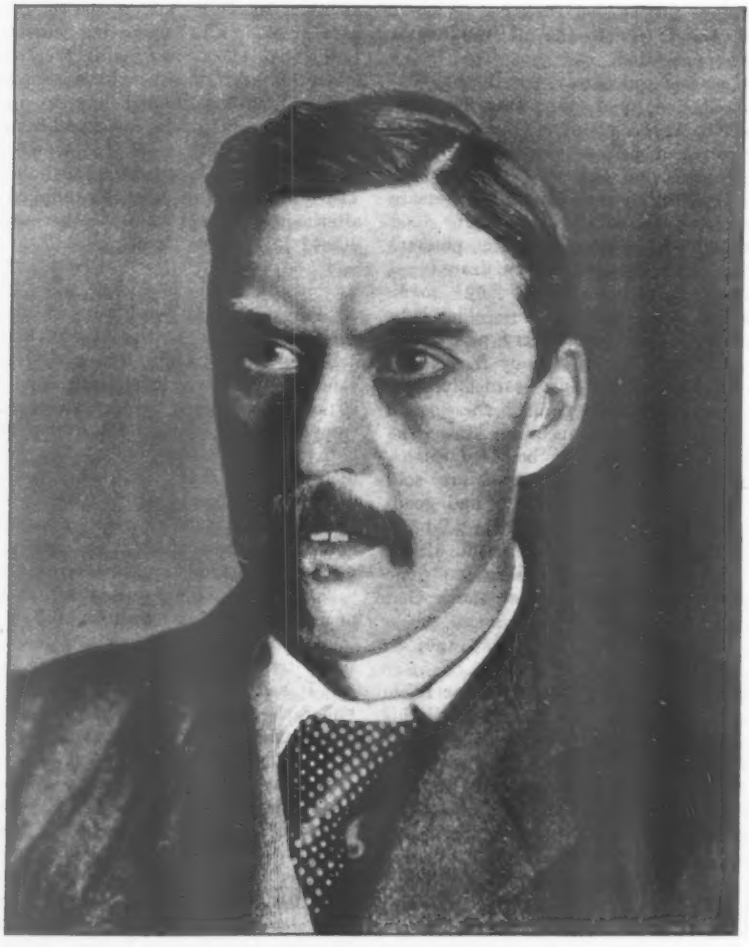
"We shall have to differ upon one at least, in the future," he answered fervently, as he drew her to him, and looked fondly into her dark eyes. "You think I'm good enough for you, but I say 'No!' to that—most emphatically 'No!'"

THE END.

The Rev. Charles Silvester Horne and his New Work.

By Raymond Blathwayt.

(Illustrated from Photographs by Cassell and Co., Ltd.)



THE REV. C. SILVESTER HORNE.

ONE of the most marked features in the religious life of the Free Churches of England is, perhaps, the curious manner in which they are falling beneath the sway and influence of three comparatively young men, for without a doubt the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the Rev. R. F. Horton, and Mr. Silvester Horne are not only among the most prominent Free Churchmen of the day, but they appear to be the men in whom, as it were, the fate and future of the whole of English Nonconformity are now bound up. And it is well perhaps that it is so, for they are men who are filled with the deepest spirituality, their whole outlook on life is tinged by the spirit of Christ, they know no other Master, they recognise no other influence or guiding hand than His.

In a very singular manner indeed the Sermon on the Mount is for them the instruction of the whole of life: upon its rules they would remould the whole of

our social life, within its divinely compassed limitations they would confine the entire body politic of this great Empire. "What would Jesus do?" as Mr. Sheldon asked his countrymen some years ago, so do this earnest and enthusiastic trio of ministers ask of their countrymen to-day. And notably is this the case with the new minister of Whitefield's celebrated Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road. Mr. Silvester Horne is one of those modern Nonconformists in whom breathes the spirit of the old Puritan fathers, although he is at the same time fully possessed of the doctrines which impregnate the social, religious, and political life of the day. Heart and soul he is a Free Churchman, with a vigorous detestation of ecclesiasticism and priestcraft in any shape or form whatsoever. He is filled with a whole-souled love of, and belief in, the democracy which, whilst it is a source of strength to him in many respects, and of great inspiration, may also be a source of weakness; for King Demos is not free from some of the frailties that do so easily beset every monarch that sits upon an earthly throne. But according to Mr. Horne democracy cannot greatly err; in his eyes it possesses the virtues of the human race to a far greater extent than it is possessed of its vices. And we trust the day will never come when he may have to realise that he has been mistaken in his estimate of the people. At present, in his opinion, they can do but little wrong. I myself hold the opposite opinion, but then I am a hopeless pessimist, whilst he is a convinced optimist. For him the world grows better and brighter every day, and with the passing of authority into the hands of the multitude he is convinced that the millennium will be well-nigh accomplished. At the same time he frankly confesses that, so far, the churches, one and all, have failed to get hold of the masses to any appreciable extent, and for this reason, he considers:

Ministers of every denomination are far too apt to take it for granted that the ordinary mechanic, the ordinary shopman, or, for the matter of that, the ordinary "smart" man about town, is interested in religious matters; but, in reality, very few people indeed are so taken up with religion as preachers fondly imagine they are. The ordinary minister, says Mr. Horne, plans too high, and preaches as though all his hearers were convinced and earnest Christians. Now that is a wrong assumption to start with. We must take people as they are, argues Mr. Horne, and we must not omit full recognition of the animal nature of man and of the athletic side of his life. Aiming too high, our ministers of religion are apt to miss the mark altogether; whereas, if they began nearer to the human element in every man, they would the sooner get hold of him.

And this is to be the guiding inspiration of his new work and aims in Tottenham Court Road. Here his church is surrounded by a seething population of working people of all sorts and conditions. The great business houses for which that quarter of London is so celebrated pour out daily into the streets a vast crowd of young people of both sexes; the large factories which lie hidden away in the back streets give shelter and employment to some of the roughest elements of London society; the great railway stations which line the Euston Road daily and



WHITEFIELD'S CHAIR (IN WHITEFIELD'S TABERNACLE).

hourly send forth a never-ending procession of simple-minded country people to whom the world of London presents a bewildering series of problems, and for whom its endless streets, its gay throngs, its manifold sights and sounds, are

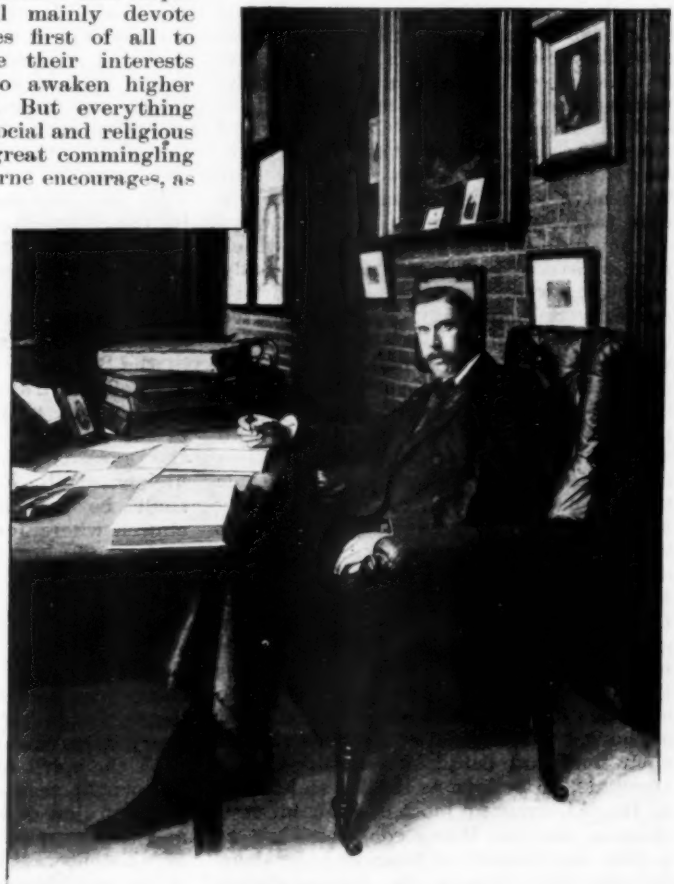


WHITEFIELD'S TABERNACLE.

fraught with danger and temptation of the most terrific description. Tottenham Court Road is in any case one of the great highways of the world, and through its portals many pass to a life of which none can predict either the misery or the happiness, and, as a rule, no one cares or stops to think about the matter at all. But Mr. Horne realises that in this very geographical situation of his new sphere of labour comes his main opportunity. He plans, therefore, to capture all these young men and maidens at the very outset of their career, and for their benefit he is on the point of building an Institute behind his church which will in itself constitute the finest block of buildings of its kind in London. For he is very keen on what the Americans term the Institutional Church, and he intends, as far as may be, to blend the social and religious elements of his work beneath the hospitable roof of his new Institution. Within its walls he will start a great club for working men; he will establish a home for factory girls; he will hold classes of every description for the young shopmen and the shop girls who so far outnumber the rest of the population in that part of the town.

It is a curious thing that, though we hear much of the ordinary working man—the mechanic, and the artisan, and the labourer—and though to a certain extent we realise the point of view from which they look at the social and religious problems of life, we know comparatively little, or nothing, of the thoughts and ways and habits of life of the young people of either sex who wait behind

the counter. To most of us they are as a sealed book. We wonder at their patience under the most trying circumstances, we admire their invariable courtesy, we sympathise with the many hardships we dimly suspect they are called upon to endure; but of their real inner life, of their ambitions, their outlook upon the world, their speculations upon the vast problems of our existence, we have scarcely the faintest idea. Now it is to help these interesting people, to obtain and retain their confidence, to relieve the wearisome monotony of their lives, that Mr. Horne intends and hopes that his Institute will mainly devote itself. And he proposes first of all to reach them from where their interests chiefly lie, and then to awaken higher interests in them still. But everything will be on a distinctly social and religious basis. There will be a great commingling of the sexes, for Mr. Horne encourages, as much as possible, courtship between his young men and maidens. They have their ideals, these young shop people, and he is of opinion that these ideals spring up largely from their courtships. Therefore he will encourage their being much in one another's society, holding indeed that pure love is the best protective against atheism, a fact of which he is quite certain the masses are thoroughly cognisant. The young women, he has found, are much more troubled by religious doubts than the young men, in their class of life, for the reason perhaps that the average young shopman thinks more of the practical side of life, the woman of its speculative and theoretical side.



MR. SILVESTER HORNE IN HIS VESTRY.

But his mission, if one may so term it, will not by any means be confined to one class of the community, for he has no belief in a church which caters only for one section or kind of society. The appeal of religion is to the whole of mankind, and, so far as in him lies, that appeal will know no restriction whatever in his new church.

His services are so planned that they will attract all kinds and conditions of people, and, though the truths of Christianity will be presented in all simplicity, it will be rather from the practical than the doctrinal point of view. For rightly or wrongly—I am not prepared to say which, leaving it rather to my readers to decide each one for himself—he considers that though every preacher must of necessity be a theologian, with doctrine at his finger-

tips, he must rather teach the great facts of life. He acknowledges that people are much interested in doctrine, and yet, with a curious apparent inconsistency, he deprecates its bulking large in a man's preaching: forgetful, it appears to me, that an untaught church is a church that is bound in the end to crumble into premature decay. With one point, however, we shall all of us find ourselves in hearty sympathy with the new minister in Tottenham Court Road, and that is in his practical view and teaching of the great outstanding truths of the Christian life.

As Mr. Horne very truly says, the problems that puzzle all classes and conditions alike are those that arise out of the everyday business of life. It is in the contemplation of these problems, in the wonderment at the apparent inequalities and injustices of life, that men and women are apt to lose their first faith. But the question is, What faith is it that they have lost? As a matter of fact, in nine cases out of ten, it is the old ways of misrepresenting Christianity which people have to lose before they can really gain the sweet, true essence of Christ's religion. So many, says he, have started by getting hold of Christianity at the wrong end. The doctrinal, or the ceremonial, or the purely theoretical and theological aspect of Christianity has been pressed upon them at the expense of all that makes it vital and eternal; and then comes life with its temptations, and their religion naturally fails to help or satisfy them in any way whatever, and thus it is that the average teacher of religion deems the masses irreligious. But in Mr. Horne's experience the masses are profoundly religious. Christ is to them a glowing personality, a vivid reality; His hold upon them is strengthening rather than weakening. They are willing to concede Him a tremendous amount of authority in regard to the direction of their lives and belief. To think Christ's thoughts, to believe as He did and to live as He did, sums up most of their ideas of religion, and Mr. Horne considers that, as a rule, the teachers of religion have spent far too little time in the interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount, though he is of opinion that we are moving towards a state of society when we shall be able to apply it far more than we have hitherto been able to do; for society, he holds, will become simpler than it is at present, and, in paradoxical contradiction to the ordinary student of social affairs to-day, he considers that society is moving upwards and onwards every day. There is, to him easily discernible, a growing spirit of unity which is indicative of a real movement of the civic conscience, and which will work out in a way far more favourable to the practical realisation of the Sermon on the Mount than has ever before been possible in the long history of Christendom.

When he is confronted with the statement that the conditions of society are practically based on a selfish individualism, he replies that Christianity is in our midst as a great rebuke, a rebuke that grows sterner and more audible, and to which people are giving closer heed and attention every day; and this, he feels, is remarkably the case in America and our own colonies.

He proposes that in his great Institute in the Tottenham Court Road the influences of American and colonial life, and those tendencies which make for righteousness beyond the seas, shall be expounded by the men who have so successfully guided and wielded them either in the States or in Greater Britain. For Whitefield's Tabernacle and its Institute will not only be Imperial in the best sense of the word, but where the betterment of the race is concerned, and where the highest ideals of Christ are aimed at, it shall be absolutely cosmopolitan; a church where Jew and Gentile and Greek, high and low, rich and poor, and young and old, may meet and worship in the unity of the God and Father of us all.

It will be seen from what I have said that Mr. Horne is pre-eminently one of those who believe heart and soul in the impregnation of the whole of life, of every department of the working world, with the spirit of Christ and His apostles. He would regard everything from the point of view of the great Master Himself, and to him religion is the one mainspring of existence. "What would Jesus do?" is the inspiring question which he would put to all those seeking how best to solve the great problems of this vast, sad, over-burdened, sorrow-laden metropolis, and in the main one cannot but feel and acknowledge that he is right.

AN UNMARKED HEROINE.

By Elizabeth L. Banks, Author of "The Autobiography of a 'Newspaper Girl,'" Etc.

"Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friend."

THUS the preacher gave out his text, then closed the Holy Book. He would, he said, preach a sermon about heroism, the sacrifice of self for others, for one's country, for high principles, for posterity.

Luxury as well as comfort seemed to pervade the air in the church. Outside the weather was wintry, but the inmates of this particular church felt only warmth, for a new-fashioned American hot-air furnace had lately been fitted in the basement. The women worshippers threw up their furs and the men had no need of their great-coats. The seats were well-cushioned and the kneeling-stools upholstered.

Through the stained-glass windows streamed the sun's rays, one of them settling obliquely upon an unfashionable black felt hat in a pew about midway in the church. The hat was so very unfashionable and so very inconspicuous in itself that it would never have been noticed except for the fact of its conjunction with other hats, all up-to-date and Bond-Street-like which were worn by the other sitters in the pew. These hats, with their ostrich plumes and real silk ribbon velvet, made the unfashionable black felt conspicuous, but its wearer did not realise it. She had brown hair, which the care and much brushing of a woman of leisure would have turned into a crown of glory scintillating in the sun. The best that could now be said for the hair was that it was neat and smooth—certainly the knot was altogether too tight for beauty. The face over which the black felt stretched its brim was only commonplace. There was upon it no look of great refinement, great will-power, great discernment. No traces of gentle birth, of long descent, were marked on it.

In the lack of all these things the face differed as much from the faces of the other occupants of the pew as the hat which topped it differed from the hats of those other women.



"Mary struggled with a blotter and paper."—*p.* 1194.

And no wonder. For she of the unfashionable hat and the commonplace face was Mary Smith, housemaid, and she sat in the pew with her mistress and three young lady daughters.

The preacher, in his sermon, told of great sacrifices, deeds of valour done in war and in peace. He told of martyrs laying their heads upon the block for the sake of Christ, of soldiers riddled to death upon battlefields, of women nurses going to fever hospitals, of brave men and women spending their lives on leper islands in these days, knowing they must never again return home because of their association with the "unclean."

All this and much more he cited as examples of the greater love which laid down its life for its friend.

In the pew where sat Mary Smith wet eyes gazed at the preacher. Even Mary herself looked wholly sad and half-tearful, for the preacher's allusion to those who had fallen in battle, thus showing the greater love — for their country — brought recollections of the mistress' young son, who had been shot while leading a charge against the Boers. More than a year had passed since the news of his death, but black gowns and black hats had not yet been discarded by his mother and sisters.

The service over, Mary took the short cut home. It was not her "Sunday out," so she had still some brushing and dusting of rooms which had been put off that she might attend church. Up in her mistress' bed-room she arranged some flowers, placed hot water in readiness, polished the tumbler that held the tooth-brushes, pulled up the blind of the window in which stood the dressing-table, and while she worked she thought of the sermon and the laying down of one's life for one's friend.

No, she was not a heroine. She never had done and never could do such things as the clergyman had talked about. She was not sure that, in close proximity to a chopping-block, she would not deviate just a little from Low Church to High Church, or *vice versâ*, or deny or affirm as she was required, in order to keep her head on her shoulders. She could not go to the front and be a nurse, for she disliked waiting on the sick, and sometimes it made her feel ill from sheer nervousness. She certainly would not go out among the lepers and perhaps get something awful the matter with her finger-nails. She was not even sure that if she were a man she could make up her mind to go to South Africa and be shot at, or if, as captain of a ship, she saw all hope gone, she would save everybody else and then go down with the ship.

"No, I think I should not! I couldn't be a 'ero or 'eroine, not me! I'm ashamed of myself, but I couldn't!" said the little housemaid, as, hearing her mistress ascending the stairs, she poured hot water into the basin.

"You may have an hour for yourself now, Smith," said the lady of the house, when she reached the bed-room and found everything to her satisfaction. "You may have some letters to write. It was a very beautiful sermon, was it not, Smith? Ah, it made me think of my poor Harold!"

"Thank you, ma'am. The truth is I 'ave some letters to write. Yes, ma'am, it was beautiful, and it's a great thing to be an 'ero or a 'eroine, but I couldn't."

The mistress smiled sadly. "She is a good little thing, and she does her work well, and I believe she is thoroughly honest," she thought.

Down in the servants' hall Mary struggled with a blotter and paper, pen and ink-pot. She wrote carefully, haltingly, as one more accustomed to handling a broom than a pen. She had been to the Board school, but spelling and composition were not her strong points, neither had it been given unto her to write a pretty hand like unto that of the parlour-maid. Finally, within the hour, four pages of scrawling, tear-stained, ink-blotted writing told this tale:

"DERE JIM:—i dont see what use it is for you to rite and rite and ask me to change my minde becase you know i am immoveable and its my duty what I told you. If you think i dont lov you i cant help it but i do lov you al the same and i dont lov my mother most as you say. but i must give her my wages so she can have som comfurt and not go to the workhous but if i marry you i cant earn no wages and who will take care of my mother. my brother has to use all his money for his fambly for he's got six childern as you know, and theres nobody else to take care of my mother. Sometimes I just think it is hard becase you know i would like a home of my own and a husband and im not ashamed to say children of my own and i would be a good housekeeper and save and help so we would have something wen we get old and not be like my pore mother with nuthing lade bye. but i must take care of my mother and i give you my finel anser that i cant marry you. if you was rich it would be differnt, but you cant spare nothing yourself for mother as you know. goodbye from your respectful and loving "MARY SMITH.

"P.S. i hear as your grate frend Sam Osmund has done something wunderful and has got a Victoria cross as soon as he gets back. we had a surman to-day about things like that and layin down life. if I was a man I don't know as I could, but im reel glad for Sam Osmund's wife, shes so proud. "M. S."

Rock of Ages.

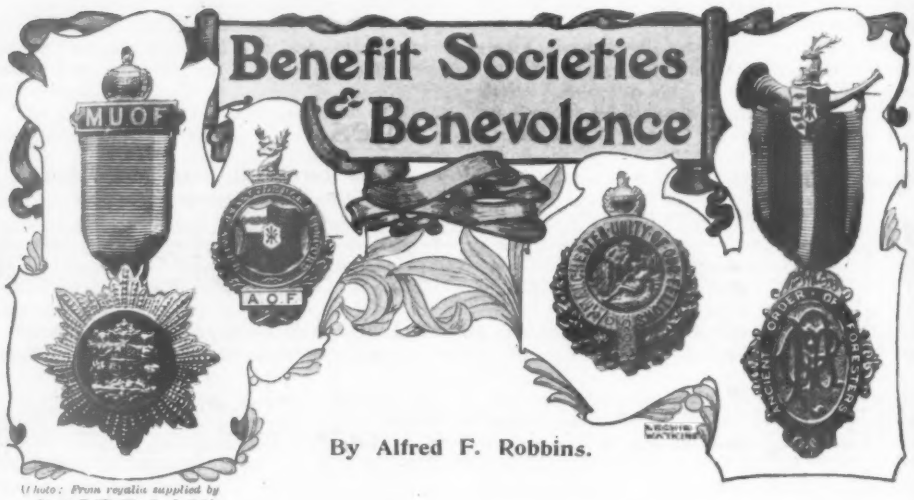
Words by TOPLADY.

Music by the REV. W. H. BLISS, M.A., Mus.B.
(*Vicar of Kew and Hon. Chaplain to the King.*)



3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne—
Rock of Ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in Thee! Amen.



By Alfred F. Robbins.

(Photo: Press royalties supplied by George Tutill, City Road, E.C.)

JUST as there are individuals who do good by stealth and blush to find it fame, there are organisations which diffuse much benevolence without having any specified intention of doing so. It is thus with the great friendly, industrial, and provident societies, the general membership of which appears unaware of the philanthropic, as apart from the practical, side of their operations. "The friendly societies," observed not long ago one who holds an important position among them, "pride themselves that they are not charities, and that every member pays for what he gets." That is so; but happily the benevolent instinct in man is so marked that it inclines him to pay to one in misfortune more than he is entitled to get. And it is at that point that the strictly "benefit" nature of the society passes into benevolence.



(By permission of George Tutill, City Road, E.C.)

BANNER FOR THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODDFELLOWS, MANCHESTER UNITY

There are, of course, what may be called benevolent societies pure and simple; and such as specifically exist "for any benevolent or charitable purpose" can be registered under the Friendly Societies Act of 1896, which is the charter of all such bodies. These include some very diverse organisations. The swelling title of "The Benevolent Society of Universal Philanthropists" covers an institution founded in London in the reign of George IV., and possessing nearly five thousand members at the end of that of Victoria. But, as a rule, these organisations are for specialised purposes, either of calling or locality. The famous Three Choirs Festival, for instance, is represented among them by "The Friendly Society of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Distressed Clergymen in the Diocese of Gloucester," established in 1796, and having, a century later, funds amounting to nearly £23,000. The Brass and Copper Trades Pension Institution, the Job and Postmasters,

Coach Proprietors, Horse Dealers, and Livery Stable Keepers (of England) Provident Fund, and the Volunteer Forces Benevolent Association tell in their titles their special aims. But, at the first glance, one might not have numbered the British Association of Teachers of Dancing among benevolent organisations.

It is not, however—and adopting the figures of the latest available Parliamentary return—of the seventy registered benevolent societies, with their 18,000 members and £286,000 of funds, with which one would now deal. It is not even with the forty-six "collecting friendly societies," with their six million members



(By permission of George Tutill, City Road, E.C.)

BANNER FOR THE ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

and five and a quarter million of funds. The immediate interest is to consider the aid given to benevolence as well as to thrift by the 26,400 friendly societies and their branches, possessing a membership of nearly five and a quarter millions, and accumulated funds of not far from thirty-three millions; for it is only when these colossal figures are touched that the tremendous organised power of our friendly society system—a power which works in our national life with such striking results—can be attempted to be gauged.

Everyone knows, of course, of the two most gigantic among them—the Independent Order of Oddfellows, Manchester Unity, and the Ancient Order of Foresters—each having more than four thousand branches, and the former



(Photo: C. Gould and Co., Southampton.)

MR. HERBERT B. ROHSS.

(High Chief Ranger, Ancient Order of Foresters.)

possessing over 720,000 members and the latter some 675,000. The Independent Order of Rechabites and the Hearts of Oak are also of wide reputation; but many of the others are calculated to attract attention not alone for the excellence of their aims and the soundness of their work, but for the fantasy of



(Photo: Dickinson, Sheffield.)

MR. J. LISTER STEAD, F.I.S.

(Secretary of the Ancient Order of Foresters.)

their appellations. There are Druids and Ancient Britons, Romans and Anglo-Saxons; Comical Fellows side by side with United Brothers, and United Sisters with Loyal Alfreds. Free Gardeners and Ancient Shepherds dispense benefits like to those of Free Mechanics and United Patriots. The Sons of the Phœnix have a special kinship with the Daughters of Temperance; and Modern Masons are to be met with Brethren of the Covenant, the Advanced Sons of Progress with the Loyal Orangemen of England, and the United Hearts with the Sons of Freedom.



ODDFELLOWS' CONVALESCENT HOME AT BEWDLEY.

But a greater wealth of imagination has been expended in the naming of the Philanthropic Order of True Ivorites, the Ancient Order of Mount Sinai, and the Order of the Golden Fleece. And when we have noted the Grand United Order of the Peaceful Dove, and have marked the Grand Independent Order of Loyal Caledonia Corks, it seems of the more interest that the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes is not on this list, but has various of its branches labelled "benevolent."

Strictly speaking, a friendly society cannot at the same time be a benevolent—that is a charitable or altruistic—body. All that it does must be for the benefit of its members and those dependent upon them. This, indeed, is the statutory definition, for friendly societies, in the language of the Act of Parliament, are "societies for the purpose of providing by voluntary subscriptions of the members thereof, with or without the aid of donations, for the relief or maintenance of the members, their husbands, wives, children, fathers, mothers, brothers, or sisters, nephews or nieces, or wards being orphans, during sickness or other infirmity, whether bodily or mental, in old age (which shall mean any age after fifty) or in widowhood, or for the relief or maintenance of the orphan children of members during minority; or insuring money to be paid on the birth of a member's child, or on the death of a member, or for the funeral expenses of the husband, wife, or child of a member, or of the widow of a deceased member, or, as respects persons of the Jewish persuasion, for the payment of a sum of money during the period of confined mourning; or the relief or maintenance of the members when on travel in search of employment, or when in distressed circumstances, or in case of shipwreck, or loss or damage of or to boats or nets; or the endowment of members or nominees of members at any age; or the insurance against fire, to any amount not exceeding fifteen pounds, of the tools or implements of the trade or calling of the members."

That is a comprehensive definition of duties which, when well fulfilled, may fittingly take the entire energies of any friendly society; and it may be asked

how the duties are accomplished, and at what cost. That they are accomplished to the satisfaction of the members may be presumed, but the cost furnishes food for thought. The "societies with branches," as the orders are officially called, deal annually with some £4,600,000, and the general friendly societies with £2,900,000, of which the former pay approximately £3,280,000 in benefits, and £575,000 for management, saving £740,000; while the latter pay £2,165,000 in benefits and £260,000 for management, saving £465,000. When the figures are checked and analysed, it would seem that of every £1,000 contributed by members of the orders, £698 is returned in benefits and £187 is added to the accumulated funds, while the remaining £115 is spent in management, the respective figures for the general friendly societies being £749, £161, and £90. But, when considering these figures, it must be remembered that the management expenses of the orders are increased by the fact that each is composed of a number of branches, termed lodges, courts, tents, divisions, and the like, which are grouped into other branches usually called districts, all forming part of the aggregate of the order and that between these bodies there is a continual transmission of funds, each lodge paying contributions to, and receiving benefits from, the district or the order, as the case may be. Thus, though the individual member may pay more for the management, there is certainly more management for the money.

It is outside this field, however, that in point of practical experience a friendly society can do much which is not strictly within the defined limits of sick pay and funeral money. It can contribute, for example, to convalescent homes, and if necessary to hospitals and sanatoria for tuberculosis or other complaints, upon condition that its members get the benefit. But it is from the spontaneous efforts of the brethren outside the precise lines of the lodge rules that naturally flows the most in a benevolent direction. A most striking fruit of this has been furnished by the establishment of the Friendly Societies' Convalescent Homes at Dover and Herne Bay, which last year alone received 767 patients, a number that sufficiently attests their usefulness. Not only members of friendly societies, but their wives and little ones, are eligible for admission to these institutions, though women and



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

FORESTERS' CONVALESCENT HOME AT CLENT.

children enter the Dover Home only; and by "church parades" and concerts, as well as by voluntary subscriptions and certain payments by the patients, this admirable work is supported.

These, however, are not the only such institutions, for the Foresters have a



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES' CONVALESCENT HOME AT DOVER.

Convalescent Home at Clent, and the Oddfellows one at Bewdley, each of which does especial good service in the Midlands; and it is now being sought to extend this benevolent phase of activity in a wider and more systematic degree. This suggestion had its inception when a representative of each of the two great "orders" named—Mr. A. Chapman, the Parliamentary agent of the Foresters, and Mr. J. J. Stockall, who was holding a similar position for the Manchester Unity—attended the British Congress on Tuberculosis in 1901 on behalf of the National Conference of Friendly Societies. The first fruit was an invitation to the last-named body to visit Germany, and there inspect what was being done, especially in connection with the Imperial Workmen's Insurance Scheme, to provide sanatoria for the use of consumptive members. A deputation did so; and it came back impressed with the belief that ordinary working men and women in Germany, affected by tuberculosis and similar serious complaints, had advantages and facilities for cure unknown to their British fellows. It has therefore been suggested by Mr. Chapman, as a result of "what I saw in Germany and what I hope to see in the United Kingdom," that the great friendly societies should take this special matter in hand, and by developing the voluntary principle, of which they are so justly proud, make a special levy, light upon the individual but heavy in its total productiveness, which should provide in this country those aids to health which in Germany are so largely—and it would seem beneficially—the result of intervention by the State.

Thus it is in the direction of organised benevolence on a huge scale that the benefit societies of our country may in the future largely move. Prejudice in various quarters has not unnaturally attached to various of them in the past because of their association with the public-house as their regular place of meeting. It is not, of course, to be forgotten that this association arose at a time when the public-house was the only available place of meeting for such institutions, which in their inception were more of the nature of social clubs than purely benefiting bodies. But as time has gone on the prejudice has diminished because the ground for it has been and is being gradually and steadily removed. Oddfellows' and Foresters' halls have sprung up in every populous centre, and even in parts less populous a disposition has been increasingly shown to hold the meetings on unlicensed premises. This the social reformer will know to be a point gained; and when he sees how great a work in the direction of thrift is already being achieved by means of the many benefit societies, and when he realises how large a benevolent field they may

yet cover, his attitude will be one of encouragement, for he will know how effectively, when the right methods are adopted, benefits and benevolence may be made to go together.

The mention of temperance effort in this connection may suggest to some readers that there has been an omission of the name of one of the greatest among the orders, for no note has been taken of the benevolent and other activities of the Independent Order of Good Templars. And though that body is not a benefit or friendly society, but a species of teetotal freemasonry, which admits both sexes, it does so much good work in a benevolent direction that record may well be made of it here. In most of its thousands of branches there are cases in which personal misfortune calls for the practical aid of the members, though this is not held out as an inducement to join the Order, which has for its special purpose the doing of moral good rather than the diffusing of material benefit. But while some of its lodges occasionally cater for poor children or needy old women, others arrange entertainments for the inmates of workhouses, and provide flowers for patients in infirmaries; and there have been collective efforts of which the Order may well be proud. And among such are the presentation, at a cost of some £700, to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution of a lifeboat, with its necessary carriage and house; and



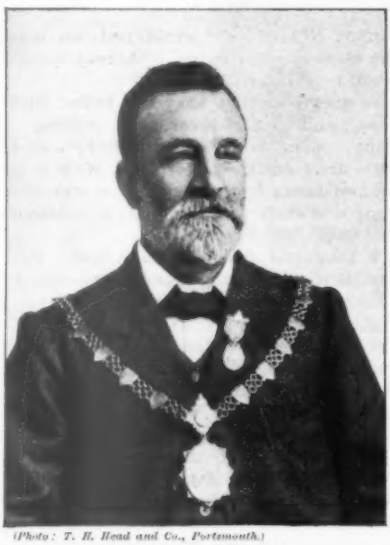
(Photo: W. H. Warburton, Douglas, I.M.)

MR. THOMAS COLLINS.

(Secretary of the Independent Order of Oddfellows, Manchester Unity.)

the giving of £1,000 to endow a ward in the London Temperance Hospital.

But the greatest of these collective efforts has been the purchase for £5,000 of the orphanage estate at Sunbury-on-Thames, where the Order has founded and is carrying on the Good Templar and Temperance Orphanage for Fatherless Children. The orphans admitted are not necessarily children of Good Templars, the only requirement being that the father or mother should have been an abstainer of at least a year's standing. A considerable amount of help has come from non-members of the Order in recognition of the admirable work that is being done, but naturally it is upon the Good Templars themselves that the principal weight falls of this benevolent burden which they so cheerfully bear. In some cases, a single lodge maintains a cot at an annual cost of £18; in others a district—as the East Kent District Lodge, for instance, has just done—endows one by a lump payment of £250. And thus is furnished a further proof of the fact indicated above in regard to other great organised bodies of active folk—that, though benevolence may not be their formal aim, it is often one of their most fruitful ends.



(Photo: T. H. Head and Co., Portsmouth.)

MR. H. L. WOODESON.

(Grand Master, Independent Order of Oddfellows, Manchester Unity.)

A PRESENT FROM INDIA.

By A. H.

I.

THE postman had knocked at the houses over the way quite twenty minutes ago—which was the time that Marjorie and Nurse always allowed him in which to go up the long road and come down it again on their side—and the little girl was beginning to be afraid that he had passed their house by, when suddenly the welcome double knock was heard.

"Oh Nurse, *do* let me run down for one minute!" pleaded the child, and Nurse willingly gave the desired permission.

The first thought that had come to Marjorie on waking that morning had been that this was mail day, when a letter might be expected from the mother far away in India.

It was now nearly four years since the great liner brought Marjorie home in charge of the motherly lady who was her mother's great friend, and who was very loth to part with the three-year-old baby girl on their arrival in England. From that time till now Marjorie had lived with her grandfather, an eminent London doctor, whose busy professional life did not allow him to see much of his little granddaughter, who was in consequence left almost entirely to the charge of the faithful woman who had been her mother's nurse in bygone days, and who cared for the child with an absorbing love.

At three years old one's mind does not retain very vivid impressions, and Marjorie's recollections of the land of her birth were exceedingly vague, though she always fancied that she could remember some great big animals, as big as houses, which she and Nurse decided must be elephants, though their namesakes in the Zoo were certainly undersized, doubtless from residence in an uncongenial climate.

Down the broad staircase ran the little girl, till she reached the hall, where she waylaid the old butler on his way to his master's study with a pile of letters.

"Let me look, Richards!" she begged, and the old man held the salver so that she could turn over the letters with her eager little fingers.

Yes! there it was, the letter with the Indian stamp; and—surely it could not be true!—here was one addressed to "Miss Marjorie Adair," also with an Indian stamp. Marjorie had never received a letter all to herself before, her mother's letters to her having always been enclosed in her grandfather's, but *this* letter must contain great news, evidently, to be opened and read at once, without waiting for Sir Ronald's leisure.

The little girl seized the letter and flew up stairs with her treasure held tightly in her pinafore.

"Nurse! Nurse!" she exclaimed, on regaining the nursery once more. "A real letter all to myself! What *can* be in it?"

Nurse suggested that they had better open it and see, and after reverently cutting the envelope open with the nursery scissors Marjorie drew out the letter, and with a good deal of assistance from Nurse, who was nearly as happy and excited as her charge, managed to make it out.

"MY DARLING (wrote Mrs. Adair)—Father and mother are coming home next month to their little girl, whom they have not seen for such a long time. You *are* glad, aren't you, dear? Poor mother has been wanting her baby girl badly all this time, and now we shall all be together once more and never be separated again. We will have such times, Marjorie, and I shall want to hear all you and Nurse have been doing these long years. We are bringing you home the most beautiful present from India. You must try and guess what it is. Give Nurse my love, and, with heaps and heaps of love to my little girl,—Your own "MOTHER."

Here was news indeed!

"Who would have thought, Nurse," philosophised Marjorie, "that when we were waiting for the postman to come to our house, and when we felt so cross because he *would* stop to talk to the cook over the way, that he was carrying such a lovely, *lovely* letter for me in that ugly brown bag!"

Nurse was quite as impressed by this interesting reflection as Marjorie could wish, and they talked of nothing but the letter and the news it contained till the little girl was tucked up in bed for the night.

II.

THE next morning, while she was being dressed, Marjorie discussed the letter all over again from the very beginning, not forgetting the wonderful present that was to be brought all the way from India.

She looked again at the photograph of her parents that stood in the place of honour on the nursery mantelpiece, and which represented a sweet-faced lady with Marjorie's blue eyes, and a rather stern-looking man of about thirty years of age, in uniform. She felt no doubt about being able to recognise her mother, whose picture she had kissed every morning, and to stories about whom she was never weary of listening or Nurse of telling. Moreover, she had a dim recollection of someone who had held her very tightly in her arms just before the big liner had sailed, and who had tied the little gold locket round her neck that she always wore, and which contained a miniature of the same face as that in the photograph.

But her father! Try as she could, Marjorie could not remember anything of him, which was not very surprising, seeing that Colonel Adair had been away with his regiment at the



"Marjorie had never received a letter all to herself before."

front for some time before his little daughter had sailed for England. However, the little girl wisely decided that that matter would soon be remedied, and turned her attention to the all-absorbing subject of the present that was to be hers.

At last Marjorie decided that the present she would most like would be an ivory elephant, large enough to carry her dolls on its back, yet not too large to play with comfortably. Having once settled this, the little girl, after the manner of children, decided that her father and mother would bring her the toy she most desired, and nothing else. That ivory elephant would arrive! Nurse endeavoured to moderate the child's expectations, in case of disappointment, though she, as well as Marjorie, secretly felt that it was very natural to expect an elephant from India, a country which they understood, from missionary magazines and picture books, to be overrun with that interesting animal, both in real life and also in models of gold, silver, brass, and ivory. So the good woman thought there was nothing wonderful in the child's wish, and from that time they talked of nothing else.

III.

THE long-expected evening had come at last, and Nurse had arrayed the little girl in the most beautiful white frock, with a wonderful pink sash, a toilet which was to further enhance what Nurse privately thought were the unequalled charms of her nursling in the eyes of the mother from over the seas. Marjorie afterwards confessed to Nurse that mother had not looked once at the new frock, and had remorselessly crushed the beautiful sash in the way that was considered so peculiarly depraved when done by Marjorie herself, but Nurse only smiled, and said "She was not thinking of frocks, dear heart, but of her lamb."

Sir Ronald and his little granddaughter were sitting in the drawing-room, waiting; that is to say, Sir Ronald was sitting in his chair by the fire, while Marjorie was running about the room, looking through the blinds at every sound in the street, and asking the time every few minutes.

At last the sound of wheels was heard, and when the actual moment came Marjorie was so excited that she could only stand still where she was, and it was her grandfather who walked quickly to the door and then looked back.

"Come, little woman," he said, "here they are at last!" and they went into the hall together, where the usual bustle that heralds the arrival of travellers was taking place.

But Marjorie had no time to notice anything, for a tall man (not in uniform!) caught her up at once and put her into her mother's arms.

"Here she is, Margaret!" he said, and then turned to grasp his father's hand and give directions about the luggage.

"You have not forgotten me?" whispered Mrs. Adair, as she kissed her little daughter.

"No," whispered Marjorie back, and then the two went upstairs together to Mrs. Adair's room, where Nurse was waiting.

In a few minutes the door was opened and Colonel Adair came in, and his very first words referred to the wonderful present!

"Well, Marjorie!" he said, as he drew the little girl on his knee, "don't you want to see the present from India? It won't keep quiet long, I'm afraid!"

Marjorie felt rather surprised that her father should begin talking about the present so soon, and she was also rather puzzled. Could her father have brought her a *live* elephant, or even a baby tiger?

However, before she could answer, her mother, who had left the room for a minute, came back again, carrying something in her arms. "Do you like the present, darling?" she said softly, and then the bundle in her arms began to move about and to cry, and Marjorie discovered that the wonderful present was nothing else than a little tiny baby!

"Oh, mother!" she said, clasping her hands in ecstacy, "is it for me, really and truly?"

And when her mother, stooping down, placed the little soft bundle in Marjorie's arms, the little girl felt that there was nothing else left to wish for in life. She had her father and mother home again, and now there was a dear little baby for her to play with all day!

She wondered how her mother had known how she had envied her little friend, who lived on the other side of the square, her baby brother, and how often she had wished that she, too, could walk proudly beside a perambulator in Kensington Gardens.

"Oh, Nurse!" she cried, when her mother had once more taken possession of her little son (whose name, she told Marjorie, was Douglas Patrick), "isn't this much, *much* better than an elephant?" And then everyone laughed, and assured her that she would find her little brother far more entertaining than the most accomplished elephant that ever lived.

That night Mrs. Adair and Marjorie had a long talk together, after the little girl had been tucked up in bed, and they made ever so many beautiful plans for the future, when Marjorie was to be her mother's little companion and begin "real lessons" with her, though there was to be plenty of time left for playing with the little baby brother.

And when at last her mother left her Marjorie fell asleep, to dream of the beautiful days that were coming now that "mother had come home."

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A CITY FOUNTAIN.

CLOSE by the western entrance to the famous City church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, there is a very handsome drinking fountain, which was erected in 1887 in commemoration of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. The churchwardens and vestry really supplied a much felt want when they provided this fountain; for, apart from the numerous visitors to this historic church, in which Milton was married, and where his honoured dust lies, there is a constant stream of wayfarers through the churchyard by whom the fountain is much patronised. By the way, within the church itself there is fastened on a notice board, presumably by permission of the vicar, a striking "appeal to City men to oppose the pernicious habit of nipping." An extract from this document will not be without interest to our readers: "We, the League of the Kingdom, desire to bring before all who work in the City the great harm which is done by the drinking of alcoholic liquors during the day. We are aware that the amount of drunkenness is not growing, but it is acknowledged that the habit of frequent drinking or nipping is on the increase, and desire to press home our belief that the striking of bargains over a glass of drink, or treating for the mere sake of good fellowship, is harmful as it is degrading. . . . We therefore appeal earnestly to all men to discountenance, in every possible way, this iniquitous habit."



QUEEN VICTORIA COMMEMORATION FOUNTAIN.

DRINK AND LUNACY.

Many years ago the great Lord Shaftesbury called attention to the close connection between lunacy and intemperance, and the 57th Report of the Lunacy Commissioners, which has recently been issued, shows that drink has still much to do with this distressing malady, no less than 32 per cent. of lunacy at the present day being caused by drink. Of the total number of registered lunatics, 113,964, about 36,465 are detained as certified lunatics whose condition has been brought on by drink. Dr. Forbes Winslow, the distinguished authority on mental disease, in a forcible letter to the *Daily News*, says: "These facts are so alarming that public attention ought to be drawn to them forthwith, with a view of seeing whether something cannot be done to check their sure and steady progress."

THE POWER OF SONG.

The Temperance movement, generally, owes much to the life-long services of Mr. A. L. Cowley, who has for so many years helped to improve and popularise Temperance music. He has for many years held the important post of Musical Instructor to the School Board for London, and in this way has been responsible for the remarkable development of musical teaching and training in the great schools of the metropolis. Mr. Cowley is, it need scarcely be said, an accomplished musician, and is widely respected in the profession. He is a Fellow of the Tonic Sol-fa College, and his services have been in much request as an adjudicator at choral festivals in various parts of the country. He is a total abstainer, and is the composer of many Temperance melodies, while his popular action songs have made his name familiar throughout the country.

AN IRISH WORKER.

Sir Robert Anderson, J.P., Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Irish Temperance



(Photo: A. Weston, Poultry, E.C.)
MR. A. L. COWLEY.

League, has for upwards of a quarter of a century been one of the leading Temperance workers in Ireland. He is an Alderman of Belfast and High Sheriff of the city, and received the honour of knighthood in connection with the recent visit of the King and Queen to Ulster. Sir Robert is a native of the County Monaghan, and commenced his business career in Belfast in 1861. He has taken a keen interest in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and has also been prominently identified with much of the philanthropic work of Ulster. Sir Robert's interest in the Temperance movement has been shown in many ways, and his support of the cause in its varied phases has been characterised by the great sagacity and acumen which have marked his successful business career. He has been a warm supporter of the street coffee stalls which have been planted by the Irish Temperance League with so much enterprise at different centres in Belfast and, a convinced total abstainer himself, has not been slow to welcome the efforts of all sections of the Christian Church to help forward the Temperance movement, whether by moral suasion or remedial legislation.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

Scattered up and down the masterpieces of our literature one comes across many remarkable testimonies bearing upon the Temperance question. In Boswell's "Life of Johnson" there are several such references. Let one suffice. Dr. Johnson, when making his tour of the Hebrides, was asked to take a little wine. "I cannot," was the reply, "for with me moderation is excess." "But certainly you can carry off one glass," urged his friend. "No, madam," said the Doctor, "it would carry me off!" Lord Chesterfield, in his famous "Letters," instances the case of Cambridge, an ingenious English author: "He drinks nothing but water, and rides more miles in a year than the keenest sportsman. The former preserves his head clear, and the latter his body in health." In the early days of railway enterprise, George Stephenson wrote: "If a railway company allows drink to be sold at their stations, they ought not to be surprised if some of the men occasionally get intoxicated and neglect their duty; and when they consider that the slightest inattention of an engineman, a guard, a pointsman, or signalman might be productive of the most fearful consequences, it seems impossible to take too much precaution." Thackeray expresses the opinion that "The intimacy begotten over the wine bottle has no heart. I never knew a good feeling to come from it, or any honest friendship made by it. It only entices men and ruins them." Charles Reade, in a wise word to "the gentlemen of the lower classes," asks the pertinent question, "How can you, with your small incomes, hope to be well off, if you are more extravagant than those who have large ones?" "More extravagant?" you reply. "Yes; your income is ten shillings a week; out of that you spend three shillings in drink—aye! you sober ones. You can't afford it, my boys. Find me a man whose income is a thousand a year; well, if he imitates you, he does not make both ends meet; the proportion is too great. And two-thirds of the distress of the lower orders is owing to this: that they are more madly prodigal than the rich, in the worst, lowest, and most dangerous item of all human prodigality."



(Photo: Vienna Photographic Art Company, Belfast.)
SIR ROBERT ANDERSON, J.P.

THE FAIRIES' DEW BATH.

A Story for the Little Ones by Myra Hamilton.



THE Fairy Queen was always so anxious about the fairies in attendance at court that she would often leave the palace and, having returned in some disguise, would test them in various ways to see if they were as unselfish and kind-hearted as they ought to be. Well she knew that they had a great deal of work to do in her kingdom, for all the birds, butterflies and flowers were in their charge, and occasionally, too, they were called upon to assist the mortals who dwell in the world, and this her Majesty well knew tried their patience greatly.

One day the Queen caused some of the royal trumpets to be loudly blown to collect her subjects, and when they clustered round the throne she proceeded to tell them the reason for her action, and why she wanted them to appear before her.

"I have caused the most precious diamond in my crown to be taken away and concealed in some unexpected place," she said, looking curiously into the eager faces turned upwards before her, "and I wish it to be known that whichever one of you discovers it and returns it to me will be the recipient of a vast prize, and whatever request they make me shall be granted. I am doing this as I am anxious to keep you bright and clever, and I think by training your wits in this manner it may help to make you quick to see and ready to help the oppressed. Reports have been made to me lately of cases of neglect and thoughtlessness on the part of the court fairies, and this grieves me so much, as I fear I have omitted to look after you in the proper manner. One thing, of course, must be clearly understood, and that is, that the hunt for the royal diamond is only to be carried on by moonlight or very early in the morning, as I must have the day kept, as usual, for the fulfilment of your other duties, of which I soon hope to have a better report. That is all I have to say now, so the court is dismissed."

When the little fairies had escaped from her Majesty's presence they were all very excited, and eagerly discussed their plans, for each one was certain of success, and many, indeed, began wondering what the prize was to be. In their midst stood one small fairy, called "Swifthelp," who long ago earned her name by the alacrity she always showed in going to the assistance of those in distress; but though she listened to the remarks of her companions, she made no observation until, seeing her silent, they called upon her to speak.

"And where do you think the diamond is hidden?" one asked her. "Are you going to find it?"

"Oh, no," said Swifthelp simply. "I know I have no chance against all of you who are so clever, but, of course, I shall do my best. I wish, though, the weather was not so hot—the sun wearies me so much by day that I am fit for nothing when night comes. I get very tired chasing the butterflies to put them to bed at sundown."

"I think it is a shame," remarked one indignant fairy, "that you should have charge of the butterflies at all. The Queen knows how tiresome and disobedient they always are. I wouldn't look after them five minutes."

Swifthelp only smiled at the other one's objection. "You would do your best, dear," she said, "just as I try to do. But come, we are delaying. The others have started, and perhaps ere now have found the diamond we are going to seek."

All that night the fairies trooped about the palace grounds, and looked high and low for the jewel, but though they peeped behind every leaf, and shook each petal belonging to the flowers, they seemed doomed to disappointment, for at dawn nothing had been found. When the sun rose, hot and ready for another day, it saw all the little fairies returning from their quest, footsore and weary, and just as cross as ordinary mortals who have not been to bed all night.

Almost the last of her companions came Swifthelp, and she was so tired I do not believe she could have moved a step further had not the thought of the dewdrop bath that awaited her in the heart of a rose encouraged her to proceed. Every morning it was the habit of the little fairy to bathe in the dewdrop that a great pink rose guarded for her, and to-day she felt sure it would refresh her greatly. But as she drew near the rose bush a sound of sobbing made her stop. The cause was not far to seek, for on the ground lay a wee moon fairy so covered with dust it did not

seem able to move. "Why, what is the matter?" said Swifthelp soothingly. "What are all these tears about?"

"Oh," sobbed the other, "I don't know what to do. I was teasing a moth last night, and it shook the dust from off its wings all over me, and now I daren't go home, for the Moon Queen will see what I have been doing, and, as it is against the rules, I know I shall be punished."

"It's very wrong of you," said Swifthelp severely, "but I will do what I can to help. Stand up and let me brush you down; perhaps the dust may shake off."

But though the two fairies worked hard, nothing happened, and the little moon fairy began to sob louder than ever.

"You have not got a dew bath, I suppose?" she said, "so that I could wash before I went back."

"No—that is, yes," replied Swifthelp reluctantly: "I have a dew bath of my own, but I can't lend it to you, as I want it myself."

"Very well," said the moon fairy sadly, "I must go back just as I am and bear my punishment bravely. Good-bye."

But Swifthelp's heart was touched at the sight of such distress, and she quickly made up her mind.

"Don't cry," she said, "for I will give you my dew bath if you promise never to tease the moths again. I am not very far from the palace, and though I am a little tired, I shall get home quite well, I am sure."

"Can you really spare it?" cried the moon fairy. "Oh, you are a dear!"

"Here it is," said Swifthelp, parting the petals of the rose and showing the clear, twinkling dewdrop lying in its heart. "Jump in, and wash your dust off, and I will wait outside until you are ready."

In a few minutes the moon fairy came dancing out, but her appearance had changed so much that her friend hardly knew her. All the dust had disappeared, and she seemed clad in some beautiful, glittering material that shone as she moved. She glided up to Swifthelp and lovingly kissed her.

"You dear little thing," she cried, "I am so grateful to you. I only needed a tiny drop of dew, so there is plenty left, but be careful how you use it, for you will find a surprise for you deep down in the heart of the rose. Good-bye. I won't forget my promise, and I never will touch a moth again. Good-bye."

Swifthelp watched her strange friend dance off in the sunshine, and then she turned aside and prepared for her dew bath, but directly her foot touched the water she felt something hard beneath it, so she stooped down and raised it.

Then she gave a little gasp and a cry of delight, for in her hands she held the missing diamond. "Oh!" she cried. "Oh, how delightful, and how lucky I am! I never expected such good fortune would be mine. I must hasten to the palace and tell her Majesty of my great success. I do feel so happy, yet I know I don't half deserve the honour which has come to me."

But when Swifthelp brought the diamond to the Queen her Majesty did not appear at all surprised, but was, nevertheless, very pleased at such good fortune coming to the little fairy, and she most heartily congratulated her.

"It was your unselfish deed, Swifthelp," she said kindly, "which made you worthy of help from the moon fairy. Though you were tired and weary, you were ready to assist her, and as a mark of gratitude, see how she has rewarded you. The diamond is henceforth yours, and I should like you to always wear it as a sign of merit. Long have I watched your kind actions and your gentle sympathy towards those in distress, and I am proud to think such a good-hearted fairy belongs to my court. But now, remember, I will grant you any one request you may desire. Tell me what you wish to beg."

And then Swifthelp drew near the throne, and looked at her Majesty beseechingly. "Dear Queen, you are clever, and know all things. Help me to find the moon fairy: that is the request I entreat you to grant."

"But why?" asked the Queen in some surprise. "What do you want her for?"

"To tell her of my good fortune," replied Swifthelp, "and to thank her again for her kindness to me. Such honour I should never have earned unaided."

The Queen bent from her throne, and looked the fairy steadily in the eyes.

"Don't you know me, Swifthelp?" she said. "Look again and see."

"The moon fairy!" gasped her companion. "Was it you who shared my dew bath this morning?"

"Yes," said the Queen. "I changed myself into a moon fairy because for a long while I had noticed your goodness and wished to reward you, and with the final test to-day I was more than content. You are the most unselfish subject in the kingdom, I know, and I am honoured to think you dwell in my palace. But there is one request I want to make."

"What is that, your Majesty?" said the other, glancing up with shining eyes. "There is nothing I would not do for you."

"Teach others to be as kind-hearted and unselfish as yourself," was the reply, "and I shall be quite content. Unselfishness is the greatest thing in the world, and it always earns its own reward. Dear little Swifthelp, I am proud of you."

XUM

Short Arrows

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

WITH our next number THE QUIVER enters upon **a new volume**, and the time has now come for the Editor to take his readers into his confidence, and foreshadow the arrangements which have been entered into to sustain and widen the interest in THE QUIVER. And as, to many readers, the serials have the chief place in any magazine, we will begin with a few words about the two stories which have been secured for serial publication in the forthcoming volume. To one of these stories the author, "Christopher Hare," has given the title,

"In the Straits of Time,"

and it will be found to be a romance of Old France, at that most interesting of periods to the Protestant reader, the years which saw the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

The first chapter of the story introduces us to the heroine of the story, Yvonne de la Férronière, an orphan, the descendant of a great Huguenot family, who is being educated in a French convent school, the Abbaye aux Bois. Though her Protestant faith is for the present permitted, yet she has been sent there in the hope that she may later be induced to profess voluntarily the Roman Catholic faith, and in time become the wife of her cousin, the son of the uncle who holds her estates in trust.

With her we are introduced to her great friend, Gabrielle de Beaumanoir, who is on the eve of being betrothed to the Duc de Maillebois, a Catholic nobleman in high favour at the Court of Louis XIV.



THE AUTHOR OF "IN THE STRAITS OF TIME."

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes is at this time under consideration. It looms large on the horizon; it is as a storm cloud arising in the distance. One foresees the trials in store for the beautiful little Huguenot if she remains faithful to her religion, from her greedy uncle and from the cousin who seeks her hand only for the riches which the union would bring; and one has, too, a feeling that her girl friend, the Duchess of Maillebois, will be an important factor in the trials and difficulties which beset Yvonne's path.

In the course of the story we have an account of the visit of the Doge of Genoa to Versailles to render his submission to the King of France, and of an expedition to the Barbary pirates, in both of which Yvonne's lover, Réné, the gallant brother of Gabrielle, plays a part.

Two Years' Work.

This is only a bare indication of the plot of a story to the writing of which its author has given two years of her time—for it is hardly a secret that "Christopher Hare" is a pseudonym employed by one of the most conscientious of lady writers, who is already well known to readers of THE QUIVER for her story, "Dreams to Sell." "Christopher Hare" prefers to remain anonymous, but she has given us permission to reproduce a recent crayon portrait of herself. She was educated in France, and the scenes in which she has laid her new story are familiar to her, but she has had the noble ambition of writing a story that shall live and that shall increase her growing reputation. Hence she has spared herself no pains so as to get the historical setting accurate. She has spent much time working at the British Museum, studying, investigating, verifying. Not content with her previous studies in French history, she has sought to make all her allusions accurate, even going so far as to devote a whole week to the study of a single trivial incident. But with all this care that the background of her tale shall be correct, our author has been equally careful that the living interest in her characters and their story shall be maintained, and, from first to last, the adventures of Yvonne and her friends, forming a vivid picture of those stirring times, will be followed with unflagging interest.



"LA TOPAZE," RÉNÉ'S SHIP.
(*Photographed from a contemporary print for the illustration of "In the Straits of Time."*)

"A Troublesome Daughter."

The second serial story which opens in the November number is also written by a lady who prefers to be known by a pen-name, which in her case is also her maiden name, Katharine Tynan, so well known as a writer of stories which have caught the favour of a large and growing public. Her new story, "A Troublesome Daughter," is to a great extent a study in temperament—a girl's temperament. The scene is fixed in a quiet English village, a village she knows well and loves well, which she dares not indicate more closely, lest people should push the inquiry further. In the character of Judy, the heroine, the intellectual unrest of a very clever girl amid cramped surroundings is depicted, and the author has striven to show that a troublesome daughter like Judy may emulate the old-fashioned girls in sweetness and resignation to the parental will, which is God's will for her during the years of her subjection. There are two or three love-stories, as well as Judy's own, in the course of the story. Readers of THE QUIVER will know very well what to expect from Katharine Tynan's pen. What she aims at is characterisation. She feels herself quite incapable of devising merely exciting incidents, and is inclined to believe that in stories of everyday life they are artistically wrong. But that may be, she says herself, a matter of sour grapes. Anyhow, her own life has produced no highly exciting incident, except the one fact (which she herself in her childish dreams would have thought impossibly romantic and exciting) that she should be a writer of novels and verses and a contributor to many London magazines.

The Author's Mould.

She was brought up in the County Dublin in a delightful farmhouse, thatched in part and covered with roses and honeysuckle. Her childhood consisted, so far as she remembers it, in long, long summers, always in the fields. She does not remember anything about winters, and would conclude that there were none; only for a floating memory of entertainments and Christmas trees. She had all the delights of a country child's life—blackberrying, mushroom-picking, gathering wild flowers, finding the nests of sensitive hens, and all the rest of it. She had always a rabble of dogs, having an indulgent father who refused her nothing. She was idle, and read books surreptitiously in the heart of a double hedge or behind a haycock, while the housewifely elder sister sought in vain to attach her to her household duties. Enchanted days they were. There were a garden, and an orchard full of fruit, a duck pond with an islet, a water-hen's nest, a hooded well, to which one descended by steps to peer at the silver minnows swimming round and round in the translucent depths; there were ditches full of little singing streams running over sands of pure gold; there were snail shells that were live jewels while the occupant was inside. Oh! there were a thousand beauties and secrets, and the blue mountains kept them all. She wishes every child might have such a paradise.

The Frontispiece

to the November number will be a beautiful reproduction, in Rembrandt photogravure, of a picture by Mr. Tom Graham, entitled "His First Voyage," and we think that the subject, no less than the manner in which it is handled, will appeal to readers of THE QUIVER.



A SCENE IN OLD FRANCE.
(*Photographed for the illustration of "In the Straits of Time."*)

A Varied Programme

of contents has been prepared for this opening number of the new volume, the first item in which will be an appreciation of the Bishop of London, illustrated by a set of portraits, and views of and in Fulham Palace, specially taken for this article. The Rev. Thomas Spurgeon and the Very Rev. Dean Bernard contribute devotional and helpful papers, while among the topics dealt with in illustrated articles are "The Victoria Cross of Peace," "Public Men in the Sunday School," and "An American Welcome for Sailors." The Rev. F. S. Webster takes up the topical subject, "Wanted: A Revival." In addition to instalments of the two serial stories, the number will contain six complete stories, by Mrs. Reaney, Sydney Grier, E. Burrowes, W. Kane, F. H. Sweet, and Flora Schmalz. Sunday school teachers will continue to be helped by "Scripture Illustrations," and Temperance workers will find their cause furthered by the "Temperance Notes and News," contributed monthly by a "Temperance Advocate." The number will close with the "Short Arrows," in which we shall give particulars of our Christmas double number.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

"KATHARINE TYNAN" AND HER CHILDREN.

The Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association.

GENTEEL poverty, obscure suffering—how are they to be relieved? An article by Canon McCormick on "Distressed Gentlefolk," in the August number of THE QUIVER, appeals for a class of sufferers too apt to be overlooked. The Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association finds a means of lifting burdens even when a sense of dignity conceals their galling weight. Gentle birth, genuine need, and deserving character are the only necessary qualifications for applicants. The Secretary, Miss Finn, 75, Brook Green, Hammersmith, answers all questions regarding practical methods. At the present time the Association gives grants to 101 pensioners. The record of their circumstances is a sad revelation that men and women who have faithfully served their generation may starve in secret, or spend their last years suffering from lack of actual necessaries of life. Here is an instance: An officer who served zealously and efficiently through the Crimean War and Indian Mutiny was discovered, at the age of sixty-seven, with a delicate wife, to be utterly destitute. From no fault of his own, he was ineligible for any war fund; but the Association obtained for him the Victoria Military Pension of £30 a year.

Easy Swearing.

AN Irish soldier was brought before his commanding officer for being drunk on duty. The man seemed sorry, and said that he would sign a

teetotal pledge. "For how long will you take the pledge?" asked the Colonel. "I mostly takes it for life," was the reply. There are people who should know better who put as little conscience into the promises and vows they take before God, when they are being married, and at other times.

Not So Sure.

CHRISTIAN work is sometimes much hindered by narrow, self-satisfied dogmatism. Instead of each person attending to his own business, each wants to force his own opinions and ways of working upon others. To such dogmatisers one is tempted to quote the words of Cromwell—"In God's name, think that it is possible ye may be mistaken!"

"Precious in Those Days."

WHEN a New Testament may be purchased by whosoever will for a penny, and a complete Bible for a few pence, it is hard to realise the actuality of those not very remote times when the unauthorised perusal in England of the Word of God was visited with condign and cruel punishment. Even in the reign of Henry VIII. the reading of the Bible was forbidden, except to those who held very important state offices. Gentlewomen of noble birth might peruse it in "their garden or orchard," or other sequestered spots; but its possession and use were absolutely prohibited to all of inferior degree. A month's imprisonment was the penalty which was assigned by the law to any of His Majesty's meaner subjects convicted of so heinous an offence. During the ensanguined and lurid five years of the Roman Catholic Mary, Bibles were kept by the pious Protestants, with every possible precaution, in the most private places, and furtively read to the family with an eye upon the door, lest some lethal officer of the Queen's Spiritual Court should enter with his message of doom. They loved their Bible, those brave men and women to whom its discovery might mean death. Do we, for whom access to those Scriptures, which are able to make us wise unto salvation, is so cheap and easy, value as we should our possession of those words which are spirit and life?

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from July 27th, 1903, up to and including August 25th, 1903. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For *"The Quiver" Waifs' Fund:* E. M. Remfry, £1 1s.; Mrs. L., 5s.; A. E., 2s. 6d.; Anonymous, 2s. 6d.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* "Bradford," £5, £4, 5s., 5s.; L. R., Newcastle, 5s. The following amounts have been sent direct:—P. Z. C., £1; Ruth A. L., £1; M. W. F., 15s.; Guy, 10s.; Blanche, stamps.

For *The Children's Country Holidays Fund:* G. J. F., Rochester, 10s.; "Anonymous," 15s.; M. P., 5s.; M. T. M., 5s.; Miss F. A. Sayer, Hastings, 3s. 6d.

For *The Church Missionary Society:* B. P., £2.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

133 Quote words which show the deep penitence of David as expressed in the Fifty-first Psalm.

134. "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean." To what religious ceremony do these words most probably refer?

135. Knowing the magnitude of his sin, of what was David greatly afraid?

136. How does the Psalmist express the misery of the unrepentant sinner?

137. "Thou art my hiding-place." To what is reference most probably made here?

138. How does the Psalmist contrast the condition of the wicked and the true penitent?

139. In what words is the effect of Absalom's treachery against his father David expressed?

140. By what means was Absalom enabled to carry out his conspiracy so secretly?

141. What very important person joined Absalom in his rebellion?

142. Where did the great battle take place between the followers of David and Absalom?

143. In what way was the rebellion of Absalom ended?

144. What does David's great grief for Absalom show to us?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 1120.

121. Suffering helps us to resist the lusts of the flesh (1 Pet. iv. 1, 2).

122. He says they lived a life of lasciviousness, lust, drunkenness, revelry, gluttony and abominable idolatry (1 Pet. iv. 3).

123. By watchfulness and prayer, with sobriety of conduct (1 Pet. iv. 7).

124. It made Saul's life utterly miserable in the consciousness that he had destroyed his own reputation and ruined the prospects of his children (1 Sam. xiii. 14, xv. 23, and xxii. 7, 8).

125. His great humility and simplicity of character, as shown in his friendship with David, who, he knew, was to be made king instead of himself, and his content to take a humbler position (1 Sam. xx. 3, 4, and xxiii. 17).

126. The name "Ebenezer" ("Hitherto hath the Lord helped us") which Samuel gave to the stone he set up as a memorial of God's help in answer to prayer (1 Sam. vii. 12).

127. David prepared to bring up the Ark of God from Kirjath-jearim to Jerusalem with great pomp and solemnity, having invited all the chief people and elders of the whole nation to be present (2 Sam. vi. 1-5; 1 Chron. xiii. 1-6).

128. The Ark was placed in a new cart, instead of being borne on the shoulders of the Levites, and when it was shaken by the stumbling of the oxen Uzzah put forth his hand and touched the Ark, for which God slew him (Numb. iv. 5, vii. 9; 2 Sam. vi. 6, 7, 13; 1 Chron. xv. 13).

129. David pitched a tent for the Ark, to which he brought it from the house of Obed-edom, and it remained there until the Temple was built (2 Sam. vi. 12-15; 1 Chron. xv. 1, 2; 1 Kings viii. 1-6).

130. To build a Temple for the worship of God (2 Sam. vii. 2).

131. Because he had been a man of war from his youth and had shed blood abundantly (2 Sam. vii. 5; 1 Chron. xvii. 4, and xxxii. 8).

132. God promised David that his kingdom should continue for ever (2 Sam. vii. 27, 29; 1 Chron. xvii. 14, 22-24).

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